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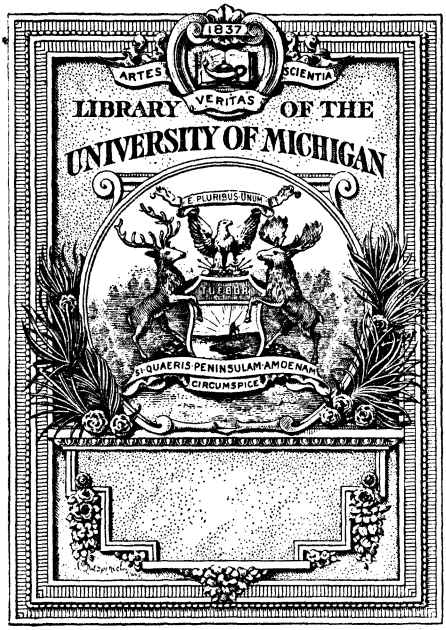

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THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

FOR

MEN AND WOMEN

VOL. XVIII

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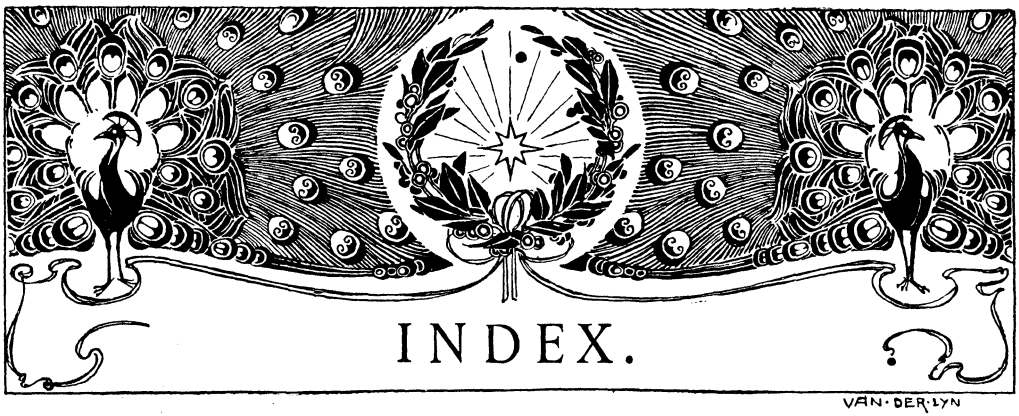

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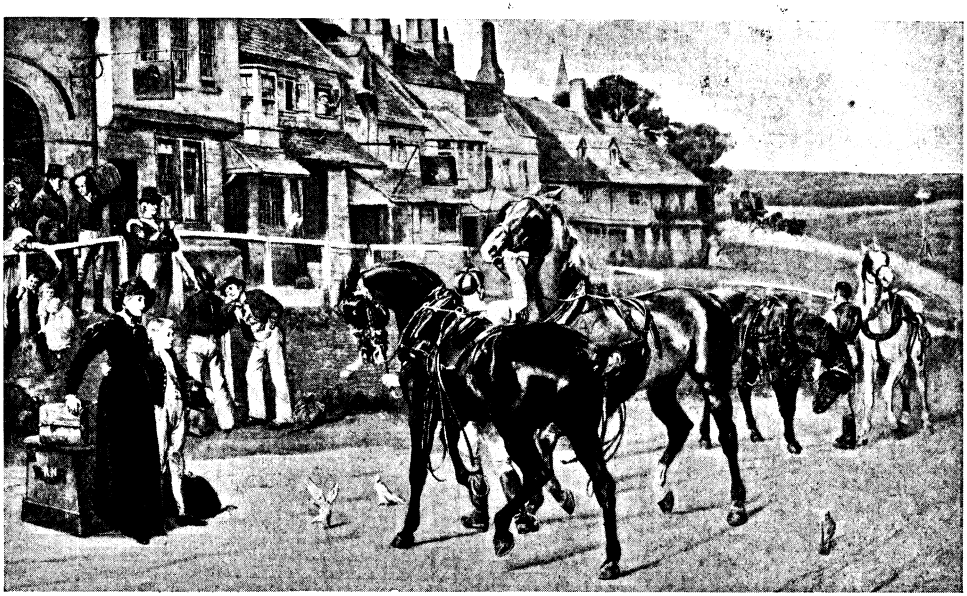
FROM AN ARTIST'S NOTEBOOKS:

HOW MR. S. E. WALLER'S PICTURES HAVE BEEN PAINTED.

SOME three years ago the favourite artist, Mr. S. E. Waller, was "interviewed," in the journalistic sense of the term, on behalf of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE, but the subject of his extraordinarily prolific life-work then far exceeded, as it now more than ever exceeds, the limits of a single magazine article, and it was then determined to plan a second *revue* of the subject at an early date. Accordingly I but lately spent a morning with him in his studio at Haverstock Hill, looking through sketches and prints, and rummaging among notebooks relating to his work as an artist. The notebooks he gladly placed at my disposal; and looking through them, after my desultory talk with Mr. Waller, one gleans some interesting facts and anecdotes of his exceptionally busy life as a painter of romance.

Of Mr. Waller's Gloucestershire upbringing, in the midst of a country rich in venerable ancestral homes and the traditions that cling to them, some account has already been given in the WINDSOR MAGAZINE. From this upbringing, as was then explained, the painter's mind was bent in the direction of old English life, although the life he for the most part depicts is much less old than the houses which form such charming backgrounds in his pictures. Inspiration, doubtless, counts for much in an artistic purpose of this kind, but in Mr. Waller's case the inspiration has been accompanied by painstaking method and a careful workmanship of which most people, who constantly see reproductions of his pictures in the print-shops, can have but little suspicion.

Take the horses, for instance, which figure so admirably in many of Mr. Waller's



"OUTWARD BOUND." BY S. E. WALLER.

"You are hereby required and directed to repair immediately on board His Majesty's ship *Euryalus*, and take upon you the charge and do the duty of midshipman; being obedient unto all such orders and directions as you shall from time to time receive from the captain of the said ship, or any other of your superior officers of His Majesty's service, and for so doing this shall be your order.

"Given on board the *Victory*, at Spithead, 15th Day of September, 1805."

"(Signed) NELSON & BRONTE."

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pictures. Some of the most distinguished painters, exceedingly able in presenting landscape or the human figure, have been quite unequal to the task of painting a horse and other large quadrupeds, and in some cases this has led to the collaboration of an animal painter. Some pages in one of Mr. Waller's notebooks were filled with extracts, illustrated by carefully drawn diagrams, from a scientific work on the anatomy and physiology of the horse, clearly indicating the study which the artist, at one time or another, had given to the subject. For every horse he has painted, it seems, Mr. Waller has made a drawing from the living animal, and he has invariably drawn the complete horse, though only a small portion of it may be actually visible in the picture. The artist was led to adopt this very conscientious method of work because experience has shown him that a horse drawn only in part scarcely ever stood quite true to Nature.

"IN HIS FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS." By S. E. WALLER.

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When this has been at all possible, Mr. Waller has preferred to paint his horses into a picture on the easel direct from Nature. In his enthusiasm for this object he has sometimes had canvas, easel, paint-box, etc., kicked across a stable-yard, and on one occasion he himself had two of his ribs broken. In painting the chestnut horse of "The Day of Reckoning," a *contretemps* occurred which might have had even more serious results. Mr. Waller had the animal—a beautiful, docile creature—standing in his London garden, in charge of a groom from the livery-stable where it had been hired. In the midst of his work a thunderstorm suddenly occurred, and terribly frightened his model. After one or two roars and flashes, she was terror-stricken, rushing wildly about the garden, over the flower-beds and shrubs. The groom stuck to the bridle, and the artist went to his assistance, but their united efforts were of no avail. The bridle broke, and the horse rushed even more furiously around the garden, which was enclosed by a seven-feet wall. For two hours, until the storm had ceased, this went on, both the artist and the groom, at some risk to their lives, several times intervening between the animal and the wall when she was about to attempt to jump it. During the storm, Mr. Waller's house was struck by lightning, and the horse—the owner declared—never recovered from the shock it gave her.

The painting of a horse is, of course, very seldom attended by such excitement as this. But its difficulties are always considerable, and Mr. Waller has cultivated inexhaustible patience in composing and finishing some of the pictures in which horses have so prominent and pleasing a part. He has had to get each horse in both the right attitude and the right light: very often the attitude has been right and the light wrong, or the light right and the attitude wrong, and this fatal circumstance has often compelled him to do his work all over again. Nor is it in time alone that his

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"THE WHITE COCKADE." By S. E. WALLER.

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"KEEP MY SECRET." By S. E. WALLER.

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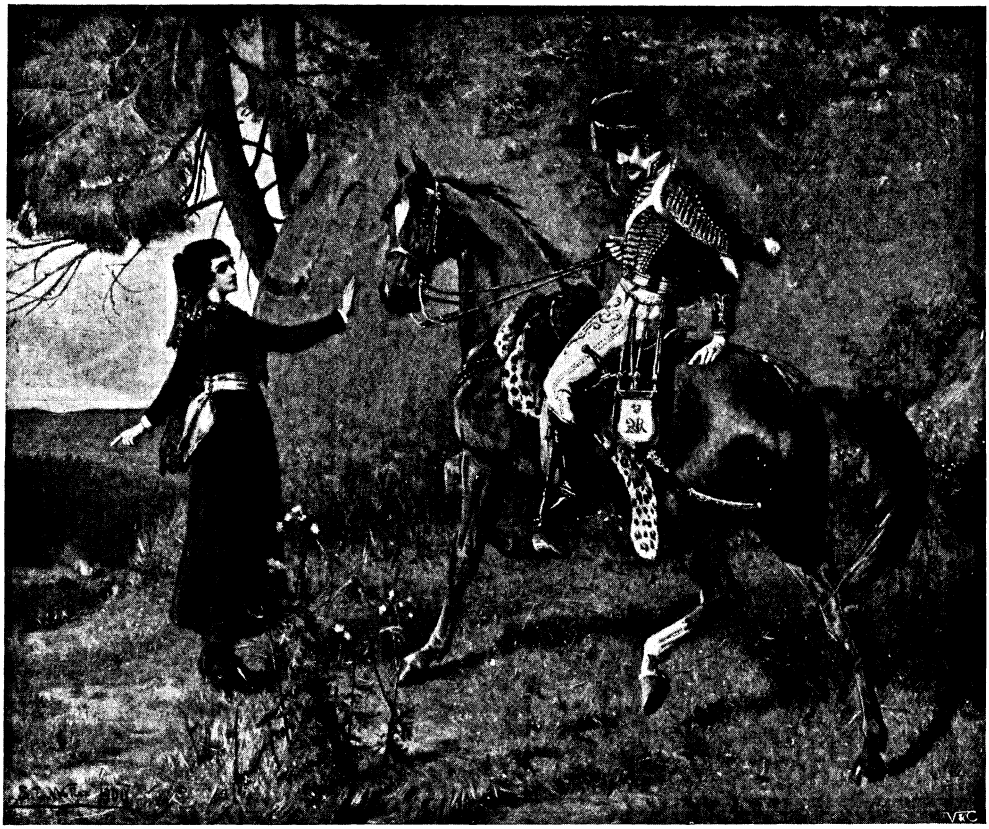
horses have been expensive. As a rule—although friends have been generous—Mr. Waller has had to hire them, and really good animals, such as had to be put into his pictures, are a most expensive kind of model. The livery-stable bill for "One-and-Twenty," for example, in which picture there are seven horses, amounted to £25, as compared with £35 for all the other models—of men, women, and dogs.

Deer have figured only less than horses in Mr. Waller's pictures. One is reminded of the fact by more than one pair of antlers adorning the walls of his studio. The antlers of the deer Mr. Waller has been able to paint there at his ease, but the grace of their movements has been transferred to his canvas only after considerable difficulty. For one thing, Mr. Waller, being a humanitarian, has always hated the idea of inflicting pain in any way upon these sensitive creatures. Mr. Waller once, when staying in the country, found it very desirable to make a study of a fawn, but found it impossible to get near enough to one for the purpose. One of the county gentlemen at length heard of his dilemma, and offered, if the artist would drive over to his place, to get his keeper to catch a fawn and place it at Mr. Waller's disposal for a few hours. On arriving at the deer-park on the appointed day, Mr. Waller met the keeper, accompanied by half-a-dozen men carrying nets with which to catch the fawn. For an hour or two the party tramped about, continually stretching the nets across likely spots, the nets being so contrived that a fawn running against them would get entangled in their meshes. When the nets were fixed in position, fawns were driven out from the surrounding bracken, but for a long time they all succeeded in jumping over the nets. At last, when Mr. Waller was getting very hot and tired, a fawn less agile than its fellows, but in all other respects



"THE WARNING." By S. E. WALLER.

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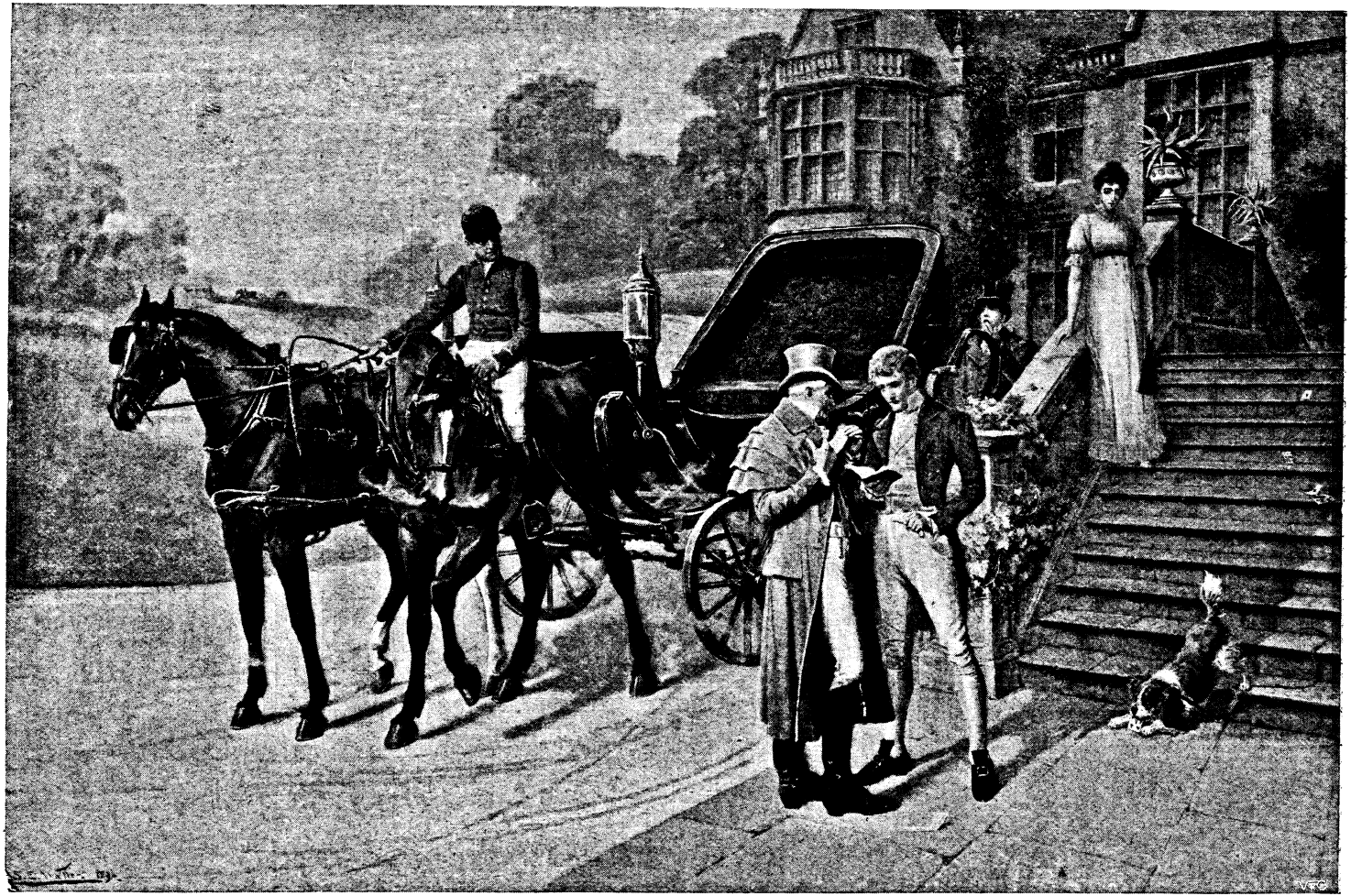

"SOWING HIS WILD OATS; OR, THE MORNING AFTER THE GAMBLE." By S. E. WALLER.

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an example of its species, was caught. It was carried to the enclosed yard in which the artist was to paint it. But the creature seemed so terror-stricken that it was a long time before he could get to work, and just as Mr. Waller was about to begin, its mother approached the house, setting up a beseeching wail, to which the little one made piteous answer. This was too much for the painter altogether, and after a final struggle with his feelings, he opened the yard-gate and let the fawn go.

Many a time Mr. Waller has followed deer for miles all day long in order to make sketches of characteristic attitudes. These sketches have been most useful in the studio. With their help he has been able to paint deer in a picture from the dead animals, although this is a practice which has called for great caution from the painter. Unless the living attitude has been well "caught" in the sketch, painting from the dead animal will result in a want of life and movement about the picture.

"THE GOOD OLD TIMES." By S. E. WALLER.

The dogs have, of course, given Mr. Waller much less trouble. Friends have been kind in lending their animals, when these were at all out of the ordinary. The fox-hounds in "The Day of Reckoning"—so suggestive of the sporting tastes which had helped to bring about the young man's ruin—were painted, for example, from the kennels of the Cotswold Hunt. As a rule, however, Mr. Waller has obtained the loan of his canine sitters at so much per day from the dog-fanciers of Seven Dials, with whom, as they brought them to and from the studio, sometimes superintending their poses when they were at all fractious with a stranger, Mr. Waller in the course of his life has obtained a peculiarly intimate acquaintance. Of more than one of the fraternity the artist has curious stories to tell; but as they do not bear directly upon the subject of art, I will not reproduce them here.

In regard to the human models for his pictures, Mr. Waller's experiences somewhat

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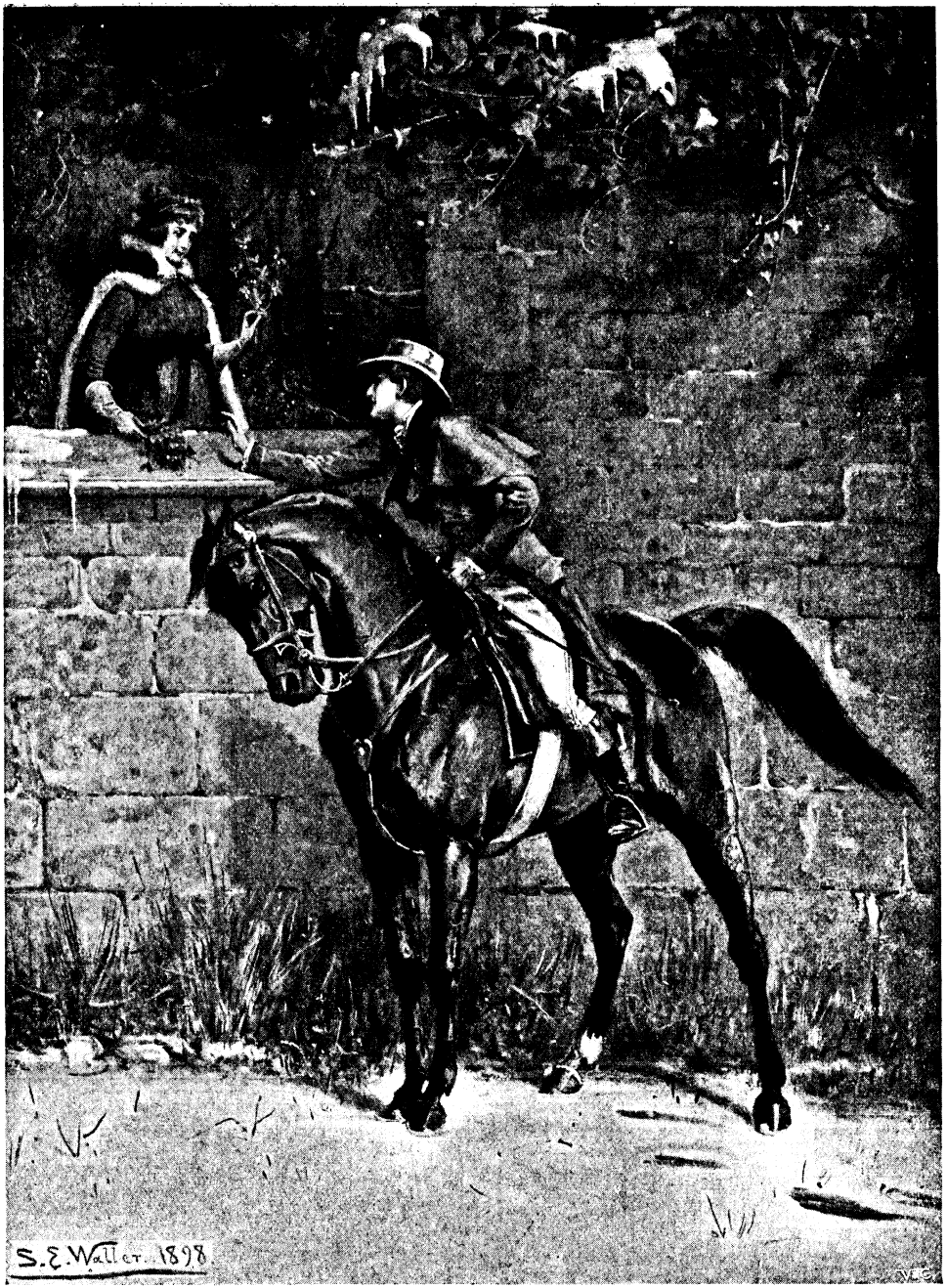

"LOVE'S OFFERING." By S. E. WALLER.

This picture aptly illustrates the artist's infinite capacity for taking pains with his own work, for a different version of it appeared as frontispiece to a former Christmas Number of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE. Yet even after it had pleased a vast circle of admirers in that form, the artist reworked it to its present scheme.

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resemble those of artists generally. Relatives and friends have been of service; indeed, his best heads, he declares, have been painted from amateur sitters. But Mr. Waller had not the courage or the callousness to require from them long-sustained poses, and after making a study for the head, he has fallen back upon professionals for the rest of the figure and the details of the costume, although in his younger days, when painting subjects with a large *dramatis personæ*, this course subjected his purse to a severe strain. Sometimes it has been most difficult to get exactly the right model to fit his conception of the subject, even in his later years, when this pecuniary consideration had not the same weight.

There are one or two anecdotes in Mr. Waller's notebooks illustrating this. One of his more important pictures was quite at a standstill, owing to the want of a suitable model for the principal girl figure. He had been working all day with a professional model to no good purpose, so in despair he dismissed her, threw down his brushes, and proceeded to make a business call in the West End. Looking at a photographer's window in Oxford Street for a few moments, he saw reflected in the glass, just as he was about to turn away, the face of a girl who was just the ideal of his picture. She had stopped to look at some portraits, and, although somewhat poorly dressed, would obviously feel herself insulted by the advances of a stranger unless they were promptly and frankly explained. Mr. Waller, in desperation, pulled out his card-case, and handing her a card, with many apologies, explained that he was an artist, who had been frustrated in his search for a professional model suitable to a picture he was painting, and now saw in her face and figure just what he wanted, if she would allow him to paint them. After some further talk, terms were arranged, and next day she began giving Mr. Waller sittings. One or two of his artist-friends saw her in his studio, and, much struck by her appearance, persuaded her to give them sittings likewise. Several years later, Mr. Waller got into talk with a

"ALONE." By S. E. WALLER.

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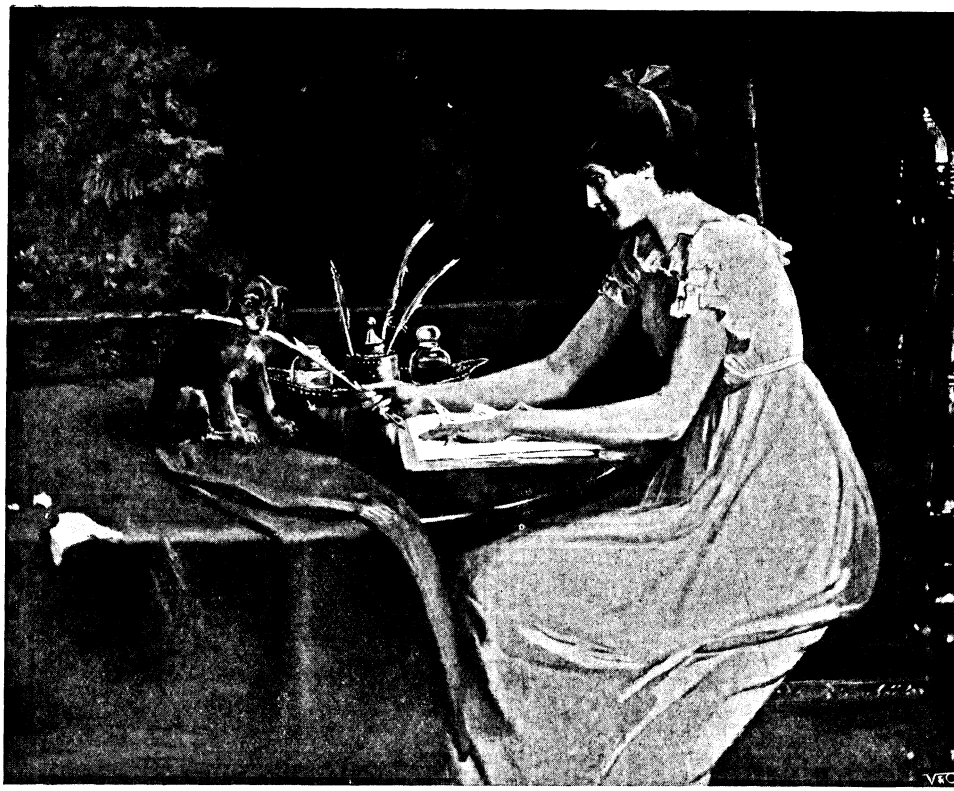

"TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE." By S. E. WALLER.

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young man in a train, who, on ascertaining that his fellow-passenger was an artist, asked him if he knew "S. E. Waller." Mr. Waller eventually revealed his identity, but before doing so he had discovered that the young man wished to thank the artist mentioned for having been a friend in need to the lady who was now his wife. At the time of their chance meeting in Oxford Street, she scarcely knew where to turn for the next meal; but the employment Mr. Waller had been instrumental in procuring for her had provided a comfortable livelihood up to the time of her marriage.

When painting "Romulus, Remus, and the Wolf," Mr. Waller spent an hour or two one evening, under the guidance of a friendly Italian, in exploring the slums of "Little Italy," at Hatton Garden. He was looking for an Italian baby to put into the picture, and before finding the right model, his quest brought into view myriads of infants, sleeping in rows amidst all kinds of surroundings, whose vocation it was in the daytime to accompany the organs on their rounds. Their howling, as they were awakened, haunted Mr. Waller's dreams for nights—and, after all, the model was not a success.

Costumes in Mr. Waller's pictures are almost as important as the figures, and he has had to spend quite a small fortune in hiring and buying costumes of undoubted accuracy. A much pleasanter reminiscence in his notebooks arises out of this question of clothes. Mr. Waller was painting in Gloucestershire "The Morning of Agincourt." His model was a young man, mounted on a big horse, and clad in armour from head to foot. Suddenly a village boy put his head above the palings, and almost as suddenly withdrew with a scared face. The little fellow, who had possibly contemplated a raid on the fruit trees, slid down the palings again into the road and ran back to the village, shrieking that he had seen an "awful summat in ——'s garden." Mr. Waller afterwards had a little chat with him about Henry the Fifth and his gallant knights.

"The last thing an artist must consider is

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"ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON." By S. E. WALLER.

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physical difficulty when in pursuit of truth." This has been one of the working maxims of Mr. Waller's life. The pains he has taken to get the right models for the men, women, and animals in his pictures have been equally applied to their every detail. He has left it on record, for example, how the wonderful footprints in the snow of "The Empty Saddle" were obtained: "I waited for the first fall of snow, had two horses led across the lawn, got some boards to stand on, and wrapping myself up as warmly as I could, painted the whole day in the bitter wind, making a careful study of the impressions, going into the house about every hour to thaw." For his picture of "One-and-Twenty," Mr. Waller went to Nottingham, in order to study Wollaton Hall, and then to Wales, to make sketches of a certain park which was his ideal for the picture. Finding that Wollaton Hall would take him a long time, getting the perspective in true relationship to the scale, and anxious, nevertheless, to run no risk of even slight inaccuracy, Mr. Waller obtained the professional assistance of an architect in dealing with the point. He spent three weeks at Kirby, making studies of the old house for "The Day of Reckoning"; and for the coach in "Contributions Thankfully Received" bethought himself of Napoleon's equipage at "Madame Tussaud's," which with Mr. Tussaud's kindly acquiescence and a little alteration in the drawing brought a long quest to a successful end. For "The Morning of Agincourt" Mr. Waller made prolonged research in the libraries of the College of Arms and the British Museum, and painted the background in France.

From what sources has Mr. Waller obtained the ideas for his numerous pictures? In other words, how do his subjects come to him? The question is an inevitable one, which must have often been put to Mr. Waller. "Accidents; pure accidents," he would reply, "have mostly given rise to my pictures." A group of people in a village street, a strayed sheep, an empty house, some

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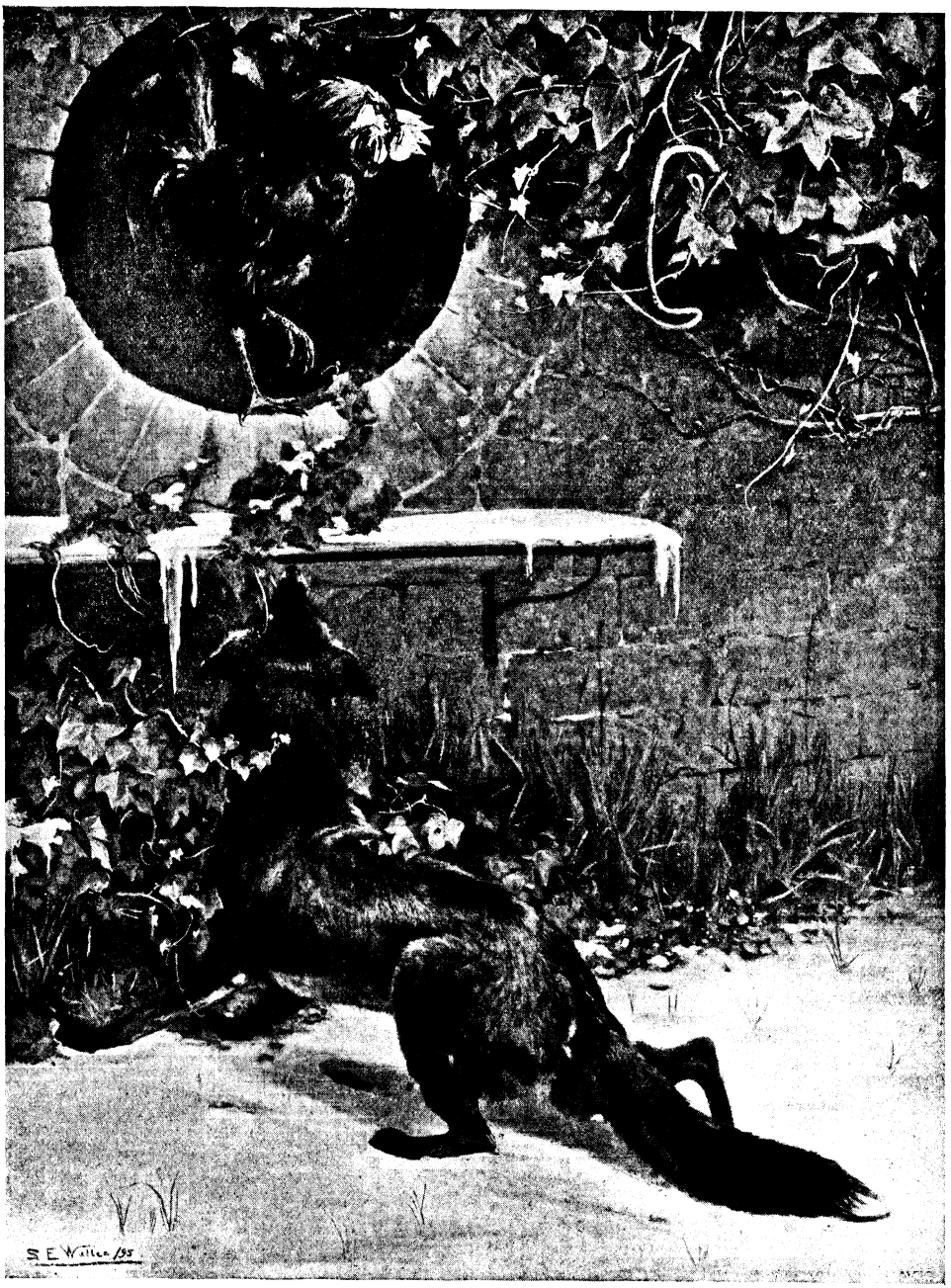

"BRUSH AND COMB." By S. E. WALLER.

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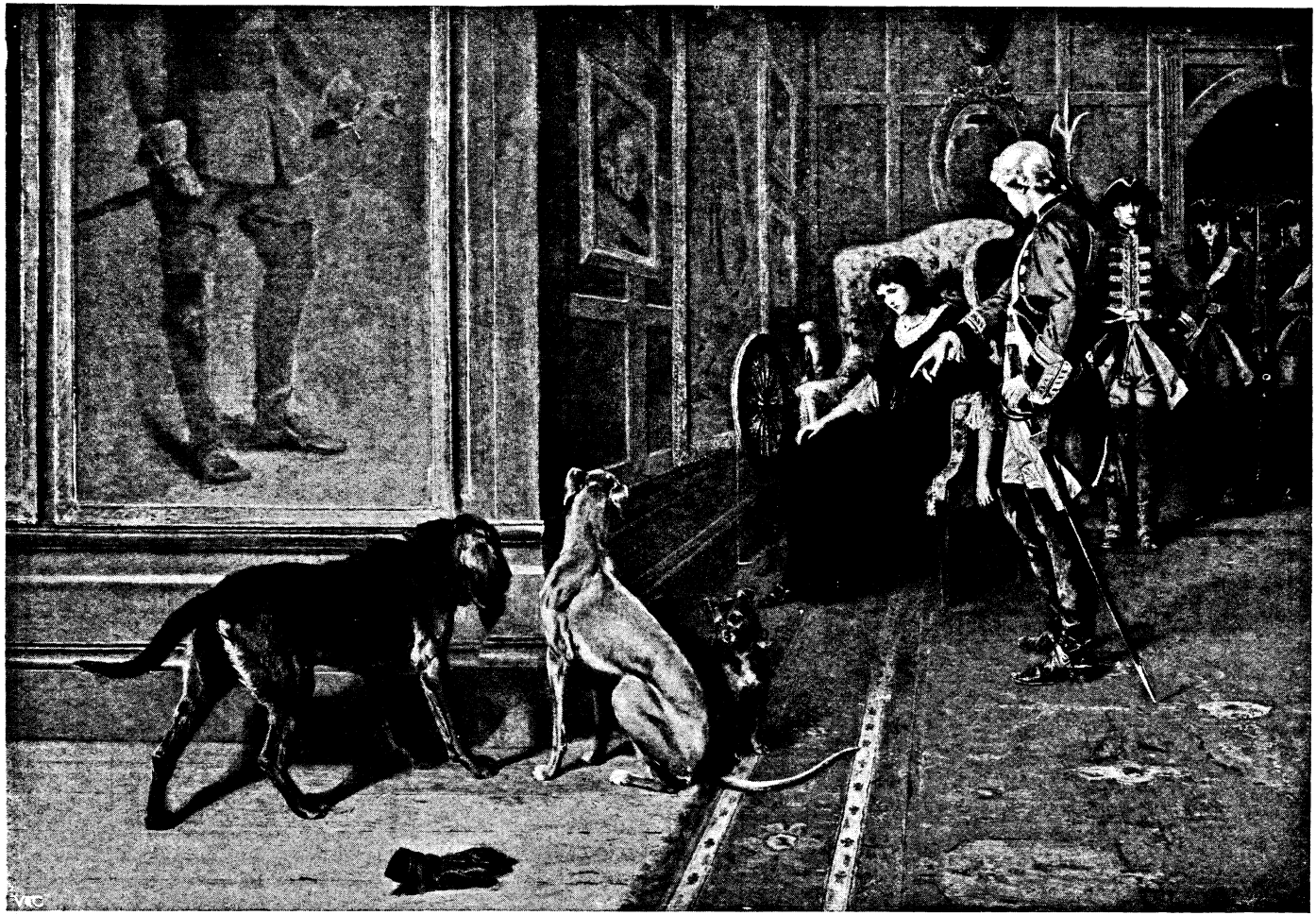

"THE SECRET PANEL." By S. E. WALLER.

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"SAFE." By S. E. WALLER.

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words of poetry, or a few bars of music"—either one or other of these things has started a line of thought, which has had its eventual result in a picture. Some of his pictures have naturally followed others. Thus "The Huntsman's Courtship" had its sequel in "The Huntsman's Marriage," and this, in its turn, was succeeded by "In his Father's Footsteps."

One or two of Mr. Waller's works can be traced to a distinct, concrete origin. A picture mentioned above, "Contributions Thankfully Received," together with "In the Good Old Times," was the fulfilment of a long-settled purpose, due to the stories of a famous gang of Gloucestershire highwaymen which Mr. Waller had heard in his boyhood. Their exploits he has narrated in the WINDSOR MAGAZINE. The fact that they occurred in and about the village where

his early years were spent impressed them with extraordinary clearness on the painter's mind.

"The Day of Reckoning"—perhaps the best known of all Mr. Waller's well-known works—had its genesis in a scene he had witnessed in Gloucestershire a year or two before it was painted in 1883. This was the annual ram sale at a large farm. This brought back to his mind an auction sale at which he had been present as a boy of thirteen. He started to paint the picture from impressions of both scenes in his mind

by seeing Kirby House, to which he was introduced as the sequel of a chance meeting with a clergyman at a country *table d'hôte*.

"I was staying at Rockingham," Mr. Waller says, in relating the incident, "and one night at dinner a friendly clergyman who sat next me inquired if I had seen Kirby, as he was sure it would suit me for a background. I said 'No,' and rather threw cold water on his suggestion that he should drive me there next day, for I have frequently been sent long expeditions by well-meaning friends, only to find my time entirely wasted.

"THE DOCTOR'S PONY." By S. E. WALLER.

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—compulsory sale, grief of occupants, trampled lawn, straw on drive from packing-cases, empty bottles, etc. It was to be entitled "The Day of Reckoning." Some of the figures in the picture, however, served for another work which gave Mr. Waller's career a decided impetus—the work aptly called "Success," purchased by Sir Henry Tate for £800, and now hanging in the National Gallery of British Art, which will always be associated with his name. Mr. Waller was led to start afresh the painting of "The Day of Reckoning"

However, yielding to his persuasion, the following day I was shown one of the most interesting and picturesque domestic buildings I had ever seen. I suppose it would be called Tudor for the most part; for though John Thorpe was the architect of the greater part, Inigo Jones had a considerable share in the later work. It is of immense extent, and also its ruin is on a similar scale. As I walked into the second quadrangle, I saw horses before the door; the old subject sprang up rejuvenated, and 'The Day of Reckoning' became a living thing.

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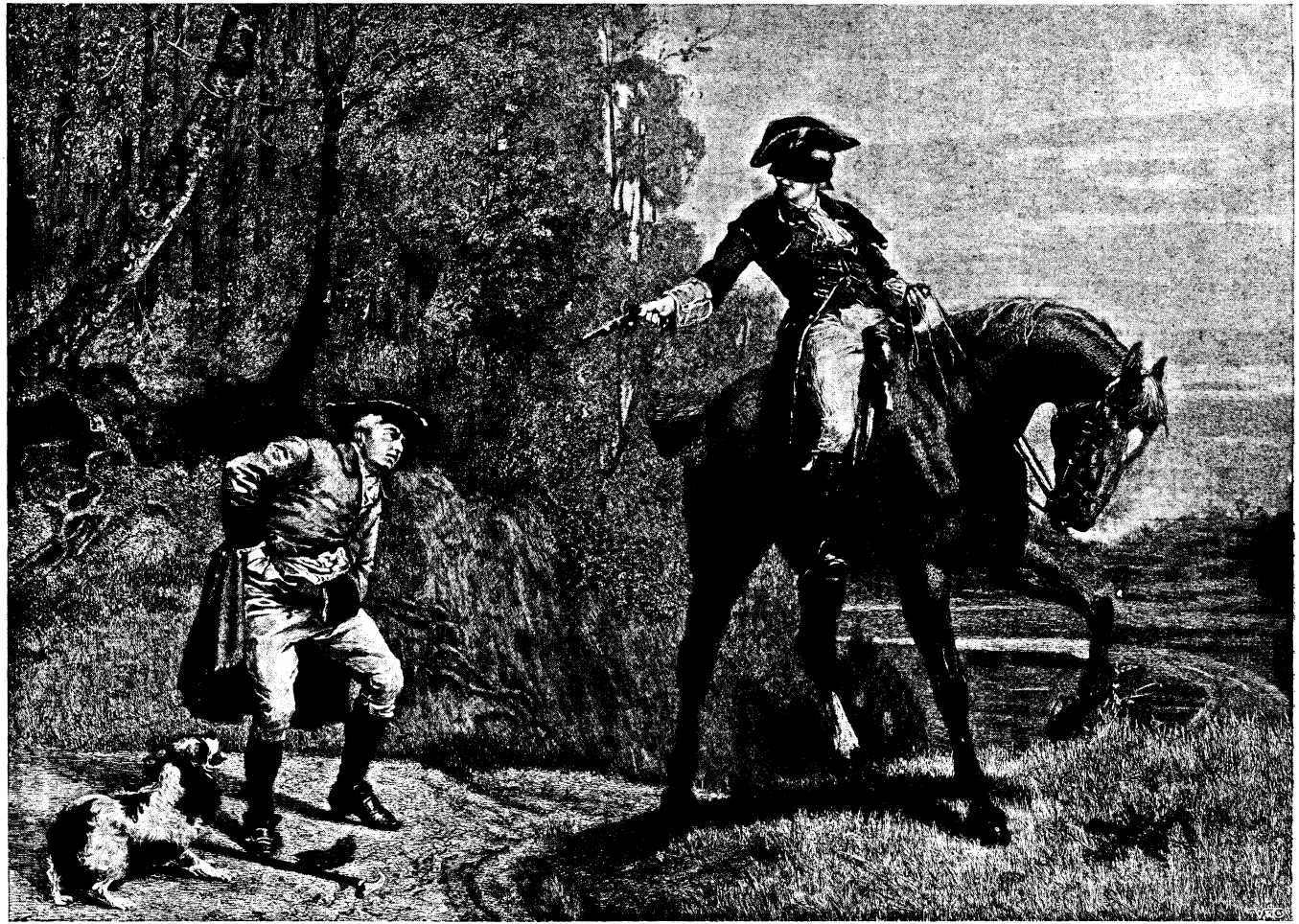

"ON THE KING'S HIGHWAY." By S. E. WALLER.

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"Of course, the ruined man would sell his horses and dogs, his wife would grieve, the vulgar crowd would attend the sale and desecrate the place—all was quite plain now. It only wanted painting."

Any reader who is familiar with Kirby House has probably noticed a serious discrepancy between the real building and the representation given of it in Mr. Waller's picture, the entrance-porch in the latter being much larger than in the former. This is due to an expedient which the painter, as he explains, had to adopt in order to overcome difficulties that unavoidably arose from the limitations of the canvas:—

"The size and scale of Kirby alarmed me. All architecture used as background to figures needs careful management, as if made much of, one needs a huge canvas, and the figures come very small and are consequently sacrificed. If the figures are made as important as they should be, the danger is that the architecture will be like a doll's house. In order to get a small portion of Kirby in front to full scale with the figures, whilst showing the rest of the building in perspective, I had to extend the porch fully twenty feet. The only other way of overcoming my difficulty would have been the use of a narrower canvas, but this would have lost me the sky and left the spectator without the slightest idea of the height of the mansion. As it was, I could put a man and woman right in front of the building, painted to scale, without sacrificing any of the architectural effect."

These are somewhat technical points. There is a more general interest in what Mr. Waller has to tell us concerning the principal figures in the picture. The man, in the characteristic attitude of indifference born of despair, with hands in pockets and feet apart, was easily painted. But when it was finished, the head did not satisfy Mr. Waller; it was painted out and he started on a search for a more satisfactory model. It was some time before he found just what he wanted—a gentlemanly "private" at the Artillery Barracks whose soured expression probably came from some sharp reverse in fortune.

"The Day of Reckoning" was somewhat exceptional in the length of time during which its central idea was taking shape in Mr. Waller's mind. As a rule, there has been a much shorter interval between the birth of an idea and the beginning of a picture. "As a rule," Mr. Waller records in his notebook, explaining the process his work goes through, "after an idea has taken root and one begins to make the first few little notes of composition, the whole tide of previous ideas, of former sketches, of the thousand-and-one ways of treating a subject, are let loose, to one's infinite confusion. The mind becomes like the cook's stock-pot, filled with material, and every after process with me consists, like the cook's, in boiling down and flavouring. The five or six little blots or sketches are crowded and unwieldy to a degree; but as I begin to see my way with the composition and take up the charcoal to make a fair-sized drawing, the number of figures is reduced considerably, the background becomes simple, and the whole thing more of a unit. Sometimes this process is a very quick one, and nothing can be more delightful than to find your objects drop into their places naturally and look accidental yet inevitable; and the fewer there are of them, the better, as a rule, will be your picture, for I believe the greatest of all the virtues is simplicity."

Although chance has had its part in Mr. Waller's career, I think I have made it clear that in his case tireless industry and unflagging energy have had a larger share. It is truly marvellous that with such conscientious methods of work as I have here indicated, an artist who has only just turned fifty should have been able to produce such a number of large pictures with so little variation in their excellence. As regards more recent years, the explanation is to be found, it may be feared, in persistent overwork that lately resulted in a long illness, from which we hope Mr. Waller may now make a steady recovery.

FREDERICK DOLMAN.

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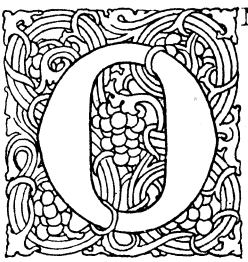
A MATTER OF KINDNESS.

By FRED M. WHITE.*



ON Saturday afternoons there was peace in the Valley of Sweet Waters. Then the click and clack of pick and drill ceased, the grimy gangs went home and washed themselves, for the most part openly bewailing the fact that there were no licensed premises within five miles of the huge waterworks—works where eight thousand men were slaving and moiling to bring the glittering liquid pure across the Midlands. There was the canteen, of course, but the canteen was conducted upon narrow-minded lines, and with an abbreviated notion of the proper amount of intoxicating liquor requisite to the capacity of a self-respecting navvy. But there were ways of evading the authorities, as the said authorities sadly allowed.

The canteen was closed till dusk on Saturday, and thus eight thousand men, dotted in huts all along the lovely valley, were thrown upon their own resources. They played cricket with some vigour, they bathed in the mountain pools, there were foot races and long training walks—rambles frequently fatal to various poultry rambling thoughtlessly beyond the confines of the farmyards. Rabbits, too, were getting scarce, and Sir Myles Llangaren protested against the slaying of pheasants in August. He protested, too, against the poaching in Upper Guilt Brook, but this in a minor degree, seeing that the trout were small, albeit of excellent flavour.

As a matter of fact, three banksmen were poaching up above Guilt Bridge now. Two of them sat smoking and watching a third, who, prone on his stomach, was doing something in the stream with the aid of a stick and a fine copper wire. The thing looks impossible and absurdly insufficient, but there the captured fish lay.

"Got 'im," the fisherman grunted, lifting out a fat fish some six ounces in weight. "I dines at eight to-night in a dicky and black tie. Sort of family affair."

The other men laughed internally. The speaker was a short, powerful man, with glittering black eyes and dark snaky hair that had earned him the title of "Gipsy." The other two men were known as "Nobby" and "Dandy Dick," the latter reminiscent of an old playbill and of the fact that he usually wore a tie and had his hair with that pleasing plastered curl over the forehead which is called a Newgate fringe. Dandy also had a great, if vague, reputation for gallantry of a certain order.

As they sat there, another man came swinging up the valley. He also was of the navvy type, clean-limbed, with a suggestion of having seen service about him. He was dressed in black and wore a heavy pilot-coat, despite the heat of the day. He nodded none too familiarly.

"*How* do?" Gipsy shouted. The "How do?" of a navvy can be made hearty or exceedingly offensive, as the case may be. With the accent derisive on the first syllable it lends itself to quarrel in the easiest manner possible. "*How* do?"

The other passed on without any personal allusion to Gipsy's facial disadvantages, a fact that so astonished Nobby that he dropped his pipe and stared open-mouthed after the retreating figure.

"'Oo's 'e?" he asked. "Call hisself a man! If Gipsy'd hollered arter me like that, I'd ha' knocked his bloomin' 'ead orf. Straight."

Gipsy rolled over on his back in exquisite enjoyment. He belonged to the order of man who laughs at everything. Nobby's seriousness was a source of constant amusement to him.

"Calls hisself James Burton," he explained. "Ganger over Dandy's lot."

"It's a lie," Nobby said with emotion. "It's one of your lies, Gipsy."

"It ain't," Dandy struck in with equal politeness. "It's true. 'E's been about 'ere six weeks. Used to be a corporal in the Army, they say. No use, neither. Don't swear—*can't*, in fact. And when he wants anything, says 'Please.'"

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"Garn," Nobby said with withering contempt. "Ou'er gettin' at?"

Dandy reiterated his previous assertion, garnished with language that left no possible doubt of his absolute sincerity. Nobby had ceased to smoke for the moment. Mundane pleasures were as nothing in the contemplation of this phenomenon.

"Can't swear and says 'Please,'" he murmured. "'*Ow* does 'e get the work done?"

"'E's after old Cocky Benwell's girl," said Gipsy, with meaning. He glanced at Dandy as he spoke. The latter winced ever so slightly.

"So I'm told," he said loftily. "But Lor'! what's the use? No chances there."

Gipsy returned to the attack obliquely.

"I dunno," he said, with an air of profound philosophy. "Women's funny creatures. Goes in for flowers and all them things."

"Kate Benwell's very fond of flowers," said Dandy thoughtfully, "specially vi'lets. Stinking, I call 'em. 'Ad a bunch when I met 'er last night."

"Burton's got some fine vi'lets in his cottage garden," Gipsy observed. "Grows 'em under a frame in the cottage what he took from that Welshy bloke what's gone to Talgarth to live. Big blue 'uns with long storks, exactly the same as that Kate Benwell was wearin' in her boosum last night."

"I'd like to punch Burton's 'ead!" Dandy exclaimed with sudden passion.

Gipsy winked at himself with silent ecstasy. Nobby sucked at his pipe, regarding the sky with a rapt, stolid gaze. The humour of the situation was absolutely lost upon him, as the bright-eyed little man was perfectly well aware. His mental digestion was still seriously pained over the ganger who couldn't swear and said "Please" to his men.

"They'll be making me a ganger next," he said parenthetically. Nobody responded, the black-eyed man was waiting for developments.

Dandy broke out suddenly: "If a girl wants vi'lets," he said defiantly, "why, there's no reason why she shouldn't 'ave vi'lets. Come to think of it, they ain't much more offensive than bacca is to a pore bloke who can't stand smoke."

"Burton's are real beauties," said Gipsy. "Growed in a frame out o' doors where a man could 'elp himself after dark."

Dandy smiled. Gipsy's eyes conveyed nothing, though he began to see a pretty comedy opening out before his mental vision. Amusements were scarce in the Guilt Valley, and here was a fine way of adding to the gaiety of nations.

"No man could swear to a vi'let," Dandy said sententiously.

"Nor yet to a bunch of 'em, leaves an' all," Gipsy added softly. "You've got to put them all together and shove a bit of foliage round 'em."

Dandy took no heed of this original hint on the subject of floral decoration. He had gone off on his own train of thought.

"I dare say as other pore creatures up the valley — Welshies — grows vi'lets. Burton ain't got all the flowers in Wales, nor yet all the vi'lets neither. And if a man keeps them sort o' things out of doors nights, he deserves to lose 'em."

"Not as any of we 'ud take 'em," Gipsy grinned.

Nobby rose slowly, after drawing a ponderous silver watch from profound depths.

Gipsy took up his poaching apparatus again and adjusted the fine running wire.

"Just a few more," he said. "Where going, Nobby?"

"'Ome," Nobby said, with deep contempt. "It's six o'clock."

"Well, what o' that? We don't often get a chance——"

"Chances be blowed!" Nobby growled. "Ain't it just six, and the canteen has been opened these ten minutes? And we wasting our time 'ere over a lot of silly trout as ain't to be named in the same day as a bloater. Come along."

This appeal, being too powerful and too cogent to be ignored, had the desired effect, and the trio made their way silently and thirstily down the valley.

II.

Up to a certain time Dandy's feelings towards Miss Kate Benwell had been governed by a comfortable philosophy. He admired the girl, he had dallied with her on Sundays, but this had not prevented his liberal admiration of other women. He felt that as yet the easy swagger and the carefully oiled curl over his forehead ought not to be reserved for one of the opposite sex only.

Now things appeared to be different. That the Gipsy in his insidious way had brought about the change for his own wicked amusement, Dandy did not dream. Come what may, that poor creature of a Burton wasn't to have Cocky Benwell's girl. Besides, her eyes seemed to have grown brighter and her cheeks more ruddy of late. Critically examined, she was a prettier girl than Dandy

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"'Fond of flowers, eh?'"

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had imagined. At the same time, she was a trifle more distant and cold than of yore. This fact landed Dandy in philosophic deeps, as it has often done in the case of cleverer men.

* * * * *

It was Sunday afternoon, and the valley lay bathed in the peaceful sunlight. Outside the long lanes of wooden huts, stalwart men in shirt-sleeves were minding small groves of children. Somebody was playing an accordion close by. There was a suggestion of rank tobacco-smoke on the air. Overhead a lark poured out a flood of melody. The shadow of a hawk was cast like a moving blight across the bracken.

A little further up the valley was a loose tangle of younger men. From the easy uneasiness of their attitudes they could only have been doing one thing. They were waiting for the coming of the fair, and their Sunday clothes troubled them sorely. A navvy in his working clothes is a fine sight, sometimes even an inspiring one; but the sombre raiment of the Sabbath is like a blight upon him. You can't see the magnificent torso, the knotted length of arm, the hard, lean flanks—nothing but a bunch of humanity.

Between two grinning, slouching lanes Dandy came down. He had a golf cap—plaid, with a huge purple and red star in the centre—planted at the back of his head, so that the glory of the plastered curl might not be dimmed, a handkerchief of many colours adorned his short bull neck, he had no collar, and his body was swathed in an enormous double-breasted pea-jacket many sizes too large for him. The moleskin trousers were also too long, but a pair of straps round the knees obviated that difficulty. He carried a white paper parcel in his hand.

Here was something for lambent wit to play upon. The youths ceased to chaff one another uneasily and with one accord turned upon Dandy. To flee was impossible; silent contempt would only have been accepted as a weakness.

"Carry your parcel, Dandy?" one suggested with humility. "Proud to."

Dandy turned with a smile. He was equal to the occasion.

"Couldn't do it," he said. "It's a diamond necklace for the chief engineer's wife. And you comes of a bad stock, Daniel. The last time as it was my painful dooty to give evidence agin' your old man——"

A burst of strident laughter finished the sentence. Daniel grinned redly.

"It's trotters," he said, "or pickles, or somethink of that kind. Give it a name, Dandy."

"It ain't trotters, nor cockles, nor winkles," Dandy said shortly. "It ain't the title-deeds of my new estate, and it ain't nothin' to do with nobody."

A weedy youth in an amazing check suit collapsed on the grass in a paroxysm of mirth. His comrades watched with affectionate anxiety.

"I've got it!" he gasped. "It's flowers, that's bloomin'-well what it is! A bookay with Dandy's best love to Kitty Benwell. 'Rose is red, the vi'let's blue, carnation's sweet, and so be you!' Blest if I can't sniff 'em!"

A score of more or less blunt noses were elevated in the air daintily.

"Like tripe, only more tender-like," said Daniel.

Before the roar of laughter that followed Dandy broke and fled. He was conscious of a hot, pricking sensation from head to foot. He would cheerfully have forfeited a week's wages to have preserved his secret intact. It would be many days before he heard the last of it. Many blighting retorts rose to his mind now that it was too late. He gripped the violets in his hand and shook them savagely. There was a wild impulse to hurl the offending package into Guilt Brook, but wiser counsels prevailed. The mischief was done now, and nothing could bring Nepenthe to the amused valley.

The reward came presently, however. From a bypath between the hills a girl emerged—a girl with an enormous feathered hat and plaid shawl, a girl exceedingly red in the face and black as to her eyes. Poets and painters and such effete people would have demurred to the girl's high colouring; another class of man would have summed her up as a fine woman. Dandy had made great sacrifice for her, and for the nonce in his eyes she was perfect.

"Who'd a-thought of seeing you, now?" he said breezily.

"Just what I was saying to myself, Mr. Dandy. Who, indeed?"

Dandy whistled with his eyes fixed steadily heavenwards.

"Going anywhere in particular?" he asked carelessly, yet with caution.

Miss Benwell simpered and looked down. Yet her eyes flashed alert and vigorous down the valley as if in search of somebody. She tittered. Under the circumstances she deemed it just as well to dissemble. Then she smiled archly.

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"Maybe I am and maybe I'm not," she said archly.

"Well, that's just what I'm going to do," Dandy observed. "So I'll walk part of the way there with you. Fond of flowers, eh?"

Miss Benwell remarked that she positively doted on flowers.

Dandy whistled again until the corners of his mouth relaxed into a broad grin.

"There's not many flowers as comes up to vi'lets," he said sententiously.

Miss Benwell agreed with enthusiasm. They were so sweet and so modest. Also she had read in the Society columns of a halfpenny novelette that they were such good taste.

"Especially blue 'uns," cried Dandy, catching her enthusiasm.

Yes, perhaps blue violets were on the whole preferable to the white variety. Their perfume was more pronounced and not too craftily subtle. All this Miss Benwell observed, averting her gaze most scrupulously from the paper parcel now getting unpleasantly warm in Dandy's powerful grip. As he stripped the paper away, the grin on his face broadened. He poked his fist rampantly under the girl's nose.

"For you," he said shortly. "A bookay. Wear 'em next your 'eart."

Miss Benwell couldn't have believed it. Anybody might have knocked her down with a feather. She placed the violets tenderly in the anatomical region suggested by Dandy.

"They are like some James Burton has," she said.

"*Had*," Dandy corrected. Then he recollected himself and proceeded craftily: "James Burton hasn't got any vi'lets like them. I got 'em up the valley; walked miles on purpose."

"Fancy that now!" Miss Benwell said sweetly.

"Walked my heels off almost, I did," said Dandy. "If James Burton, who's a poor creature and don't know the language—'ullo!"

The man in question stood before him. A man about his own build, with a pale, taciturn face and an eye that looked like power. His glance wandered from Dandy to the violets. His lips were parted, as if he had run far.

"You—you scoundrel!" he said. "I beg your pardon, Kate."

He turned on his heel with a slight suggestion of military salute and strode away up the valley.

Miss Benwell turned pale, flushed deep red, and tittered.

"Something disagreed with him," she laughed. "Better go this way, 'adn't we?"

Dandy gallantly replied that all ways were the same to him *now*. An hour or two later he returned to the huts with head erect and a sweet smile on his face. An acquaintance came down the road.

"'Ullo, Bill!" said Dandy. "So long."

"'Ullo!" the other responded. "'Ow nice you look, Vi'lets!"

Dandy stopped, clenched his fist, swore with fluency, and passed on.

III.

GIPSY watched the progress of affairs from under his shrewd brows. He had engineered the whole business for his own amusement, and on the whole it was coming out beyond his most sanguine expectations. In towns Gipsy was a regular theatrical Saturday nighter, and under happier educational advantages might have blossomed into a dramatist. His first act had been eminently successful; the whole rugged community were laughing at Dandy, who, however, had his consolation in the fact that he had put Burton's nose out of joint for all time.

Still, all great victories have their drawbacks. For instance, it was by no means pleasant to be sniffed at by everybody. The boys were all whistling one air now, and on Dandy innocently asking the name, he was greeted with a chorus of "Sweet Violets." This tune he traced to Gipsy, still without suspicion of his friend's *bona- des*.

"Why did you go for to do it?" he asked reproachfully.

They were all at dinner, with basins and tins between their knees. A little way off Ganger Burton was smoking in sullen silence. Though his vocabulary was mean and limited during the last day or two, there was an air about him that Dandy by no means liked.

"I never thought about you," the Gipsy said feelingly. "I was leading up to a joke. They tell me they was fine vi'lets that you gave to Kitty Benwell."

"No finer grown in the valley," Dandy responded shortly.

"And they say Burton was no end took, too, when you done him so fine." Dandy quivered. "More vi'lets where those others come from, I suppose?"

"Lots, if you go about getting them at nig——in the proper way."

"Then I'll show you how you can put

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the joke on to Burton. You go and *buy* a lot more of them flowers, and bring 'em down 'ere early on the ground in the mornin' afore Burton gets 'ere. Let every man stick two or three in his 'at or button-'ole, and there you are! See, old pal?"

To do him justice, Dandy "saw" immediately. The whole village had divined exactly what was going on, and if this thing were done, every shred of ridicule would be shifted from Dandy's shoulders to those of Burton.

"Most likely drive him out of the shop," Dandy said joyfully.

"Do him brown altogether," the Gipsy responded. "If you ain't got the pluck to do it at the last minute, I'll show you a way——"

"Ain't got the pluck! You see. Lor'! I'm laughing at it now."

So was the Gipsy. Only a close observer might have had a shrewd suspicion that he was laughing at his companion at the same time. Then he winked darkly and went his way.

Not one of the gang needed to be told the next morning that something was in the air. They were going to have some fun with their deservedly unpopular ganger, and that sufficed for them. Therefore when Dandy proffered all and several a few violets each next morning, the gift was accepted with a solemnity worthy of the occasion. Altogether it was a strange and moving sight, albeit correctly æsthetic.

"Not as we've any real use for them," said Dandy.

"No use at all," a big Cornishman usually called "Jigger" put in. Jigger was justly famed for his metaphors. "No more use'n side pockets to a toad."

Immediately upon this brilliant effort James Burton arrived upon the scene. He was more taciturn and deathly pale than usual. His eyes glittered strangely with the glint one sees in those of a newly caged animal. It has been seen before now in the eyes of British troops when driven into a tight corner and orders are given to hold fire. They were the eyes of a man who was going to be dangerous when his time came. And the time was very near.

Nobody saw this save Gipsy. He began to understand that Dandy was going to get a warm quarter of an hour presently. He stripped to his grey shirt and peeled his black, powerful arms. Burton's quick gaze flashed along the slouching, smiling line of the gang. No need to tell him what had happened. Behind the anger blazing in his eyes there linked the ghost of a smile. Mad as Burton was, he was not quite blind to the humour of the situation.

"What does all this tomfoolery mean?" he asked.

Somebody pushed the gigantic Jigger forward. He advanced with a wide, expanding smile.

"It's a sort of a club," he explained. "Don't you talk of your Primrose League no longer. This 'ere Vi'let League's the thing. It's all agin' drinkin' and swearin'——"

The speaker paused, blunderingly conscious that he had given the enemy an opening. Before he could recover himself, Burton shot in.

"I'm glad of that," he said. "Anything calculated to stop swearing will have my hearty support. You are a foul-mouthed set of blackguards, and there's a rascally thief now amongst you. And if you don't all get to work at once, I'll dock you a quarter of a day, certain."

For once Burton left off with the better of the argument. The whistle had gone and there was no time for reply. Moreover, if a man arrived a minute late, a ganger could put him back a quarter of a day, and repartee at something like threepence a word was too much like luxury.

Still, the gang could watch their leader under bent brows. He appeared to be taking less notice of them than usual, he seemed to be straining his eyes ever down the valley; he stood up erect and soldierly, like a sorely pressed outpost waiting for relief. There was more than one man in the Reserves in the gang who recognised the sergeant in that still figure.

Dandy alone was not satisfied; he shirked his work, he whistled offensively. Finally he took the stump of a cigarette from his pocket and lighted it with ostentatious care. A moment later and the cigarette was jerked into a puddle of clay, and Burton's heel upon it.

"You insolent scoundrel!" Burton said hoarsely. "I'll reckon with you presently. Move those bricks up to the head of the gully; get them done by dinner-time, or I report you for skulking. I'll teach you a lesson yet, my fine fellow!"

Dandy went limply about his task. He felt that he had a grievance against Providence. Moreover, he was properly impressed with the gleam in Burton's eye. Well, there were more violets in Burton's garden, and those violets had roots attached to them.

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Where was Burton's gratitude, seeing that Dandy had thoughtfully spared a fine cluster of blooms under one of the glass lights? There was no chance of consulting Gipsy, who bent over his work in exemplary fashion.

At the first sight of real authority displayed by Burton, a moiety of the violets had disappeared. This was grovelling, and Dandy resented it accordingly. But Burton seemed to see nothing of the impression he had created, standing still and motionless, with his restless eyes strained down the valley. It was near dinner-time when a lad came up and handed an orange-coloured envelope to Burton.

He took it slowly and tore the cover. He read the lengthy telegraphic message with a blank, expressionless face, then he tore the flimsy into tiny shreds. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, he gave a yell that rang along the valley, after which he danced a hornpipe step deliriously. Before the astounded gang had grasped the situation, Burton was himself again.

"D. T.," said Jigger feelingly. There was a link between ganger and men at last. "I've seen poor beggars taken like it afore."

"It's j'y," said Gipsy, "that's what it is—j'y. And when the j'y passes away,

"'Get up,' Burton said pithily. 'You'll take it fighting, I suppose?'"

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pore old Dandy's goin' to cop a cold, see if he don't."

Burton walked through the gang unconcernedly until the whistle sounded for dinner. Then he darted vigorously down the valley, where presently a feminine figure joined him. It was only the keen eyes of Gipsy that discovered this, and amidst the babel of tongues Gipsy was strangely silent. The comedy had taken an unexpected turn, and his mind was busy scheming out a new *dénouement*.

IV.

DANDY stalked out of the canteen at an abnormally early hour considering that it was only Monday, and consequently there was no strain on the exchequer. But there are times when the cheerful cup does not cheer, and this was one of them. In the first place, Dandy's joke at the expense of Burton had lamentably missed fire, and all the afternoon Burton had handled the men with a vigour and fire that fairly dazed them.

Again, on the way to the canteen Dandy had met Miss Benwell. On attempting to take up love's dalliance at the interesting stage where it had stopped the previous Sunday, Dandy had been met with a chilling reception. Evidently something more than violets would be needed to heal the breach. At any rate, Kate Benwell should have no more of Burton's flowers. Dandy was enough of a horticulturist to know that flowers without roots were impossible. And he was going to take his measures accordingly.

Burton's trim little cottage was in darkness. His old housekeeper was gone, and Burton was away on pleasure somewhere, perhaps at Benwell's cottage. The thought filled Dandy with melancholy. His broad chest heaved with emotion.

It was getting quiet by this time, the canteen had closed, and the long lane of lights where the huts stood was picked out here and there with increasing gaps of darkness; presently the glow of Dandy's pipe was the only light to be seen.

Then he made his way cautiously into Burton's garden. He slipped the lights from the frames where the violets grew, and tugged at the roots. It was by no means easy work, and he lacked the necessary celerity for this kind of marauding. A score of yards away stood a hut, where tools and boxes and some cases of dynamite cartridges were stored. The dynamite had no business to be there, it was contrary to all kind of regulations, but there it was. And the lock was capable of easy picking.

Dandy crept over to the hut. The lock presented no great difficulties. Locks don't as a rule to gentlemen who wear Newgate fringes and are modestly silent as to their past. Inside the hut it was dark, but by the aid of his pipe Dandy found a draining spade—a long, narrow shovel, the very thing for his work. As he stumbled, the pipe fell from Dandy's lips and disappeared under a broad ledge. To find it now without striking a light was impossible. Well, one pipe was very like another, and Dandy decided to risk it. Moreover, Burton might come home at any moment.

* * * * *

He was getting on with his work famously. Another moment or two and the last patch of fragrant blossoms would be no more. Dandy chuckled with the air of a man who has not toiled in vain. Then a nervous grip was laid on his shoulder.

"I want you, my friend," a voice said softly. "I've been waiting for this."

Dandy rose swiftly. It was pitch dark and as yet he had not been recognised. If it came to a fight, Dandy had no clinging doubts as to his chances of success. He could knock Burton down and make assurance doubly sure by flight. The plan of campaign flashed lightning-like through his brain. Unfortunately a counter-attack flashed through Burton's brain simultaneously. As Dandy lunged for him, he stepped aside, and down went the other with a smashing blow on the jaw.

The force of the blow fairly staggered the marauder. Dandy was no novice at the game, and he realised that he had met a master. Ere he recovered from the painful surprise, he was dragged by the heels into Burton's cottage and the door closed behind him. Every stick of furniture had been cleared from the room—it formed an ideal boxing-ring.

"Get up," Burton said pithily. "You'll take it fighting, I suppose?"

Dandy thought that on the whole he would. The sportsman would be content to give him a sound thrashing; if he shirked it, unpleasant magisterial proceedings might follow, and Dandy's feet had been too recently planted in the paths of virtue to risk that.

Taking it altogether, Dandy made a good fight of it. There was a huge swelling behind the ear, and his eyes were fast closing, also he was painfully short of breath. Finally, he lay on the floor with the haziest idea of his surroundings.

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"Pretty fair for one out of training," Burton said quite cheerfully. "It's the canteen that does the mischief, my friend. Where did you get that spade from?"

"From the shed yonder," Dandy blurted out. "I picked the lock. I know you won't give a pore bloke away, but I dropped my pipe——"

"Dropped your *what? Lighted?*"

Dandy nodded. He was still too hazy to recollect the dynamite. With a cry, Burton dashed for the door. He stood there still as a statue for a moment.

"You madman!" he cried. "You careless, criminal fool! See what your pipe has done!"

The iron-framed windows were illuminated by a faint, unsteady glow. Down the breeze came the pungent odour of burning wood. The hut was on fire, and there was enough dynamite in it to destroy the neighbouring shanties like so many packs of cards. If the fire could be extinguished, and the cases of dynamite removed, nobody need be any the wiser, and no blame need attach to anybody.

"Come along!" Burton yelled. "There's water in the gully behind, and a couple of buckets in the kitchen. Get a move on you, and don't make any noise; if we can manage without disturbing the women and children, so much the better."

Dandy sat fettered by a sudden and all-conquering fear. Burton eyed him scornfully.

"A coward!" he said. "I didn't expect that of you."

Dandy would have protested, but his voice failed him. He was conscious of a certain grievance against Burton. He had just taken a severe punishment manfully and well, so that the accusation was in poor taste.

All the same, he was a coward. But for Burton, standing like a contemptuous sentinel in the way, he would have bolted. His idea was to have rushed yelling down the valley that a dynamite shed was on fire, and then placed a space as wide as possible between himself and the danger.

"You've got to come with me," Burton said grimly. "You cur! I'm just as frightened as yourself, only I'm not going to give way to it. I'm a soldier, an Engineer, and I know what the feeling is when the enemy are waiting for you behind cover, and you've got to advance whether you like it or not. Every man is more or less of a coward then. And if I'd given way to it, I should have been kicked out of the Army. But I didn't give way to it, and in a few weeks I shall have my commission. I came here on two months' furlough because there was a cloud hanging over me. But, thank God! my name is clear now, and the blackguard who tried to ruin me is found out. You thought I was a soft kind of fellow. I could have drilled you all. I'll drill *you*, my lad! Come along with me. March!"

Burton spoke rapidly and clearly. There was the real ring of command in his voice; his eye was the eye of a born leader of men. Dandy obeyed mechanically. He could not have helped himself. He wondered vaguely what had come over this man. What a fool Gipsy had been!

By this time the fire had a good grip of the hut. There was water in the gully behind, and buckets. Burton threw open the door and entered. A fierce blast of heat and a pungent wrack of smoke drove him back. It would be impossible to do anything till the flames were driven back. After all, it might be necessary to rouse the people in the huts.

But not if Burton could help it. He and Dandy were working grimly now, hustling backwards and forwards with buckets, fighting the flames back inch by inch, taking their lives in their hands at the same time. As the smoke lifted sullenly, a big case of dynamite at the back was seen to burn furiously. Burton groaned to himself, his teeth close shut.

"How do you feel now?" he asked hoarsely.

Dandy wiped his streaming face. He was running wet, the beautiful Newgate curl was no more than a damp clout now. There was a queer, grey pallor under the tan of his cheeks. He laughed unsteadily.

"Funk!" he said—"blooming funk ain't no word for it. If I was by myself, I'd just 'ook it and 'owl. But I don't like to leave you."

The shamefaced Dandy would have been astounded to hear that this was courage of the highest order. But Burton's Egyptian experience had told him all about that. He patted the palsied Dandy on the back approvingly.

"We've got to get those back cases out," he said. "If we can manage those without a blow-up, the rest is plain sailing. Come along. Men have annexed the Victoria Cross for less than this."

Dandy moved forward. There was a queer choking in his throat, and he could hear his heart beating like a drum. But he was not going to be bested by Burton. They fought desperately up to the burning cases; they

"'I'm goin' to faint—*me! me!*'"

"Rot!" said Burton. "Give me your hand."

"What for?" Dandy asked suspiciously.

"To shake, of course. Because it is the hand of a hero. My good fellow, the man who conquers fear as you did is a hero. I never saw a braver thing done, and I've seen some plucky things in my time."

"If you hadn't been here," Dandy began, "I should 'a' 'ooked it straight."

"I say you are a hero," Burton persisted.

Dandy graciously allowed it to pass. Way up the Valley of Sweet Waters they are still inclined to make much of Dandy, but he resolutely declines to be lionised.

But for Burton he would "'a' took and 'ooked it," and to this Dandy steadily adheres. But he *didn't* "'ook it," and Burton was *there;* and this is the history of a little of the British Army.

"All right, matey," he said, "'ave your own way. So long."

* * * * *

"She'd never 'ave 'ad aught to do with yer, Dandy," Jigger remarked to a select circle in the canteen. "Why, she's been engaged to Burton for four years. Eddicated better'n you think. And Burton's gotten his commission. There was a lot of trouble at Salisbury over some missing stores, and Kate Benwell got 'im a job here. Women's funny things, Dandy."

"Yes," Dandy said laconically, "they be. So's men, come to that."

There was a long silence, filled by the puffing of pipes and the tilting of tankards. Gipsy lay back smoking his cigarette.

"I never could see much fun in that vi'let business of yours, Dandy," he said.

Dandy looked up suspiciously. His mind was travelling swiftly over recent events. Then he began to discern patches of light in dark places.

worked at them until their hands were covered with white blisters. But they had got them out at last. Blackened and blistered and bleeding, wet as rags from head to foot, Burton let off a yell that rang all down the valley. They had won.

"The other two—quick!" he said. "Now the water. We're safe, my lad."

A bucket or two of water and the thing was done. Dandy dropped upon a pile of clay, limp and exhausted. He was trembling like one after a long, weakening illness.

"I ain't coddin'," he said, "I ain't jokin'. Far from it. But I'm goin' to faint—*me! me!* Rummy, ain't it?"

He spoke half with a sob, half with a defiant growl. Burton produced brandy and poured a little down Dandy's throat. The burly, deep-chested navvy staggered to his feet. For some little time he seemed unable to speak. "You won't give me away?" he asked. "You're a man all through, that's what you are, and I'm a fool to doubt it. But seeing as I did my best bloomin' coward or no bloomin' coward—you won't let on as I showed the white feather?"

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"Perhaps not," he said indifferently. "Happen as you know'd something about Burton before?"

Gipsy fell into the trap.

"Old Benwell telled me," he said. "Only it was a secret."

Dandy rose slowly to his feet and pointed to the door. A fine, flashing scorn was in his eye; anger filled his heart.

"If you'll come outside," he said slowly and ponderously, "just step outside for a few minutes, I'll make you as your own mother won't know you. I ain't a vindictive man—far from it—but I'd esteem the punchin' of your 'ead as real luxury."

But Gipsy was equal to the occasion. He hailed a passing potman.

"Fill all those cans," he said. "Boys, 'ere's the 'ealth of the bride and bridegroom! And if they don't make Dandy best man, they ought to be ashamed of themselves."

THE PORTENTS.

SPRING is hastening—Spring is hastening on her way—
I've a means of knowing.
Listen closely! Can you hear it?
How within the leafy glades
Fairy horns are blowing?

Swift she hastens—swift and decked in bright array:
Birds their welcome singing—
Pause and listen! Can you hear it?
How, deep in the woodland glades,
Fairy bells are ringing?

Low she bends her—and a fairy kiss doth lie
On each bud's tender dreaming.
And to greet her—can you see them?
Where the river gurgles by—
Fairy flags outstreaming?

Yet another—yet another proof have I
Than the whispering of the grasses;
For the blossom—can you see it?
How it, bending from on high,
Blushes as she passes?

MABEL WESTRUP.

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THE MONEY KINGS OF THE MODERN WORLD

By W. T. Stead.*

I.—CONCERNING THE NEW DYNASTY.

"ONE hundred years hence," said Cecil Rhodes the last time I met him, "when I look down from the sky at this little planet, I shall find that it has passed into the hands of a Hebrew financier."

It is a prophecy deserving to be classed with a similar confident prediction by a still more famous man, which has not been fulfilled. "In a hundred years," said Napoleon, "the world will either be Republican or Cossack." More than a hundred years have passed since Napoleon's prophecy, and although both the Cossack and the Republic have extended their sway over a considerable portion of the area of the planet, the world is still far from recognising the sovereignty of either, or even of both combined.

No one, not even Mr. Rhodes himself, were he still here, would claim anything more for his forecast than that it summed up in a striking phrase the probable issue of the tendency of our times. The date fixed is not of the essence of the prophecy, and although more importance may be attached to the nationality of the future world-ruler, that also is a detail. The one essential point about the remark lies in its frank recognition that the sceptre of the world is passing from the hands of emperors, monarchs, soldiers, and politicians into those of the financier.

Money is the coming king, and the American dollar will be the emperor of the world. As the Egyptians had their dynasty of shepherd kings, so the whole wide world is to pass under the domination of money kings. Such, at least, was Mr. Rhodes's forecast, such the suggestion which has inspired the present series of studies of the Money Kings of the Modern World.

Money has always been, to some extent, the equivalent of power. It was long ago described as the sinews of war. But heretofore wealth, like the sword, has merely been the instrument of power in the hands of rulers. The financier, like the soldier for whose campaigns he has supplied the indispensable sinews, has been the servant of the State rather than its master. But just as the Mayors of the Palace in the days of the Merovingians grew tired of tolerating the pretensions of their *rois fainéants*, and substituted their own direct authorship for that of the sovereign, our money kings may ere long raise the old question, whether the man who had the power without the throne, or the man who merely had the throne without the power, should be recognised as the real king.

The mere possibility of such an issue to our present more or less confused welter of world-politics is sufficient to justify a much more careful and exhaustive study of the whole subject than is possible in a series of magazine articles. But pending the advent of the new Gibbon, who will write, not "the decline and fall," but the rise and triumph of the money power, it may not be without interest first to glance at the possibilities of the emergence of the new power, and then to follow it up by a sketch of the leading personages who may be regarded as the precursors or founders of the dynasty of the future.

It must be frankly admitted at the outset that if the money king is to be the potentate of the future, he will not owe his elevation to supreme power to any intrinsic popularity which he enjoys with the public. The poet and the preacher have vied with each other in holding him up to ridicule and contempt. Shakespeare immortalised the money king of the Middle Ages in Shylock—a name which, somewhat unjustly, has come to be the synonym for grasping, greed, and calculating malice. Milton made Mammon the leader of the hosts of fallen spirits who

> Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
> For treasures better hid

in order to provide the artificers of Pandemonium with building material suited to their needs.

> Let none admire
> That riches grow in hell: that soil may best
> Deserve the precious bane.

Spenser exhausted the resources of his luxuriant imagination in rendering Mammon

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hateful; and poet after poet, down to and including Tennyson, has employed his genius in representing the acquisition of money and the making of money as something essentially mean and unworthy of the dignity of man, which they appear to believe is never more worthily displayed than when from—

> Deathful-grinning mouths of the fortress flames
> The blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire.

As with the poets, so with the divines. Few have carried the dislike and distrust of wealth so far as St. Francis, who regarded

"The Lady Poverty" as his bride; but all, even ecclesiastics who have amassed great fortunes, have echoed the apostolic dictum that "the love of money is the root of all evil." What the combined forces of religion and poetry might have failed to accomplish was achieved by their allies, aristocratic caste and military pride. The noble and the soldier alike despised the trader. "The Jew to the Ghetto" summed up the verdict of mediæval Europe upon the financiers of their times.

It was only in a democratic age that the money king could have founded his new dynasty. For unlike all other systems by which men exercise authority over their fellows, the money power is the most universally divisible. Only one man can sit on a throne. Hereditary aristocrats are in their essence exclusive. Priesthoods cannot share their sacerdotal prerogatives with their congregations, but money power is capable of distribution almost *ad infinitum*. "Whoso has sixpence," said Carlyle in a famous passage in "Sartor Resartus," "is sovereign (to the length of sixpence) over all men; commands cooks to feed him, philosophers to teach him, kings to mount guard over him—to the length of sixpence."

The political economist may be regarded as the John the Baptist of the money king. Adam Smith led the way, and great was the multitude of those who followed after. Burke, who had a sovereign scorn for "sophisters and economists," was courageous enough to endorse their main contention when he said—

"The love of lucre, though sometimes carried to a ridiculous and sometimes to a vicious excess, is the grand cause of prosperity to all states. In this natural, this reasonable, this powerful, this prolific principle—it is for the statesman to employ it as he finds it with all its concomitant excellencies, with all its imperfections, on its head."

Since his day the making of money has gradually assumed a higher place in the estimation of mankind. From being regarded as the lowest and most sordid of occupations, it has been exalted to the first place among the pursuits of honourable men. Fifty years ago, Tennyson gnashed his teeth over the thought that in England commerce was all in all, and that "Britain's one sole God was a millionaire." Nowadays it is not in England alone or even exclusively that millionaire-worship prevails. Since Aaron set up the golden calf in the wilderness of Sinai for the Chosen People to worship, the cult of gold has never been so

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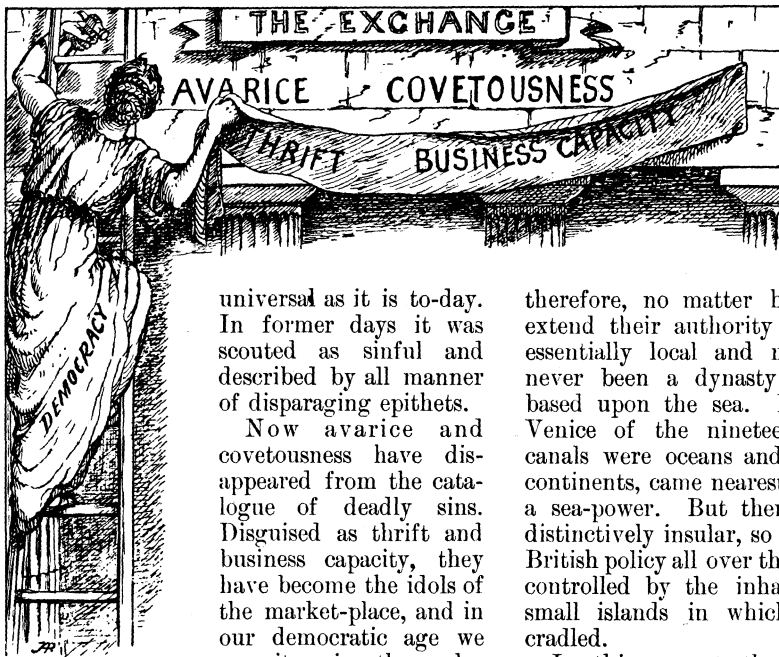

universal as it is to-day. In former days it was scouted as sinful and described by all manner of disparaging epithets.

Now avarice and covetousness have disappeared from the catalogue of deadly sins. Disguised as thrift and business capacity, they have become the idols of the market-place, and in our democratic age we are witnessing the evolution of a triumphant plutocracy which every day tends more and more to place itself under the absolute control of its supreme autocrat.

The ambition to acquire wealth, as Max Nordau recently pointed out, is no longer sordid. "To despise money is very foolish, as it means to despise force, and force is the essence of the universe. Money in itself is nothing and means nothing. It is a mere symbol. It is the conventional representation of the whole of civilisation." But it is hardly necessary to quote apologies for money-making. The money kings of the modern world in one respect bear a close resemblance to their predecessors. They will never lack the incense of flattery from their courtiers. Already the new dynasty is being acclaimed in terms that, if well founded, would almost justify a claim for a new right Divine for the coming kings of the world.

Disregarding the extravagancies of interested eulogists, it is profitable to inquire what are likely to be the characteristics of the new yoke that is being fitted upon the necks of the human race. It is not difficult to discern the first and most salient characteristic which differentiates the new dynasty from all those which preceded it Every ruler who has hitherto borne sway in the world has based his throne upon land. Whether they were soldiers who used the earth as an arena for battlefields, or statesmen who regarded it as a taxable area, or monarchs who saw in it the foundation of their throne, all previous dynasties were seated on land, on solid earth. They were, therefore, no matter how far they might extend their authority over other regions, essentially local and national. There has never been a dynasty whose throne was based upon the sea. Britain, the Imperial Venice of the nineteenth century, whose canals were oceans and whose streets were continents, came nearest to the realisation of a sea-power. But there is no power more distinctively insular, so passionately national. British policy all over the world is exclusively controlled by the inhabitants of the two small islands in which her Empire was cradled.

In this respect the dynasty of money kings will be a new thing in human history. It marks a distinct advance upon all previous dynasties in that it is not tethered to *terra firma*. It is universal, cosmopolitan, and catholic. It knows no frontiers. It is hampered by no geographical limitations. Money, like water, is a circulating medium which everywhere tends to find its own level. No matter how parochial may be the field in which the financier begins to operate, he will sooner or later find it impossible to confine himself within the parish boundary. As all the rivers flow into the sea, and all the seas form part of the world-ocean, so every business, no matter how small and secluded it may be, feels the impact of forces operating at the other side of the world. Gibbon's classic instance of how the victories of Tamerlane, in Central Asia, raised the price of herrings in London market illustrates the truth of this general law centuries before electricity and steam had made all mankind next-door neighbours.

"Why?" asked Mr. Vanderlip of M. Witte, "are ironworks closed and workmen starving in Russia?"

"Because," replied the great Russian statesman-financier—"because of England's war against the Boer Republics in South Africa."

A typhoon in the China seas will ruin a grocer in Manchester, or a drought in Australia make the fortune of a grazier in

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the Highlands. For we are all members one of another; and when one member suffers, all the other members suffer with it. Thus by necessity, from the very nature of the foundations of its throne, the new dynasty must be international, and, like John Wesley, take the whole world for its parish.

From this it follows that, despite all appearances to the contrary, the influence of the new dynasty must in the long run tell in favour of peace. Commerce, it must be admitted, has not by any means justified the dithyrambic invocations of the poets who saw in her the white-winged harbinger of universal peace. Many recent wars have been waged on the plea of the necessity for securing markets. To fight for markets, said Sir E. Clarke, "is to murder for gain." The rivalry of the nations in their struggle for the trade of the world stands foremost among the constant perils which threaten the peace and tranquillity of mankind. Nevertheless, this is but a phrase. The money king may, in the present stage of evolution, follow the example of other monarchs and employ the sword to advance his ambitions, but his real interest will permanently press him in the other direction.

War is at present, and for the present, good for the business of sections of the community. But war is never advantageous to the whole body politic. The conversion of possible consumers of manufactured goods into mere carrion is never to the interest of the world's business, whatever local and temporary stimulus it may give to the holders of army contracts or the makers of firearms. The wider the area over which the new dynasty establishes its authority, the more steady and potent will be the appeal which peace will make to their self-interest. As the area tends constantly to widen, there will grow the hope of terminating the present armed anarchy of the world by the creation of some rational states system in which disputes will be adjudicated by a tribunal which, like the Supreme Court of the United States, will have behind it the whole forces of the federated nations.

At present the money king is but partly conscious of the work in which he is engaged. Like the earthworm, which fertilises and cultivates the earth while thinking of nothing else but eating his dinner, so our money kings are steadily bringing about a world-wide revolution while merely intent upon earning dividends. The clink of the almighty dollar is a curious echo of the angelic anthem at Bethlehem, but the good news of great joy seems likely to find itself translated into fact more effectively by the Bourses than by the Bibles of Christendom. Mammon may be, as Milton said, "the least erected spirit that fell from heaven," but it was with true inspiration that the poet made Mammon plead for peace in the councils of hell.

> All things invite
> To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
> Of order, how in safety best we may
> Compose our present evils with regard
> Of what we are and were, dismissing quite
> All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise.

To this it may be objected that it was the pressure of Mammon in the shape of Egyptian bondholders which drove England into the war in Egypt, that the last war in South Africa was due to financial pressure, and that the great danger which at present threatens the peace of the world is the desire of the concessionaires to exploit the Chinese

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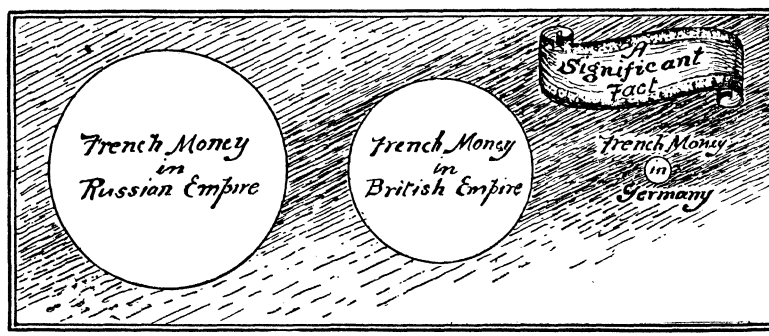
market. That is all true. It is also true that the great financiers have often facilitated war by the readiness with which they lent money to Governments which otherwise could not have prosecuted even a single campaign. Fifty years ago Cobden denounced, but denounced in vain, as a moralist and an economist, the practice of lending money to foreign Powers to be expended on armaments, which would immediately entail a similar expenditure upon our own Government. The investor in foreign bonds is blind to these considerations, but after a time the very stake he has in the foreign country operates in the direction of peace. The holders of Turkish Bonds in 1875–8, although smarting from the non-payment of their interest, passionately opposed Mr. Gladstone's demand for the coercion of the Sultan in the cause of Bulgarian independence. The fact that the French have invested fifty-seven million pounds in Egyptian securities is at this moment the most effective check upon the raising of the Egyptian question to disturb the peace of Europe. If England had invested more of her savings in Russian Bonds, there would have been much less of the Russophobia which continually imperils the peace of Asia.



The fact that France has invested no less a sum than £1,200,000,000 in foreign lands undoubtedly steadies French policy.*

The amount of British money invested abroad and in the Colonies yields, according to the Income Tax returns, a net income to British investors of from forty to fifty million pounds a year, representing a capital of about as much as that of the French investments abroad. The individual investor is, however, not always able to bring any direct pressure to bear upon those in whose hands lie the issues of peace or war. As Burke said of property in general, so it may be said of property in foreign funds. "That power goes with property is not universally true, and the idea that the operation of it is certain and invariable may mislead us very fatally." When property is centralised in the hands of a few money kings, the power which it carries with it will be indisputable and irresistible.

That the dynasty of money kings will make for peace may be assumed with hope, if not with confidence. That it will make for liberty is much more doubtful. If the money king dislikes foreign war, he simply detests revolutions. But it is by revolutions that nations win their liberties. The great French Revolution might have been staved off if a Pierpont Morgan or a Rockefeller had been able to choke the deficit and restore order to the finances of the Bourbons. One of the chief disposing causes of the Revolution of 1848, which shook half the

* The following figures, extracted from the Return issued by the French Foreign Office, may be appropriately prefaced by the remark with which the official reporter concludes his introduction to his statutes: "At a time when economic questions govern the policy of nations, the French financial group remains one of the great means of action of France in the world." The figures are approximate only, but they illustrate none the less forcibly the extent to which capital tends to become international. The figures quoted are rendered in millions of pounds, ignoring fractions and sums less than a million representing Newfoundland, British Asia, and the British West Indies:—

FRENCH INVESTMENTS IN 1901 IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

	Million pounds.		Million pounds.		Million pounds.		Million pounds.
Russia in Europe	249	Italy	57	Roumania ...	17	Cuba	9
,, Asia ...	2	Argentine ...	37	Mexico	12	Uruguay ...	8
Spain	119	Portugal ...	36	Norway	11	Monaco	6
Austria-Hungary	114	Brazil	27	Greece	11	Denmark ...	5
Great Britain ...	40	China	26	Servia	10	Sweden	5
British Africa ...	63	United States ...	24	Holland	10	Peru	4
Canada	5	Belgium ...	24	Colombia ...	9	Germany ...	3
Turkey	72	Tunis	24	Chili	9	&c., &c.	
Egypt	57	Switzerland ...	18	Venezuela ...	9		

The total amount of French capital invested abroad is estimated at 1,200 million pounds.

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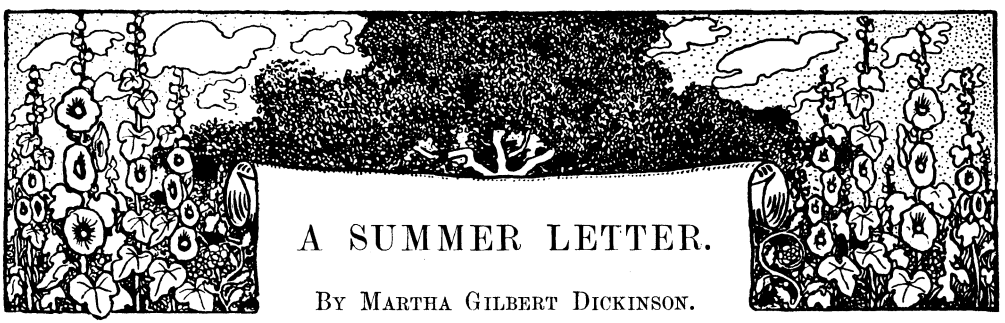
thrones in Europe and established the Second French Republic, was a financial crisis which the modern money king, had he then existed, would have found means to avert. But a still more pertinent illustration is afforded us in the origin of the American Republic. How was it that the Union came into existence? Let Daniel Webster reply. "That Union was reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit."

But enough of this preliminary speculation *in generalibus*. In the subsequent articles I shall pass in review some of the more notable money kings of our time, beginning with the Rothschilds, who may be said to have inaugurated the dynasty in Europe by founding a family which for nearly a century was one of the leading factors in the political and industrial development of the Continent.



A SUMMER LETTER.

By Martha Gilbert Dickinson.

DEAR Absent Wanderer,
Think of me
As one well lost; content to be
Lost down a Summer afternoon,
Beyond the call of swift or soon!

Deep down a heavy dream of song—
Haunting the hush in cadence strong,
With heart-heard voices of the Spring,
Along the silence echoing.

Deep down a sultry glamoured glade,
Where musky chestnut trees pervade
With far, forgetful sorcery—
From out their white veil's mystery.

Lost down a Summer afternoon
Beyond the call of swift or soon,
With Hollyhocks to point the way—
Dear Absent, look for me to-day!

Tranced in a daze of shadow green,
Whose dusk desires embrace and lean,
With hastening step each hour increased,
For ever homeward to the east.

One with the sloth of sated bees,
Or the light pleasure of the breeze,
One with the breathless beauty-gloom,
Faint in the hot decay of bloom.

Through all the listless leisure sought
By no stray crier save thy thought—
Beyond the call of swift or soon,
Lost down a Summer afternoon!

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"SKIN O' MY TOOTH":

HIS MEMOIRS, BY HIS CONFIDENTIAL CLERK.

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

THE BARONESS ORCZY.*

I.—THE MURDER IN SALTASHE WOODS.

E all called him "Skin o' my Tooth": his friends, who were few; his clients, who were many; and I, his confidential clerk, *solus*—and very proud I am to hold that position. I believe, as a matter of fact, that his enemies—and *their* name is legion—call him Patrick Mulligan; but to us all who know him as he is, "Skin o' my Tooth" he always was, from the day that he got a verdict of "Not guilty" out of the jury who tried James Tovey, "the Dartmouth murderer." Tovey hadn't many teeth, but it was by the skin of those few molars of his that he escaped the gallows; not thanks to the pleading of his counsel, but all thanks to the evidence collected by Patrick Mulligan, his lawyer.

Of course, Skin o' my Tooth is not popular among his colleagues; there is much prejudice and petty spite in all professions, and the Law is not exempt from this general rule.

Everyone knows that Skin o' my Tooth is totally unacquainted with the use of kid gloves. He works for the best of his client; let the other side look to themselves, I say.

Funny-looking man, too, old Skin o' my Tooth—fat and rosy and comfortable as an Irish pig, with a face as stodgy as a boiled currant dumpling. His hair, I believe, would be red if he gave it a chance at all, but he wears it cropped so close to his bulky head that he looks bald in some lights. Then, we all know that gentle smile of his, and that trick of casting down his eyes which gives him a look that is best described by the word "coy"; that trick is always a danger-signal to the other side.

Now, in the case of Edward Kelly, everyone will admit that that young man came nearer being hanged for murder than any of us would care for.

But this is how it all happened.

On Tuesday, September 3rd, Mary Mills and John Craddock—who were walking through the Saltashe Woods—came across the body of a man lying near the pond, in a pool of blood. Mary, of course, screamed, and would have fled; but John, manfully conquering the feeling of sickness which threatened to overcome him too, went up to the body to get a closer view of the face. To his horror he recognised Mr. Jeremiah Whadcoat, a well-known, respectable resident of Pashet. The unfortunate man seemed to John Craddock to be quite dead; still, he thought it best to despatch Mary at once for Doctor Howden, and also to the police-station; whilst he, with really commendable courage, elected to remain beside the body alone.

It appears that about half an hour after Mary had left him, John thought that he detected a slight movement in the rigid body, which he had propped up against his knee, and that the wounded man uttered a scarcely audible sigh and then murmured a few words. The young man bent forward eagerly, striving with all his might to catch what these words might be. According to his subsequent evidence before the coroner's jury, Mr. Whadcoat then opened his eyes, and murmured quite distinctly—

"The letter . . . Kelly . . . Edward . . . the other." After that all seemed over, for the face became more rigid and more ashen in colour than before.

It was past six o'clock before the doctor and the inspector, with two constables and a stretcher from Pashet police-station, appeared upon the scene and relieved John Craddock of his lonely watch. Mr. Whadcoat had not spoken again, and the doctor pronounced life to be extinct. The body

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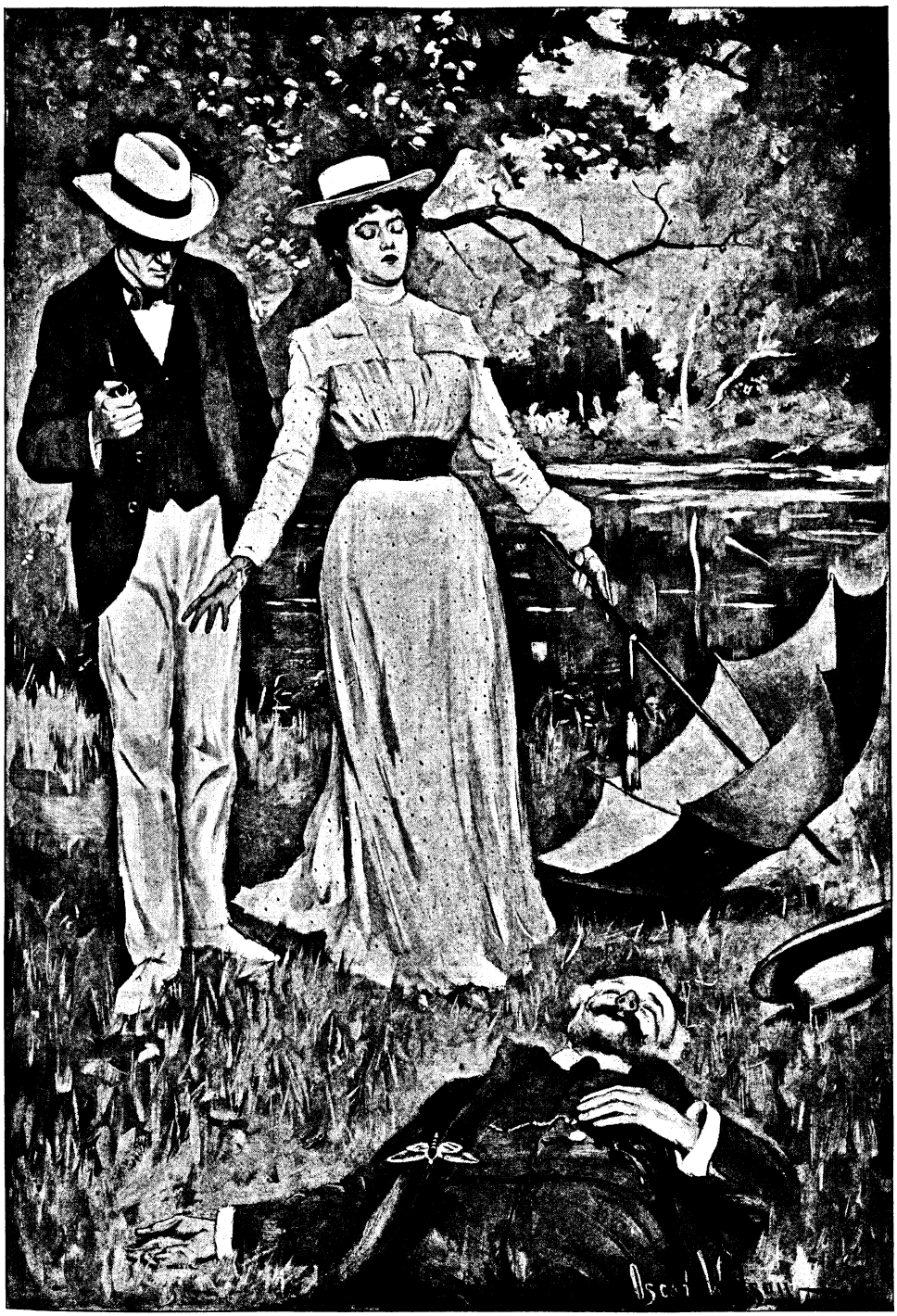

"Came across the body of a man in a pool of blood."

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was quietly removed to Mr. Whadcoat's house in Pashet, Mary Mills having already volunteered for the painful task of breaking the news to Miss Amelia, Mr. Whadcoat's sister, who lived with him.

The unfortunate man was cashier to Messrs. Kelly and Co., the great wine merchants; so Mr. Kelly, of Saltashe Park, also Mr. Edward Kelly, of Wood Cottage, were apprised of the sad event.

At this stage the tragic affair seemed wrapped up in the most profound mystery. Mr. Jeremiah Whadcoat was not known to possess a single enemy, and he certainly was not sufficiently endowed with worldly wealth to tempt the highway robber. So far the police had found nothing on the scene of the crime which could lead to a clue—footsteps of every shape and size leading in every direction, a few empty cartridges here and there; all of which meant nothing, since Saltashe Woods are full of game, and both Mr. Kelly and Mr. Edward Kelly had had shooting parties within the last few days.

The public understood that permission had been obtained from Mr. Kelly to drag the pond, and, not knowing what to think or fear, it awaited the day of the inquest with eager excitement.

I believe that that inquest was one of the most memorable in the annals of a coroner's court. There was a large crowd, of course, for the little town of Pashet was a mass of seething curiosity.

The expert evidence of Dr. Howden, assisted by the divisional surgeon, was certainly very curious. Both learned gentlemen gave it as their opinion that deceased met his death through the discharge of small shot fired from a rifle at a distance of not more than a couple of yards. All the shot had lodged close together in the heart, and the flesh round the wound was slightly charred.

The police, on the other hand, had quite a tit-bit of sensation ready for the eager public. They had dragged the pond and had found the carcass of a dog. The beast had evidently been shot with the same rifle which had ended poor Mr. Whadcoat's days, the divisional surgeon, who had examined the carcass, having pronounced the wound—which was in the side—to be exactly similar in character. A final blow dealt on the animal's head with the butt-end of the rifle, however, had been the ultimate cause of its death. As the medical officer gave this sensational bit of evidence, a sudden and dead silence fell over all in that crowded court, for it had leaked out earlier in the day that the dead dog found in the pond was "Rags," Mr. Edward Kelly's well-known black retriever.

In the midst of that silence, Miss Amelia Whadcoat—the sister of the deceased gentleman—stepped forward, dressed in deep black, and holding a letter, which she handed to the coroner.

"It came under cover, addressed to me," she explained, "on the Tuesday evening."

The coroner, half in hesitation, turned the square envelope between his fingers. At last he read aloud—

"To the Coroner and Jury at the inquest, should a fatal accident occur to me this (Tuesday) afternoon, in Saltashe Wood."

Then he tore open the envelope. Immediately everyone noticed the look of boundless astonishment which spread over his face. There was a moment of breathless, silent expectation among the crowd, while Miss Amelia stood quietly with her hands demurely folded over her gingham umbrella, and her swollen eyes fixed anxiously upon that letter.

At last the coroner, turning to the jury, said—

"Gentlemen, this letter is addressed to you as well as to myself. I am, therefore, bound to acquaint you of its contents; but I must, of course, warn you not to allow your minds to be unduly influenced, however strange these few words may seem to you. The letter is dated from Ivy Lodge, Pashet, Tuesday, September 3rd, and signed 'Jeremiah Whadcoat.' It says: 'Mr. Coroner and Gentlemen of the Jury,—I beg to inform you that on this day, at 2.30 p.m., I am starting to walk to Saltashe, there to see Mr. Kerhoet and Mr. Kelly on important business. Mr. Edward Kelly has desired me to meet him by the pond in Saltashe Woods, on my way. He knows of the business which takes me to Saltashe. He and I had a violent quarrel at the office on the subject last night, and he has every reason for wishing that I should never speak of it to Mr. Kelly and to Mr. Kerhoet. Last night he threatened to knock me down. If any serious accident happen to me, let Mr. Edward Kelly account for his actions.'"

A deadly silence followed, and then a muttered curse from somewhere among the crowd.

"This is damnable!"

And Mr. Edward Kelly, young, good-looking, but, at this moment, as pale as

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death, pushed his way forward among the spectators.

He wanted to speak, but the coroner waved him aside in his most official manner, while Miss Amelia Whadcoat demurely concluded her evidence. Personally, she knew nothing of her brother's quarrel with Mr. Edward Kelly. She did not even know that he was going to Saltashe Woods on that fatal afternoon. Then she retired, and Mr. Edward Kelly was called.

Questioned by the coroner, he admitted the quarrel spoken of by the deceased, admitted meeting him by the pond in Saltashe Woods, but emphatically denied having the slightest ill-feeling against "Old Whadcoat," as he called him, and, above all, having the faintest desire for wishing to silence him for ever.

"The whole thing is a ghastly mistake or a weird joke," he declared firmly.

"But the quarrel?" persisted the coroner.

"I don't deny it," retorted the young man. "It was the result of a preposterous accusation old Whadcoat saw fit to level against me."

"But why should you meet him clandestinely in the Woods?"

"It was not a clandestine meeting. I knew that he intended walking to Saltashe from Pashet through the Woods; a road from my house cuts the direction which he would be bound to follow, exactly at right angles. I wished to speak to him, and it saved me a journey all the way to Pashet, or him one down to my house. I met him at half-past three. We had about fifteen minutes' talk; then I left him and went back home."

"What was he doing when you left him?" asked the coroner, with distinct sarcasm.

"He had sat down on a tree stump and was smoking his pipe."

"You had your gun with you, of course, on this expedition through the Woods?"

"I seldom go out without my gun this time of year."

"Quite so," assented the coroner grimly. "But what about your dog, who was found with its head battered in, close to the very spot where lay the body of the deceased?"

"Poor old 'Rags' strayed away that morning. I did not see him at all that day. He certainly was not with me when I went to meet old Whadcoat."

The rapidly spoken questions and answers had been listened to by the public and the jury with breathless interest. No one uttered a sound, but all were watching that handsome young man, who seemed, with every word he uttered, to incriminate himself more and more. The quarrel, the assignation, the gun he was carrying—he denied nothing; but he did protest his innocence with all his might.

One or two people had heard the report of a gun whilst walking on one or other of the roads that skirt Saltashe Woods, but their evidence as to the precise hour was unfortunately rather vague. Reports of guns in Saltashe Woods were very frequent, and no one had taken particular notice. On the other hand, the only witness who had seen Mr. Edward Kelly entering the wood was not ready to swear whether he had his dog with him or not.

Though it had been fully expected ever since Jeremiah Whadcoat's posthumous epistle had been read, the verdict of "Wilful murder against Edward St. John Kelly" found the whole population of Pashet positively aghast. Brother of Mr. Kelly, of Saltashe Park, the accused was one of the most popular figures in this part of Hertfordshire. When his subsequent arrest became generally known in London, as well as in his own county, horror, amazement, and incredulity were quite universal.

II.

THE day after that memorable inquest and sensational arrest—namely, on the Saturday, I arrived at our dingy old office in Finsbury Square at about twelve o'clock, after I had seen to some business at Somerset House for my esteemed employer.

I found Skin o' my Tooth curled up in his arm-chair before a small fire—as the day was wet and cold—just like a great fat and frowsy dog. He waited until I had given him a full report of what I had been doing, then he said to me—

"I have just had a visit from Mr. Kelly, of Saltashe Park."

I was not astonished. That case of murder in the Saltashe Woods was just one of those which inevitably drifted into the hands of Skin o' my Tooth. Though the whole aspect of it was remarkably clear, instinctively one scented a mystery somewhere.

"I suppose, sir, that it was on Mr. Edward Kelly's behalf?"

"Your penetration, Muggins, my boy, surpasses human understanding."

(My name is Alexander Stanislaus Mullins, but Skin o' my Tooth will have his little joke).

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"You are going to undertake the case, sir?"

"I am going to get Edward Kelly out of the hole his own stupidity has placed him in."

"It will be by the skin of his teeth if you do, sir; the evidence against him is positively crushing," I muttered.

"A miss is as good as a mile, where the hangman's rope is concerned, Muggins. But you had better call a hansom; we can go down to Pashet this afternoon. Edward Kelly is out on bail, and Mr. Kelly tells me that I shall find him at Wood Cottage. I must get out of him the history of his quarrel with the murdered man."

"Mr. Kelly did not know it?"

"Well, anyway, he seemed to think it best that the accused should tell me his own version of it. In any case, both Mr. Kelly and his wife are devoured with anxiety about this brother, who seems to have been a bit of a scapegrace all his life."

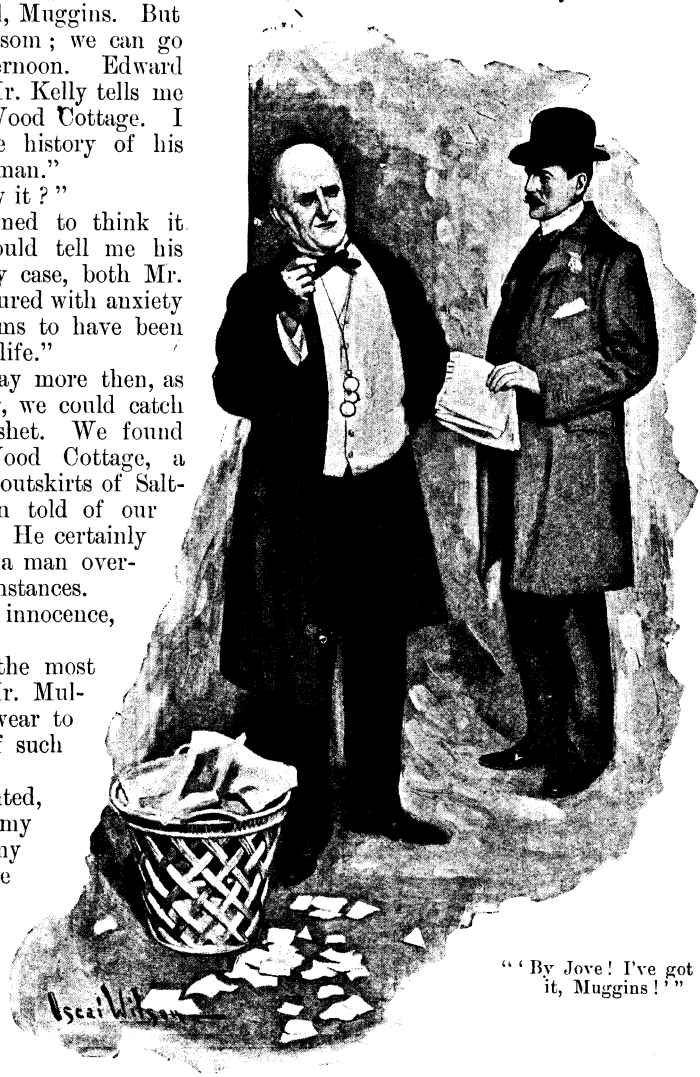
There was no time to say more then, as we found that, by hurrying, we could catch the 1.5 p.m. train to Pashet. We found Mr. Edward Kelly at Wood Cottage, a pretty little house on the outskirts of Saltashe Woods. He had been told of our likely visit by his brother. He certainly looked terribly ill and like a man overweighted by fate and circumstances.

But he did protest his innocence, loudly and emphatically.

"I am the victim of the most damnable circumstances, Mr. Mulligan," he said; "but I swear to you that I am incapable of such a horrible deed."

"I always take it for granted, Mr. Kelly," said Skin o' my Tooth blandly, "that my client is innocent. If the reverse is the case, I prefer not to know it. But you have to appear before the magistrate on Monday. I must get a certain amount of evidence on your behalf, in order to obtain the remand I want. So will you try and tell me, as concisely and as clearly as possible, what passed between you and Mr. Whadcoat the day before the murder? I understand that there was a quarrel."

"Old Whadcoat saw fit to accuse me of certain defalcations in the firm's banking account, of which I was totally innocent," began Mr. Edward Kelly quietly. "As you know, my brother and I are agents in England for M. de Kerhoet's champagne. Whadcoat was our cashier and book-keeper. Twice a year we pay over into M. de Kerhoet's bank in Paris the money derived from the sale of his wines, after deducting our commission. In the meanwhile, we have—jointly—the full control of the money—that is to say, all cheques paid to the firm have to be endorsed by us both, and all cheques drawn on the firm must bear both our signatures.



"'By Jove! I've got it, Muggins!'"

"It was just a month before the half-yearly settlement of accounts. Whadcoat, it appears, went down to the bank, got the pass-book and cancelled cheques, and discovered that some £10,000, the whole of the credit balance due next month to M. de

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Kerhoet, had been drawn out of the bank, the amounts not having been debited in the books.

"To my intense amazement, he showed me these cheques, and then and there accused me of having forged my brother's name and appropriated the firm's money to my own use. You see, he knew of certain unavowed extravagances of mine which had often landed me in financial difficulties more or less serious, and which are the real cause of my being forced to live in Wood Cottage whilst my brother can keep up a fine establishment at Saltashe Park. But the accusation was preposterous, and I was furious with him. I looked at the cheques. My signature certainly was perfectly imitated, that of my brother perhaps a little less so. They were 'bearer' cheques, made out in a replica of old Whadcoat's handwriting to 'E. de Kerhoet,' and endorsed at the back in a small, pointed, foreign hand.

"Old Whadcoat persisted in his accusations, and very high words ensued between us. I believe I did threaten to knock him down if he did not shut up. Anyway, he told me that he would go over the next afternoon to Saltashe Park to expose me before my brother and M. de Kerhoet, who was staying there on a visit to England for the shooting.

"I left him then, meaning to go myself that same evening to Saltashe Park and see my brother about it; but on my journey home, certain curious suspicions with regard to old Whadcoat himself crept up in my mind, and then and there I determined to try and see him again and to talk the matter over more dispassionately with him, in what I thought would be his own interests. My intention was to make, of course, my brother acquainted with the whole matter at once, but to leave M. de Kerhoet out of the question for the present; so I wired to Whadcoat in the morning to make the assignation which has proved such a terrible mistake."

Edward Kelly added that he left Jeremiah Whadcoat, after his interview with him by the pond, in as excited a frame of mind as before. Fearing that his own handwriting on the cheques might entail serious consequences to himself, nothing would do but M. de Kerhoet as well as Mr. Kelly must be told of the whole thing immediately.

"When I left him," concluded the young man, "he was sitting on a tree stump by the pond, smoking his pipe, and I walked away towards Wood Cottage."

"Do you know what became of the cheques?" asked Skin o' my Tooth.

"Old Whadcoat had them in his pocket when I left him. I conclude, as there has been no mention of them by the police, that they have not been found."

There was so much simplicity and straightforwardness in Edward Kelly's narrative that I, for one, was ready to believe every word of it. But Skin o' my Tooth's face was inscrutable. He sat in a low chair with his hands folded before him, his eyes shut, and a general air of polite imbecility about his whole unwieldy person. I could see that our client was viewing him with a certain amount of irritability.

"Well, Mr. Mulligan?" he said at last, with nervous impatience.

"Well, sir," replied Skin o' my Tooth, "it strikes me that what with your quarrel with the deceased, the assignation in the Woods, his posthumous denunciation of you as his assassin, and his dying words, we have about as complete a case as we could wish."

"Sir——"

"In all cases of this sort, my dear sir," continued Skin o' my Tooth quietly, "the great thing is to keep absolutely cool. If you are innocent—remember, I do not doubt it for a moment—then I will bring that crime home to its perpetrator. Justice never miscarries—at least, when I have the guidance of it in my hands."

It would be impossible to render the tone of supreme conceit with which Skin o' my Tooth made this last assertion; but it had the desired effect, for Edward Kelly brightened up visibly as he said—

"I have implicit faith in you, Mr. Mulligan. When shall I see you again?"

"On Monday, before the magistrate. I can get that remand for you, I think, and then we shall have a free hand. Now we had better get along; I want to have a quiet think over this affair."

III.

On the Monday, Edward Kelly was formally charged before the beak; and I must say that when I then heard the formidable array of circumstantial evidence which the police had collected against our client, I sadly began to fear that not even by the skin of his teeth would Edward Kelly escape from the awful hole in which he was literally wallowing. However, Skin o' my Tooth hammered away at the police evidence with regard to the dog. The prosecution made a great point of the fact

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that Mr. Whadcoat and "Rags" had been killed by the same rifle and at the same time and place, and the one point in Edward Kelly's favour was that neither his servants at Wood Cottage, nor the witness who saw him enter the wood, could swear that the dog was with him on that day. On the strength of that, and for the purpose of collecting further evidence with regard to the dog, Skin o' my Tooth finally succeeded in obtaining a remand until the following Friday.

Personally, I thought that there was quite sufficient evidence for hanging any man, without the testimony of the dead dog, but I am quite aware that my opinion counts for very little.

"Now, Muggins," said Skin o' my Tooth to me later in the day, "the fun is about to begin. You go down to Coutts's this afternoon and find out all about those cheques which caused the quarrel, and by whom they were presented. Don't mix the police up in our affairs, whatever you do. If there is anything you can't manage, get Fairburn to help you; he is discretion itself and hates the regular force. Beyond that, try and work alone."

I had done more difficult jobs than that before now, and Skin o' my Tooth knows he can rely on me. I left him curled up in an arm-chair with a French novel in his hand and started on my quest. I got to Coutts's just before closing time, saw the chief cashier and explained my errand and its importance to him, asking for his kind help in the matter. He was courteous in the extreme, and within a few moments I had ascertained from him that cheques on Kelly and Co.'s account, perfectly *en règle*, and made out to "E. de Kerhoet, or Bearer," had been cashed on certain dates which he gave me. They were in each instance presented by a commissionaire in uniform, who brought a card—"M. Edouard de Kerhoet," with "Please give bearer amount in £5 notes," scribbled in pencil in the same handwriting as the endorsement on the cheques.

"The amounts varied between £1,200 and £3,000," continued the cashier, still referring to his book. "Being 'bearer' cheques, and signed in the usual manner, we had no occasion to doubt them, and of course we cashed them. The first cheque was drawn on July 3rd, and the last on August 29th."

The cashier added one more detail which fairly staggered me—namely, that the commissionaire wore a cap with "Kelly and Co." embroidered upon it. If necessary, there were plenty of cashiers and clerks at the bank who could identify him. He was a tall man of marked foreign appearance, with heavy black hair, beard and moustache cut very trim. On one occasion when he left, he dropped a bit of paper which contained the name "Van Wort, Turf Commission Agent, Flushing, Holland."

I thanked the cashier and took my leave.

When I got back to the office, I found Skin o' my Tooth placidly sleeping in his big arm-chair. I had had a hard day and was dead tired, and for the moment when I saw him there, looking so fat, so pink, and so comfortable, well—I have a great respect for him, but I really felt quite angry.

However, I told him what I had done.

"Capital! capital, Muggins!" he ejaculated languidly. "But, by Jove! that's a clever rascal. That touch about the name on the cap is peculiarly happy and daring. It completely allayed the suspicions of the cashiers at Coutts's. Now, listen, Muggins," he added, with that sudden, quick-changing mood of his which in a moment transformed him from the lazy, apathetic Irish lawyer to the weird human bloodhound who scents the track. "That foreign commissionaire is a disguise, of course; the cap hides the edge of the wig and shades the brow, the black beard and moustache conceal the mouth and chin, the foreign accent disguises the voice. We may take it, therefore, that the thief and his ambassador are one and the same person—a man, moreover, well known at Coutts's, since disguise was necessary. Do you follow me, Muggins? And remember, the motive is there. The man who defrauded Kelly and Co. is the same who murdered Whadcoat later on. Whadcoat was effectually silenced, the tell-tale cheques have evidently been destroyed. There would have been silence and mystery over the whole scandal, until the defalcations could be made good, but for Whadcoat's letter to the coroner and his dying words: 'The letter . . . Kelly . . . Edward . . . the other . . . .'" He paused suddenly and seemed lost in thought, then he muttered—

"It's that confounded dog I can't quite make out! . . . Did Edward Kelly, after all . . ."

It was that great "after all!" which had puzzled me all along. "Was Edward Kelly guilty, after all?" I had asked myself that question a hundred times a day. Then, as I was silent—lost in conjectures over this

extraordinary, seemingly impenetrable mystery—he suddenly jumped up and shouted—

"By Jove! I've got it, Muggins! 'The other.' What a fool I have been! Go to bed, my boy; I want a rest, too. To-morrow will be time enough to think about 'the other.'"

"'I did kill old Whadcoat in a moment of unreasoning fear.'"

IV.

From that moment Skin o' my Tooth was a transformed being. He always is when he has got a case "well in hand," as he calls it. He certainly possesses a weird faculty for following up the trail of blood. Once he holds what he believes to be a clue, his whole appearance changes; his great, fat body seems, as it were, to crouch together ready for a spring, and there is a weird quiver about his nostrils which palpably suggests the bloodhound; only his eyes remain inscrutably hidden beneath their thick and fleshy lids.

It was twelve o'clock the next day when our train steamed into Pashet station. We had a fly from there and drove down to Saltashe Park, the lordly country seat of Mr. Kelly.

At the door, Skin o' my Tooth asked for the master of the house; but hearing that he was out, he requested that his card might be taken in to Mrs. Kelly. The next moment we were ushered into a luxuriously furnished library, full of books and flowers, and with deep mullioned windows opening out upon a Queen Anne terrace.

The mistress of the house—an exceedingly beautiful woman, received us with every mark of eagerness and cordiality.

She welcomed us—or, rather, my esteemed employer—most effusively; and when we were all seated, she asked many questions about Mr. Edward Kelly, to which Skin o' my Tooth replied as often as she allowed him to get a word in.

"Oh, Mr. Mulligan," she said finally, "I

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am *so* glad that you asked to see me. I have been positively ill and devoured with anxiety about my brother-in-law. My husband thinks that I upset myself and only get hopelessly wretched if I read about it all in the papers, so he won't allow me to see one now; but, I assure you, the uncertainty is killing me, as I feel sure that Mr. Kelly is trying to comfort me and to make Edward's case appear more hopeful than it is."

Skin o' my Tooth gravely shook his head.

"It could not very well be more hopeless," he said.

"You can't mean that?" she said, while tears gathered in her eyes. "He is innocent, Mr. Mulligan. I swear he is innocent. You don't know him. He never would do anything so vile."

"I quite believe that, my dear lady; but unfortunately circumstances are terribly against him. Even his dead dog, 'Rags,' speaks in dumb eloquence in his master's condemnation."

"'Rags!' she exclaimed in astonishment—"what can the poor doggie have to do with this awful tragedy? Poor old thing! it lost its way the very morning that the terrible catastrophe occurred. M. de Kerhoet was staying here that day, and I had taken him for a drive to Hitching before luncheon. On the way home I saw 'Rags' in the road, looking very sorry for himself. I took him in the carriage with me and brought him home."

Skin o' my Tooth looked politely interested, but I hardly liked to breathe; it seemed to me that a fellow creature's life was even now hanging in the balance.

"'Rags' knew us all here just as well as it did its own master," continued Mrs. Kelly; "and when my husband went out with his gun in the afternoon, 'Rags' followed him, whilst M. de Kerhoet and I went on to a garden-party."

"And what happened to 'Rags' after that?" asked Skin o' my Tooth.

"To tell you the truth, the awful tragedy I heard of that afternoon drove poor 'Rags' out of my mind; then the next day, I am thankful to say, M. de Kerhoet left us and went back to Paris. I did hear something about the poor dog being drowned in the pond; he was a shocking rover, and really more trouble than pleasure to his master."

Mrs. Kelly was sitting with her back to the great mullioned windows; she could not, therefore, see her husband, who seemed to have just walked across the terrace and to have paused a moment, with his hand on the open window, before entering the room. Whether he had heard what his wife was saying, I did not know; certain it is that his face looked very white and set.

"I remember now," continued Mrs. Kelly innocently, "seeing my husband put away 'Rags'' collar the other day in his bureau. I dare say Edward will be glad to have it later on, when all this horrid business is over. You must tell him that we have got it quite safe."

I all but uttered an exclamation then. It seemed too horrible to hear this young wife so hopelessly and innocently denouncing her own husband with every word she uttered. I looked up at the motionlessly figure still standing in the window, Skin o' my Tooth, who sat immediately facing it, seemed to make an almost imperceptible sign of warning. Mr. Kelly then retired as silently as he had come.

Two minutes later he entered the room by the door. He seemed absolutely calm and collected, and held out his hand to Skin o' my Tooth, who took it without the slightest hesitation; then Mr. Kelly turned to his wife and said quietly—

"You will forgive me, won't you, dear, if I take Mr. Mulligan into my study? There are one or two points I want to discuss with him over a cigar."

"Oh! I'll run away," she said gaily. "I must dress for luncheon. You'll stay, won't you, Mr. Mulligan? No? I am so sorry! Well, good-bye; and mind you bring better news next time."

She was gone, and we three men were left alone. I offered to leave the room, but Mr. Kelly motioned me to stay.

"The servants would wonder," he said icily, "and it really does not matter."

Then he turned to Skin o' my Tooth and said quietly—

"I suppose that you came here to-day for the express purpose of setting a trap for my wife; and she fell into it, poor soul! not knowing that she was damning her own husband. Of course, you did your duty by your client. Now, what is your next move?"

"To place Mrs. Kelly in the witness-box on my client's behalf, and make her repeat the story she told us to-day," replied Skin o' my Tooth with equal calm.

"And after that?"

"After that, you must look to yourself, Mr. Kelly. I am not a detective, and you know best whether you have anything to fear when once the attention of the police

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is directed upon yourself. I shall obtain Mr. Edward Kelly's discharge to-morrow, of course. Backed by Mrs. Kelly's testimony, and, if need be, that of Mr. Kerhoet, in Paris, I can now prove that the dog could not have been shot by my client, since it was following you on the afternoon that the murder was committed. Since the chief point in the theory of the prosecution lies in the fact that Mr. Whadcoat and the dog were shot on the same day and with the same rifle, and seeing that the animal's collar was known to be in your possession the day following the crime, my client is absolutely sure to obtain a full discharge and to be allowed to leave the court without a stain upon his character."

Mr. Kelly had listened to Skin o' my Tooth's quiet explanation without betraying the slightest emotion; then he said—

"Thank you, Mr. Mulligan. I think I quite understand the situation. Personally, I feel that it is entirely for the best; life under certain conditions becomes abominable torture, and I have no strength left with which to combat fate. I did kill old Whadcoat in a moment of unreasoning fear, just as I killed 'Rags' because he made too much noise; but, by Heaven! I had no intention to kill the old man, and I certainly would never have allowed my brother to suffer seriously under an unjust accusation. I firmly believed that justice could not miscarry; and while I thought that you were sharp enough to save him, I also reckoned that I had been clever enough to shield myself from every side."

He paused a moment and then continued; just like a man who for a long time has been burdened with a secret and is suddenly made almost happy by confiding it to a stranger.

"I had had many losses on the turf," he said, "and had made my losses good by defrauding our firm. It was a long and laborious plan, very carefully laid; but I was always clever with my pen, and my brother's signature and Whadcoat's writing were easy enough to imitate. Then, one day, I found an old uniform in the cellar at the office—my father used to keep a commissionaire when he had the business. It was about my size and gave me the idea for the disguise. It all worked right, and I knew that I could make my defalcations good at the bank very soon. It was a positive thunderbolt to me when, on the Tuesday morning, I received a letter from old Whadcoat, telling me that he was coming over to Saltashe that afternoon to see M. de Kerhoet and myself about a terrible discovery which he had just made. I knew that he would walk through the Woods, and I found him sitting near the pond, smoking, alone. I only meant to persuade him to hold his tongue and say nothing to M. de Kerhoet for the present. But he was obstinate; he guessed that I was guilty; he threatened me with disclosure, like the fool he was, and I had to kill him . . . . in self-defence."

Somehow, although he undoubtedly was a great criminal, I could not help sympathising with this man. The beautiful house we were in, all the luxury and comfort with which he was outwardly surrounded, seemed such terrible mockery beside the moral tortures he must have endured. I was quite glad when he had finished speaking, and Skin o' my Tooth was able presently to take his leave.

Only a few hours later, the evening papers were full of the sensational suicide of Mr. Kelly in his library at Saltashe Park. Almost at the same time that this astonishing news was published in the Press, the authorities at Scotland Yard had received a written confession, signed by Mr. Kelly, in which he confessed to having caused the death of Mr. Jeremiah Whadcoat in Saltashe Woods, by the accidental discharge of his gun.

A little frightened at first of any complications that might arise, he had said nothing about the accident at the time; then, when his own brother became implicated in the tragedy, and he felt how terrible his own position would be if he now made a tardy confession, the matter began to prey upon his mind until it became so unhinged that he sought, in death, solace from his mental agony.

"That man was a genius," was Skin o' my Tooth's comment upon this confession. "Strange that he should have lost his nerve at the last, for I feel sure that the crime would never have been brought absolutely home to him; at any rate, *I* could always have got him off. What do you think, Muggins?"

And I quite agreed with Skin o' my Tooth.

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PORTRAITS—WHILE YOU WAIT.

By ETHEL TURNER

At Dinner.

The Mother. A little more pudding, Fred ?

Fred (*impatiently*). No, thanks.

The Mother. Effie, a little more ?

Effie (*who is only four, and always hungry*). Yes, fank you.

Fred (*gloomily*). I wonder that kid doesn't get ill, the amount she eats. Oh, mother ! only give her half that. She'll take all day to eat it.

Effie (*taking her plate with both hands*). Zust you let me 'lone, Fweddie Willoughby.

Edith (*with a defiant look at Fred*). Pass the bananas, please, Jack. I'm going to have one with cream and strawberry jam.

Fred (*imploringly*). Eat it out in the garden in your fingers, Edie—go on—it's ever so much nicer.

Edith (*obstinately, and helping herself to jam*). I won't. I'm going to sit here and eat it if it takes me ten minutes. I wonder we all haven't got frightful indigestion ever since you got that stupid camera. You never let us finish a meal in peace.

Fred (*wretchedly*). But the sun goes so quickly. Don't be a little sneak, Edie. Look, there are clouds coming up ; I won't be able to take any if you aren't quick. Oh, mater ! I do think you might let me go—it doesn't do anyone any good for me to stick here when I've finished.

The Mother (*decisively*). I can't, laddie. If I let you leave before everyone has finished, I could never keep order. Jack would want to be rushing off for his marbles, and Effie for her skipping-rope, and Edie for her new book.

Fred (*with a fierce look at Edith*). Edie ! She'd like to sit here and stuff bananas all day.

The Mother. Fred ! You can have a hobby and still be a gentleman.

Fred (*groaning*). But, mother, you don't know how important it is to have the sun. I don't care *how* much they all eat at tea, but they might hurry up now. I'm at school all the blessed week, and Saturday afternoon's all the chance I get. Just look at the sun.

The Mother (*looking at the clock*). Dear lad, it is hardly half-past one ; you have six good hours before dark.

Fred (*excitedly*). You don't understand, mother. It isn't just light I want, it is the direct rays of the sun. I can't take time exposures—not with our family—they won't sit still a second. For snapshots you've got to get them right in the sun.

The Mother (*uncertainly*). Well, I think we have all finished now, haven't we, children ?

Edie (*aggravatingly*). I'll have another banana, please. They are lovely ones. Won't you have another, Jack ? Enid, look, here is a big one for you.

Jack (*who is under Fred's thumb—sadly*). No, thank you.

Enid (*who always does as Jack does—sadly*). No, thank you.

Edie (*slicing up her fruit with extreme deliberation*). I always think this is such a delicious way of eating bananas.

The Mother (*rising*). Well, you shall enjoy it all by yourself, my dear.

Fred (*making relievedly for the door*). Good old mum !

Out in the Garden.

Fred. Now, wait a minute, wait a minute. Here, mother, you sit down on this seat—no, not leaning back ; just on the edge, then Effie can stand up behind you. I want to get a group of all of you. Here, Effie—here, come along—don't go away ; come and get up here.

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EFFIE (*who is inclined to be spoiled*). S'ant. I wants to dig my garden wif my new little digger.

FRED. No, no—you can dig it afterwards. Come here and get up near mother. Mother, make her come!

THE MOTHER (*coaxingly*). Here, come here, darling, and mother will tell you about the Prince with Three Eyes.

EFFIE (*digging industriously*). When I go to bed, you can tell me.

"And the group has all to be made up again!"

FRED (*desperately*). Go and get her, Jack.

THE MOTHER (*gently*). Suppose you settle the rest of us first, dear, and get her at the last moment?

FRED. All right; p'r'aps it will be best. Where's Edie? Oh, dear! this is vexing—now she's gone!

THE MOTHER. She won't be a second, dear; she has gone in to get Baby, while nurse has her dinner. Of course you must take Baby, too; she can sit on my knee. And here come Ellie and Mr. Hargraves — you will have us all.

FRED. All right. Here, Enid, we'll get you in place. You can sit on the grass and lean against mother's knee.

ENID. Where's Jack going to be?

FRED (*consideringly*). He can stand behind the seat, just behind Effie.

ENID. I want to stand behind the seat.

FRED. Don't be silly, Enid. You sit down there—somebody must be on the grass.

ENID. Well, let Jack sit on the grass, too.

FRED. I can't. I want him to stand. Don't be so tiresome, Enid.

ENID (*struck by a brilliant notion*). Tell you. I'll be standing on Jack's shoulders—like we play circus. I can hold on to the tree.

FRED (*losing his temper*). Sit down on the grass when I tell you, and mind your own business.

ENID. All right, Cranky-books. Now I'll poke my tongue out in the middle of it.

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THE MOTHER. There, there, Enid, Fred knows best how we shall all sit. Do as he asks you, dear. Freddy, boy, don't lose your temper; it is only pleasure, you know.

FRED (*sighing*). But you don't know how annoying it is when they *will* argue so that they know best. Don't stick your leg out like that, Enid. Can't you sit on it? Pull your dress right over your boot.

ENID (*giggling*). R'mber that photo he took of Baby, and her foot was bigger than all of her?

FRED (*touchily*). It was only the third I had taken, and he stuck his foot right out of focus.

ENID (*giggling*). R'mber that one he took and Effie's face came out right in the middle of the Mitchells's cow, and the cow was upside down?

FRED (*colouring*). Anyone might make a mistake like that. I suppose you were all jabbering so I didn't notice I was using the same plate twice. Hallo, Mr. Hargraves! you're just in time to be taken with Ellie. Well, it'll be a treat to have two people, at any rate, who'll stand where I tell them. You go behind the seat, and Ellie can sit by mother. No, that's wrong; don't go next to Ellie.

HARGRAVES (*moving obediently from the place he had taken*). What's that about Effie and somebody's cow?

FRED. Oh! only some of Enid's rot!

ENID. Once he took a photo, Mr. Hargraves; and when it came out, there was a cow—the next-door cow, Mr. Mitchell's, you know—and it was standing on its head, and Effie's face was right in the middle of it.

FRED. I wish you'd hold your tongue, Enid, and just sit still. It was when I was learning, Mr. Hargraves, and I took two photos on one plate, that was all.

HARGRAVES (*sympathetically*). I've done the same thing myself, old fellow.

ENID. R'mber that one when he took the kittens, and left his own leg some way in the picture?

ELLIE. That was a funnier one, Fred, that time you took a snapshot in George Street, and tilted your camera so that all the buildings seemed to be falling over. And he tried to persuade us, Dick, he did it to get an "earthquake effect."

FRED (*viciously*). That was a funnier one, Ellie, that I took down behind the summer-house, and Mr. Hargraves seemed to think you were falling over. At any rate, he was holding you up.

ELLIE (*blushing furiously*). There is a difference between fun and rudeness, Fred. It was very mean and unkind of you to do such a thing. (*Jumps up and goes away, followed by Hargraves, trying to soothe her.*)

THE MOTHER (*straightening her face with an effort*). Fred, that was very unkind of you.

FRED (*grinning*). Fell in! What a lark! I never took them yet, mater; I only guessed at it.

THE MOTHER. You young scamp! Mr. Hargraves ought to deal with you.

FRED. Here, sit still, Enid. Where are you going? Do you hear? Sit down!

THE MOTHER. Really, it is enough to turn your hair grey, my boy. Enid, that is too bad of you after Fred has put you in a good position.

ENID. I must just run and tell Ellie he didn't. She looked nearly 'zif she'd cry.

THE MOTHER. No, sit down; it is too late to mend matters now. Ah! here is Edith with Baby. Give him to me. Now, Little Boy Blue, sit very still, and look over there—see! Oh! look there. Jump about a little, Fred; I should like him to come out smiling.

FRED. I'm not quite ready for expressions yet. You needn't put on your company smile for a minute, Edith. And don't fluff your hair all over the place like that; you're hiding Jack's face. Can't you tie it back or something?

EDITH (*who has been at some pains to pull her long curls over her shoulders*). Let Jack sit somewhere else. I'm all right here—or I'll go there if you like.

FRED. Right in front of mother! No, you don't. You always try to get where you show the most. Sit down on the grass with Enid.

EDITH. I won't. I hate sitting down.

JACK. Yah! Wants her dress to show 'cause she's got a sash on.

EDITH. I don't. You're a rude little boy, Jack. I'm going to stand here, Fred. If I sit down, Enid's right in front of me.

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FRED (*resignedly*). Well, go on. But what are you doing with that umbrella? Don't be a donkey—put it away.

EDITH (*opening her red sunshade and striking a languid attitude beneath it*). I want to be taken with it. Why shouldn't I? It will look as nice as anything.

FRED. You will. You'll come out as black as a coal with a shadow over your face like that. For goodness sake shut it up and let me get on. Now, are you all ready? Hold your head up, Enid—now—oh! keep that kid still, mother.

THE MOTHER (*gently*). Don't forget to make him laugh, Fred.

FRED (*cutting an anxious caper or two*). Hi, there!—hi, there!—Methusaleh—dum-di-dum! Now, don't move, anyone—keep just as you are—now——

The Mother is vainly trying to keep Baby from crawling over her shoulder; Edith is looking simperingly at the camera; Jack is frowning ferociously; Edith is giggling; but Fred's finger is just pressing the release of the shutter, when a scream of anger is heard, and the forgotten Effie rushes reproachfully right into the picture.

EFFIE. I wants to be tooken, Fwed—let me be tooken, Fweddie.

And the group has all to be made up again.

IN THE BATHROOM.

Darkness reigns, broken only by a gleam from the red lantern. Fred is developing his afternoon's plates, and Eric Mitchell, the next-door boy, who also has a camera, is looking on.

FRED. Chuck us the pyro—it's in an oyster bottle under the seat. This blessed plate's over-exposed! I was afraid it would be.

ERIC (*groping carefully about*). Here you are. What a blessed lot of bottles you've got!

FRED (*in a superior way*). I mix my own developers. There's nothing in it if you buy everything ready in the shop. A chap I know just gets those little bottles of ready-made powders, and all he knows is he has to put equal quantities of No. 1 and No. 2, and his developer is ready.

ERIC (*uncomfortably*). What do you do?

FRED (*rocking his plate carefully*). I do them myself, of course. I keep the pyro in that pickle-bottle near the water-heater. Those wine bottles up there, near the linen-press, hold the metabisulphite. Then, of course, you've got to have your accelerators. I don't believe in ammonia, do you? Not with pyro. I use soda. You learn a thing or two as you go along. I used to stick in potassium bromide, but Hargraves—he's a toff at it, you know—he put me up to not using it, if you've used ammonia as your accelerator; ammonia bromide's the thing then.

ERIC (*much impressed*). What a lot you know about it, Stumpy!

FRED (*modestly*). Oh! I have got a good deal to learn yet. But you must be rather a dab at it yourself. Those were very gaudy negatives of yours—those of the men-o'-war in Farm Cove, and the Manly boats. I've not done any yet as good as those. You didn't get them developed for you, did you?

ERIC. Not quite. I'd as soon get someone to take the things—wouldn't you?

FRED. Rather. But I say, what proportions do you use? You seem just to hit it. I use ten per cent. solutions always.

ERIC (*ashamedly*). I—er—er—oh! I've been using the ready-made things, too; but I think I'll have to go in for mixing them myself.

ENID (*outside the door*). Fred, Ellie says she can't wait any longer, and you'll have to come out of the bathroom.

FRED. Just look at this blessed thing, Splodger! It's frilling vilely.

ERIC (*examining it critically*). You'd better get some methylated spirits.

FRED. Shove it over to me. Isn't it there? In a little can? Hang it all! I suppose nurse has carted it away again. I wish she'd let it alone. Enid!—hi! are you there, Enid? No, don't push the door open. Cut into the nursery and get the methylated spirits for me. They'll be in the cupboard, near Baby's food-warmer.

ENID (*a note of nervousness in her voice*). It's all dark along the passage, Fred. Someone has turned the gas out.

FRED (*impatiently*). Of course it is. Do you think I can have the light coming in here through the cracks? Cut along! Nothing can hurt you.

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ENID (*shutting her eyes and running along very hard*). All right, I'll get it.

FRED (*holding his negatives one after the other to the light*). This one's going to be good, I'm sure. See how sharp the trees are. Look at this one, Splodger. It would have been A 1, only that little donkey Effie ran into it just as I let go. I don't quite understand this one. What's it look like to you?

ENID. Oh-h-h—ugh-h-h—Freddie! (*Noise of falling and spilling outside.*)

FRED (*letting himself out of the smallest possible aperture in the door*). Now what have you done?

ENID (*clinging to him*). There was a black man running after me!

FRED. Don't be such a little goose! Where's the can? Good Heavens! you've spilt every drop, and there's no more in the house!

ENID (*sobbing bitterly*). He had almost catched me by my hair. Oh, Freddie! don't go away!

FRED (*swallowing his disappointment like a man, and kissing her fright away*). Poor old Toddles! Never mind. If you sit very still, you may come in and watch us. Now mind where you walk—look out, don't knock that pie-dish over. Steady, there's a soup-plate in that corner. You can sit on the edge of the bath, but you mustn't move an inch, old girl.

ERIC. We might be able to manage with alum, Stumpy. (*Breathless silence during the operation.*)

EDITH (*outside door*). Fred, you are to come out of that at once. Ellie is waiting to bath the children; you know nurse has gone out. She is frightfully angry with you. Come out this minute.

FRED. Oh, good Heavens, Edie! I can't; I'm doing something most awfully important. Tell her I won't be long; let her bath the kids somewhere else.

EDITH. I'm very sure. What is the use of having a bathroom, I'd like to know? You seem to think it's just made for your silly photos. I'm coming in.

FRED. Lock the door, Splodger, quick!

ERIC (*turning the key with difficulty*). Only just in time, by George!

EDITH. Frederick Willoughby, are you going to let me in?

FRED. Edith Marion Willoughby—no, I am not.

EDITH. Oh, very well. (*A minute's silence*).

FRED. The little cat! She's lit the gas. Quick, quick, Splodger! stuff those towels along the crack. Edie, Edie! I'll give you anything you like if you'll turn it off. Everything's spoiling. In the press, Splodger; look sharp—sheets, blankets—anything that'll cover the ventilator.

ERIC (*hastily turning a big foot-bath over several of the plates*). That's better. Now let's stuff everything over the bath; the light'll get in underneath.

ENID (*eagerly tearing off her pinafore*). Here's something, Eric; and here's my handkerchief, too.

FRED (*dragging spotless blankets out of the press and carrying them to the bath*). These won't let in much.

EDITH (*outside*). Perhaps you'll do as you're asked another time, Frederick Willoughby.

ELLIE (*outside*). Fred, my dear old fellow, I can't wait another second. I must have the room now.

FRED (*imploringly*). Ellie, like an angel, turn out that beastly gas, will you? And choke Edith.

ELLIE. Did you light it, Edith? What an abominable thing to do! That better, Fred?

FRED. Rather. You're a duck, Ellie!

ELLIE. No, you won't say I am, for I really must have the room, old boy. Poor little Effie's asleep on the hearthrug, and Jack is next door to it.

FRED. Tell them a story, Ellie; that'll keep them chirpy.

ELLIE. But it is eight o'clock. They all ought to be asleep by this; and there are the baths to come first. I don't know what mother would say if she were at home.

FRED. Dearest darling! couldn't you bath them somewhere else? Just for once, do it in the nursery.

ELLIE. It would wake Baby up.

EDITH. I am surprised you stay arguing with him, Ellie. Just order him to come out; that's what you ought to do.

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FRED. No one asked you to speak, Miss Cat!

ELLIE. You wouldn't like poor Baby to be waked, Fred, would you?

FRED. Well, bath them in the kitchen, darling angel! That's a lovely place. You'd like to be bathed in the kitchen, wouldn't you, Toddles?

ENID. Rather.

ELLIE. But Emma is sitting there, and she has her young man with her. We can't interrupt her.

FRED. Sweet, lovely, dearest Ellie! couldn't you do without bathing them at all? They can't be so very dirty; they have a cold bath every morning, like the rest of us. You're not very dirty, are you, Toddles?

"'There was a black man running after me!'"

ENID (*stoutly*). No; I am as clean as clean, Ellie, truly, really. Even my hands are clean.

EDITH. Ellie, I am surprised at you. If you give in to that boy, I shan't think much of you. And look at the trick he served you, taking you and Mr. Hargraves like that. Just pay him out.

ELLIE. This happens to be my business, Edie. Dear Fred, would ten minutes more be enough for you? I could be undressing Effie just here in the spare room.

FRED. Angel of my life! go anywhere but in the spare room. I've stood a lot of plates in there to dry against the wall.

ELLIE. Well, I will undress her downstairs, if ten minutes will see the end of this darkness.

FRED. Half an hour, precious duckie! Just one little half hour. Go and write him a letter—think how glad he'll be to have it—and by the time you've finished you can have five hundred baths.

ELLIE (*despairingly*). I can't wait half an hour. The chicks would not be in bed till ten.

ERIC. It's coming along grand. By Jove, Stumpy! it's a stunner, this one!—the best of the lot. We'd better get it out.

FRED. Darling, darling, come in, will you? Just you; don't let that little spitfire in. Tread carefully—that's a pie-dish—here, don't smash the soup-plates. Just take that negative out, will you? Stumpy's and my fingers are all over this beastly stuff. Steady; don't drip anywhere. Look out! If you get a drop in that dish, you'll spoil the whole lot of stuff. That's right—there—that's grand! You pick them up first rate, Ell. Now put him under the tap—move him about—here, that'll do. Now, hold him up to the light—um! it's very good.

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ELLIE. Those clouds—they are clouds, aren't they?—look very clear and good.

FRED. That's Edie's hair blowing out. Notice how sharp the leaves of the camphor laurel are.

ELLIE. And the garden-seat. How funny Baby looks—just like a pickaninny!

FRED. Give it another wash. There, that'll do; now rear it against the skirting-board to drain. And clear out now, Ell, will you? I can't get on with you under my feet. I really won't be long; but you can see how important it is, can't you?

ELLIE. Oh, yes, plainly. Well, look here, young man, just for once I'll put off the warm baths till to-morrow night; but after this you must make a dark-room somewhere else. You will, won't you, boy? It is really very awkward.

FRED. I'll see what I can do. You're not half a bad sort, Ellie. You can stop here and watch me develop, one of these nights, if you like.

THE ONLY WAY.

WHEN Love comes in, why, there's nothing else to do
But dream by day and dream by night and dream the dream is true;
To lose the old romances,
The thrill of olden glances,
As birds who feel the rain at noon forget the morning dew;
To let the mind go Maying
In ways where One is straying,
To set the seal on days gone by and think it little sin;
To plan the time of meeting,
The parting and the greeting—
There's really nothing else to do when Love comes in.

When Love goes out, why, there's nothing else to do
But sigh a bit and smile a bit and watch him pass from view;
To free the heart of traces
Of sweet words and embraces,
To brush aside the dust of dreams and sweep the heart anew;
Then set the latch a-swinging
Where new Love may come winging
And pause a moment at the sill and shyly glance about;
To give the greeting due him,
And laugh a welcome to him—
There's really nothing else to do when Love goes out.

THEODOSIA GARRISON.

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THE SURGERY OF LIGHT:

DR. NIELS FINSEN AND HIS REMARKABLE DISCOVERY OF HEALING RAYS.

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

It is fitting that a great discovery touching the treatment and cure of certain diseases *by light alone* should be given the world by a man who lived in Iceland until he was twenty-one, and knew through all his boyhood the depressing influence of too much night. One of the first things Finsen said when I went to see him last summer in Copenhagen was this, and he said it with touching humility: "All that I have accomplished in my experiments with light, and all that I have learned about its therapeutic value, has come because I *needed* the light so much myself. I longed for it so."

The story of Finsen's achievement is another instance of success growing out of apparent failure, and strength out of weakness. For, after studying medicine for eight years at the Copenhagen University, he took his doctor's degree in 1890 (at the age of thirty) only to find himself so stricken in body, with heart, liver, and digestive organs all affected, that it was out of the question for him ever to practise his profession. So he turned to the work that offered, and for three years filled the modest post of preceptor in anatomy at the University, his health continuing as bad as possible. Thus in 1893 the Finsen whose fame to-day is celebrated through all the scientific world was a poor and obscure instructor in a little Danish city.

During these three years, however, Finsen did more than teach anatomy; his spare time, his thoughts, and any strength he had after the day's work, were occupied with observations and experiments destined soon to rob small-pox of its ugliest terror, the scarring of the face. Not that he started with any such aim, or had small-pox particularly in mind at first; he started with light and a study of its physiological action: Can light do any *good* to the body? can light do any *harm* to the body?—a subject of investigation at that time almost entirely neglected. But he came presently to such important conclusions as to the influence of light in certain eruptive diseases, notably small-pox, that before the end of 1893 great doctors in various parts of Europe were listening with respect and wonder to this startling message from Copenhagen.

It was a simple enough line of reasoning that led Finsen to his first discovery. He found that if a number of earthworms are placed in an oblong box covered half with red glass and half with blue glass, they will always crawl away from the blue light and seek shelter in the red light. In blue light they are restless and ill at ease, in red light they lie still, perfectly content.

Finsen took note also of a curious experiment with the chameleon, which consists in placing this little animal so that half of its body is under blue glass and the other half under red glass, the result being that one half of the chameleon turns almost black under the blue light, while the other half remains almost white under the red light. Which means, explained Finsen, that the chameleon uses its movable pigment cells to protect itself against the disagreeable effects of blue light.

And the summing up of these and hundreds of similar observations was that, of the various colours composing ordinary sunshine, the blue or actinic rays—sometimes also called the "chemical" rays—including violet and ultra-violet, are the only ones that have any noteworthy physiological effect upon animal life. The red rays have none at all, the others scarcely any. All that the red or heat rays can do is to burn when intense enough, as fire burns. But the actinic rays, which do not burn, have other properties that may render them highly beneficial or harmful to animal life. Thus it is the actinic rays that produce ordinary sunburn—really not burn at all, but an irritation of the skin, which may, as explorers know, be quite as painful on a glacier, with the thermometer below zero, as in the tropics.

Finsen was at this point in his researches

when, one day, at the medical library in Copenhagen, he came upon a pamphlet published in 1832 by Dr. Pictou, of New Orleans. In the pamphlet there was incidental mention of the fact that, during a certain small-pox epidemic, some soldiers confined in dark dungeons had suffered the disease, and recovered without suppuration or scarring. No attempt was made at explanation. But the mere fact was sufficient for Finsen, who, in a flash of insight, seized upon a truth that had lain here for years, understood by no one. The soldiers had recovered without scarring simply because, being in the dark cells, they were protected against the irritating actinic rays, the same blue rays that disturb the earthworms so. No one knew better than Finsen how much harm these rays can do, even to a normal and healthy skin, by sunburning. How much greater harm, he reasoned, must these rays work if allowed to fall upon an inflamed, sensitive cuticle like that of a small-pox patient! It was, therefore, clear to him that such patients should be kept either in darkness, like Dr. Pictou's prisoners, or, better still for purposes of convenience and comfort, in red light, which is physiologically the same as darkness. Would not patients thus protected from the chemical rays enjoy immunity from pock-marking? he asked himself.

Within a month after the question had suggested itself, Finsen offered to the world his red-light treatment, declaring confidently that small-pox patients would suffer no scarring of face or body if cared for in rooms from which all light but red had been excluded. And the curious part of it is, that at this time Finsen *had never seen a case of small-pox*, and based his conclusions entirely on theoretical grounds. He was like the astronomer who first calculated with pencil and paper that there *must* be a new planet at a certain point in the heavens, and then set about finding it with his telescope.

It happened that there was much small-pox that summer in Bergen, Norway; and Dr. Findholm, chief of the military service there, suggested to Dr. Svendsen, his assistant, that he should make a trial of the red-light treatment. In August, 1893, the first test was made on eight small-pox patients, four of them children who had never been vaccinated and were bad cases. The result was a triumph for Finsen, and was summed up thus by Dr. Svendsen:—

"The period of suppuration, the most dangerous and most painful stage of small-pox, did not appear; there was no elevation of temperature and no edema. The patients entered the stage of convalescence immediately after the stage of vaccination, which seemed a little prolonged. The hideous scars were avoided."

Within a few months the red light was also tried in Gothenburg, Sweden, by Dr. Benckert, whose verdict was; "In grave cases of small-pox it gave the most surprising results. I can say, as the result of my experience, that suppuration is usually abolished by this treatment. Scars are extremely rare, and if they do occur, they are insignificant. The duration of the disease is shorter."

And presently control tests were made, showing that if small-pox patients were exposed to daylight after beginning the red-light treatment, they invariably suffered suppuration and scarring. *A very little daylight* was found sufficient to do the harm, the inflamed skin being almost as sensitive to the actinic rays as a photographic plate. It was, therefore, judged necessary, and is to-day, to keep every ray of daylight out of a small-pox patient's room, and to cover every window and opening with red curtains or red glass, with the same care that a photographer exercises in guarding his dark-room. In ordinary cases a *clear* red light is sufficient to prevent scarring, and the patient can see to read. In very bad cases, however, there is need of a deep red light.

Now that all this is understood and the value of red-light treatment recognised everywhere, it is interesting to look back to the methods of ten years ago (they are still pursued by many doctors) and see how the best of these succeeded in a measure simply because they *accidentally* offered some protection against the chemical rays. Thus the various compresses employed, the smearing of the face with fatty substances, the painting it with tincture of iodine or nitrate of silver —all these, and others, did good in so far as they guarded the patient's face from daylight. And it is worthy of note that back in the time of Queen Elizabeth the value of red curtains, red coverlets, and red globes about the bed in small-pox cases was loudly proclaimed by certain doctors who, sad to relate, were regarded as charlatans by orthodox practitioners of that day. But it remained for Finsen to formulate these odds and ends of the true method into a system resting on a scientific basis.

Here, then, was one thing accomplished by the ailing anatomy teacher. All the world might now have small-pox without

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fear of disfigurement, which was something, although certainly not a cure.

NIELS R. FINSEN IN HIS WORKING CLOTHES.

With so much done, Finsen went back to his general experiments, and after 1893 we find him, thanks to his newly won prestige, freed from the drudgery of teaching, and able to concentrate all his efforts, health permitting (which it usually did not), upon his chosen field of phototherapy, or the use of light in medical practice. Having pointed out a certain injury that the body may suffer from the chemical rays, he now hoped to discover in them some unsuspected virtues.

It was well known at this time that ordinary sunlight will destroy bacteria if these are long enough exposed to its action. Finsen now proceeded to show that this bactericidal action of light is almost entirely limited to the blue, the violet, and the ultra-violet rays (the green, yellow, and red being practically useless), and this action is greatly intensified by focusing the light through lenses. Thus Finsen found that while unfocused light from a July sun in Copenhagen would kill plate cultures of the *bacillus prodigiosus* in an hour and a half, the same light concentrated through lenses, with the useless rays filtered out, would kill similar cultures in two or three seconds; and the same was true of other bacteria—they were almost instantly destroyed if exposed to concentrated actinic rays.

Now, evidently, you can cure any bacterial disease if you can destroy the bacteria that cause it, so the essential thing to know next was how far into the body these chemical rays could be made to penetrate for this business of bacteria-killing. If they could be sent through and through the body (as some credulous newspapers have imagined), then all diseases of bacterial origin, tuberculosis and the rest, must certainly be cured ; but it was soon found that any such considerable penetration is impossible with the present resources of science. The depth of the radial action into the tissues is very shallow —a few millimeters at the most. It is true that the actinic rays will penetrate farther when concentrated by lenses, but not far enough to make them available against any but superficial diseases.

Finsen's experiments furthermore demonstrated that a powerful electric light is more efficient as a bactericidal agent than ordinary

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sunlight, however concentrated, since the latter loses part of its ultra-violet rays in passing through the earth's atmosphere, while the former has these in abundance. And in the matter of penetration he discovered that the actinic rays will go much deeper into tissues from which the blood has been pressed so that they are left white. The red colour of the blood acts like red glass in opposing the passage of any light but red. Finsen showed this ingeniously by placing a piece of sensitised paper back of his wife's ear and then allowing the concentrated rays from one of his lamps to fall upon the front of the ear. The experiment was tried first when the ear was full of blood, and in this case it was found, after five minutes' exposure to the light, that the paper was not blackened. Then the light was turned upon the ear squeezed free of blood, and within twenty seconds the paper *was* blackened.

Gradually a girdle of limitations was established about the new field of investigation. For instance, there is a variety of baldness due to bacteria which, it was reasonable to think, might be cured by the chemical rays. And there is a form of superficial cancer due to bacteria which also fitted the conditions. And there are various diseases (some due to bacteria and some not) which seemed to call the experimenter with his healing electric-lamp. What would the chemical rays do for measles, or acne, or lupus? These were questions that could only be answered after months of tests.

Finsen began with lupus, a dreadful disfiguring disease, usually of the face, that comes when the bacteria of tuberculosis attack the surfaces of the body instead of the lungs or deeper parts. There was no cure for lupus, and thousands of sufferers over the world (there were some 1,500 in Denmark alone) were condemned without hope to endure its slow ravages. Surgeons might cut away the affected parts, but some of the bacteria were almost sure to remain, so that the knife gave only temporary relief.

Finsen's first patient was an engineer of Copenhagen, Niels Morgensen, who for eight years since the lupus declared itself had vainly tried whatever science could suggest for his relief. No less than twenty-five times, he told me, his face had been operated on, the right side being cut, scraped, burned with acids, seared with hot irons, and all to no avail. In the autumn of 1895 the photo-therapeutic treatment on Morgensen was begun. At first everything was very crude; a hand lens was used to concentrate the rays from an ordinary arc lamp, the red and ultra-red being filtered out through blue water. For an hour or two hours, every day, this concentrated blue light was directed against the afflicted right cheek, Finsen himself holding the lens, aided by a medical student.

The result came up to the fullest expectations. After the first treatment there was no more spread of the disease, but a steady closing in of the lupus patches and a lessening of the angry redness as healthy tissue formed. Within six months Niels Morgensen was free from his disease, and Finsen had done what doctors and surgeons would have laughed at as a mad impossibility—he had cured a case of lupus with some blue water and a piece of glass!

And so the thing was settled, and again Finsen's reasoning was demonstrated sound. These strange chemical rays that must be shunned in small-pox were seen now to hold a cure for this other dread malady, lupus. The light which caused harmful irritation in the one case destroyed harmful bacteria in the other; and, better still, destroyed them painlessly. All that Finsen asked of a patient was not to have small-pox and lupus at the same time!

It is good to know that Finsen's new discovery met with prompt recognition. Within a month of Morgensen's cure the Finsen Light Institution had been established in Copenhagen, starting modestly in the gardens of the Commune Hospital, and moving soon to important buildings of its own in the suburbs. In the first six months only ten or twelve cases were received, and a single nurse gave the treatment; but the benefit to those treated was so great that soon the news spread over all Denmark and passed beyond, that at last a cure for lupus had been found, a simple cure by light. Straightway from many points came the afflicted ones—Danes and Swedes and Norwegians and Germans—to see what this young doctor of Copenhagen could do for them, this sick man Finsen, with his vital organs all gone wrong and his great belief in light. What Finsen did was to cure them!

And see now how swift the spread of a beneficent discovery. Every year, in April, the present Queen of England and her sister, the former Empress of Russia, were accustomed to visit Copenhagen for the birthday of old King Christian, their father. And of course they were told of this fine thing that Finsen had done, and they went to the Light

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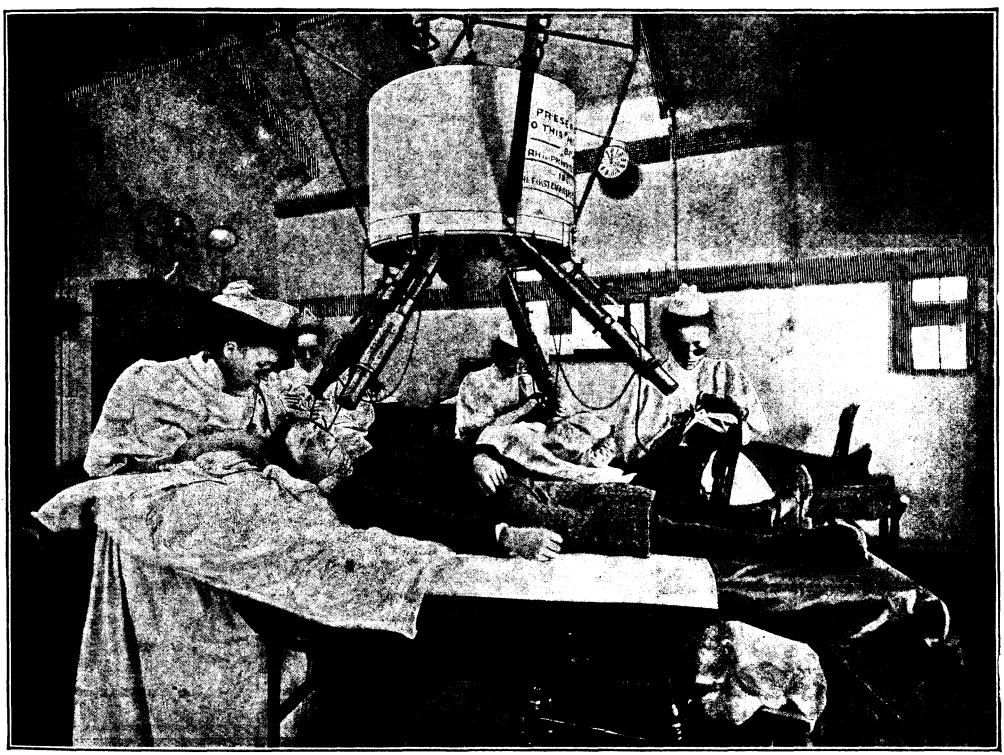
Institute and observed the treatment for themselves, with the result that in 1898 the Empress of Russia sent the Prince of Oldenburg to Copenhagen with three of the most eminent professors in St. Petersburg to study Finsen's methods, with a view of introducing them into Russia. So favourable was their report that presently St. Petersburg had its Finsen Institute also. Meantime Queen Alexandra had presented one of Finsen's lamps to the London Hospital, where in due course a light department was established, and exists to-day, for the treatment of lupus.

Needless to say, Finsen has made many advances in the use of the light. He soon discovered, for instance, that the ultra-violet or invisible rays at the blue end of the spectrum are much more efficacious in killing bacteria—say ten times more so—than are the visible violet rays, and this fact led him to abolish the blue-water filter which prevents the ultra-violet rays from passing, and to use instead clear water which sufficiently absorbs the red and ultra-red rays that would otherwise burn the skin. He also substituted a lens of rock crystal for the one of ordinary glass used at first, since he found that rock crystal allows the ultra-violet rays to pass freely, while ordinary glass almost stops them. And he gradually increased the power of his electric lamp from twenty-five amperes up to fifty, to seventy, to eighty amperes, as in the lamps used now. Of course, the more powerful the arc light is, the more abundant is the supply of actinic rays and the greater their penetration. And the only reason why Finsen has stopped at lamps of eighty amperes (that is, about three times the intensity of ordinary street arc lamps) is because above that point it is impossible, as yet, to cool down the light so that a patient can bear it.



THE FIRST LAMP INSTALLED IN THE LONDON HOSPITAL. PRESENTED, IN 1900, BY QUEEN ALEXANDRA (THEN PRINCESS OF WALES).

Suppose we look in now at Finsen's Light Institute and observe something of its practical working. One is struck first of all by the beauty of the place, set in the midst of lovely gardens, shaded by fine trees, and walled about with vines and flowers. No cheerless hospital this, but a handsome villa in the choicest part of Copenhagen. Here are the laboratories and Finsen's home, and,

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just adjoining, a long, white, two-storey building where patients are treated: all this a gift of the Danish Government. As you glance through the hedges, you see a glow of red light like a foundry, and figures moving behind wide-open doors. These are the lupus patients, and the glare is that of the red-shaded Finsen lamps, for each lamp has the intensity of thirty-five thousand candles, and there are seven in one large room.

The seven lamps, with their glowing red curtains, are seven centres of cheerfulness, and under each one you are surprised to see laughing, chattering groups, eight people to a lamp, four patients and four nurses. The patients lie comfortably on high cots and receive the light from four down-slanting tubes like telescopes, in which are the costly rock-crystal lenses and the water for eliminating the heat rays. These tubes the nurses move into position so as to focus an intense concentrated beam, yet sufficiently cool, upon the surface under treatment, usually some part of the face, and they also press the surface with a water-filled glass which serves the double purpose of freeing the tissues from blood and still further cooling the rays. That is about all there is to the treatment, which goes on thus in *séances* of an hour and a quarter a day for each patient, and, being quite painless, leads naturally to pleasant sociability in the various groups.

In moving about the room, one sees patients of all ages from four to seventy, and more women than men. They come from different countries and speak various languages. Several are from England, attracted by the small cost of treatment, only sixty kroner a month (about three pounds twelve shillings) for the very poor, or one hundred kroner for those in better circumstances. Fancy being cured of lupus—actually cured—for four shillings a day! Here is a German girl busy with her sewing while she waits her turn. She was meant to be pretty. Here is a man with his collar off, taking the treatment fast asleep, as often happens. And watch the nurses, very neat in their grey and white frocks, as they bend over their charges. Red spectacles guard their eyes against the dazzle, their arms are bared to the elbows, their hands are busy with the light, and on their faces is a glow which is partly an up-reflection of the rays, and partly an outward reflection of kind thoughts, for there is a peculiar dignity and sweetness in these Danish women.

So the *séance* drowses along, with a low buzz of talk, and the regular clicking of the lamps as the clockwork feeds down the carbons. Sundays and week-days alike throughout the year, the light cure is in operation, and has been now since 1896, in which time the actinic rays have shown abundantly what they can do in destroying the bacteria of lupus. Not in a few weeks, it is true, but surely, after such time as is required—sometimes months, occasionally when the disease is very bad. And it should be borne in mind that most of the cases received up to the present have been bad ones, lupus of twenty, thirty, or even forty years' standing. Yet the actinic rays have invariably done their work, and one may say that in some 600 cases on the records at Copenhagen, there have been no failures due to any fault in the light treatment, only a few when the patients began it too far gone for anything to help them. In the future, of course, such bad cases will become more and more rare, since sufferers will take the disease in time, and the cure of lupus in its early stages is merely a matter of weeks or days. Finsen says in one of his papers: "I have observed cases of lupus, in which the lesion was the size of a pea, completely disappear after having been subjected for only fifteen or twenty minutes to the action of the ultra-violet rays."

Already the Finsen lamps have been used with success for cancer in its small service form (*Epithelioma cutaneum*), the records of twenty-two such cases showing ten cures, four still under treatment, and eight where the treatment was discontinued. Also, obstinate cases of acne have been cured, as well as the kind of bacterial baldness (*Alopecia areata*) mentioned above. Excellent results have been obtained in erysipelas and minor eruptions, and there is opening a wide and promising field of investigation as to the benefits of electric-light baths and sun-baths in various nervous diseases and in insanity. At the Finsen Institute there is a large room where naked patients walk about for a prescribed length of time under a powerful electric light. And the roof is built flat, with rows of little dressing-houses, for sun-bath patients. Of precise results here, however, it is still too soon to speak—Finsen's attitude towards possibilities of the future being always to say nothing until he is sure. But the work of phototherapy is marching on in many laboratories. Soon there will be light institutes like Finsen's in all large cities, and any day there may be given to the world some other discovery, perhaps a far greater one, in this wonderful new field of the uses of light in medicine.

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THE CHATIN-BROCA ELECTRIC LAMP FOR THE CURE OF LUPUS BY FINSEN'S METHOD AS USED BY DR. BISSERIÉ IN THE BROCA HOSPITAL, PARIS.

Some time after my visit to Copenhagen, I had an opportunity to observe the Finsen light treatment as it has been adopted in Paris and London. I went to several of the great hospitals in these cities, and again saw the Finsen lamps working their benign wonders. All were agreed that lupus could now be cured, absolutely cured ; agreed also as to the efficacy of red light against small-pox disfigurement.

In Paris, the doctors, while giving Finsen the full credit as the pioneer discoverer, have a lamp of their own which they claim is in several points superior to his. This lamp, the invention of Professor Broca and Dr. Chatin, is unquestionably smaller and simpler and easier to operate than Finsen's, and possesses this peculiarity, that one of its carbons has a core of cast-iron, the result being that the arc light thus produced throws out ultra-violet rays in far greater abundance (they claim three times greater) than the light from ordinary carbons. And in my visit to the Broca Hospital in Paris, Dr. Bisserié, *chef de laboratoire* in the department of electrotherapy, assured me that with this improved lamp they do as much for a lupus patient in twenty minutes (the length of their *séances*) as Finsen does in an hour and a quarter. Furthermore, they do away entirely with the use of water in cooling the rays (they use only thirty amperes instead of eighty), and also with the constant attendance of a nurse to press the tissues free from blood. Furthermore, they find that one application of the light in several days is sufficient for best results, instead of one application every day. All of which seems in the nature of real progress and promises fine things for the future ; but it should be said that this French lamp is scarcely a year old, so that its permanent value cannot yet be regarded as established.

Meantime, Finsen himself, in spite of his longing for light, and trust in his virtues, is a stricken man. All that he has done for the health of others has profited little for his own health. When I saw him, he looked weak and ill, though buoyed up by the power of his enthusiasm, a sort of light from within. He is able to work only an hour or two in a day. He suffers constantly. He can eat scarcely anything, and, during his bad months, sits at table with a pair of scales beside his plate, and weighs every morsel. He has scorned to make money from his dis-

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coveries, giving them all freely to the world, and has patented no part of his apparatus. He lives content on a salary of £300 a year, paid by the Danish Government, and is worried only because the Light Institute, which gives its treatment to the poor for almost nothing, has a debt of £8,000 hanging over it.

A WORD ABOUT THE MAN.

By Jacob A. Riis.

I was lying ill of a fever in the Commune Hospital at Copenhagen in the summer of 1899, when I made the acquaintance of Dr. Niels Finsen. We had met before in the house of his father-in-law, the venerable bishop of my own town over by the North Sea, but it was during those homesick days that I really learned to know the man. When the fever had left me, I would sit in his little office down in the corner of the hospital grounds by the lake and watch the patients, who had come in pain and gloom, go away, carrying in their faces the sunshine that had given them back their life. And I came to look with a kind of reverential awe upon this patient, silent man whose every thought was for his suffering fellows while he calmly counted the hours to his own release from racking pain. I learned from his own lips the story of his great temptation: how when he found what he sought—the power to combat the disease with the ravening name (*lupus*—a wolf)—he lay awake one whole long night, debating with himself whether to turn it to account in private practice—Finsen is a poor man—or to give it and his life to the world. He chose poverty, and the world is the richer for his sacrifice. The story of Finsen's success is the old one of the man who knows. Cradled in the island of storms and wintry night, he loved the sun. His eye lighted up when he spoke of it: "Let it break through suddenly on a cloudy day," he said, "and see the change! Insects that were drowsy wake up and take wing; lizards and snakes come out to sun themselves; the birds burst into song. We ourselves feel as if a burden were lifted. In our daily life we give to the sunlight the place that belongs to it, without question. The housewife 'suns' her bedclothes. We shun dark rooms, especially bedrooms." But he was not content to accept experience without question. He wanted to *know*. And with the spirit of the true investigator he went back to Nature and considered the ant and the lizard, and their ways. The rest is a record of patient work and thinking. The difference between his way and that other one which jumps at conclusions and postpones the day of knowledge, is amusingly brought out in his earliest pamphlet on "Light as a Stimulus," in which he speaks of General Pleasanton and the blue-light craze of the 'seventies. "The General," he says, "was absolutely on the right track; but, lacking the scientific basis, he fell into the error of believing his 'discovery' to be a cure-all for the ills of the animal and vegetable kingdoms." So his blue light was laughed at as quackery. And now another generation hears from the Danish doctor why he was right in principle, though we heeded him not.

The Danish Government has given to the Finsen Light Institute a home; the people of Copenhagen give it support and unstinted affection. Dr. Finsen has given, is giving, it his life. No more can any man give.

THE FINSEN SYSTEM IN ENGLAND.

By Alfred Harmsworth,

Donor of the First £10,000 Lamp to the London Hospital.

In July, 1899, Her Majesty (then Princess of Wales) paid a private visit to the London Hospital at Whitechapel, and made close inquiry into the treatment adopted at that institution for lupus. She then said that she knew a cure for it, which had been discovered by her compatriot, Dr. Finsen, of Copenhagen. The physicians were naturally enough somewhat sceptical, but the Queen insisted that she had personally and thoroughly investigated the cure at the inventor's clinic, and was convinced of its complete efficacy. She added that she would at once order a Finsen lamp for the use of the hospital. This generous offer was, of course, accepted, and as soon as the necessary installation could be arranged, the treatment was started on May 29, 1900.

While the lamp so generously given by the Queen was being installed, Dr. Stephen Mackenzie, the senior physician of the London Hospital, proceeded to Denmark, accompanied by Dr. Sequeira and two nurses, who were to be trained in the use of the lamp, the Queen herself doing everything to make them comfortable during their stay in her native country. What they saw at Dr.

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Finsen's institution fully convinced them of the importance and efficacy of the cure.

No sooner had the first lamp, with its four lights, been put into operation at the London Hospital than an overwhelming rush of applicants for the cure followed; and the most piteous letters came from all parts of the country, written by sufferers who begged that they might be received as patients. On April 20, 1901, a crowd of afflicted persons from the country took advantage of a cheap excursion to London, for a great football match, to come up to town and urge their needs in person. Sad to say, they had to return disappointed, for the number of patients already on the books was so great that they could not be reached for two years, during which time the loathsome disease would have continued its terrible ravages.

A second lamp, capable of treating four patients, was installed soon after the first; but even this only touched the fringe of the need, for, as the wonderful results of the treatment became more generally known, the crowd of urgent applicants increased every day. The cost of working one of these four-light lamps amounted to about £600 a year, and the expenses of the department added a very serious burden to the already overtaxed resources of the London Hospital. About this time the marvellous cures effected by the treatment came under my own notice, and, after carefully investigating and convincing myself that a permanent remedy had been discovered for one of life's most awful curses, Mrs. Harmsworth and I resolved to endow one of the lamps in perpetuity. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Percy Tarbutt very kindly raised the necessary sum to endow the second lamp, contributing generously towards the necessary amount, £10,000, himself.

THE EARLY METHOD OF TREATMENT, WITH CONCENTRATED SUNLIGHT.

Several other lamps have been recently added to the department at the London Hospital, and an improved and smaller lamp has now been devised which does as much work in fifteen minutes as the earlier type of

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lamp took an hour to do, though it is not yet quite certain whether the new lamps are equally effective in the long run.

Since the installation, in the spring of 1900, 398 patients have been treated at the London Hospital, of whom 149 have returned to their homes completely cured, and 232 are at the present time under treatment. Of these, however, seventy-two are practically cured and do not attend regularly, but are still kept under medical observation. Fifteen nurses are wholly occupied in applying the treatment, and a large department is now being built for it at the hospital. How urgent the need continues to be will be apparent from the fact that no less than 227 patients are at the present moment waiting to be treated. In the case of many of these, the disease will have made terrible progress before their turn arrives.

The Queen's gracious act in establishing the cure has had widespread effect, and has aroused keen interest, not only in the medical profession, but among the general public. Lamps for the treatment have been installed at the Charing Cross and Westminster Hospitals, and at many provincial ones, such as those at Liverpool and Manchester, and at the Royal Hospital in Dublin; and there is every reason to hope that lupus will be completely stamped out of our country in the course of a few years, if the public will come to the help of the hospitals by supplying the necessary funds for establishing the treatment.

It is not too much to say that the Finsen light treatment for lupus ranks among the most striking and beneficent discoveries which modern medical science has made for the benefit of afflicted humanity.

I cannot think it possible that men of means can know that so terrible a scourge can be absolutely and certainly cured, and yet allow the hospitals of a generous and enlightened land, from lack of funds, to continue without the necessary appliances for the Finsen treatment.

I append a letter, one of many hundreds received, giving thanks for a splendid cure:

"Twelve months since you were so kind as to take a child (Dorothy Fardon, Coventry), for treatment for lupus.

"I have now seen her in her house, and found her perfectly free from any appearance of the disease. The place has healed without any mark more than a slight thickening of the skin about the eighth of an inch long, which is the same pink colour as the cheek. No one would notice it without any previous knowledge of the spot. The child is in perfect health; she has grown much and developed according to her age, six years.

"I cannot thank you sufficiently for having received her at the time you did, as I understand arrangements had been made by the doctor to *remove the whole cheek, when* TWO DAYS BEFORE *I was able to say you would receive and treat the case.* I am sorry to add that I hear there is no lamp yet in the Coventry Hospital.

"I hope you will receive the sincere thanks of Dorothy's parents, who are truly grateful, and mine also for saving one child from so terrible a future such a disfigurement would create."

TWO DWELLINGS.

HERE in the roar of the street,
In traffic's dull beat,
Swift to defeat
Dwelleth my mind,—
Striving and driving with its grim kind.

There in a far forest's lane,
Green after rain,
Careless of gain
Dwelleth my heart,—
Seeking the silence the trees impart.

EMERY POTTLE.

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THE SECRET PLAYMATE.

By JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM.

WHEN I am playing underneath the tree,
I look around—and there he is with me!

Among the shadows of the boughs he stands,
And shakes the leaves at me with both his hands.

And then upon the mossy roots we lie,
And watch the leaves make pictures on the sky.

And then we swing and float from bough to bough—
And never fall? I can't remember now.

The games I play with him are always best,
And yet we cannot teach them to the rest.

For when the others come to join our play,
I look around—and he has slipped away!

They ask me if he speaks—I cannot tell,
But no one else can play with me so well.

HERMANN MEYER.

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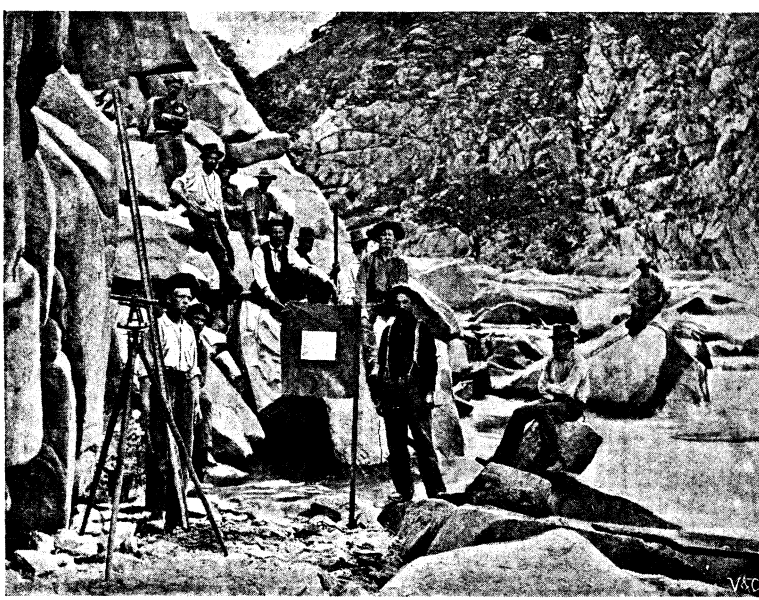
THE MAKING OF A FLUME.

By C. FELL SMITH.

DO the young of to-day go to Mrs. Marcet for their fairy tales? I fancy not. This may be due less to the changed tastes of children in general than to an alteration in their circumstances, surroundings, and earliest impressions. The age that grows up with electric light and hydraulic lifts, to say nothing of automobile carriages and poles for wireless telegraphy as familiar features of the landscape, has surely dulled its taste for marvels. Yet there was a time, not so long ago, when the tale of "The Three Giants" represented to the youthful idea all that was fascinating and best in story-telling.



THE START.

It piqued curiosity with a mystery in every page, and at the same time offered a most subtle flattery, because even an intelligent child could penetrate the secret of its author's double-edged wit. A most ingenious compound of the romantic and the ultra-utilitarian, the story offered the piquant delights of a shipwreck, some castaways, and a desert island where no less than three ministering angels—Aqua-fluens, Ventosus, and Vaporifer—abode. Above all, the enraptured child-reader was never suffered to suspect that he or she was being instructed. It is strange how bitterly the youthful mind resents the very thing that the grown-up assimilates and even revels in. For there is no longer any room to doubt that the most universally read novels are those that set out to instruct and inform—whether it is about the marriage laws, prison reforms, hospital life, labour problems, Catholic principles, or agnosticism — rather than those that merely amuse.

The first of Mrs. Marcet's three giants was always the favourite. His gentle disposition; his preference for a prostrate attitude upon the grass, where the children could climb about his unwieldy form; his obliging readiness to accomplish any task to which he was set, were all quite irresistible. Even when his impetuous winged brother, Ventosus, ruffled his serenity, and caused him to foam with rage, all one's childish sympathies went out to Aqua-fluens rather than to the fickle creature who veered about first one way and then another, and whose sighs and moans were to be heard when he

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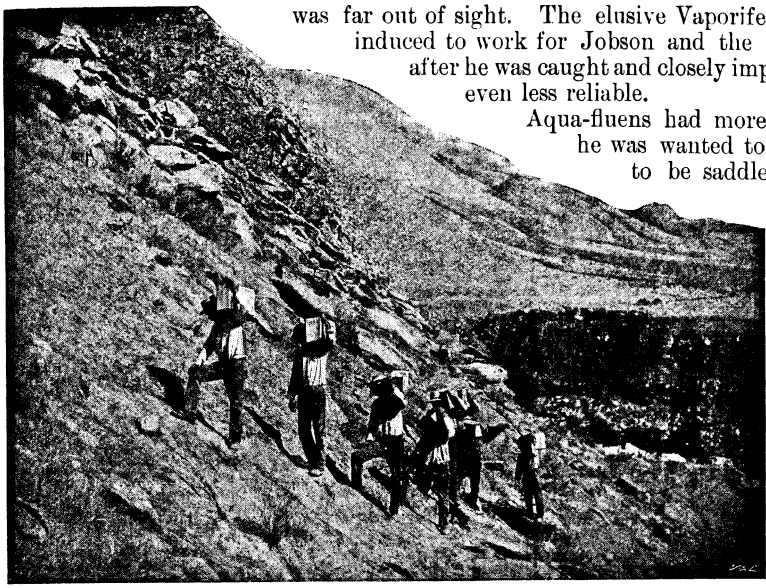
was far out of sight. The elusive Vaporifer, who could only be induced to work for Jobson and the other desert islanders after he was caught and closely imprisoned, was obviously even less reliable.

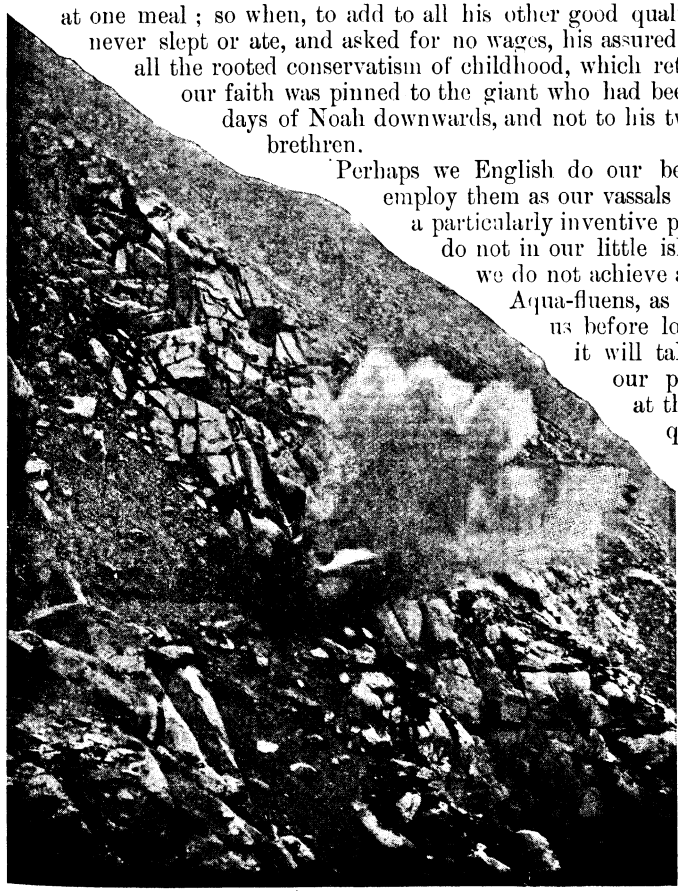
Aqua-fluens had more good points. When he was wanted to work, he only needed to be saddled with a few planks, and guided with a long pole. He wore a robe of dazzling brightness, and cheerfully sat up all night to grind the corn or saw the timber. He was beneficent fairy and giant in one. Like Jobson's wife, however, we cherished a secret fear that he would need a whole flitch of bacon and a plantation of cabbages at one meal; so when, to add to all his other good qualities, it was discovered that he never slept or ate, and asked for no wages, his assured triumph was complete. With all the rooted conservatism of childhood, which returns to us with our old age, our faith was pinned to the giant who had been tried and trusted from the days of Noah downwards, and not to his two very modern and unreliable brethren.



CARRYING UP THE DYNAMITE.

Perhaps we English do our best to harness the giants and employ them as our vassals and servants. But we are not a particularly inventive people, and as the natural forces do not in our little island assume vast proportions, we do not achieve any very startling results.

Aqua-fluens, as we know, is going to present us before long with a problem with which it will take all our wits to grapple. If our population goes on increasing at the rate it has done in the last quarter of a century, the burning question will arise whether that gentleman will be good enough to supply us with water enough to drink and to wash in, let alone any surplus for motive power. When Liverpool and Manchester have annexed all the Cumberland and Westmorland lakes, when Birmingham usurps a major portion of the Welsh lakes, and London requisitions all the remainder in addition to the Thames and the Lea, there will not be much margin over for turning mills, working



THE EXPLOSION.

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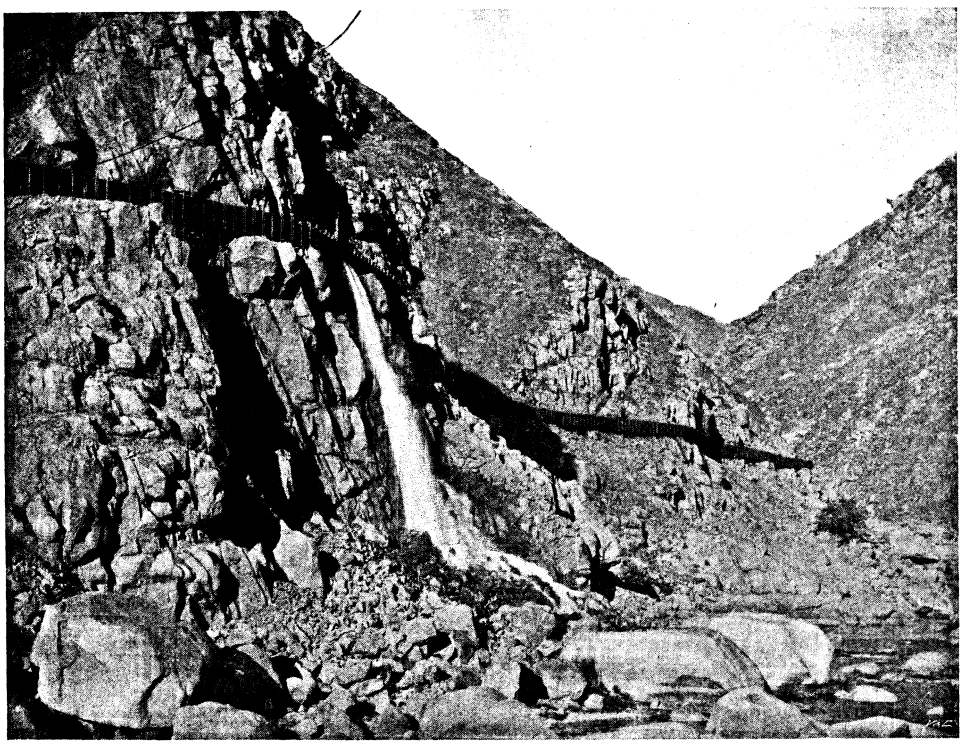
mines, driving dynamos, or running dye-works.

Across the Atlantic things are very different. On the great continent at the other side, the wasted power, the volume, and the prodigality of her rivers have supplied her ingenious population with a hundred notions of how to turn so much abandoned force to the best commercial account. A mighty torrent is bursting its heedless way down some vast cañon in the mountains. It will but devastate the valley when it gets there; but let man, the overlord, once arrest its headlong course, trap it and confine it within sufficiently strong bonds, and all its hitherto untutored strength will be at his behest.

A year or two ago such a task was accomplished by an enterprising company in Bakersfield, California, a town which in a few years had trebled in size. The population needed light—electric light, of course. The Kern river, which dashed down the mountain-side some sixteen miles outside the town, needed only a little persuasion to perform with docility the business of illuminating 70,000 inhabitants. A flume was made, and in a surprisingly short time darkness was banished. But flume-making is not without its special dangers, although in this instance the process was carried through without serious accident. I have, however, known the bursting of a flume to play a most useful and important part in the plot of a much-read American novel. The heroine's life, if not actually in danger, is at least extremely uncomfortable, until the hero arrives, endued with superhuman strength and courage, and rescues her from the rising flood which had cut off her retreat.



THE FLUME.

While the Bakersfield flume was making, a series of photographs was taken, which will show something of the magnitude of the work. In the first, the construction party is seen starting from the river-bed. The men are equipped with sextant, theodolite, and spirit-level, and carry the white flag with which they signal each other when about to commence blasting. The second picture shows them making a toilsome ascent, each carrying his 50 lb. of dynamite. The next shows the explosion. Then comes the flume itself, winding serpent-like along the mountain-side, following its out-

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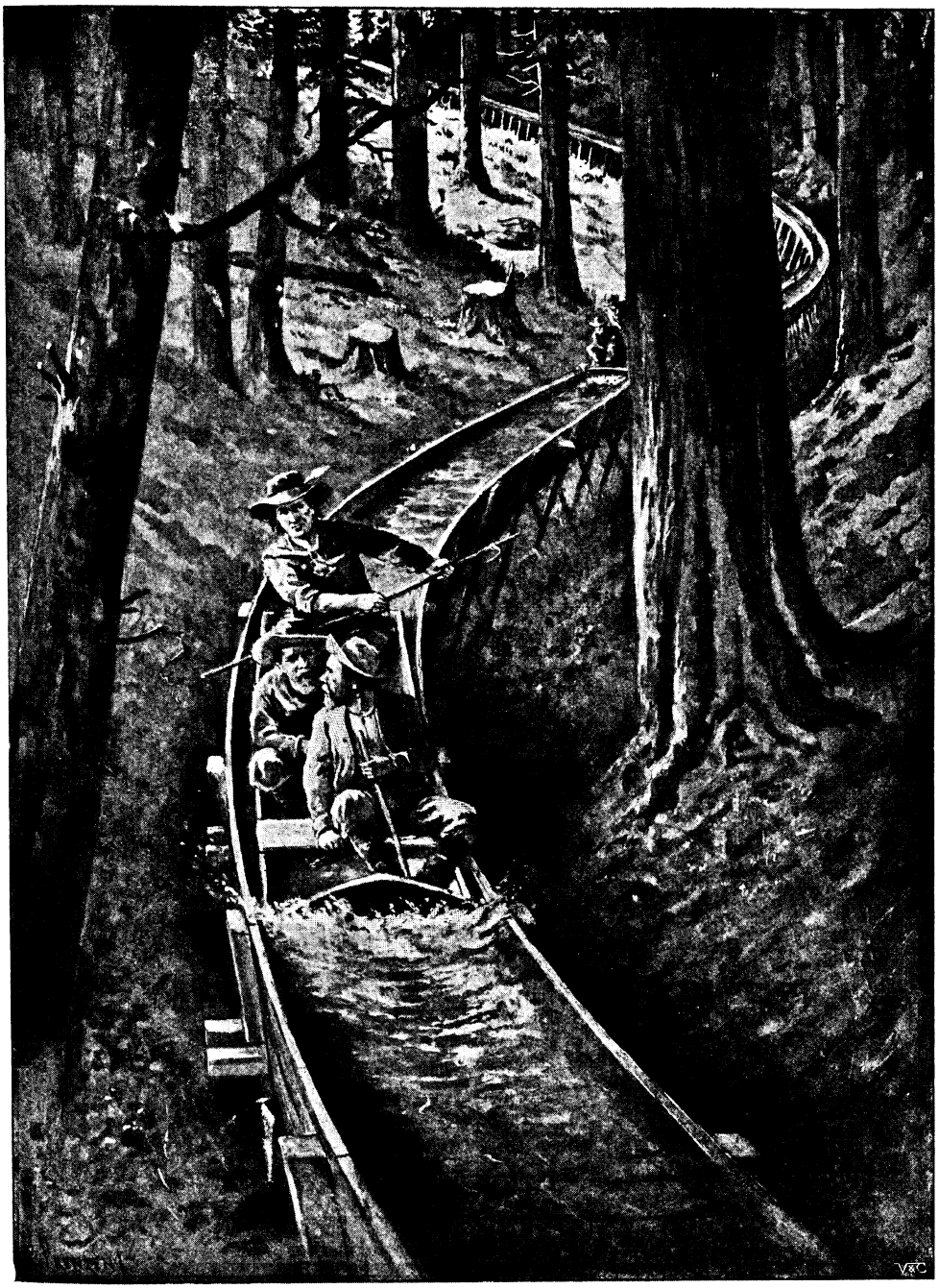

A TIMBER FLUME IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

These flumes, which are fed by mountain torrents, serve to float logs and hewn timber from the mountain-tops down to the saw-mills. They are of rapid descent, and some are as much as three or four miles in length. After the week's work in camp, the lumber-men construct a sort of skiff of rough slabs nailed together, and instead of a long and laborious descent, they will reach the settlement by water, travelling at the rate of a mile a minute. A gaff is used as a brake.

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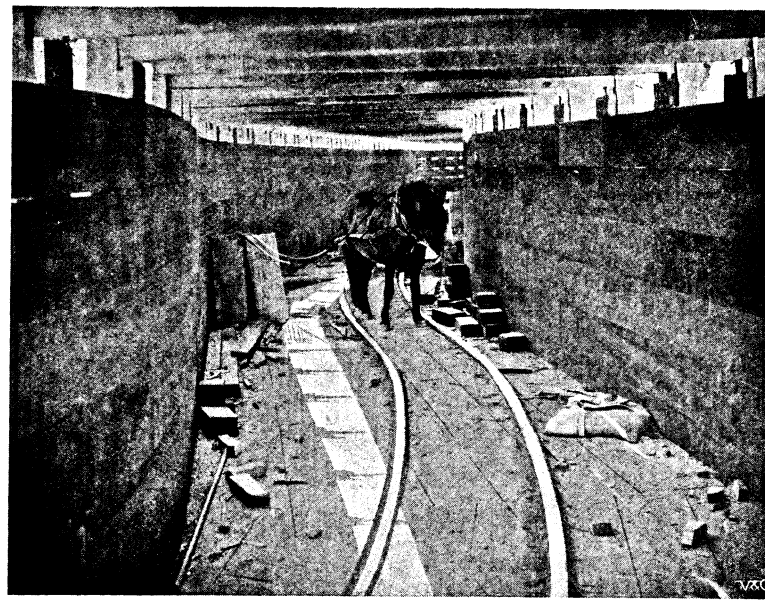
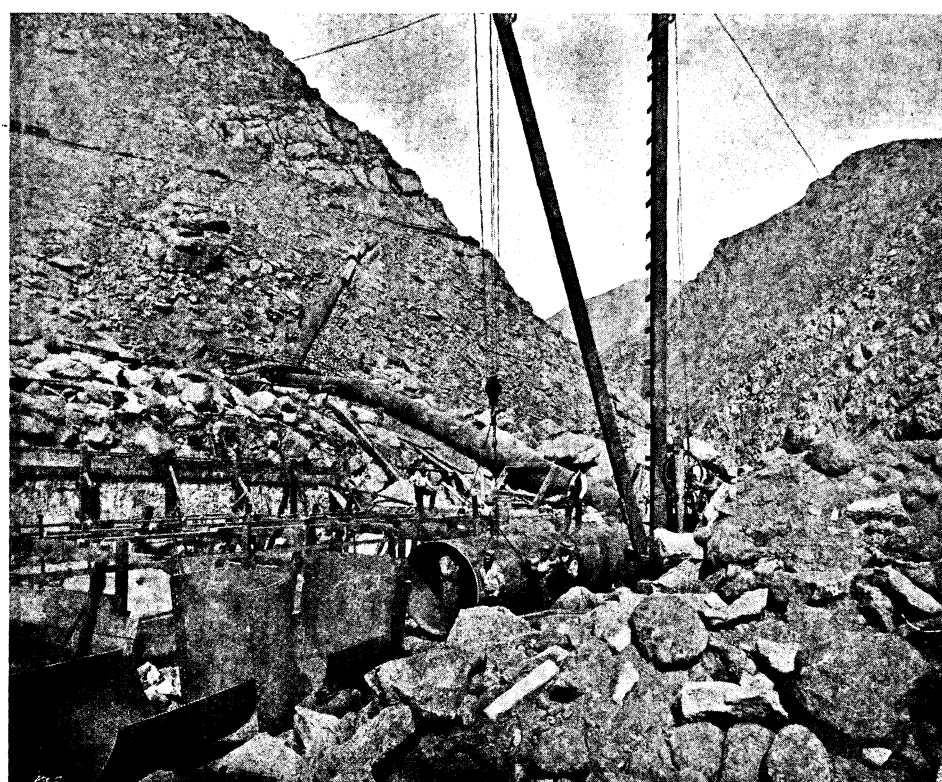
line, bridging chasms, and overleaping crevasses, a marvellous testimony to the indomitable pluck and perseverance of its projectors. At the bottom of the valley the bed of the river lies dry, while the giant himself is cajoled and conducted high above, only to be let down from the mountain when he has gathered sufficient force to accomplish the task he has been set. What that force is may be guessed from the volume of water escaping from one faulty spot in the side of the flume.



INSIDE THE FLUME.

The view of the interior affords some notion of the size of this huge wooden



FROM THE FLUME TO THE POWER-HOUSE.

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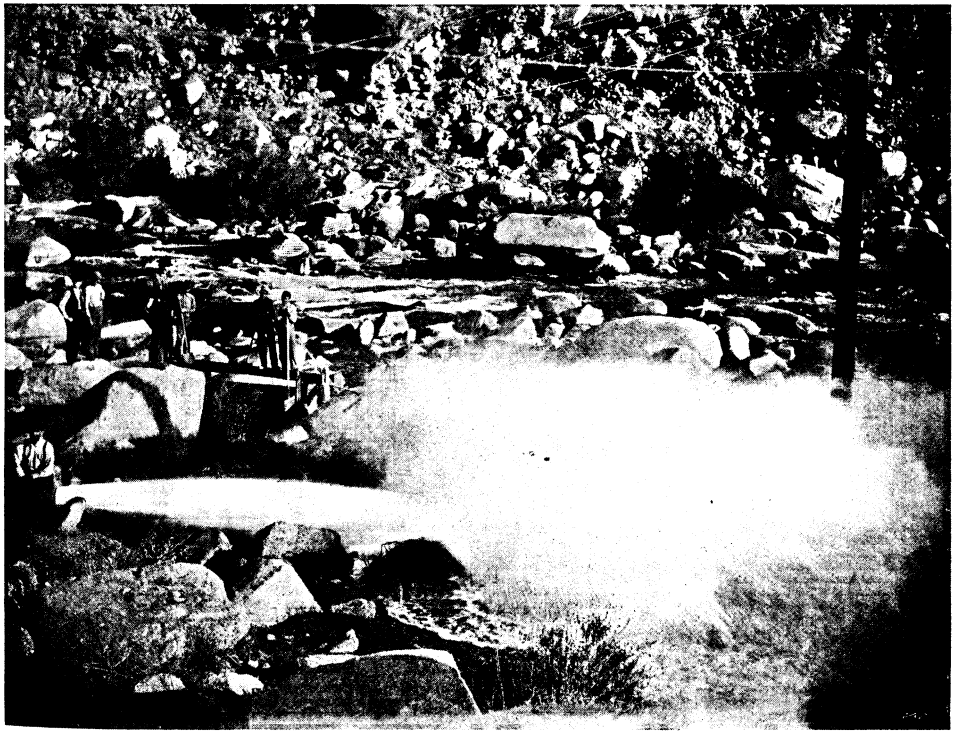
tunnel, especially as a horse, which is being used to draw trolleys along a rude tramway constructed in the bottom, remains, and looks by comparison a pigmy. The district around Bakersfield being absolutely devoid of timber, the materials for the flume had to be "hauled" from the State of Oregon. No less than a million feet of timber were needed, for the flume measures a mile and a half in length. "Flume," by the way, is a good old Danish word, meaning originally a deep, rocky channel—natural, of course—through which a river forces its way. It has been adopted in America, especially in the mining districts, to signify the artificially made watercourse. A flume-car is one of the wonders of the Far West; it is a car run along on grooved wheels fitting into the upper edges of the sides of the flume, the propelling force being the water underneath. There must, of course, be a slight fall to ensure continual progress.

In the next picture we see the conduit leading from the flume down to the power-house in the city. The enormous cylinders are conveyed in sections to the spot, and are swung into position by machinery. Their diameter is something over six feet, as a tall man is able to stand upright inside.

The last picture shows us our old friend, the giant Aqua-fluens, returning to his native freedom. His purpose is accomplished, and he escapes in a cloud of foam and spray to his wild, rocky lair.

To have set in motion the force sufficient to generate light of many thousand candle-power has been mere child's play to him; and undiminished either in speed or volume, he goes on his way, gathering many streams as he goes, until he is lost in the boundless waters of the Pacific.



LETTING OFF THE WASTE WATER.

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STRONG MAC.

By S. R. CROCKETT.*

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS.—The story opened in the schoolhouse of Lowran. The Ploughing Match Day had been a holiday since the beginning of time; but Donald Gracie, the schoolmaster, had on this occasion denied the request of his scholars. A riot provoked the Dominie into striking the biggest youth in the school, Muckle Sandy, who retorted by knocking the schoolmaster down. Dora Gracie, the schoolmaster's daughter, with the aid of "Strong Mac," one of the bigger boys, proceeded to teach the school. The Dominie himself comes of distinguished stock, but has fallen on evil days through his fatal craving for drink. Strong Mac wins the "Single-handed" cup in the ploughing match. Charlotte Webster, in love with Strong Mac, is alarmed lest in her pique at his preference for Adora Gracie she has betrayed him as a poacher into the hands of the Laird's gamekeepers. The real fact, however, was that an incriminating pheasant in Mac's bag had been taken from his shoulders by a boyish devotee of Mac's, known as Daid the Deil, who was wounded by a shot from the keeper's gun, Strong Mac himself being released as blameless. The injury to the boy fired Sharon McCulloch, the father of Mac, a dour enemy of the great landlord from reasons of ancient wrong, to establish afresh a right of way "to kirk and market" through recently locked gates on the Laird's estate. Further developments showed the repulse of the Laird's attentions by Adora, and the revealing to the former that Strong Mac is probably his more favoured rival. Jock Fairies and Sandy Ewan are also suitors to Adora, and Sandy Ewan plots with one Crob McRobb to have Mac accused of sheep-stealing; and as Mac and Adora loiter homewards from a party, Mac is arrested. While Mac is awaiting trial, Sandy Ewan renews his suit to Adora; and when again rejected, vows to be revenged. On the day of the annual Presbyterial Examination, he plies the weak Dominie with drink, so that the Members of the Presbytery are kept waiting, and eventually defied by the drunken old man, who is thereupon dismissed from his post and left homeless and disgraced.

CHAPTER XXV.

WHAT DICKIE DICK FOUND ON THE GLEBE ROAD.

NOW the course of St. Cuthbertstown justice was this. The Sheriff—good easy man — had committed Roy McCulloch to the gaol of the county town, and to the common eye that seemed the end of the matter. There Strong Mac must lie till, upon the day of solemn assize, he should be transferred to Drumfern, to stand before a jury of his peers and meet the frown of the terrible Red Judge from Edinburgh.

But Strong Mac's case was a more than usually serious one. All the papers must go to Edinburgh for the consideration of the Crown Council there. Neither the Fiscal nor yet the Sheriff was capable of deciding to proceed with the charge against Strong Mac. First the Lord Advocate's Depute, and then, as a court of final appeal, the great man himself, must state whether, on the evidence before them, Roy should be sent to the assizes on the capital charge.

The Advocate Depute, to whom the docquet was transferred, found nothing directly against Strong Mac, except the fact, in itself sufficiently damnatory, that the sheep-skins had been discovered in his father's barn. But then, though that was presumption, no evidence existed as to who had placed them there. Roy had made no apparent profit out of the killings—could have made none, except possibly in the consumption of the flesh, in which case his guilt must have been shared with his father. Nor had the mutton been dried or salted. No inordinate number of mutton hams were found swinging to the balks of the House of Muir. The McCullochs were in no want of fresh meat, as could easily be shown. There was abundance of smoked venison in their chimney, and a few casks of brandy, probably undutied, lay in their cellar. A sufficient sum stood to Sharon McCulloch's credit in the Bank of Scotland at Drumfern.

Evidence of motive, therefore, was wanting; evidence of fact, weak. No, said the Lord Advocate, there was not enough of general suspicion or circumstantial evidence to send the young man before the assizes. It was no use remitting him back to St. Cuthbertstown. The Substitute was one fool —the Sheriff Principal another! Send them word to let the lad go.

Thus rapidly and picturesquely the Lord Advocate did justice when, at his beautiful hillside residence, his Depute laid the case before him.

Which word travelling down to Cuthbertstown, Strong Mac, with a sudden dazing of his faculties, found himself free. His cell in the old gaol had been both dusky and dirty, and it seemed as if he had been forgotten—as if he must be there for ever.

Roy stepped out into the clear light of early afternoon. The young summer was

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already sprinkling the twigs of the ashes with dainty green butterflies. Rosettes were beginning to dangle from the larches along the plantation edges. Outside the gaol door Strong Mac stood blinking like an owl turned out into the daylight. He did not know anyone in St. Cuthbertstown, and had no desire to stay there. So, after a few minutes of hesitation, he struck through the narrow by-streets, not because of the quiet (for all streets are quiet in St. Cuthbertstown), but from an instinct of shame. He seemed unclean to himself. There was a vague offence as of gaol-fever, or worse, about his clothing. He took his way up the waterside till, arrived at a sheltered pool, he stripped and plunged into the cool brown water. When, after submitting it to careful and prolonged consideration, he resumed his apparel, his self-respect was thereby somewhat recovered. At least he knew that he was clean.

Strong Mac looked down at his clothes. They were worn, shabby, tainted with the disgrace of the place where he had lain. No, he was not fit to appear before her. He knew that. Nevertheless, since she had seen his shame—that night when they took him, she also should be the first in Lowran to hear of his rehabilitation. He would go to the schoolhouse.

It was wonderful how the thought altered him. Disgrace seemed to fall away from him instantly. His heart exulted that he would see her—*her*, of whom he had had such long thoughts in the prison. He was no more the boy he had been, so he told himself. The new Strong Mac laughed when he remembered that he had once tossed the bar and putted the stone, rejoicing in his own prowess. All that seemed a thing so inconceivably little and useless to him now. But a gate had fallen from its hinges. Strong Mac lifted it with one hand and replaced it. Then he laid his fingers lightly upon the topmost bar and sprang backwards and forwards over it with the ease of a bird. He caught the branch of a tree with his left hand as high as he could reach, and drew himself up till his chin was over the rough bark. This he did several times, raising and lowering himself; then he dropped lightly back upon the ground. No; so far as bodily strength went, he was still able for anything that might come to him.

It was already growing dark as he approached Lowran. The very air smelt different to his nostrils as he came over Barstobrick Moor. The famous heather of his native parish was not yet in bloom; but the wind across the open sweep of brown moorland, splotched with black, where the spring moor burnings had been allowed to wander, brought the light into his eyes, the colour into his blanched cheeks.

Yonder, in the hollow, nestled behind its dark green plantations, lay Lowran. Its "lums" had almost ceased smoking when Roy came in sight of it. Ebie Cargen had put out his smiddy fire, and was sitting in the kitchen over his supper, when the young man paused in the green brow of the knoll above. It was his instinct to go down and present himself to Ebie, demanding news of him, as at least a man who spoke no lie. But another thought came to dominate him—or, rather, the return of his first thought. First of all, before anyone else saw him, he would go to Adora.

Woodman and hillman as he was, accustomed to the chase of wild things, Strong Mac carried out his intent as silently as the shadow of a cloud passes over a hill. There, dark among its tall black pines, was the schoolhouse. His heart beat as it had never done during his oft-repeated examinations before the Sheriff.

He stood for a moment by the wall of the little private garden, separated from it only by the dyke over which he had so often so cunningly conveyed cut firewood and backloads of peat. Now both piles seemed particularly low. Roy smiled to himself as he thought that he would not be long in altering that.

He laid his plaid on the dyke and leaped over. Everything was quiet. As usual, they would be at the other side of the house, that which fronted towards the high road to Lowran.

He turned the corner smiling, expecting to see the light burning in the window of the little parlour, and the shadows of the potted plants making a black pattern on the blind. It was dark. He looked up to Adora's bedroom. Dark also. He went quickly to the door and knocked. All was silent. He could hear a noise within—something like the scutting of a rat among papers.

He tried the latch. It lifted, but the door did not yield. It was locked.

Strong Mac stood back. For a long moment he could not think what had happened. Was Adora lost to him? Married? He would have heard of it. Was her father dead? Someone would surely have sent him word. He went to the window. The white Ayrshire rose had been pulled down by rude hands and trailed along the ground. Torn

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paper, empty boxes, and bare walls were all that the deepening twilight revealed to him.

Roy McCulloch stood a long while under the sough of the trees. He shivered a little after the closeness of the cell, for the wind struck chill out of the north, sharp as the front of the Scottish spring and mournful as its autumn.

Then there came to him resolve, quick and sudden.

It was Sidney Latimer who had done this! Either his pleading had been successful, and Adora had gone away with him; or unsuccessful, and this was his revenge. It is curious that, in spite of the quarrel of the smithy, Roy never once thought of Sandy Ewan. The idea that such a man could be anything to Adora Gracie found no lodgment in his heart. But Sidney Latimer was another matter. There was frank republicanism in this young hill-poacher's heart. All men were not born equal, but all good men became so. Latimer was the son of one landowner, he of another. That the Laird of Lowran could count a hundred acres for each of his father's was nothing to Roy McCulloch.

He would go to the Great House of Lowran—now, as he was. He would speak with Sidney Latimer. As he turned down the little path along which he had so often walked with beating heart, Adora by his side, he saw a figure disengage itself from the gate. Something familiar in the attitude took Strong Mac's eye. He sprang over the dyke and laid a sufficiently retaining hand on the man's shoulder. In another moment Roy found himself face to face with Sidney Latimer. The meeting was unexpected on both sides, and Roy's hand rested a moment on the rough tweed collar of the Laird's coat. Then Sidney Latimer, with a fierce gesture and a backward spring, shook himself free.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded. "I thought you had been—elsewhere!"

"I was coming to seek you, Laird Lowran," said Strong Mac slowly. His mind was altogether on the thing that held his heart—the fear that Adora was lost to him. He had no care for politenesses.

"Indeed!" said Sidney Latimer somewhat frigidly. "In what can I assist you?"

"I have an interest"—Strong Mac spoke steadily and with rigid plainness—"an interest in Mr. Gracie—and his daughter. I was about to seek you, in order to ask of you what had become of them."

"And by what right did you suppose that I had anything to do with their presence or absence?" demanded Sidney Latimer fiercely, for the man was before him of whom he had been jealous. Nay, even now his heart retained something of its former feeling. It was this man who had brought about his quarrel with Adora.

But Strong Mac's simple straightforwardness vanquished him.

"I have, indeed, no right to suppose anything—nor do I," he said; "but I have been . . . where I have heard nothing concerning those dear to me. And I thought—that if I could find you, I should hear the truth. It seemed strange to me—to come home and find—this!"

"Come with me," said the Laird of Lowran, melting suddenly. "To you it is no stranger than it is to me."

And passing the porter-lodge and walking together through the dark arches of the trees, Roy listened to the story of that which had befallen Adora. Poacher and landowner took counsel together.

"And the man who did it?" he demanded fiercely, the nails of his fingers crisping into his palms.

Sidney Latimer laid a restraining hand upon the young man's arm.

"Wait!" he said. "The thing will come right. I felt as you did—at first. But to do as you propose in your heart will not advantage *her!*"

Tacitly the two men avoided mentioning the girl's name. But Strong Mac would not be satisfied.

"No," he said with a smothered forcefulness, "I will not be content. Tell me—was it Sandy Ewan?"

The Laird was silent.

"Then if you will not answer, I take it that Sandy Ewan made the old man drunk and pushed him into the school, in order to disgrace his daughter before all the people?"

"I have only heard such things said," repeated Sidney Latimer, with sorrowful acquiescence. "I do not know."

"Ah!" said Roy McCulloch, deep in thought. "Then will I go and speak with Sandy Ewan."

Before he left the gaol he had satisfied himself as to who had laid the information in his own case. He knew, or thought he knew, by whose orders the sheep-skins had been placed in the barn of House of Muir. There was another question which he had to ask of the young Laird, yet more important.

"Where have they gone?" he demanded of his companion abruptly.

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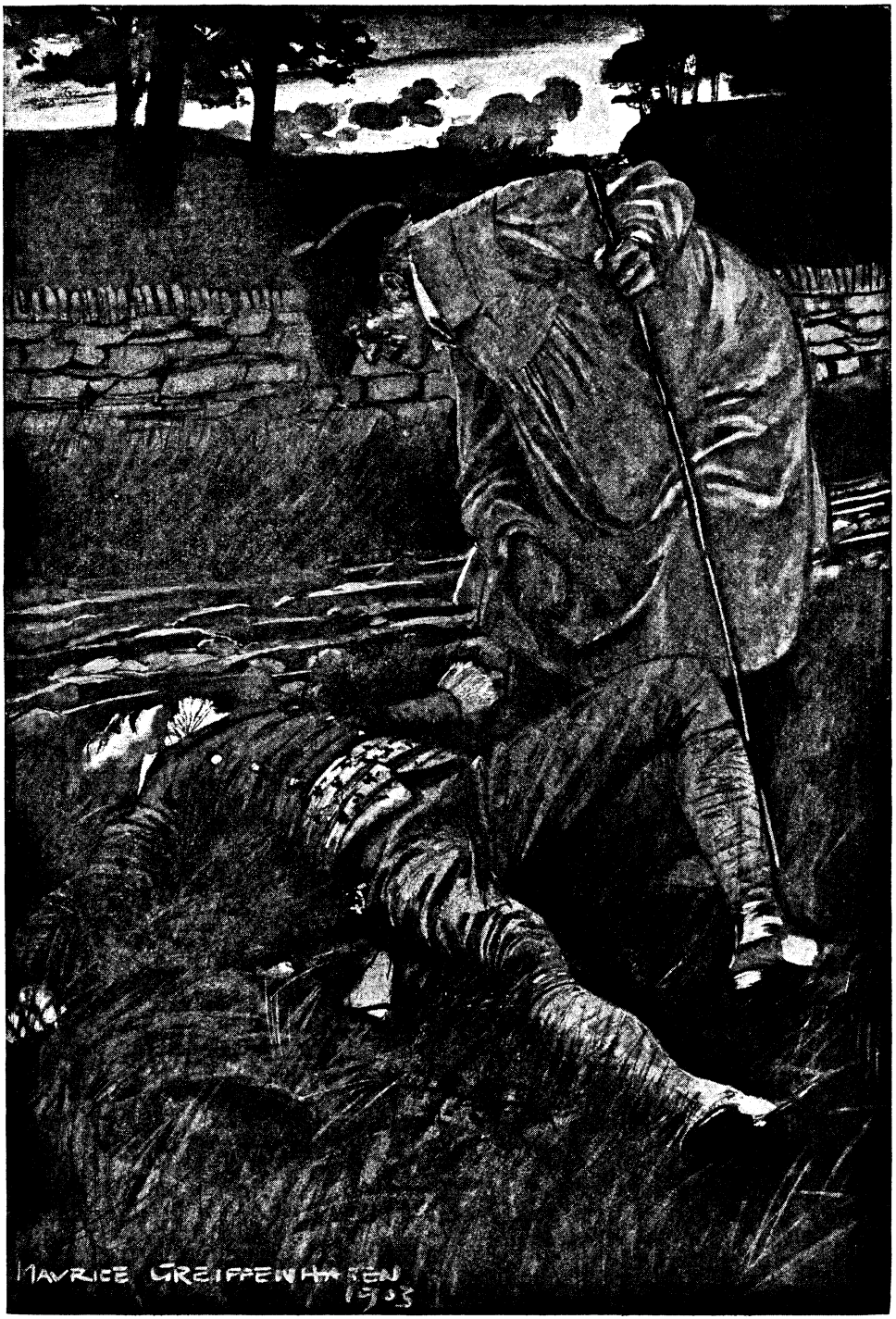

"Richard Dickie found the dead body of his master."

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It was with equal brusqueness that Sidney Latimer answered: "If I knew that, I would not be here! Have you anything more to ask me? If not, I bid you good-night."

Thus with Sidney Latimer's curt salutation ended the evening of Tuesday, the thirtieth day of April.

* * * * *

About eleven minutes past six on the morning of Wednesday, the first day of May, or rather less than nine hours after Strong Mac had parted with Sidney Latimer under the trees of the avenue which led to Lowran House, one Richard Dickie, known as Dickie Dick, ploughman on the estate of Boreland, going out to his labour, ditching shovel and pick over his shoulder, came upon sundry curious spots upon the road, irregular in shape. If it had been autumn, he would have thought little about the matter. They looked exactly like trampled blackberries, the purple colour fading into black.

As it was, the intellect of Dickie Dick, never acute at any time, did not attach any particular importance to the marks. Someone had gone that way early, carrying a pot of paint. How carelessly he had handled it! Dickie thought it was a strange colour to paint carts or barn-doors. But Dickie Dick's day's work was on his mind, and he would have left the matter of the spots slip from his mind but for one circumstance.

A little further along the road, lying on his back, with his hands gripped full of grass and leaves, the signs of a fierce struggle all about, Richard Dickie found the dead body of his master, Alexander Ewan, with six inches of a steel knife sticking between his shoulder-blades.

As the lightning flashes from the east to the west, the news ran across the parish that, between ten o'clock on Tuesday night and six of Wednesday morning, Sandy Ewan had been murdered within a hundred yards of his own new house of Boreland.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SANDY EWAN'S UNSEEN VISITOR.

WHAT follows is Dickie Dick's account of the matter—not that which he gave to the Fiscal, but that which he repeated times without number to a very large proportion of the inhabitants of Lowran and the neighbourhood, exactly in the same words.

"Ye see, this is what I ken aboot it—and Lord be thankit that I ken nae mair! For the pesterfication I hae gotten frae thae lawvyer bodies is juist past tellin', and wad hae driven mony a wiser man oot o' his wits!"

One of the auditors having made an obvious suggestion why this had not taken place, Dickie Dick threatened strong measures.

"Gin ye gie me ony o' your impidence, Ged Blyth, ye can e'en tell the story yoursel'. Ye may think yoursel' a clever lad, you and them that ken nae better than to laugh at ye. But nane o' ye fand him but me, and nane o' ye can tell the story but me—that is, no as it ought to be telled."

* * * * *

"It was this way," he continued after a pause for apology on one side and pacification on the other. "To begin at the beginnin'—and that was the nicht before, the maister had been unco dour and girnin' a' day, till maybes a wee while after nine o'clock, when I was helpin' Davie Kirklands, the unmarriet plooman, to supper the horse, there cam' a cry to us baith yin to gang into the hoose to Maister Ewan that meenit!

"'It'll be to tak' the Buik!' (to be present at family worship), says Davie Kirklands, lauchin' like.

"'Aye, a gye queer Buik it'll be, then!' says I. 'Muckle Sandy doesna trouble the Throne o' Grace verra often!'

"'The mair's the peety,' says Davie, wha is a wee bit o' a professor—that is, atween his ploys wi' this lass and that. 'The mair's the peety,' says he; 'for it brings a blessing on a hoose to hae a bit prayer pitten up at e'en and morn. Forbye, it's a rest frae wark!'

"And when we gaed up to the Big Hoose, faith! there were the tumblers laid out, and the packs o' cairds, and the toddy ladles, and certes! Davie Kirklands forgat a' aboot the takkin' o' the Buik, and smacks his lips like ony ither man! For he thocht that no yin o' us wad gang sober to bed. And that's a treat that doesna come often in the way o' puir ploomen and ditcher folk like me an' Davie.

"Ow, aye, the maister may hae had his fauts—some o' them leeve after him, and some are even auld eneuch to gang to the schule—but at hame he was aye couthy and bien wi' the bit dram. It gied a man a fine regairdless cock to his Sunday bonnet to spend a winter aboot the Boreland. Waes me—it's a' gane! It's a' by and dune wi'!

"Gang on wi' the story? Weel, what else am I doin'? Think ye a man's tongue gangs aye to yae lilt the day by the length,

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like a mill-happer? And when we were standin' i' the parlour wi' our hats in oor hand, gye sheepish, Sandy orders us to throw them in the corner and sit oor ways doon. And then he opens up his wull wi' us.

"It seems there was a man comin' to see him that Sandy Ewan was some doobtfu' o'. There was nocht by ordinar or curious in that! He had a' sorts and kinds o' ill-dealin's, the maister. Up to the elbows half his time in jukery-packery wark wi' weemen an' horses and gemlin'! (gambling) That was the airt o' Sandy Ewan ever since his faither did him the warst service he could—by giein' up the ghost and leaving him heir to a' that he possessed.

"Wha was the man that was comin' to the Boreland? Aye, ye may weel ask! Dootless, HIM, wha's handiwark lies up in the chaumer yonder. We were no to set een on the veesitor, though, but to bide in a bedroom brave and handy, if sae be we were cried on. But Sandy Ewan mun hae been feared by ordinar when he sent for twa men frae the stable to help him to pay a man siller. But Davie Kirklands threepit wi' me: 'It will be somebody wha's weemen-folk he has been meddling wi'. He will be payin' the cradle stent to keep oot o' the clutches o' the law. He's an awsome man this maister o' oors! The deil will hae a bonny bargain o' him when he gets him!'

"This Davie said lichtsomely, as ony o' you micht say it, never thinkin' that the black deil himsel' was oot there on the Glebe road—*wa'tin'*—at that verra meenit. Had he kenned, Davie michtna hae crawed sae croose. The deil has nippit up better Christians than him mony a time, and aff wi' them in his plaid-neuk to Muckle Hell. Weel, at ony rate, the maister gied us a candle to see by, and the feck o' three or fower drams apiece. Then he pitches a pack o' auld worn cairds at us and tells us to be ready when he cried on us—the whilk he was only to do 'gin he had the need. As we were shuttin' the door he promised to thraw oor necks if we stirred or as muckle as looked through the keyhole. We were to bide there, that was a'. He expectit a man that nicht, a man that micht be friendly and might no. That was as muckle as was guid for the like o' us to ken. And then he dooble-cursed us richt brisk and sharp—but that we were weel used to and minded nocht once!

"Guess ye hoo we swat there in the inner chaumer, wi' no a soond in the great muckle hoose forbye the *sclaff* o' the cairds and while the settin' doon o' a glass or the clinkin' it made on the neck o' a bottle when oor hands shook. But for a' oor game, ye may believe that oor lugs were bane-stiff wi' hearkenin' what was gaun on in the room Sandy Ewan caaed the 'leebrary.' It had a lang new-fangled wundow at yae end that opened out like a door—a daft-like contrivance that onybody might have kenned was for nicht-hawk tricks and wad lead to nae guid.

"After a while we heard twa men speakin' gye an' lood—Sandy's voice the loodest. The man maun hae comed through the lang window, for deil a bit did he either come or gang by the door into the passage. I'll swear that Davie's e'e never left the keyhole frae first to last.

"But we could hear them speakin'—an' it was a voice I should hae kenned too, though I couldna juist pit a name to the man that aught it! They werena 'greein' ower weel either, sae Davie an' me keepit a firm haud o' oor clickies, and, lads, for mysel' I wished that there had been a lang French window in the chaumer that we were in. Davie was mair prepared—wi' his ain tale o't—to meet his Maker, sae I wad e'en hae been for letting him gang ben and help the maister by himsel'!

"But by guid luck we werena askit, either of us. There cam' nae cry oot o' the leebrary. And by and by the maister comes ben, and orders us baith to oor beds, threepin' that we will be cheatin' him oot o' the wark he was payin' us for, by lyin' snorin' i' the mornin'.

"'And see that ye sneck the stable door,' he says as we gaed oot; 'for I'm gaun to gie a bit look roond the hoose mysel', and if I find onything oot o' its place, I'll break your lazy backs i' the mornin', as sure as my name's Sandy Ewan!'

"And that was the last word I heard o' him or saw—till stepping cannily alang the Glebe road, I fand him lyin', half i' the ditch an' half oot, his great braid face turned to the heevens, and a knife stickin' to the haft in his bull neck!"

* * * * *

Such was Dickie Dick's tale, as it became stereotyped for general use. And even the trained acumen of the Fiscal, who had at last a job to his mind, could make little more of it than this.

It was evident that the murdered man expected a visitor whom he had reason to distrust. As a precaution he had brought two of his able-bodied servants to remain

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within call; but he did not wish them to see the visitor, except in case of an attack. The man came. The meeting passed off without overt hostilities. Indeed, the suspicions of the young farmer had by some means been allayed; for he proposed to go out and lock up the premises, without asking the presence or assistance of the two serving-men.

Now, the fact of Roy McCulloch's release on the afternoon of the same day did not escape the attention of the Fiscal. But the young man had been seen bathing in a pool of the river, and afterwards crossing the hills in the direction of his father's farm. It could not be supposed that he had had time to go so far out of his way as to the farm of Boreland by ten o'clock the same night. No one had recognised him in the neighbourhood of Lowran, much less in the vicinity of the spot where the murder had been committed. So the Sheriff and Fiscal, still smarting from the "back-set" administered to them from official headquarters, were rather inclined, while keeping their minds open, to let the young man alone. Besides, in this case as in the other, an apparent motive was lacking; for Sandy Ewan had not appeared in the informations which had been lodged against Roy McCulloch. It was recalled that he had given evidence with apparent reluctance, and, as far as possible, in favour of the accused. Furthermore, he had constantly come and gone to see McCulloch while a prisoner in the gaol of St. Cuthbertstown.

Nor in the countryside, generally so much better informed than officialdom upon such matters, was there any more suspicion. Roy McCulloch had come home. The affair of the sheep-stealing had ended exactly as everyone knew it would Even the spite of the lairds could not prove guilt where there was none. Whatever the McCullochs were —and the parish knew very well all that could be said against them throughout their generations — they were no sheep-stealers. Smugglers, deer-poachers, private distillers, ready for a rough give-and-take with the gaugers or preventive men—yes, any or all of these. But slayers of any honest man's sheep—no! Such a charge must surely break down. All Lowran knew it would. So Roy McCulloch went about undisturbed. He was seen on the hill with his gun, as usual. He was at the market buying and selling as if nothing had happened, a market where nobody did anything but talk about the murder of Sandy Ewan, and the murderer still at large and likely to be.

It was to be noticed that on this occasion the farmers did not wait till dusk before ordering their horses at the "Commercial" and the "Cross Keys." Also, on an average, they drank more by a couple of gills. They were earlier in reaching home. If anyone asked about the matter, he was told very shortly that "their wives were feared to bide their lane!" For the thought of a secret murderer, lurking red-hand behind a dyke or ready to spring out of a thicket upon the passer-by, has a strange effect upon all the people of a district where such a crime has been committed.

It was a fine time for love-making. The Lowran lasses would not go to the well without escort, even in broad daylight. The lads had to accompany them in the summer twilight to the ewe-milking at the buchts—even across the yard as far as the byre. Old pistols were furbished up that had not been fired since Drumclog. Kate Brydson, putting her fingers out to fasten a window-shutter, felt her hand shaken by a mischievous brother, and forthwith sank down on the floor in a faint. Brydson senior, tailor in Lowran, was still correcting his son when Kate came to herself, and Brydson junior's objections to castigation, as stated by him in a loud voice, caused his sister to shriek out: "The murderer! The murderer!" Whereupon her mother, a broad-beamed lady of mature nerves, fainted dead away also!

Nobody was sorry for Sandy Ewan, except a woman or two whom he had ill-treated and a dog that he had frequently beaten almost to death. Nevertheless, after the medical examination, his funeral was celebrated with great pomp, people coming from great distances merely to see the place where the tragedy had taken place.

Crowds of them stood all day long, gaping stupidly at the trampled earth of the Glebe road as if they expected the blood of the slain to cry out from the ground, fulfilling to the very letter the word of Scripture.

But there was one man who knew more than the others and whose heart was exceedingly troubled within him. That man was Sidney Latimer. When he returned from the funeral of the murdered man, where he had seen Roy McCulloch walking calm and collected by his father's side, and standing hat in hand by the open grave, he went directly into his study and threw himself down on a sofa to think. He had need. For he alone of all the world knew that Strong Mac had not returned to House of Muir by way of the St. Cuthbertstown road and the Bennanbrack hills. He alone had heard

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"'Ye can e'en tell the story yoursel'.'"

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the words that had been spoken in the Great House avenue under the moaning sough of the beeches. But, having heard, he could not forget the grim bitterness of anger expressed in the simple phrase: "*Then will I go and speak with Sandy Ewan!*"

What if Roy McCulloch were the visitor for whom Sandy Ewan had made his preparations, whose voice was heard in angry converse in the library of the gentleman-farmer, whose entrance and exit had alike been unseen? It seemed probable enough to Sidney Latimer that Ewan had received notice of his enemy's approaching release from prison. It was Ewan's sheep the prisoner had been suspected of stealing. It was natural that he should suspect Ewan of laying the information against him. Even apart from Adora Gracie, the ill-feeling between them was obvious. Moreover, Roy McCulloch had been in Lowran late on the evening of the murder, instead of at home with his father at the House of Muir, as everyone else believed. His last spoken words had been a threat against the dead man, and he had gone off in the direction of the spot where the body was found.

Now, Sidney Latimer was a gentleman. Before serving as a soldier, he had studied law and had been admitted to the Scottish Bar. He was also a justice of the peace. But he could not be a tale-bearer. He had, it is true, little doubt of Roy McCulloch's guilt. In fact, he could easily reconstitute the scene at the Boreland to himself. There had been no premeditation. Of that he felt certain. But there had been reproach and counter-reproach, till, most likely, Sandy Ewan's dour temper had given way suddenly. He had struck the blow which had proved his own death-warrant. The dead man's very fear was evidence to Sidney Latimer's mind that the expected visitant could be no other than Strong Mac. For Ewan was a man of powerful physique, reputed the strongest and most dangerous fighting man in the parish, leaving Roy McCulloch out of the question. Who, then, was there for such a man to go in fear of, save the man who had set out to visit him, on that last night of April, with anger in his heart and a grim threat on his lips?

Then all suddenly there came a thought across the young Laird's mind which caused the hot blood to flush his cheek. With Sandy Ewan dead, and Strong Mac—well, out of the way—would not his way stand clear to Adora Gracie—if not in one way, why, then, in another. Conscious of her disgrace, penniless, outcast, saddled with a drunken incubus of a father, she would not refuse—no, surely she *could* not refuse—all that he had to offer her. Sidney Latimer rose hastily, and picking up his hat went out into the stable to saddle his horse. It is always in haste that a good man does a thing which in his heart he is ashamed of.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SECOND KNIFE-THRUST.

But while the two men, Sidney Latimer and Roy McCulloch, stood before the empty schoolhouse of Lowran; while Sandy Ewan made his preparations of fear; while in the gaunt library, bare of books but smelling of freshest varnish, the last-named stood face to face with Doom; while he lay motionless, his clenched hands crisped to his side with the tension of that last struggle out on the Glebe road—where was Adora Gracie?

To the other mysterious events which had thrown the two parishes of Lowran and Kirkanders into a ferment, there was added this other—what had become of the Dominie and his daughter? Not that many people thought of that. To have an unexplained murder and an unsuspected murderer at large in one's parish is enough to preoccupy most people of quiet country habits.

But Sidney Latimer thought of it; also his mother.

She had heard her son let himself in by the hall door, and was on the way down to make an inquiry—decided upon as she descended the stairs—as to whether he preferred goose and apple sauce, or cold chicken and tongue, for his dinner on the morrow. Anything would do. But it was necessary to have an excuse for intruding upon Sidney in the strange humour which had lately come over him.

But she was saved any further strain upon her imagination. While she was still on the first landing, the outer door clanged, and all that remained of her son was the impression on the pillow of the sofa on which he had hastily thrown himself down, and as hastily quitted. The flowered silk was slowly returning to its rounded shape, and as the lady of the Great House of Lowran stood in the doorway, even that token of her son's presence faded away from before her eyes. She opened the windows and listened to the clatter of horse's hoofs, harsh on the gravel, soft over the grass. Then came the click of a latch lifted with a riding-crop, an impatient

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word—the hasty anger of a man rebuking in his beast the restlessness which agitates himself. To these followed the full gathering spring with which a good horse takes its head over soft ground.

Mrs. Latimer listened tilll the sound of hoofs was lost in the distance.

"He has taken the moor road," she murmured fearfully, as she closed the window in that direction. "There is not a house or a cottage within three miles. If the murderer is in hiding anywhere in the parish, it will be there!"

But the few minutes which Sidney Latimer had spent in putting the graith on his beast had given him time to alter his first intention. He had been resolved to go to St. Cuthbertstown, and there to divulge all that he knew to the authorities with regard to the murder of Alexander Ewan. He believed that they would listen to him. He could substantiate fact, motive, threat. Indeed, as he told himself over and over again, he held Roy McCulloch's death-warrant in his hand.

But something—not a belief in his rival's innocence—held him back. He would first of all see Strong Mac face to face. He would charge him with his crime, and—yes, he would, perhaps, give him a chance to leave the country, if he found that the crime had been committed without premeditation or in a fit of sudden anger.

So Sidney Latimer rode slowly towards House of Muir by the road which, many years before, had been opened by the broad axes of Sharon McCulloch and his sons. His thoughts were gloomy within him as he urged his beast along. Darkness fell while he was still out on the wild breadths of Bennanbrack Moor. A brief red twilight flaring in the west had soon been overcast by the cloud of night which shut down upon it like a gigantic eyelid. The road, winding through league upon league of heather, shone grey-white under his horse's feet. The boulders on either side took on mysterious shapes, looming up indistinct and uncanny, each fitted to shelter a crouching murderer.

But Sidney Latimer had that on his mind—going to confront and accuse a real murderer—which was sufficient to banish fear. He was secret, strong, unsuspected by any but himself. What if Strong Mac were to repeat the blow that had stretched his other rival dead at his feet, and so suppress the only possible witness against him? The thought passed across Sidney Latimer's brain, but it was at once set aside.

"*Soit!*" he said. "He can kill me if he likes. But—I will have a few words with him first."

Sidney Latimer was no strong man. In many things he was no better than the average of his class and of his time, but at least the soul within him was neither little nor weak.

At the corner of the great Barnbarroch March — where a former Chesney Barwhinnock had been killed by a discharge of his own gun — Sidney Latimer heard something move among the stones with a squeaking noise like a weasel in a dyke. His horse shied, and Sidney, whose temper was not then of the best, gave him the spur fiercely. The spirited beast bounded forward, and as they passed at full speed through the gap in the high march-dyke, something little and dark sped across the white thread of the moorland track, almost immediately under the horse's feet.

At the same moment Sidney Latimer heard again the same strange sound, but stronger this time; indeed, almost birdlike in its keenness, half snarl, half cry, which mingled with the snort of his frightened animal. The horse, also, instead of gradually calming down to a steady gait, made a series of wild leaps across the moor at right angles to the path, and, turning round, presently stood still, facing the danger and trembling in every limb.

Sidney dismounted, patted and reassured the grey, which blew on him with full trembling nostrils. As he stood in front of its face, he felt something warm and wet drip upon his knee. He put down his hand, and lo! his fingers encountered the unmistakable gluey touch of warm blood. His horse had been wounded. Though it was too dark to see clearly, by the sense of touch Latimer felt that there was a considerable wound in the loose skin between the chest and the gullet. For the moment the grey's excitement would permit of no very particular examination, but it was clear to Sidney that someone or something lurked on the moor over which he had passed, at once deadly and dangerous.

The Barnbarroch Dyke was the boundary of the property of the McCullochs. It was evident that the danger, whether for him or for any intruder, began there. Sidney Latimer was in a quandary. To go on was to beard a murderer in his chosen place of defence; to return was to risk a stab from the same weapon which had already wounded his horse.

There were few things which touched

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Sidney Latimer more than that an animal should suffer. He therefore took off his coat, turned it inside out, and, by means of the reins, succeeded in extemporising a rough dressing for the wound, which, so far as he could judge of it in the darkness, staunched the flow of blood. He and his horse were now out on the moor, away from the path which led to the dwelling-house of the McCullochs. Sidney was not the less, but the more determined to visit House of Muir that night, because of the foul attempt that had been made upon his life. He did not doubt for a moment that it was with intent upon the life of the rider that the steel had been darted upwards in such dastardly fashion.

For some time he searched about for a tree or stone to which he might with safety attach his horse, while he continued his journey on foot. Chance guided him to one of the common "scroggy" thorns—low, twisted, misbegotten bushes, their branches spread abroad like the claws of crabs, and apparently as ancient as the peat-hags they spring from, which are to be met with on most Galloway moors. Having found one, he fastened his horse to it, and after an affectionate pat or two, set out over the heather in the direction of the House of Muir.

Sidney Latimer had not proceeded far when he heard a noise behind him, a cry of fear and distress almost human. He turned, feeling instinctively for a weapon to defend himself against the unknown dangers with which he seemed to be surrounded. He found nothing except his father's riding-whip, with the heavily loaded handle, which he always carried at night. Sidney hastily twisted the lash about his wrist and grasped the butt by its thinner extremity.

But it was only the grey, which, desperate at being left at the mercy of the unseen enemy that had already wounded him, had broken the fastening and now sought his master, quivering and panting as if after a long race.

For a moment Sidney Latimer did not know how to proceed. His beast was wounded, and yet would not be left behind. His coat, imperfectly fastened in the darkness, had been dropped when the animal reared in order to snatch itself free from the "scroggy" thorn. Nevertheless, something drove him on, perhaps the same fatefulness which, a few nights ago, had carried Sandy Ewan to his doom. The young Laird put out his hand and gently felt his horse's wound. He decided that it was either extremely superficial or that the cold of the night had stopped the bleeding. At all events, little was now escaping from the cut.

The lighted windows of the House of Muir were now before him, bright upon the long level horizon. He could count them. Two were brightly illuminated, one slightly so, while a door opened and shut alternately, now completely obscured, now sending a sudden flood of light over the surface of the moor.

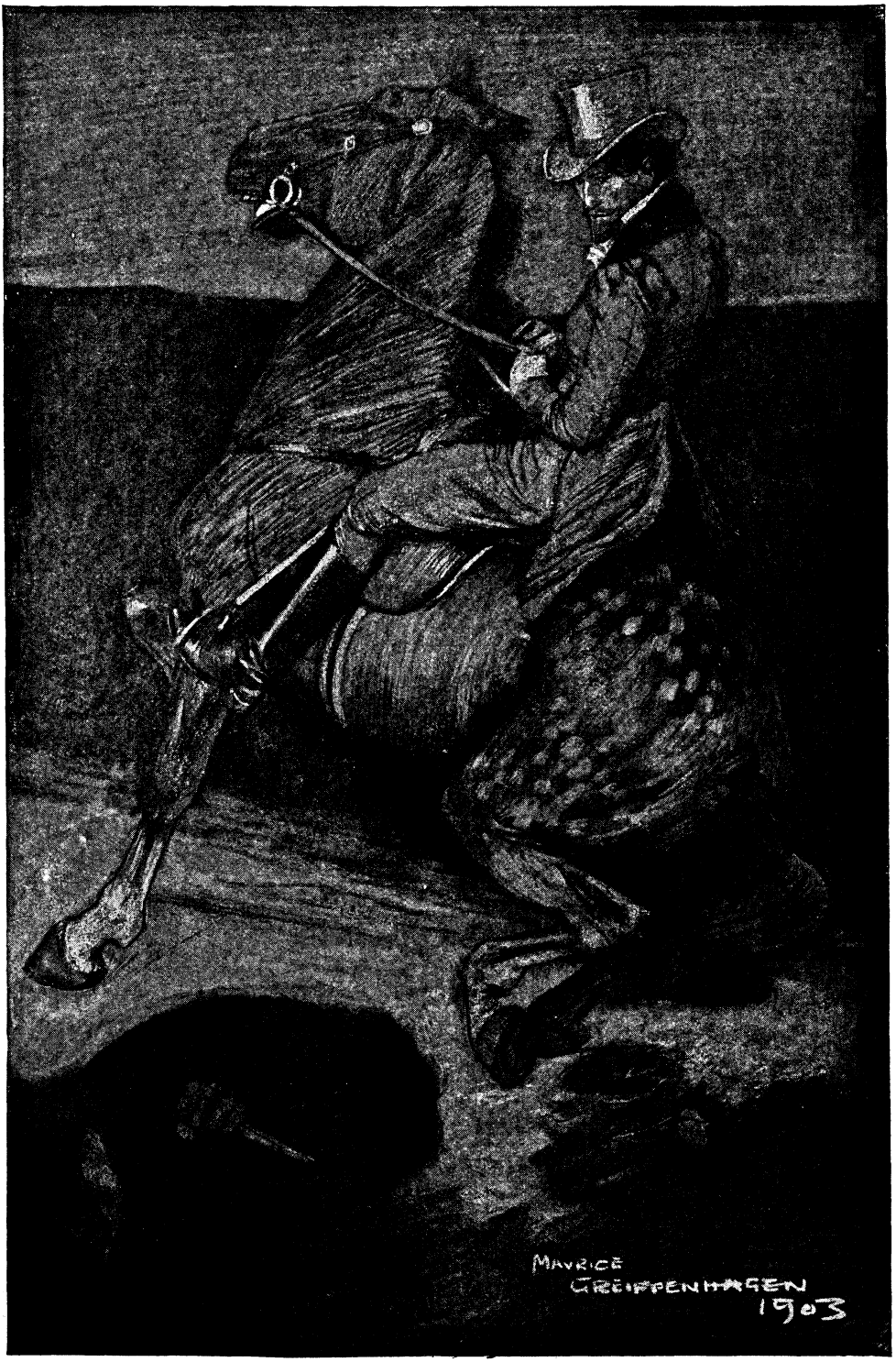
It was strange how, as Sidney Latimer approached the dwellings of men, both his own excitement and that of his steed died down. The smell of habitation and the vicinity of creatures, human and domesticated, calmed human nerves as well as those of the frightened animal. Instead of requiring constant attention and handling, the grey now dropped behind with patient docility, as if ashamed of his previous behaviour. Nor did he make any objections when his master fastened him to the ring-bolt of the "louping-on-stane" at the gable end of the onstead of House of Muir. As was almost universal in Galloway, this was a large boulder, to which generations of horses had been tied, and where for ages the women of the family had mounted behind their lords ere they took their douce and legal way to kirk and market.

Sidney Latimer clearly understood the risks of what he was about to do. But now he could not go back without qualifying as a coward in his own eyes. He was determined to speak with Roy McCulloch—if possible, alone, and without giving him time to consult his father. As he came nearer, it seemed as if there were company at the House of Muir. He could hear the sound of several voices. Some irresistible impulse took him past the door in the direction of the window through which the light streamed most brightly.

Now, at House of Muir few sacrifices to external adornment had been made, and save where the dyke of the potato-garden cut a hard rectangle out of the home parks, the grass and heather ran right up to the whitewashed walls of the long low dwelling-house.

Upon these Sidney Latimer's feet made no noise, and presently he stood on the soft green turf under the drip of the eaves. He looked within, feeling all the while like a criminal himself, and not at all like a man who had come out to denounce a manslayer.

The young man could hardly believe his



"Something little and dark sped across the white thread of the moorland track."

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eyes when he looked through the imperfect green whirlpools which served for glass. Yet what he saw was plain enough. What he had expected to see as he rode across the moor was a couple of haggard men, conscious of their crime, bandying mutual recriminations, or at least the younger and less hardened pacing to and fro, or sitting with his head in his hands, in the grip of an accusing conscience. But whatever was the Secret Terror that lurked about the House of Sharon McCulloch, whatever the Thing of Evil which had struck up at him so treacherously at the Dykes of Barnbarroch, it was clear in a moment that its influence did not reach to the kitchen into which the Laird of Lowran was now looking as an Israelitish spy might have looked into the Promised Land.

Sidney Latimer saw before him a lighted kitchen, smiling contentment, a girl moving lightly and easily about, performing the little duties of domestic work with the facility of long practice. An old man sat at the fireside with a book in his hand. A younger arranged a lamp that the light might fall better upon the printed page. Such a scene of cheerful domesticity he had not seen for many a day, yet the very reason of Sidney Latimer seemed to totter in its throne as he stood there. If he had not leaned against the wall, he would assuredly have fallen. For the girl who moved about so lightly and with so well accustomed a step was none other than Adora Gracie!

* * * * *

Hastily, as if taken in a meanness, Sidney shrank away into the darkness. He had seen enough, and more. Murderer or not, Roy McCulloch was now for ever free from any word of his. He could not speak now. If he did, he would feel himself worse than Sandy Ewan when he decoyed the old Dominie to his fate on the day of the Examination.

Sidney Latimer knew the facility of the law of Scotland with regard to marriage, and he did not doubt for a moment that Adora Gracie, situated as she was, burdened with the care of her father, had gone straight to House of Muir, where at least she was sure of welcome and an open door. Then, when Roy came back, with whatever of guilt upon his hands, there was no doubt that Adora would marry him, were it only out of gratitude. So Latimer reasoned with himself.

The young man stood by his wounded horse in the darkness, stricken also. From the house there came to his ears the sound of laughter. Sidney loosened the rope from the iron ring and moved away quietly, as if ashamed of his mission.

No, there could be no doubt—none! Adora's whole carriage, her assured step was that of a house-mistress. The Dominie, her father, was seated by the fire reading his book. Roy, by his side, arranged the lamp with filial solicitude. Adora and Roy had exchanged glances over his head—ah! the inwardness of these glances took Sidney Latimer by the throat!

A sudden wild access of rage took hold of him. The murderer—the man with the guilt of blood on his hands—to have that for his reward! He, too, would go back and —end it, or himself be ended. Fool! what good would that do? He had seen the girl's smile—the first perfectly happy smile he had ever seen on her lips! That she loved the man, there was no doubt. Well? Well——?

Yes, he knew. He had it in his power to shatter this new-found happiness, as an earthen pitcher is shattered with an iron bar. Between them and that new-found love of theirs he would dangle the hangman's rope.

So out on the ghastly solitary moor, scaring the wild-fowl and the black-faced sheep, Sidney Latimer raved, his beast, whose own trouble had abated, pushing against him at times with moist anxious nose, warning him to begone from a neighbourhood so dangerous to honest horses. But gradually the meanness of causing a woman to suffer because of his private disappointment worked upon his spirit.

"Who am I," he asked himself, "that I should lay an information against Roy McCulloch—I, who at this very moment feel my hands a-tremble with desire to kill? I know my own, but do I know Roy McCulloch's provocation? Let me get away —away—never to return!"

So, forgetting everything but the desire to put a great distance between himself and this fatal house, he leaped upon his beast, and the frightened animal, partaking of the feelings of his master, struck through the moor at speed. Soon they were at the Dykes of Barnbarroch. This time there was nothing to be seen. Indeed, there was little time, for they passed like a flash, Sidney pulling the reins away from the turn of the road which led towards Lowran and home. He felt that he could not face his mother's anxious assiduities that night. She would be waiting for him. Of that he had no doubt. She would have a thousand questions to ask. He would ride down towards the sea, find a little

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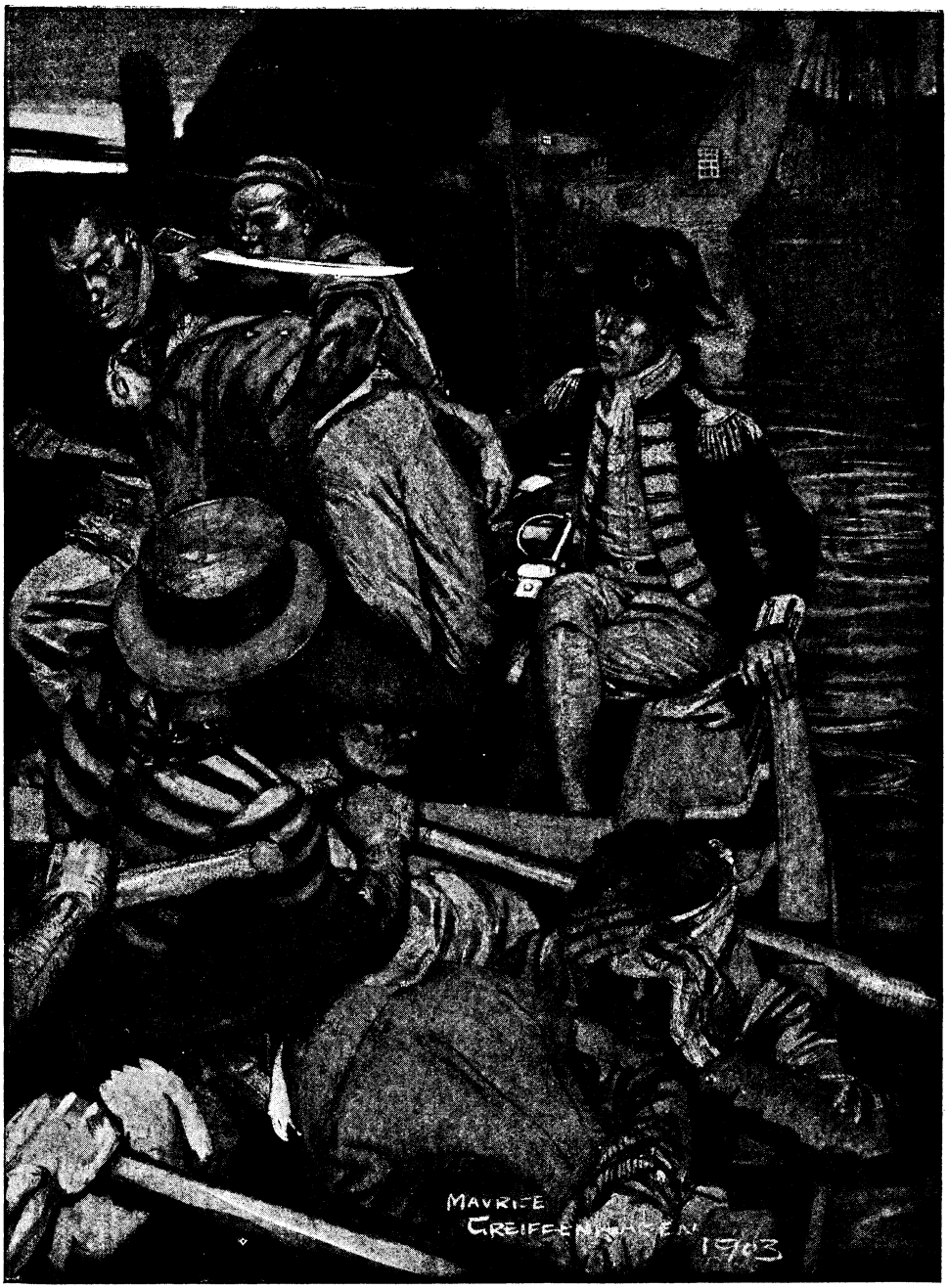

"'That does the night's work! Give way, there!'"

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coaching-inn on the Stranraer road, and there abide the night—nay, perhaps longer, till he had thought things over and decided what it was best for him to do.

He struck into the sea-road. His beast moved easily, seemingly less tired than before. It was the dark time just before the birth of the dawn. He threw the reins down on the grey's neck, and master and horse plunged blindly into the unknown.

How long they wandered thus, lost to direction, straying anywhither, cannot now be known. The world had come sharply to an end for Sidney Latimer. His mouth was shut. The girl he loved was bound body and soul to a man whom he knew to be a murderer! What mattered anything any more?

The air grew fresher—more salt upon the lips and in the nostrils. They were descending from the moorlands towards the little ports which dot the shore-line of Galloway here and there—the Lake, the Scaur, Balcarie, Port Mary, Portowarren. But Sidney Latimer paid no heed to his going. His heart was too exceeding bitter within him; and as for his beast, he only hung a weary head and weakly kept four grey feet moving.

Suddenly out of the ground, as in a dream, armed shapes rose all about the young man. He was pulled from his saddle to find himself in the thick of a fierce combat. A blow was stricken which stunned him, and he was thrown hastily along with several others into the bottom of a boat.

"That does the night's work!" cried a voice. "Give way, there!"

* * * * *

The next morning what a crying of men there was athwart all the country! The young Laird of Lowran had been assassinated by the McCullochs, the poachers of House of Muir. His coat, all bloody and turned inside out, had been found on their property. His footsteps had been found and measured at their very gable-end. His riding-whip was lying at their louping-on-stane. There were signs of a struggle at the Barnbarroch Marches. His horse, wounded and (some said) dying, had been found straying on the cliffs near the Gate House of Cally. Happily both of the murderers were in custody, after a desperate resistance on the part of the younger, a dangerous character who had been recently released from gaol.

The motive, of course, was jealousy. Young men will be young men. The disgraced Dominie's daughter of Lowran was actually at the time in the house of the culprits, and the Laird had gone to see her. Hence the quarrel, and the murder to follow. All was rounded, clear, complete. And upon the killing of Sandy Ewan, also, light, lurid and sudden, seemed to break. Dickie Dick and his friend recalled to themselves with curious unanimity, and were ready to swear—did, in fact, so take oath—that the voice which they had heard in their master's room, on the night of the murder of Sandy Ewan upon the Glebe road, was none other than that of Roy McCulloch!

Bands of men (so ran the report) were out everywhere searching for the body of the murdered Laird—which, strangely enough, had not yet been found. On the other hand, the McCullochs were safe in the gaol of St. Cuthbertstown, under lock and key—and well for them that it was so! For the countryside was up, and they would have had an excellent chance of being torn to pieces. Among other things, the girl—the first cause of all, had gotten her deserts. Ah! she had long been known to sundry good Christian people for what she was! They had always said so! Perhaps someone would listen to them next time!

She and her drunken father had been turned to the door of House of Muir by the officers of the law. It had been asked of her if she could show any proof of a legal right to remain where she was; and when she could not or would not answer, she and her father had found themselves upon the heather. "And serve them right!" cried these same apocalyptic Christian folk, who are for ever pouring out vials and blowing trumpets over their neighbours' misfortunes. If all such were put in prison, the country would be the better! And at this point large quotations were made from the early chapters of the Proverbs of Solomon, son of David, king in Israel—who certainly ought to have known what he was talking about.

Thus the House of Muir, which but yesternight had been so bright, filled from end to end with light and life, and the joy of seemingly settled happiness, was in a moment left desolate. And down in the Great House of Lowran there were two women who mourned also, both one and also the other of them, as for an only son.

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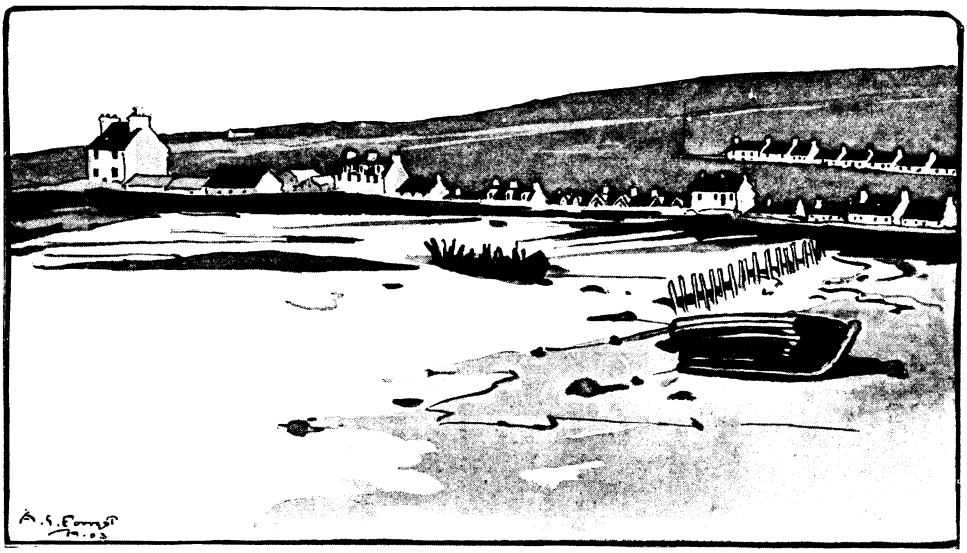
(*To be continued.*)



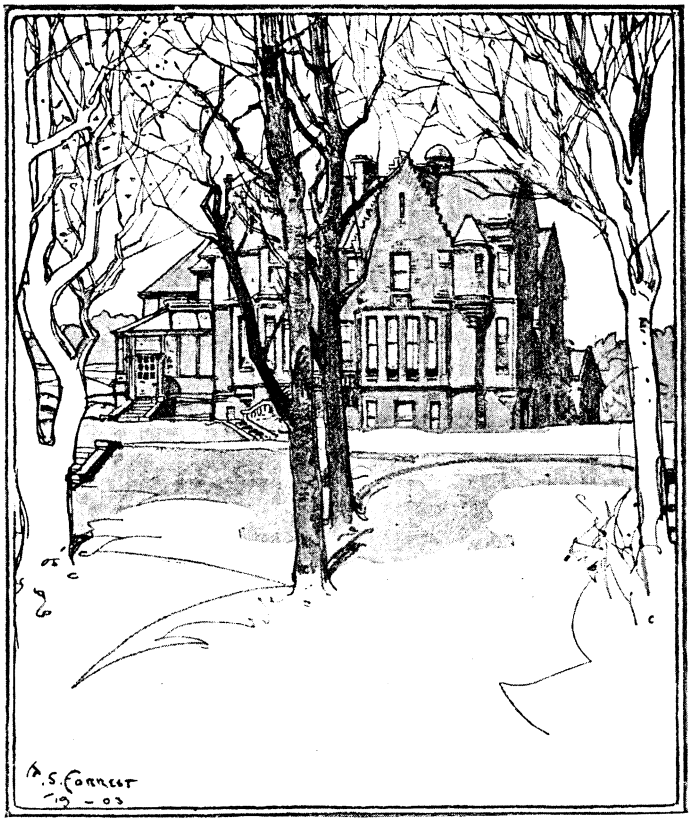
PORT LOGAN

THE TAME FISH OF LOGAN.

By S. R. Lewison.

When a friend told me there was a fish-pond in Scotland holding tame salt-water fish that came half out of the water to be fed, I pretended to believe him, for my tendency is to be courteous to all men. I said no word to indicate a doubt, I did not even follow the example of the sceptical sacristan in one of the Ingoldsby Legends. Tame carp I have seen—at Versailles, in the grounds of the Penha Castle at Cintra, and elsewhere; sea-water fish, I thought, could only be domesticated in the sense that flying-fish and dolphins or sharks may be deemed domesticated, because they follow ships. Moreover, travellers' tales are amusing. I could tell many a strange story of animals I have seen in far-off lands. I do not, because they are true tales and would not be believed. The fish story I set down in the category of travellers' tales, only thinking the tame fish should have been located in some less accessible spot than Galloway, for the sake of the story. Some months later than the telling of the tale, I was in Wigtonshire with my friend, and on a fine afternoon in early autumn, he said: "Shall we go to see the tame fish I told you about?" Not liking to take advantage of the man, I said that I would not press the matter, and then he began to see that I had certain doubts.

We drove out in the direction of Port Logan, through strange, wild country. On the right were hills sweeping down into stone-dyked fields or small copses, where rabbits could be counted by the score, and pheasants walked about ignorant of October looming large in the immediate future. It was a sportsman's paradise that we were driving through, a land where game is very plentiful and human beings are very scarce, a land that should yield an abundant harvest to the agriculturist, whose difficulty would lie less in raising crops than in finding a market for them. The two big landowners of the district are Sir Mark Stewart, M.P., and the Laird of Logan, Mr. Kenneth MacDowall; and though the former has endeavoured to secure a light railway for the country, the opposition has hitherto been too strong. So the place remains wild, though under cultivation; fur and feather live with nothing to mar their happiness save an occasional shooting-party or a visit from poachers; pheasants, partridges, and rabbits may be seen in the roadway, though human beings are very scarce. To the right were the hills, to the left was the sea, before us the white road ran as far as the eye could follow. If anything could rival the quality of the scenery, it was the air that came in from the sea—strong, invigorating, heavily



town on the Algarve coast, where I once stayed in order to join the tunny-fishers for the short three days during which the giant fish, having come mysteriously from the unknown depths of the Atlantic, yielded the tribute by which the little place lived throughout the year. The only difference lay in the approaches and the cleanliness. There were no roads to Albufuera, only bridle-tracks among the hills; accommodation was obtainable in houses that made the visitor ardently desire the open air. Most of the vessels of the tunny-fishers leaked so much that half the crew had to bale for dear life, and there was not a whole suit of clothes in the place. Rumours of strange fish took me to Albufuera; similar rumours took me to Port Logan; but this last is a clean, well-built place, and the people we saw about looked healthy and well nourished. We left the village on our left and made our way to a small white cottage with out-buildings lying at the eastern point of the bay. The pony rested contentedly by a gate, and we walked to the cottage, while from the hill that rose on our right the rabbits stared at us inquisitively. A burly fisherman, whose red beard did not match his blue jersey, came out of the cottage and took our measure silently. Then he turned to the little door by the side of the cottage and briefly remarked: "This way." He had divided two words between the pair of us—not without an effort. The door opened suddenly on to a flight of stone steps leading to what looked like a well hewn out of the solid rock, with edges made smooth by the ebb and flow of countless tides. There was an opening low down on one side, through which the sea came and went, keeping the waters of the pool fresh and clean. The laconic fisherman took up a basket containing many unappetising curios, doubtless dear to fish, but reminding me of the goods purveyed

LOGAN HOUSE.

charged with ozone. It intensified the feeling of regret that so few should enjoy gifts that brought health and vigour in their train.

We drove through part of the well-appointed Logan estate, where I think I saw more rabbits than I have ever seen before, even down south in fields stretching away from warrens that had been ferreted on the previous day for the benefit of the shooting-party. Apart from the rabbits, which must be too plentiful and too tame to attract, there were suggestive turnip-fields, doubtless holding many a strong-winged covey; coverts wherein the pheasants might live at their ease until the fatal day when the beaters go down the runs, and the guns are placed beyond the far edge; and a big enclosed wood far up on a hill top, and said to harbour deer. When we left the road through the fields, the highway led through a well-wooded road down to the little fishing village of Port Logan, a small settlement of white stone houses that reminded me strongly of a tiny

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on barrows at street corners in the heart of a London slum on a Saturday night, when vendors, whom no careful man would touch with the far end of a forty-foot pole, persuade the proletariat to buy the dainties in "ha'porths" and "penn'orths," and mercifully disguise the flavour with strong pepper and vinegar. Our guide reached the lowest step, waved his basket, and whistled.

Never came trout to May fly so readily as a score of unmistakable sea-fish came from all parts of the pool, scrambling and jostling against one another as though they had been playing football under Association rules. They came to the edge of the step, and there they rested until their guardian took some of the nasty delicacies and offered them. Straightway certain of the cod-fish put their heads out of the water to within half an inch or less of their gills, and took the food with a joyful but ill-bred gulp. If the fisherman threw the food far out, the race was to the swift; if he handed it by the edge, the battle was to the strong. There were cod-fish, haddock, and other rovers of the sea, all thriving, fat, and happy. They took no notice of us, simply because we showed no anxiety to handle their food, but they were in no way disturbed by our presence or scrutiny. The cod were, perhaps, the boldest; the haddocks, being smaller and less able to thrive in the struggle for existence, swam at the back of their companions and took their chance when food was thrown well beyond the edge. Then they raced, swallowed it, and returned to their accustomed place with a melancholy air apparently intended to deceive the cod-fish, who might be able to make life unpleasant for them did they so desire. For half an hour we watched these curious fish, until the basket was empty and the fish were tired of swimming to the edge of the water, and saying, through the medium of the gasping noise I have referred to: "We have not had half enough." If some ichthyologist would do for these fish what Professor Garner has done for apes, I am sure that our knowledge would be greatly increased. As no professor was at hand, I turned to the laconic fisherman. "They are a remarkable family," I said encouragingly. "Ah!" he replied, in the tone of a man who has heard a remark before; and then added: "I'm told Barnum's got tame seals." In a moment I realised why the worthy fisherman looked so sad. Barnum and Bailey had been at Stranraer on the previous day, and all the countryside for miles round had been to the greatest noise —I mean, greatest show—on earth. When the quiet lives of the country-folk suffer from such an excitement as a circus, there is a violent upheaval of the regular mode of life, and for days it is difficult to settle down into the old routine. The custodian of the

THE KEEPER'S HOUSE.

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tame fish had seen clowns and elephants, and bearded ladies and riders of the *haute école*, and other strange animals after their kind; he had heard more noise in an hour than he is accustomed to hear in a year; and now all the pageantry had passed, his life, so flamboyant for a few brief hours, had resumed its drab monotony.

Carefully restraining my own feelings about Barnum and Bailey in particular, and all circuses in general, I led the fisherman to talk of the performing seals, and punctuated his discourse with notes of exclamation and admiration, until he came out of his shell and readily told me the history of the pool and its inhabitants.

A SEARCH FOR FOOD FOR THE FISH.

He pointed out some writing on the stone wall facing the steps. It was the record of a bygone Laird of Logan who had the pool hollowed in the rock one hundred years ago. There was a natural depression in those days, of which the builder took advantage, and a long period of hard work had made the place as it is to-day. On one side, as I have said, there is access for the rising tide, and as the outlet is cross-barred, the fish cannot escape with the ebb of the waters. There is no need to suppose they would escape if they could. If several generations of the family have passed, the fish have not survived them; the present inhabitants have only been in the pool for a few years. Now and again, at long intervals, the tide does not reach the pool, and the fish mope and die; in seasons of storm it rises far above the ordinary level; the steps have been submerged, and the water has come within a short distance of the cottage level, and then the fish suffer; but the weather that affects the fish-pond comes rarely, and the captives live long. The fisherman told me that to the best of his knowledge there have always been one or two tame fish in the water, and they have helped to tame the new-comers. In addition to being an attraction, the pond serves as a store at times, when fish is desirable and the storms forbid fishermen to leave the shore. When it needs replenishing, the fishermen go out and cast their nets. A tank in one of the boats serves to bring the newly caught fish safely to shore, and they are carried to the pool. The taming is not an easy matter. For more than a year the captives are wild and sullen; some do not thrive at all. However, time works wonders; and as visitors must be few and far between, it is hardly surprising to learn that the example of the tame fish is slowly followed, and the wild ones learn to respond to the whistle of the fisherman when he comes down the stone steps carrying provisions. The most curious and incredible action is the rising from the water. That the fish should come to the edge of the pool is not surprising; but until one has seen them, it is hard to believe that they raise themselves right out of the water and snap at the food like half-trained dogs.

From what the fisherman said, I am disposed to believe that only the thick-gilled fish can thrive there, and only these would

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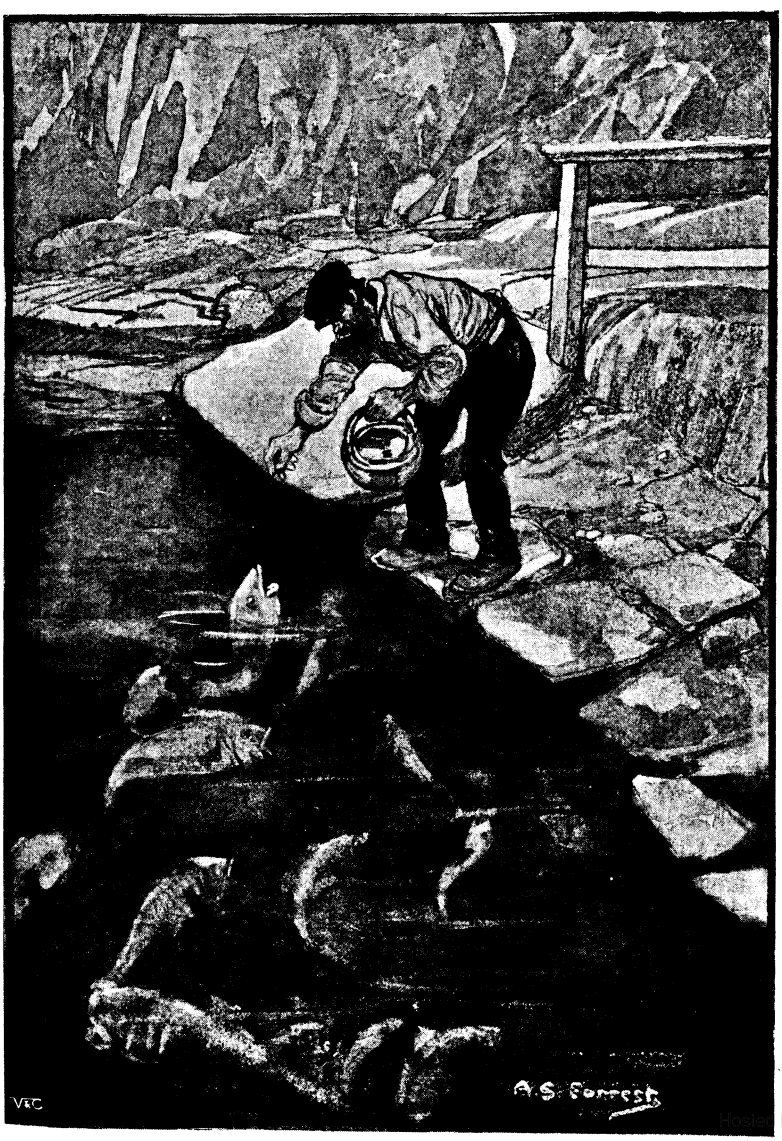
try to get out of the water to reach their food. The angler knows that a carp taken from the water will live much longer than a trout, that herrings and mackerel die quickly after leaving the water, while eels and cod remain alive for some time. It is likely that these gilled and gregarious fish would not live in the fish-pond; while the sturdy species, that travel singly and can remain out of water for some little time, would live and be tamed.

The fisherman's duties are not quite in the nature of a sinecure. To be sure, the ebb and flow of the tide make cleaning operations unnecessary; but the food supply must be constant, and entails a long search over the rocks for mussels, limpets, whelks, and other things whose apparent justification for existence is to be found in the favour with which fish regard them. If, as is likely, the extremely cold weather freezes the pool, and the fisherman in charge has to serve it as a decoyman serves his pipes and pond, then the winter at the fish-pond must make up in hard labour for what it lacks in variety.

In the summer the fish-pond attracts a large number of visitors, considering the extreme remoteness of the place from all large towns, while winter and summer alike it may be seen without fee. The fish do not appear to quarrel, though the newcomers keep as far away as they can from the oldest inhabitants; the big ones do not prey upon the rest, a fact that the regular and sufficient supply of food for all may perhaps explain. Apparently no one of the owners of the fish-pond has turned his curious possession to account for the purpose of studying the habits of sea-fish; it may be that many interesting discoveries would have been the outcome of sustained observation. I have endeavoured to learn something about the habits of fish in every part of the world where sport has been obtainable, and particularly in the



FEEDING THE FISH AT LOGAN.

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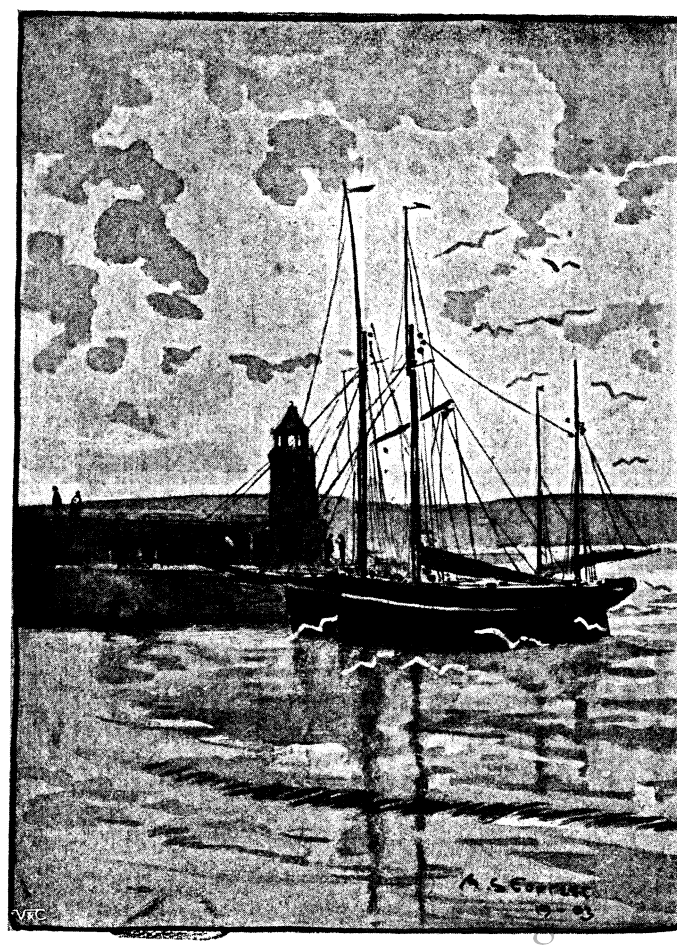
Mediterranean Sea, where very many and varied species of fish are to be found. Aristotle knew more than a hundred species of fish inhabiting the Ægean Sea, and he wrote more than two thousand years ago. From whalers down to salmon-poachers I have gone in search of fish-lore, only to find that no man has learned more than is absolutely necessary for him to secure the best possible catch in the shortest possible time. It is reasonable to believe that more was known about fish three or four thousand years ago than is known to-day. I will put forward a single justification for this assertion. We all know that the Mosaic Code forbids the eating of certain fish—all, in fact, that lack fins and scales. Modern research has not done much in the study of ichthyology, but has demonstrated that the fish lacking fins and scales are the scavengers of the ocean, that they live upon its impurities. This, with many another truth whose value we are beginning tardily to recognise, was known to Moses and probably to the Egyptians. Observation must have been careful and prolonged, even though most traces of it are lost. It cannot be carried on with much success in an aquarium, for all the surroundings are artificial; in such a place as the Logan fish-pond the ways of certain classes of fish could be studied at leisure.

The Logan pond has served at least to show that fish can be kept in a half wild condition and can be trained to an extent that permits sustained observation. A fish-pond established in some spot equally quiet, and withal more readily accessible, would give a valuable chance to ichthyologists. There would be no difficulty about keeping it stocked and supplied with food; and so long as the tide had free and regular ingress and egress, the fish would remain in their natural state. Every species of strong, thick-gilled fish could be studied in turn, and the result of putting one class with another accurately noted. The great difficulty hitherto attendant upon research has been the inability of pelagic fishes to endure any change of water. Sea-water may be the same to the taste all the world over; fish know the difference and are exceedingly sensitive to it. Such a pond would not be of great scientific value, since it would deal with very few of the innumerable varieties of fish, and would leave many classes quite untouched; but it would avail to add largely to our general knowledge. If ponds could be established in the five great zones that embrace the varied classes of fish we know something about—say, for example, in the Behring Straits, the Mediterranean, the South Sea Islands, Tasmania, and the Falkland Islands, the results of careful observation would probably repay the trouble and expense.



THE PIER AT PORT LOGAN.

"'I never knew Captain Piper go back on his word,' he pronounced."

THE "VIGO'S" CAPTAINS.

By ALICK MUNRO.

"BY the mark five!" sang out the leadsman, as the *Vigo* swung slowly round to her anchor. The captain came down from the bridge, rubbing his hands to warm them; for it was Christmas Eve, and the wind had a snap of the East in it.

"Now, gentlemen," he cried cheerily to the group by the companion-way, "we'll take our little bit of dinner. It's blowing big guns in the Channel, so we'll just stop snug here in the river for to-night."

"You don't hurry on this line," remarked the passenger pleasantly. He was an overworked journalist, doing the round to Malaga and back for his liver's sake.

The captain tucked his napkin into his neck as a preliminary. "No, sir," he remarked severely, "we don't. You take soup?" The passenger did take soup. "You see, speed means coals, and my owners kick at big coal bills. No, sir! The *Vigo* ain't a mail. Trouble you for the pepper, Mr. Wilson."

"Talking of pepper," said the mate, as he handed the cruet, "I went to see the Old Man yesterday. He's bad. Dying, the doctor says."

The passenger glanced up, and caught the look of relief which flickered across the captain's face.

"Who is the Old Man?" he asked.

"The Old Man, sir, is Captain Joseph Piper, late of the *Vigo*, dismissed by his owners for smuggling watches in Spain. My mate there has a curious notion about him, but it seems to me that this bit of news

knocks the bottom out of it. Eh, Mr. Wilson?"

"Maybe," said the mate uneasily, "maybe. I don't say it does, though."

Then he turned to the passenger.

"I never knew Captain Piper go back on his word," he pronounced slowly; "and when he said he'd navigate the *Vigo* again some day in spite of the owners, I believed he'd do it. Maybe I believe it still."

"'But I tell you it is the voice of Death calling to someone aboard here!'"

"Rubbish!" said the captain testily. "You say yourself he's dying."

The mate shook his head and was silent. And the captain, after swearing at the steward to relieve himself, politely changed the subject. His yarn was number one of the carefully selected stock which served as the calendar of these voyages.

The mate had heard it before.

* * * * *

"It's a beautiful sight," said the passenger two nights later. "But very awful. Ever seen anything like it before?"

The *Vigo* was dropping clumsy curtsies to a fractious sea in the chops of the Channel. Her ropes were stiff with the frozen spray, and round her the snow was falling in fine, hard flakes. The night was moonless and black, but every part of the ship sparkled with flashing points of light. For each flake of snow, as it touched rope or spar, gave out a tiny needle of electricity. The snowstorm was on fire.

The passenger's arm, as he swept it through the air, set free hundreds of the frozen flame-imps, and made a glowing circle of cold blue light in the blackness.

"Yes," said the mate gloomily, "I have — once. And when the sun rose next morning, I was without a ship."

"Wrecked?"

The mate nodded, and a score of the little batteries discharged themselves on his cap and beard.

"*Absit omen!*" murmured the passenger nervously. "You're not reassuring."

"Listen to me, sir," was the excited answer. "You hear the faint whispering sound in the air all about us? The sound made by all these crackling sparks of electricity, you say. But I tell you it is the voice of Death calling to someone aboard here! I know, because I've heard it before. Look at the sea, dancing and quivering like a plate of calves' foot jelly, though there's not enough wind to blow a match out. And I've just been in to look at the glass—an inch and a half down in the last three hours! It's going to be an awful night, I tell you; and when the morning comes, I've a notion I shan't be here to see it."

The passenger laughed—the short, mirthless laugh of a man who is afraid. The mate misinterpreted the laugh.

"You think I'm a coward?" he went on quickly. "I'm not! I've known the sea too

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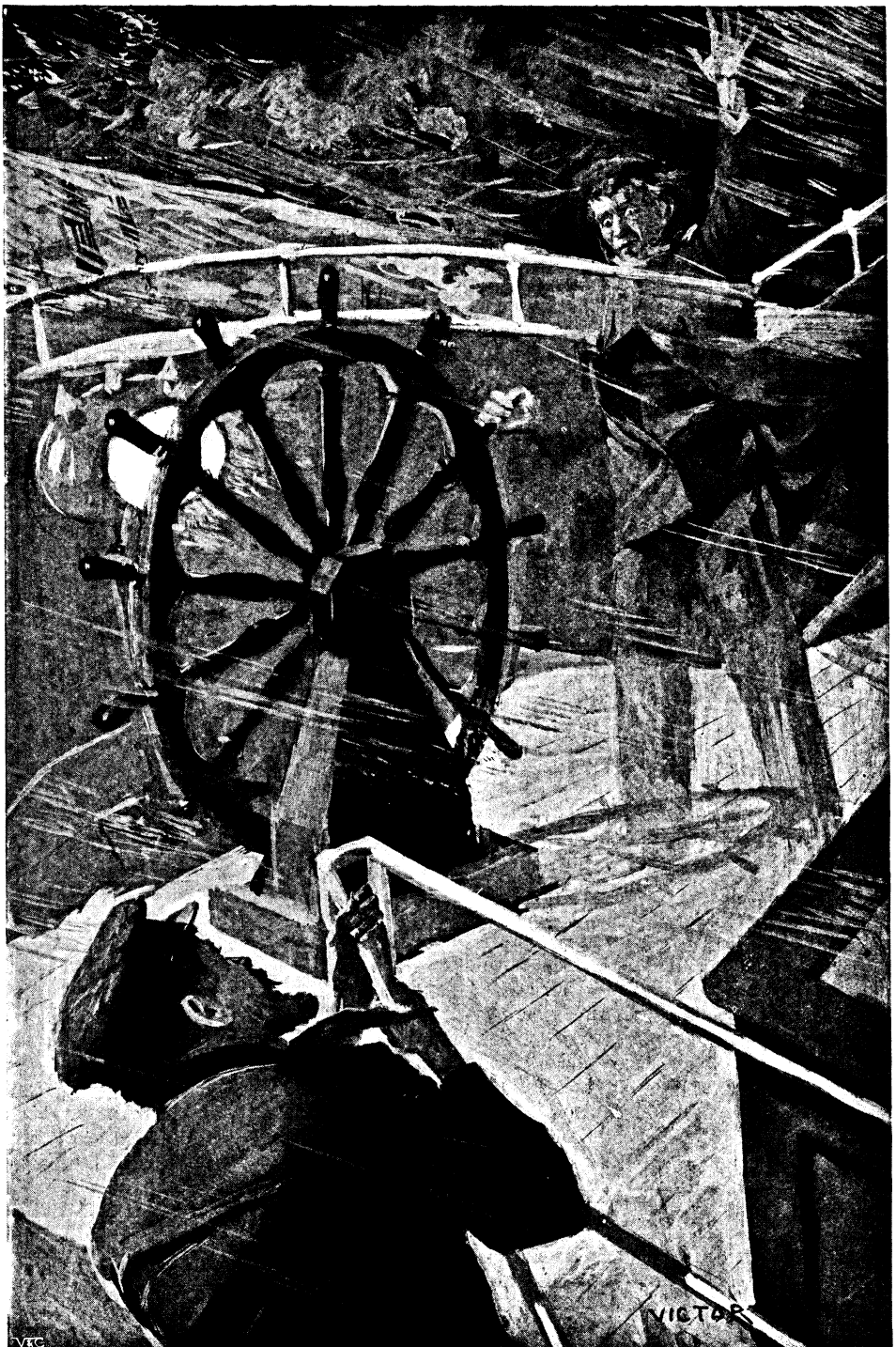

"The shadowy figure turned round angrily and waved him back."

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long for that. But—there's my little girl, you see. She'll be an orphan."

He brushed his sleeve across his face, and at the movement the snowflakes sparkled like laughing eyes.

"I tell you what it is," said the passenger. "You're out of sorts, man. Does the captain share your fears?"

The mate stiffened, and the lines on his face grew deep and wrathful.

"The captain, sir, is in his cabin, where he will stay."

"What? Not if his ship is in danger?"

"I say, where he will stay. Maybe till Death comes to look for him there!" And then with slow emphasis he added: "Haven't you found out yet that the *Vigo* is not a teetotal ship?"

"You mean——?"

"Yes," said the mate, and turning on his heel, went forward.

* * * * *

With a harsh, ripping noise, like the simultaneous tearing of hundreds of pieces of calico, the wind forced itself under the cover of the port lifeboat. There was a flash of white painted wood flying through the air, and the boat was left open to the seas which broke high over the hurricane deck. The passenger lashed himself to the engine-room grating and prepared to make a critical study of the storm, to be turned into copy at the end of the voyage, if——

The snow was falling still, but now the flakes were big and soft and had lost their electric brilliancy. In the thick darkness the wind drove them in black, level lines across the ship and over the crests of the water-hills. From time to time, as the *Vigo* stumbled down into the intervening valleys, she seemed to drop suddenly out of the power of the wind and to leave the horizontal snowstorm far above her. A dim, shadowy figure was crouching on the bridge, and in the comparative quiet of the black valleys the passenger fancied he could hear the querulous ringing of the engine-room bell.

Presently, in one of the lulls between the beats of the storm-pulse, he saw the mate coming towards him. Leaning up against the wind as against a solid wall, the man struggled forward and clung to the grating beside the passenger. He broke out into a shout of harsh, crackling laughter.

"Where are we?" bawled the passenger.

"How should I know? Fifty miles from Ushant, maybe. Five, maybe. Or less!"

"Where's the captain?"

"In his cabin. Drunk."

"Then who is that on the bridge?"

"Ha! ha! ha! Who's that on the bridge? That's the Old Man—Captain Joseph Piper. I told you he would come to navigate us!"

And with a weird, bubbling laugh, the mate let go the grating and was swallowed by the darkness.

On the deck amidships a man crawled forward on his hands and knees, lurching heavily against the obstacles in his way, and cursing the *Vigo* for a lubberly rocking-horse. He was the *Vigo's* captain. Slowly he climbed up on to the hurricane deck and reached the bridge-stair. There he stopped, and satisfied with having accomplished his purpose, smiled vacantly at the snowflakes which blinded him.

A beam of light fighting its way through the curtain of snow passed over the ship and was gone. Through the turmoil of the storm, a duller, hoarser roar arose and hushed the lesser sounds. The drunken captain heard it and was sobered.

"The Ushant light!" he yelled, as he struggled on to the bridge. "We're in the breakers!"

The shadowy figure turned round angrily and waved him back. A breaking sea raced white and hungry from the blackness astern. The shaft of light shone once more through the snow, more brightly this time.

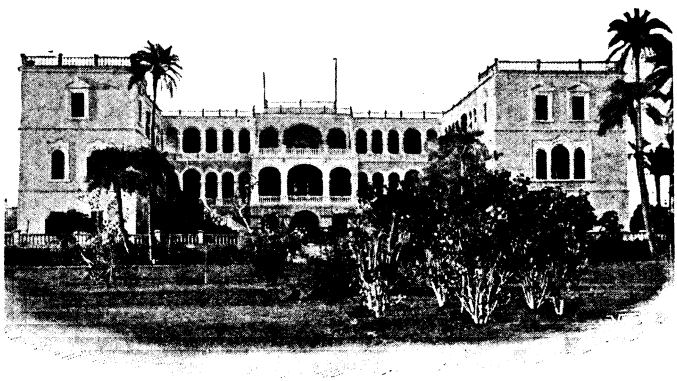
The *Vigo* rose high on the curl of the wave. Then down, down, until the sharp rocks crashed through her hull. There was a wild shriek, the agony of rending timbers and of dying men.

And when the shaft of light came round again, it fell on nothing but the tempest.

THE NEW KHARTOUM.

By JOHN WARD, F.S.A.

WHETHER we liked it or no, we had Egypt on our hands. This was in 1882; the French, thinking to leave us in a dilemma, had sailed away from Alexandria, entrusting the fate of the oldest of Empires to "*perfide Albion.*"

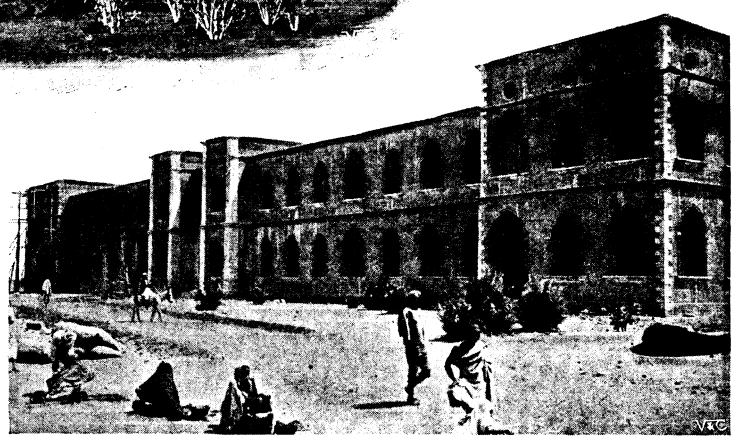


THE PALACE, KHARTOUM, FROM THE SOUTH.

The Egyptian Army, corrupted by Arabi, was in revolt and held the forts of Alexandria. Tewfik was a prisoner in his palace, and Cairo at the point of sack and pillage. A general massacre of Christians was hourly expected, and we had not a British soldier in Egypt to protect our interests. Thus left alone, our Fleet acted with vigour, bombarded Alexandria, seized the Suez Canal, and landed troops to crush Arabi at Tel-el-Kebir. All was so quickly done that when the insurgent mob was about to burn down Cairo, the British flag was found to be flying on the citadel! We had grasped our nettle.

We may well look back with pride upon our work of twenty years. We found Egypt in a state of national bankruptcy; now it is not only solvent, but shows annually a large surplus. Its debt might be paid off at any time on good terms for the country and the bondholders, were it desirable to do so.

Irrigation is the life of Egypt; agriculture its only source of revenue. Taking Lord Dufferin's advice, we brought our trained engineers from India, and financial experts from the same school of management of native states. Some of our best military experts were selected to see if the Egyptian conscripts—who had earned an ugly reputation for running away—could be made into defenders of their country.



THE GORDON COLLEGE, KHARTOUM.

This has proved a success. It could hardly be anything else in the hands of such men as Grenfell and Kitchener, Wingate and Macdonald. The yellow and black men, who under the old native system were worthless as soldiers, under British officers' training became the conquerors of the Dervishes.

Justice is administered to rich and poor alike, the water apportioned fairly to pasha or peasant, and taxation has been reduced. If the Nile fails to rise, no rent is demanded, and the taxes are fixed according to the yield

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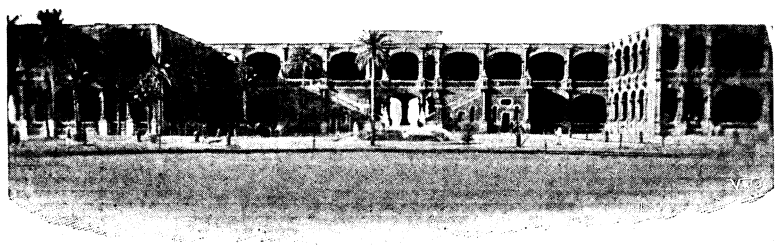
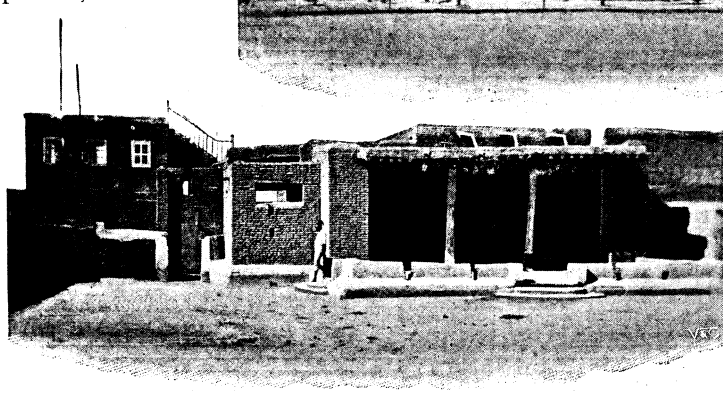
of the land. The *fellaheen*, oppressed for ages, have now a better chance than their ancestors ever dreamt of, and that they are benefiting is shown by their flocks and herds, which under British rule have increased tenfold and upwards.

All this and much more had been accomplished by the talent, devotion, and dogged perseverance of a handful of British heroes under such men as Lord Cromer and Sir William Garstin for the civil departments, and Lord Grenfell, Lord Kitchener, and Sir Reginald Wingate for the military. Irrigation had Sir Colin Scott Moncrieff and Sir R. Hanbury Brown, R.E. Many other names might be mentioned whose duty has called them away to other lands, and many, alas! have left their bones in Egypt. The great reservoirs for storing the Nile waters, designed by Sir William Willcocks, are completed, without costing the country a farthing. These will prevent the possibility of famine in seasons when the Nile fails to rise, as happened in 1902.



AN HISTORIC CONTRAST: THE WAR OFFICE, KHARTOUM—



—AND THE KHALIFA'S HOUSE, OMDURMAN.

We got into disgrace over the Gordon affair. Our Government sent him to Khartoum to parley with brutal fanatics, and when he was in jeopardy, delayed its efforts to save the hero's life. The Dervishes were thus allowed to get the mastery over Central Africa and to become a menace to Egypt. It was part of their programme to sack and burn Assouan, Cairo, and Alexandria. This was frustrated by Lord Grenfell, who arrested their progress at Toski, and with the aid of the new Egyptian Army, the Dervishes were utterly routed. But some years later it became necessary to carry the war into the enemy's camp, and Lord Cromer wisely chose Kitchener for the final crushing of the Dervish power. This great general had earned his spurs in Egypt, and with his usual calculating foresight, engineered his military railways, planned his campaign, counting the cost beforehand. We needed half a million sterling, and this sum Lord Cromer proposed to borrow from the "Caisse de la Dette."

It was the natural place to apply to for a short loan for Egypt's use, seeing that it had now a surplus, under our management of the country, of three millions sterling. The French interfered, and the money was refused! Here again the French thought they had us in a difficulty. But they were mistaken. Kitchener went on with his preparations, the half million being advanced by the British Exchequer.

Shortly afterwards Egyptian and British troops conquered Khartoum and dispersed the Dervish hordes. But when the conquerors' banners were hoisted over the ruins of Gordon's Residency, the British flag went up simultaneously with the Egyptian one, and the Sudan was proclaimed to be jointly the realm of Great Britain and of Egypt. So again the French, when planning mischief, had done us a lasting service. The government of the wide Sudan is now a part of our Imperial duty. "Our mission was not that of subjugating the Sudanese, but that of clearing the country, for them, of the predatory and bloodthirsty intruders who for so many years had laid it waste."

By the annexation of the Sudan the frontier line was moved almost as far as the Equator, and it was now possible to visit Khartoum. Last year (1902) I arrived at Assouan after a pleasant voyage from

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Cairo on the *dahabeah* of a friend, and found announced the "New Sudan Express," by steamer and railway, occupying about a week. This was just what I wanted, and so I engaged my passage for Khartoum. The Government steamer *Ibis* was waiting for us at Philae, and away we steamed to Korosko, where we anchored for the night. This had been a busy military camp when I was there before, and the sentries were quadrupled, while the soldiers lay down every night armed. The Dervishes had raided villages and kept all the land in terror. Now the place was comparatively deserted, order being kept by a few native policemen. This used to be the starting-point of the caravans, by the Murad wells to Abu Hamed. Next day we visited some of the Nubian temples, small but interesting. One is found every ten miles or so along the river. The next night was passed at Abu Simbel, the greatest rock temple in the world, the vainglorious monument of Rameses the Great.

THE PALACE, KHARTOUM.

I suppose he had trouble in subduing the Nubians, and to frighten them carved out of the rock four gigantic statues of himself. They are seated figures, seventy feet high, and a great temple is excavated behind them. Why he made such an enormous thing in a desolate region is hard to understand, but there may have been a town, now swallowed up in the sand. The desert encroaches here so much that the great monument has frequently to be freed from it. The very existence of this temple, for such it is, was unknown till about eighty years ago. I had with me a supply of magnesium wire, and the sailors lit up the great chambers, all guarded by colossal Osirean figures of the great Rameses.

Remarkable is the stupendous façade; there is a calm dignity about the huge seated figures of the Pharaoh.

CORRIDOR IN THE GORDON COLLEGE, KHARTOUM.

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His children crowd about his knees, and the daughter—who is said to have been the patron of the Hebrew Lawgiver—stands at his right hand. Of course, these are mere samples of the family. As he had 172 children, there would not be space for the whole household.

The steamer stops at Wadi Halfa, whence the excursion to the Second Cataract is made, and time given to visit it by land or by water. This world of waters is a wonderful sight from a high rock named Abu Seir. We feel as if we could see to the Equator, over a weird waste of brown, yellow, and black islets,

Photo by] [*I. Heyman, Cairo.*

EARL CROMER.

British Minister Plenipotentiary in Egypt.

here and there a foamy track, and then an expanse of still water, reflecting the azure above. Some day our adventurous engineers will build a dam here, impounding the Nile flood backwards for hundreds of miles, to restore the lost fertility of the Northern Sudan. From our lofty point of view we can see the localities of the once impregnable strongholds of Kummeh and Semneh, so long held by the ancient Egyptians, as far back as the Twelfth Dynasty.

Large supplies of gold were derived from this part of the Sudan; whether mined in the country or brought by caravans from some distance, is not known; but the geological survey of the Sudan, now in progress, will soon settle this point. Recently the ruins of ancient mining operations have been found, and steps are being taken to work them anew.

Back to Halfa to rejoin our express. We find the little train waiting. The engine and carriages are up-to-date, everything new and compact, a curious thing to see in the wide waste of desert. Steam is up, dining and sleeping cars already sparkling with electric light, the officials in their new uniforms drawn up to receive us; the station-master resplendent, a tall gentleman of polished black-lead complexion, and most affably voluble in some unknown tongue which none of us understood. But he means well, and his broad smile is contagious. Then the conductor steps out, a tall Austrian speaking all languages, and we are told that dinner will be served immediately. And an excellent repast it is, well served, and so quietly that the train moves off while we are engaged at our meal, and imperceptibly we are forging ahead across the level desert, without station, well, or village, for over two hundred miles. At rare intervals we pass small blockhouses giving shelter to two lonely watchers, who signal "All right!" by flags. These lonely huts are playfully labelled "Station No. 1," etc., writ large in English.

There is no moon, and we plunge into total darkness; then, when our eyes get accustomed to it, the unrivalled southern sky is "thick inlaid with patines of bright gold," and the too much vaunted "Southern Cross" shines ahead. We turn into our comfortable beds early. The train is the steadiest of its kind, and we have more space than usual, though our gauge is but three feet six inches; the carriages are of a new pattern, planned at the railway works at Halfa and built in England. I awoke early and drew my curtains. The light was bursting in, and I thought the sun was up; but it was the foreglow, which comes often half an hour before sunrise, and is very beautiful, every tint of orange, yellow, red, and purple flashing upwards across the blue. Then the sun rose with a bound and flooded the whole barren desert with dazzling gold. There are, here and there on the horizon, conical masses of ruddy rock exactly like pyramids. These catch the sunlight and seem to be on fire, and being of volcanic origin, with patches of white and black, they have a very igneous aspect.

On either side the desert seems illimitable.

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As the day advances, delusive mirage suggests groves of palms and pools of water, reflecting lovely landscapes of park-like scenery. Flocks of pelicans are seen, and even camels and caravans wending their way. All is untruthful and non-existent, and vanishes as it had come, out of nothing, into space; and as far as the eye can reach, the truth of the howling wilderness becomes apparent.

Photo by] [*Maull & Fox.*

SIR WILLIAM GARSTIN, K.C.M.G.

One of His Majesty's Secretaries of State.

The passage by this desert formerly occupied a fortnight, and it was a most dangerous journey. Only a few years ago 700 camels perished hereabouts, and but two men escaped to tell the fate of an entire caravan. We now make the journey in about fifteen hours, by one of the most comfortable *trains de luxe*.

This straight cut across the desert has saved us much time, but we have lost the scenery of two of the most interesting bends, about 500 miles of the winding river. Lord Kitchener was in haste to reach Khartoum, and saved six months by taking the railway by this short cut. But it is of no use for the rule under *Pax Britannica*, and sooner or later must be relaid along the edge of the Nile all the way. Only by the river is life and abode for mankind, all else is profitless desert. The old railway still exists, following the winding Nile from Halfa to Sarras, Semneh, Amara, to Kerma and the Third Cataract. But there is no *train de luxe* by this old line, and no provision for comforts by the way, and it ends abruptly 250 miles from Abu Hamed, so that it is practically useless for travellers. This debars us from visiting the ruins of the temples of Semneh, Kubban, Sedinga, Soleb, and the Island of Argo, with its two overthrown statues of Sebekhotep III. of the Thirteenth Dynasty, who ruled all the land from here to the Mediterranean, 2400 B.C. There are many ruins of temples and pyramids at Dongola, Napata, Meroë, Gebel-Barkal, etc.

SIR WILLIAM WILLCOCKS, M.I.C.E.

Surveyor and originator of the new Nile Reservoirs.

Photo by] [*W. Crooke.*

SIR FRANCIS REGINALD WINGATE.

Sirdar of the British Forces in Egypt.

There are five or six separate districts along the Nile which abound in ruins of many cities, with more than two hundred pyramids, before we reach the Fourth Cataract. This was the seat of the powerful rule of Ethiopian

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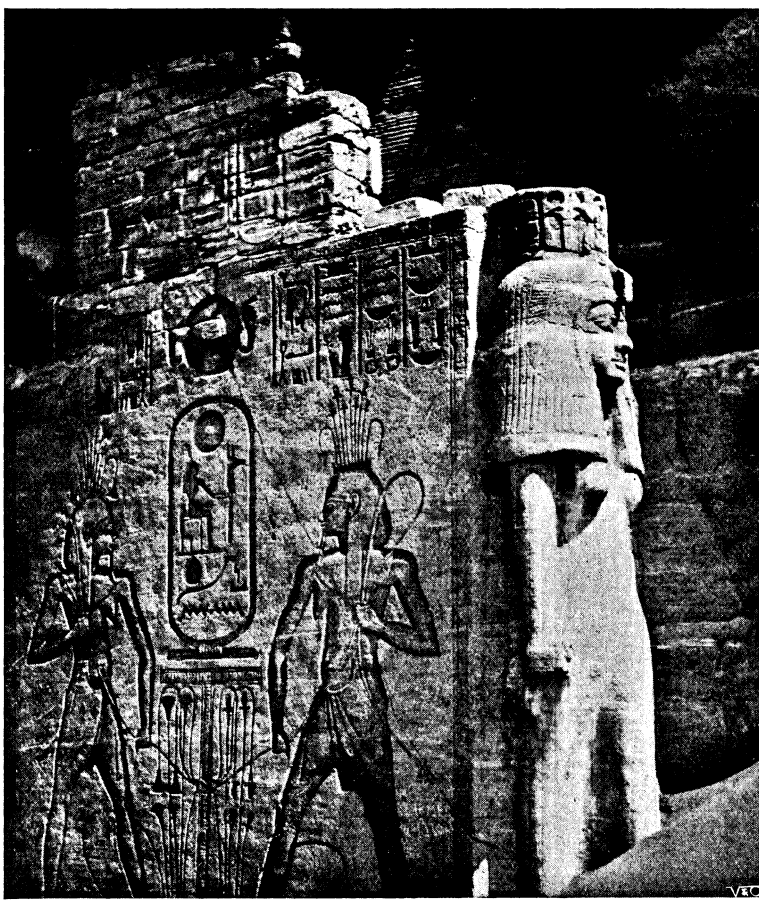
princes who gave several kings to Egypt about 800 B.C. Now the ruins can only be visited by organised parties, with camels, tents, and guides.

Our Khartoum Express does not lose any time. We only wait a few minutes at Berber, and then off again at full speed. This was once a fine town, now it is mainly heaps of ruined brick hovels. The natives hereabouts are of the Jaalin tribe, a tall, intelligent race, who have always been loyal to us. It was decided to arm them during the recent war, as they were anxious to take action against the Dervishes and help us in every way. So 5,000 stand of arms were sent, but never reached our allies. Abdullahi, one of the Khalifa's *emirs*, had the unfortunate Jaalin surrounded, every man, woman, and child in this district being put to death. Acts of cruelty like this were perpetrated on all natives who refused to join the Dervish hordes. No wonder the land is depopulated.

A short stay is made at Berber. The country is more hilly, and as we keep to the Nile valley, there is variety and some cultivation along the banks, and now and then palm groves and ruins of villages. The land is covered with scrub, and abounds with gazelle, a small species of deer, and other game. Some hours beyond Berber we reach the valley of the Atbara, the first contributory to the Nile for well-nigh 2,000 miles. Here for a time the military railway ended, and Kitchener's conquering army had to proceed on foot. The Atbara is now shrunk to a mere rivulet; in the rainy season of Abyssinia it fills all its width of banks. A long iron bridge spans the river-bed. This could not be made in England, as our engineers were on strike at the time, so Lord Kitchener had to order it from America. The water of the Atbara is clear and transparent, not like the muddy Nile.



THE PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER WHO FOUND MOSES—POSSIBLY ELDEST DAUGHTER OF RAMESES II.—ABU SIMBEL.

Just when we are wondering at the absence of inhabitants and the desolation of the country, we perceive to the east of the line, about half a mile off, a crowd of ruins of temples and pyramids, closely packed together. Had the train but stopped, we could have walked to the ancient city of Meroë in a few minutes.* But this was denied us, and, in fact, the only way to visit this wonderful place is by camels and donkeys, with tents, from the next

* Strabo describes this city and district as called Meroë and flourishing in his time (20 B.C.) But the real Meroë seems to apply to the ruins near the Fourth Cataract.

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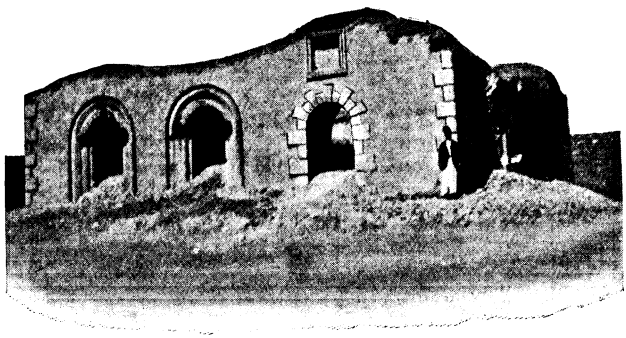
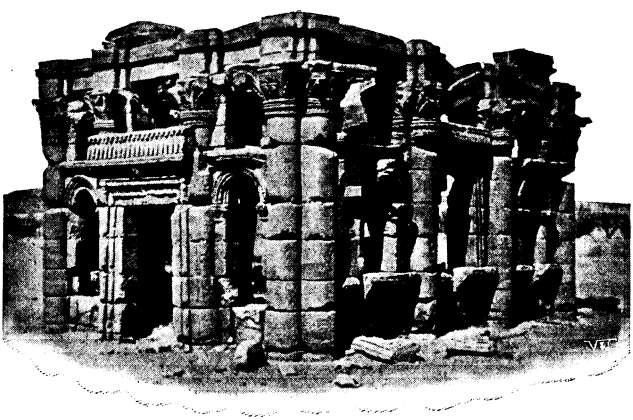
station, Shendy. If the Sudanese Government want tourists to spend time and money in the country, they must provide a station at Meroë, and provide a proper rest-house or hotel. There is not even a village at the place, which must once have had thousands of inhabitants. There are more than a hundred pyramids, and if each contained, as in Egypt, a royal personage, who doubtless had many thousand subjects, how dense must have been the ancient population!* The pyramids are much more vertical than those of Egypt, and each one had a small temple or oratory attached to it. There are besides ruins of other temples, and nearly all are covered with inscriptions in a species of hieroglyph writing which we cannot as yet decipher. There are also many carved figures with religious symbols in Egyptian style, but of an inferior quality of art, evidently of later date. In one of these pyramids, an Italian traveller, Ferlini, discovered, in 1830, a hoard of gold and silver jewels and precious stones, of immense intrinsic and historic value. These were all offered to the British Museum, *but declined as being modern*. Dr. Lepsius saw them in London, and by his advice the entire lot was bought by the Berlin Museum, of which they are now among the chief treasures. Lepsius supposed them to be the personal jewellery of one of the great queens of Ethiopia, called Candace. A queen of this name, who ruled in Ethiopia in the time of Augustus, is alluded to in the Acts, chap. viii. Her chancellor was on a visit to Jerusalem and was converted to Christianity by Philip. The whole of Ethiopia became Christian, possibly through this event. Certainly from the early times of Christianity until the persecutions of the Mohammedan invaders, Egypt, from the Mediterranean to the Equator, was a Christian land.



THE MAHDI'S TOMB, OMDURMAN, AS IT STANDS TO-DAY.



CLASSIC BUILDING, NAGA, POSSIBLY AN ANCIENT CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Our train speeds on its way. We make a short stay at Shendy, the only station of stone on the line. Here Mehemet Ali's eldest son, Ismael, was burnt to death by the treachery of a native chief, in 1821. In revenge, his father had all the people massacred and the town razed to the ground, and after this the unfortunate natives of the whole Sudan were held in bondage by the Egyptian viceroys.

Night falls upon us again, and when we are sitting at breakfast next morning, the attendant says: "Khartoum in ten minutes, gentlemen," and we shortly after pull up on the banks of the Blue Nile.

The bright, new city of the South lies before us, rising brilliantly out of the green banks, the new buildings towering over a line of fine palm and other trees. The transparent, sparkling azure river flows rapidly past, for the Blue Nile well deserves its name. A motley crowd of every density

* Dr. Budge, in his excellent "History of Egypt," tells of a curious practice which obtained in Meroë. The priests of Amen had great power, and whenever they tired of a king, sent him a command to terminate his existence. The kings generally obeyed, and had very short reigns. But at last a king arose who was determined to live as long as he could. He therefore cut the throats of many of the priests, and so changed the system. This king was Arq-Amen, who lived B.C. 220. The story is told by Diodorus, and it may account for the enormous number of royal pyramids.

of tone, from pale yellow to deepest Nubian black, gathers around us, and we and our belongings are snugly packed on a Government steam-launch and shipped off to the Grand Hotel, a mile down the river. We steam past the Palace, the Mudirieh, and snug villas each embosomed in trees. In one of these the genial Mudir (Governor), Colonel Stanton, resides. The hotel will be "grand" in time, no doubt; just now it is a series of detached buildings scattered about a large garden; however, they made me very comfortable. The weather was lovely, and we had all our meals in the open (January). The garden was full of all the fruits and

FATHER OHRWALDER.
Photographed in his home at Omdurman.

vegetables we used, and was diligently tended by five women, said to be Dervish widows. They had very ugly faces, poor things, but beamed with happiness, for were they not earning two piastres a day, and with no lazy husbands to divide their profits?

Of course, the new Palace demanded our first visit. It was the first completed public building. It is hard to believe that only four years ago the place was a tangle of undergrowth of foul weeds, clinging to the ruins of Gordon's Residency and veiling the site of his garden and rosery. Now the fair Palace rises over all this scene of Dervish villainy, a beautiful structure surrounded by tall, graceful date palms and fine, leafy trees of many species. For, by some strange forgetfulness, the Dervishes forgot to burn down or destroy the trees, and so to-day the graceful new Palace rears its white walls out of a mass of greenery such as we have not seen since we left Cairo, and the whole is, indeed, much more beautiful than anything there.

The Sirdar of Egypt is also Governor of the Sudan, and this Palace is his official residence. Sir Reginald and Lady Wingate are most genial and hospitable, and almost every day I visited the Palace and its lovely garden. Entering from the river front, we pass double sentries (British and native) on each side. The tall Sudanese, black as jet, in his handsome pale blue and silver uniform, was a marked contrast to the kilted sergeant of our own Black Watch who kept guard beside him. Above, the Union Jack and the Egyptian flag, with its star and crescent, floated side by side. Entering as Lady Wingate's guests, we inscribe our names in her book and are conducted up the wide, easy stair. On the way, we pass the spot where poor Gordon was hacked to pieces by the fiendish foes he came to save. A granite slab records the tragedy.

The garden-front of the Palace is quite open, pierced with lofty arches, disclosing beds of roses in full blossom (in January) and masses of drooping bouganvilleas and creepers with tropical bloom of every shade of richest hue. The garden is of great extent, almost a park, and full of shady trees and rich greensward, with rills of running water sparkling everywhere from *sakiyehs* at work night and day. When one is invited to lunch or dine at the Palace, nearly every officer of the company bears a distinguished name, and everyone had fought in the good fights which gave us the Sudan. Of course, the greatest of all, Lord Kitchener, was away settling our troubles in South Africa at the time of my visit. Although in the prime of life, all were prematurely grey; campaigning under the equatorial skies ages a man greatly. Also often at the Palace were a number of young fellows just come out to learn their trade in this fine school of soldiery.

The architecture of the public buildings of Khartoum is novel, effective, and practical. The Palace is the only one that aspires to elegance, and it is a light and airy structure of great beauty. The Gordon College is only half completed. Its style is very plain and massive, but has handsome arcades

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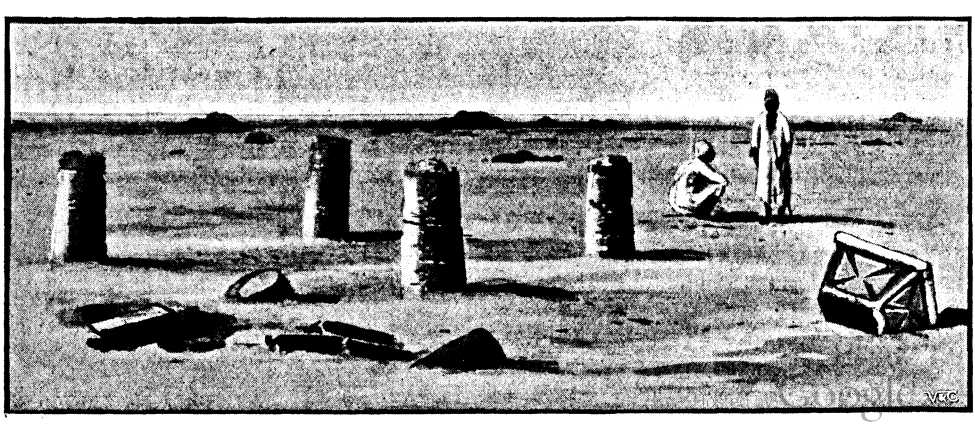
giving shelter from the sun and connecting the class-rooms. Almost all the buildings in Khartoum have been designed and carried out by the Royal Engineers, who happened to be quartered here at the time. The War Office, Post Office, Courts of Justice, are all far advanced. There is sign of preparation for building on many of the blocks and streets already laid out. The new city will cover several square miles of streets and open spaces, and abundant room is left for extension. Two banks are in full operation — the Bank of Egypt and National Bank. The hospitable Sudan Club is excellent and situated in a garden of several acres. There is also a Soldiers' Club, a most efficient centre for the non-coms. The Zoological Gardens are beautiful, only wanting the beasts, which will be soon supplied from the game reserves. The Greek merchants are building fine warehouses, gradually removing their depôts from Omdurman. One does not see any British merchants' stores ; but they are generally the late comers, the Greeks are the pioneers.

MARKET-DAY IN THE SUDANESE VILLAGE NEAR KHARTOUM.
Empty bottles as the media of exchange.

Outside Gordon's earthworks, which still encircle the city, there are a dozen native villages, each tribe preserving its primitive mode of life—the crafty Dinka, the loyal Jaalin, the fierce Shillook, the truculent and cruel Baggara, living in contentment, unarmed, and undergoing the gradual process of civilisation. A study of their various dwellings is interesting. Some have huts of earth, others live in burrows underground or in well-built houses, some have tents or mere shelters of Dhurra canes. The cantonments are scrupulously clean—that first step to civilisation they have already learnt. Once a week they go, tribe by tribe, to the Nile for a wash. They seem very happy and enjoy visitors greatly, behaving modestly and with a quiet dignity. They never demand *baksheesh*—the word is unknown in the Sudan. All the villages are under control of their own headmen, and these are responsible to the native police (all black, but looking



REMAINS OF A CHRISTIAN CHURCH AT SOBA.

comely in their trim uniforms). The adults get constant employment in Khartoum, at good wages, returning to their families at night. In the rising metropolis thousands of Dervish "widows" do all the portering, sweeping, gardening, navvy work, such as mixing mortar and attending to masons; for, strange to say, no Sudanese can lay a brick, there are no carpenters, no smiths, no craftsmen left; the oppression of the slave-hunters and raids of the Dervishes drove all these industrial pursuits to destruction. The bricklayers and plasterers, carpenters and painters, are all Italians. In order to remedy this state of the labour market, the Gordon College will—at first, at least—be a sort of technical school. When I was there, I had a pleasant companion—Mr. Mather, M.P. for Rossendale, Manchester. He was so much pleased with what he saw and heard of this project that he has informed the Sirdar of his intention to send out a complete outfit for the mechanical section of the Gordon College. His offer has been accepted and, I understand, is to be without limit of cost. I trust this will encourage others to take an interest in Lord Kitchener's noble effort to advance the poor, neglected natives of this unfortunate land, which has been plunged in misery for thousands of years, and at last is to get its chance among nations under the protecting British flag.

THE GREAT FIGURE OF A LAMB FROM SOBA.
Now in the Palace garden at Khartoum.

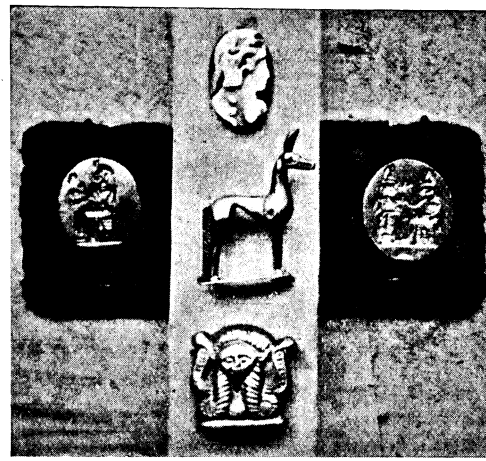
COLOSSAL RAM FROM THE TEMPLE OF AMENHOTEP III. AT SOLEB.
Berlin Museum.

Omdurman is three miles off, on the White Nile. It is a decaying place, without a green leaf or tree, wide streets between mud walls—now clean but empty. When our troops entered it, it was reeking with filth and putrefying corpses of men and animals which had accumulated for years. The ruins of the Mahdi's tomb and the Khalifa's house are in the centre. Some streets of stores and shops still remain; but most of these will be removed to Khartoum, no doubt. Gum is the principal export, and, at seasons, ivory. I only saw gum—a mile of it spread out along the beach being deftly assorted by more Dervish widows, mostly with prematurely old faces, but looking happy.

Khartoum is quite a new place—not a century old. There are no ancient buildings here, save one colossal figure in stone representing a sheep or lamb, in the Palace garden. Father Ohrwalder * has returned to his school, and told me about this figure. He said there are ruins of several Christian cities near, and that the lamb came from one of them and was preserved by Gordon for that reason. I made inquiries and found that there were traditions among the natives of a powerful Christian kingdom which existed for more than one thousand years, till extinguished by Moslem persecution some centuries since. I have found historical allusion to this kingdom in various Arab writers of the twelfth century. There are still extensive remains of the ancient city of Soba, about twenty miles south of Khartoum, although quantities

* Father Ohrwalder is greatly loved by all classes here. His wonderful escape was managed by Wingate when chief of the Intelligence Department, and subsequently led to the flight of Slatin Pasha. It is not too much to say that the knowledge brought by these two prisoners led to the eventual destruction of the Dervish power. And the credit of all this success is due to Sir Reginald Wingate.

of the stones and bricks were used for the building of Khartoum about a century ago. But stones of several churches exist on which the emblem of the Cross is still evident. Sixty miles north of Soba the extensive ruins of another city, now called Naga, are found, covering several miles. Some of the buildings are of Roman architecture and are said to have been Christian churches. Besides these are many remains of temples erected by the colonies of priests of Amen of Thebes, who fled there about 250 B.C. The remains of the tanks which supplied this place with water are still to be seen. All the antiquities of the Sudan are puzzling and unexplained,



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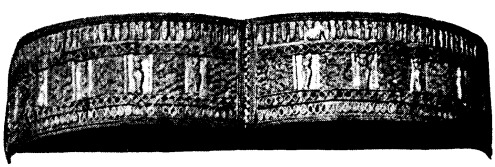
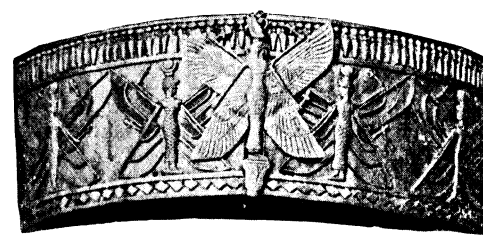


GOLD BRACELET.

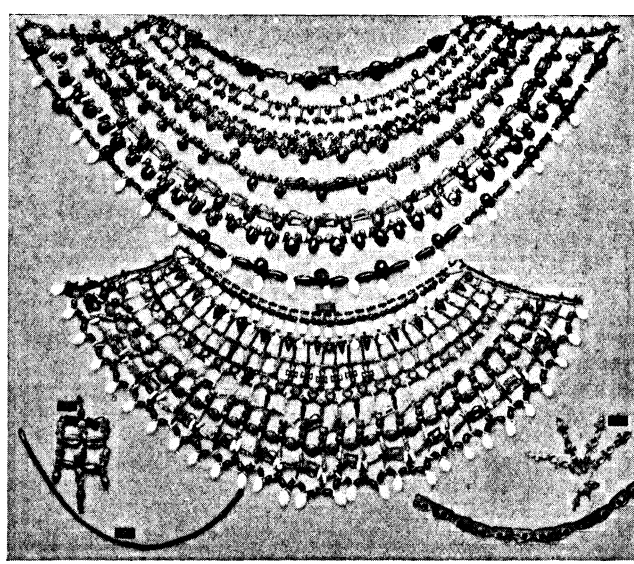


GOLD BRACELET.

and now that we control the country it is our duty to preserve these ancient monuments and render their exploration possible by the organisation of a Government Department of Antiquities for the new provinces.

Most people suppose that Khartoum will one day be a waysidestation of the Cairo to Cape railway. But the great African express from north to south will be as much by water as by land. The Nile must be kept open for steamboat traffic from Khartoum to the Great Lakes; no railway can be made by Fashoda. Fortunately, however, a treaty has been concluded with Menelek by which the railway can be made direct through Abyssinian territory.

Fashoda, a wretched, fever-stricken spot, would never have been heard of had it not been for the efforts of the French to block our passage to the Great Lakes by erecting a fort there. The handful of men they sent to oppose us, under Marchand, were on the verge of starvation when they accidentally ran against our steamers busy at the work of cutting away the sudd to free the channel. However, Lord Kitchener treated the poor Frenchmen with great politeness and offered them



PART OF THE TREASURE FOUND IN A PYRAMID BY FERLINI, SUPPOSED TO HAVE BELONGED TO QUEEN CANDACE.

Now in the Museum, Berlin.

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free passages to Cairo. So ended the "*affaire Fashoda*," and our rights to the highway of the Nile are not likely to be challenged again.

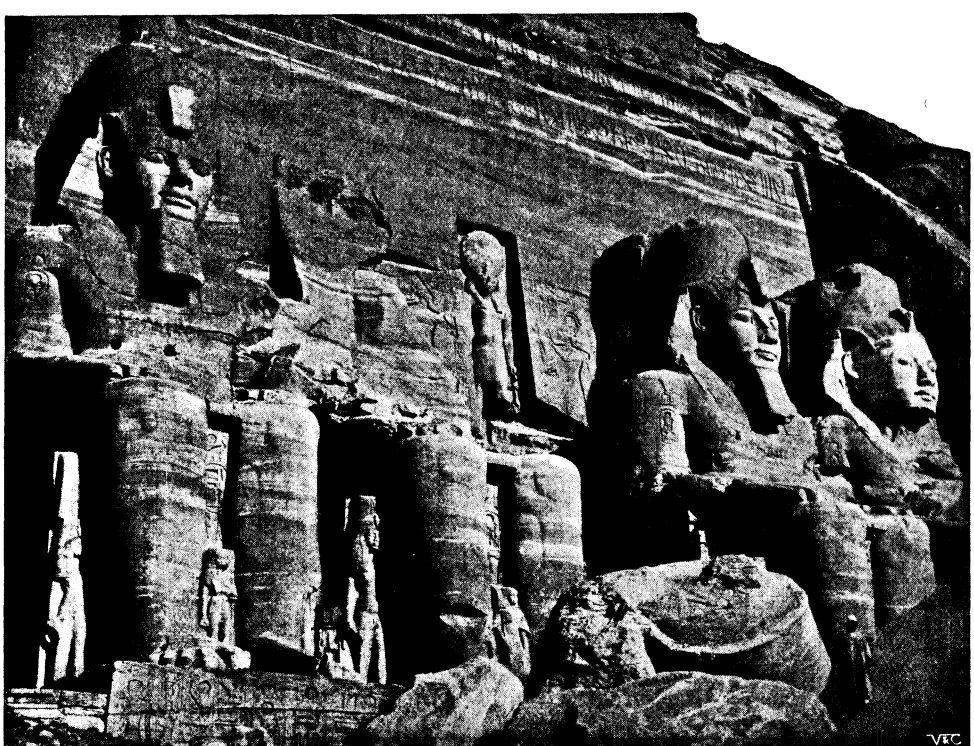
There is now a railway in British territory from the Great Lakes by Uganda to the Indian Ocean (800 miles). In a few years the Rhodesia lines will touch the Great Lakes from the south, and the Cairo to Cape express will then become a reality.

Egypt and Nubia were once Christian—in fact, Africa was the first Christian colony. Its first bishop was the evangelist Mark. In Egypt, despite the persecution of a thousand years, there are still 800,000 Copts—Christian descendants of the ancient native Egyptians. All the rest are mainly Mohammedan intruders. Nubia, and as far as Soba (the ancient Sheba) on the Blue Nile, was entirely Christian before the advent of the Crescent. South of Halfa, Christianity has been utterly extinguished by persecution. Now, under the British flag, all are free to worship according to their own faith, as long as they observe the laws. Already several places of Christian worship exist in Khartoum; nearly every faith—Catholic, Greek Church, and Protestant—is represented. The Copts have come back after centuries of enforced absence. To show our even-handed justice, we are aiding the erection of a handsome Mosque for the Mohammedans.

The English service is temporarily held in a large room in the Palace, but Lady Wingate has started a fund for building a public church in Khartoum. The chaplain is very popular, so much so that many of the natives would attend his services if there were a public church, for he can speak all their languages.

The singing is excellent, the choir being led and trained by Lady Wingate. After service everyone stands up and sings our National Anthem. This has been done every Sunday since the memorable day when Lord Kitchener had the funeral service of Gordon performed on the spot of his martyrdom.

The results of the British rule in Egypt have not been confined to North Africa. The great soldier who brought the war in South Africa to an end, and the capable administrator who is successfully carrying on the work of pacification at the Cape, alike served their apprenticeship in Egypt, under Lord Cromer.



TEMPLE OF RAMESES THE GREAT, ABU SIMBEL, NUBIA.

A LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING.

By SPENCER LEIGH HUGHES.

IT was half-past four on a fine Monday afternoon in the month of May, when Mr. Edgar Trundle, M.P., was standing in the centre of the Members' Lobby in the House of Commons, engaged in the important business of trying to make up his mind what to do next. He had sat through questions, had slept half an hour in his place, had answered a few letters, and had promised the Whips of his party that he would dine in the House, so that he regarded the serious political duties of the day to be over. He had had his customary chat with one or two of the journalists whose presence adds to the gaiety of the Lobby, and now the hon. member felt that there was nothing for it but tea and tobacco in the smoke-room. Just as he was turning to go, one of the attendants—who spend many hours in vainly endeavouring to find members, who are as elusive and as mobile as the *Pulex irritans*, or common flea—handed him a telegram, saying: "I don't know if this is for you, sir, or for the other Mr. Trundle."

"Let's have a look," said the member for the Gaytown Division, and glancing at the envelope, he saw that it was addressed: "E. Trundle, M.P., House of Commons, S.W."

"You see, sir, the other member is Mr. E. Trundle also," observed the attendant.

"That's so," replied the member easily, "and we have an understanding about things of this sort—the first one to whom the telegram is offered opens it; so here goes."

He tore it open, read the message twice, and then exclaimed: "It's all right, the message is for me."

That message was conveyed in these words:—

> Propose to call on you at House about four Wednesday. Can you see me? Wire reply. Simpson, 8, Limpet Terrace, Scarborough.

"So old Bob Simpson's sunning himself at Scarborough, is he?" muttered Mr. Edgar Trundle. "And he must be having a gaudy time, too, to forget that Wednesday next is Derby Day, and that therefore yours truly will not be within the precincts of the Palace at the time mentioned." He went to the post-office in the corner of the Lobby and wired in reply:—

> Simpson, 8, Limpet Terrace, Scarborough. Off to the Derby Wednesday. Call eight Tuesday night Belgrave Club. How are the girls at Scarborough? O listen to the band! Trundle.

Having paid one shilling and twopence for this message, couched in a style worthy of the member for Gaytown, he strolled away to the smoke-room, humming a lively tune and "feeling good," as he was in the habit of putting it.

The two hon. members, each of whom was Mr. E. Trundle, were unlike each other in everything except the name. Mr. Edgar Trundle was a joyous gentleman of thirty-seven, smart, well-dressed, and a bachelor. In describing him, men were apt to speak of him as "a bit of a caution," or "a regular sportsman." His clothes never looked quite new and never more than a week old. In the choice of neckties he showed the most daring originality; and while his moustache was always waxy, he himself was always genial. The other Mr. E. Trundle, whose first name was Ebenezer, was quite different from all this. He was tall, gaunt, and far beyond middle-age. He had a long, grey, straggling beard, though part of the chin was shaven; he invariably wore spectacles, and gazed over rather than through them in a reproachful manner. In describing him, people generally called him "a worthy man." His clothes were always black, and his enormously long frock-coat, which hung in melancholy folds around his lank figure, appeared to be as much part of him as his beard. In a word, the two E. Trundles formed the extremes of an antithesis.

Within half-an-hour of its despatch the cheery telegram already mentioned reached its destination, No. 8, Limpet Terrace, Scarborough. But the Simpson who opened it was not the Bob Simpson of whom Mr. Edgar Trundle was thinking when it was written. On the contrary, it was handed by a neat maidservant to the Rev. Micah Simpson, who, having seated himself opposite Mrs. Simpson at the tea-table, and having "asked a

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blessing," was informing that excellent lady that he was afraid he would have to go to London on Wednesday to see their good friend Mr. Trundle about a local education scheme which was soon to be discussed in the House. He picked up the telegram from the little tray, saying: "Thank you, Mary," and then, having adjusted his spectacles, he read the message, remarking: "No doubt this is Mr. Trundle's reply."

For a moment or two he sat transfixed and speechless. Then he said in a tone of the utmost concern: "Dear, dear, dear me!"

"What is it, Micah?" asked Mrs. Simpson anxiously. "I hope nothing has happened to Mr. Trundle?"

"It seems to me that something is going to happen to him, unless I intervene, and that right early," replied the good man. "Look at that!" And he flung the offending message across the table.

Then Mrs. Simpson, a nice, grey-haired, gentle old lady, had to adjust her glasses. She read the telegram and said: "I'm surprised that Ebenezer Trundle should write in such a way about the girls, and I don't know what he means about the band; but if he is going to Derby, it may be on some good errand."

"Not to Derby, my dear, but to *the* Derby; a different thing, a very diff-e-rent thing indeed," retorted the reverend gentleman, in a sepulchral tone. "'Tis a carnival of vice, a pandemonium of iniquity, and I feel I must journey to London forthwith—early tomorrow, that is—to seek him out and to persuade him to pause ere it is too late." With that he scrutinised the telegram again and went on, half to himself and half to his wife: "Handed in in the House of Commons, too, I perceive. Tut, tut, tut! I feared, when last I saw Ebenezer, that the snares of London—and they are many—were beginning to lead him astray, but I never supposed that I should live to receive from him a telegram openly avowing his intention of going to that abomination, the Derby, and asking me, the Rev. Micah Simpson, 'How are the girls?' and addressing to me so futile an injunction as 'O listen to the band!' He seems to glory in his shame. But I will go to this club of his and withstand him to his face."

Dear old Mrs. Simpson said she would see to the reverend gentleman's best things being ready, and she trusted that Micah would take great care of himself.

It was about half-past six o'clock the next evening when the Rev. Micah Simpson reached King's Cross, and he drove at once to a small hotel in one of the streets running down from the Strand to the Embankment, where he had for years been in the habit of putting up on his occasional visits to town. When in London he was always very suspicious, fearing that every other man was a swindler *in posse* or a would-be pickpocket. For in spite of a somewhat grim appearance and a precise formality in speech, Mr. Simpson was a simple man. And though suspicious on occasion, he was really kind-hearted, for it was merely his inexperience which led him to suspect his fellow-men when out of his usual quiet surroundings. Having secured his bedroom and meditated for a few minutes, he called a waiter.

"Can you direct me to the Belgrave Club?" he asked.

"Belgrave Club, sir? Yes, sir. Pall Mall, sir."

"Is it—er—is it a reputable resort?"

"Beg pardon, sir," said the waiter, with his head on one side.

"What I wish to know," explained Mr. Simpson, "is whether it is a club of good class."

"Tip-top, one of the best," replied the waiter.

"Ah!" said Mr. Simpson; "and now tell me what is a reasonable fare for a hansom cab from this place to the club in question. I have no wish to appear mean, but cabmen are on occasion apt to be extortionate."

"Eighteenpence, sir, will see you through well. Shall I call you a cab?"

"If you please," replied Mr. Simpson, putting on his gloves.

"'Ansom hup!" roared the waiter from the door, and a cab came clattering along. The reverend gentleman climbed carefully inside, the waiter shouted "Belgrave Club!" and as the hansom moved off, the driver and the waiter exchanged pantomimic signs, which consisted of a closing of the left eye, a lowering of the left corner of the mouth, and a chucking movement of the left thumb.

At about seven o'clock on the same Tuesday evening, Mr Edgar Trundle began to bestir himself in the House, being anxious to pair with someone for the rest of that day and for the following day. It was one of his fixed rules that the eve of the Derby should not be desecrated by any attention to parliamentary duties, however slight that attention might be. He thought a snug little dinner with a friend or two at his club was a far more appropriate preparation, and while he was looking about for some man on the other side who wanted to get away, up

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came Mr. Ebenezer Trundle. He said, with a sad smile: "I presume, my dear sir, that you will be away as usual to-morrow, but I fear you have already paired. If not, will you pair with me?"

Mr. Edgar Trundle laughed and replied: "I was just looking round for some chap on your side who would be going to the Derby. I'll pair with you with pleasure, though I don't suppose you will be among the gee-gees to-morrow. But the pair must begin from half-past seven to-night, and last over to-morrow."

"That will suit me admirably, my dear friend," replied Ebenezer, "as I want to be off at once, and a division to-night is not very likely. It is seldom that our tastes coincide so remarkably."

"'Don't suppose you will be among the gee-gees to-morrow."

"Not often, is it?" remarked the cheery Edgar; and away they went to book the "pair."

That having been done, Mr. Edgar Trundle drove off to the Belgrave Club, feeling on very good terms with himself and with everyone else. On entering his club he remarked to the hall-porter: "Look here, John, I may have a guest calling here about eight. His name's Simpson, and if he comes, send him up to the smoke-room, unless he comes after eight-thirty. After that I shall be in the dining-room. I shan't wait dinner for him, as I'm not sure whether he will turn up."

"All right, sir," said the man, as he made a note or two in a big book; and Mr. Trundle went away to dress, after which he made his way to the smoke-room.

It was just ten minutes past eight when the Rev. Micah Simpson drove up. He gave the cabman two shillings, feeling that anything of the nature of a scene or an altercation on the doorstep of so select a club as the Belgrave would be unseemly and even distressing. Then walking into the brilliantly lighted entrance-hall, he said to the porter in his best style: "Ahem! is Mr. E. Trundle, member of Parliament, within?"

"He is, sir," said the grave functionary; "and if your name is Simpson, sir, he's expecting you."

"My name is Simpson—the Rev. Micah Simpson," replied the reverend gentleman.

"Here, boy!" called the porter, "take this gentleman up to Mr. Trundle; you'll find him in the smoke-room."

As the Rev. Micah was being shot up in the lift, he communed with himself, thinking of other days when Ebenezer did not disport himself amid such surroundings. In another minute he was following the boy through a large room, and at the further end the boy stopped before two gentlemen, saying to one of them: "A visitor, sir—Mr. Simpson."

Mr. Edgar Trundle rose and said courteously: "Do you wish to see me?"

"No, no," replied the other, "there must be some mistake; I have called to see Mr. E. Trundle, M.P., by appointment."

"Well, I am Mr. E. Trundle, M.P.," answered the puzzled member. "There's another M.P. of that name, but he is not likely to have made an appointment at this club, for he belongs to the other side. I'm the only Trundle in the club, member of Parliament or not."

The Rev. Micah Simpson was fumbling in his pocket, saying: "I surely cannot have been mistaken," and then, producing a telegram, he added: "No, here it is—I am here in answer to that, which reached me in reply to a message sent by myself."

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Mr. Edgar Trundle looked at the telegram and then gazed helplessly round the room. In about two seconds he had pulled himself together.

"Pray sit down, sir," he said very politely; and then, sitting down himself, he said desperately: "This is a reg'lar knock-out!"

"I fail to follow you, my dear sir," remarked Micah blandly.

"Did you send a wire to the House about calling there on Wednesday afternoon?"

"I did, sir, being anxious to meet my esteemed friend, Mr. Ebenezer Trundle, the member for the Sadville Division."

"Well, this beats everything. It's a record mix-up. Here's a wire meant for one Trundle which reaches the wrong Trundle, and the reply meant for one Simpson goes to another Simpson. And, by the way, it wasn't exactly the sort of answer you expected, was it?"

"It was not," said Mr. Simpson with emphasis; "indeed, it startled me not a little, for it led me to suppose that my good friend Ebenezer Trundle meant to visit the Derby horse-race."

"Not likely," replied the M.P., with a laugh. "I'd as soon expect to meet the Pope at Monte Carlo as your friend at Epsom."

"You relieve me greatly," murmured Micah.

"But look here, Mr. Simpson," continued Mr. Trundle, "I have unwittingly given you the trouble to come here, and you must really give me the pleasure of your company at dinner. Nay, I will take no refusal."

He had seen that the Rev. Micah, though not exactly one of his set, was a gentleman, and when the stranger observed that he was truly in need of some sustenance, though he had partaken of some luncheon at York, the hospitable member replied: "York! Pooh! that's hours ago. Here, waiter, take this gentleman's hat and gloves and umbrella. You must really join me and my friend Mr. Pump at a little dinner. You may have heard of Mr. Pump. He is a well-known barrister—sitting over there; lean as a greyhound, but you should see him eat!"

"I presume it is Mr. Pump, one of His Majesty's Counsel learned in the law," observed Mr. Simpson. "I have heard of him with the hearing of the ear, and have more than once seen his name in the public prints."

"'Strikes me you two are a bit festive for the beginning of a dinner.'"

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"That's the chap," said Trundle, with a nod. "They call him Figtree Pump, because, though a man with his name obviously ought to have his chambers in Pump Court, he will have them in Figtree Court—obstinate as a mule. But come and be introduced, and then we'll dine."

Five minutes later the three were seated at a little table in the dining-room, the lean, clean-shaven, cadaverous barrister making himself very agreeable to the Rev. Micah, while Mr. Trundle was "fixing up the dinner," as he put it.

"By the way, about wine, Mr. Simpson," said his host, "I suppose you take a glass of wine with your dinner?"

"Well," replied the guest, with a gentle smile, "I cannot say that upon all occasions I abstain from such good things, though I advocate temperance, and that somewhat strenuously."

"So do I, all the time," said Trundle; "and the first rule of temperance is not to mix 'em. So we'll stick to champagne all through"; and then turning to the wine steward, he ordered "No. 102," adding: "A magnum, of course."

Mr. Micah Simpson had been so much soothed by the discovery that his friend Ebenezer had not fallen, the soup and the fish were so excellent, and the champagne being perfect, he began to expand, and was chatting away quite gaily when a boy came up to Mr. Trundle, saying: "There's another Mr. Simpson coming up, sir," and in another minute Mr. Bob Simpson, a short, round, rosy-cheeked stockbroker hurried to the table, saying: "Hallo, Pump! how are you? And how are you, Trundle? Thought as to-morrow's the Derby, I'd find you here."

"Delighted!" exclaimed Trundle. "Plenty of room for four—sit down. Let me introduce you—namesake of yours. Mr. Simpson—Mr. Simpson. Now I ought to explain. It's like this——" And then, suddenly resting his head on his hands, he burst into immoderate and helpless laughter. At length he gasped: "Oh! tell Bob all about it, Pump."

"I can't," groaned the lean lawyer, whose ribs were rattling together.

The Rev. Micah, who was beginning to feel more and more comfortable every minute, pushed up his glasses and beamed on the three, remarking: "The situation is by no means devoid of humour when regarded from one point of view, certainly."

"You see," began Trundle again, "your name is Bob Simpson, and here is another Simpson whose front name I don't know; but——"

"My name is Micah," said the reverend gentleman blandly.

The wretched Trundle went off into fits again and then said penitently: "It's not the name I'm laughing at—wouldn't be so rude; it's the whole affair."

"I have known the name to be the occasion of merriment in my younger days," remarked the good man, with a smile.

"Strikes me you two are a bit festive for the beginning of a dinner," grunted Bob, who was a man of few words.

"Well, look here, Bob," said Mr. Pump, K.C., putting the ends of his lean fingers together, "let's try to make the thing clear to you. This gentleman, the Rev. Micah Simpson, sends a wire to E. Trundle, House of Commons, suggesting an interview at the House to-morrow afternoon. The message, signed 'Simpson,' is handed to Edgar Trundle instead of to Ebenezer. Trundle here thinks it comes from you, so he wires back that on Wednesday he will be at the Derby, and then he adds some rot about the girls, and listen to the band, and that sort of thing. Such a message, which would have meant nothing from a scamp like Trundle here to an old reprobate like yourself, made our reverend friend nearly jump out of his skin when apparently coming from Ebenezer, so he has come up to rescue Ebenezer. That's the whole tale."

"Jolly good," remarked Bob Simpson; "so's this champagne. But why shouldn't Ebenezer Trundle, or anyone else, go to the Derby?"

The Rev. Micah Simpson felt that his chance had come to assert himself and to do some good. He made another attempt to empty his glass, which had been quietly re-filled by the perfectly trained waiter directly the merest sip had been taken, and then he began: "I regard the Derby as a curse and an abomination. It encourages gambling and drinking, and theft, and, indeed, almost every sort of vice. I would away with it, had I the power. I have denounced it from my pulpit more than once. I have cried aloud and spared not."

"Ever seen it?" grunted Bob Simpson.

"My dear sir," responded Micah with warmth, "I should be unworthy of my cloth and my calling if I were to visit such a collection of rascals and scoundrels."

"Well," remarked Mr. Trundle, "there's plenty of wrong 'uns there—eh, Pump? But there are some of the right sort, too. It

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strikes me, sir, that your views are a bit out of it, so to speak. I wish you'd let me take you there to-morrow, and then you'd see what's what."

"Sir," exclaimed the Rev. Micah, "the mere suggestion is repugnant to me."

"Well, you know best, of course," said Trundle easily.

"And what would my wife say?" asked the good man.

The keen-witted Pump detected in that question a certain dallying with the subject, so he resolved to see what he could do to further Trundle's proposal.

"Mrs. Simpson need not know anything about it," he remarked, with a smile. "But let's talk it over in the smoke-room, Trundle."

"By all means," assented the hon. member. "I suppose you smoke, sir?" he added, to the Rev. Micah.

"I am in the habit of enjoying a cigar in the seclusion of my study occasionally," was the reply. "My wife, good soul, can never get over her loathing of the fumes of tobacco, though I am sure that for my sake she would endure, if I may say so, any torture."

He uttered the last word in a subdued tone and looked at his host in an apologetic manner.

"Oh! don't mind me," said Mr. Trundle; "but come along to the smoke-room."

As they were passing from one room to the other, Mr. Pump took his host by the arm and whispered: "I'm going to win this case. We'll have him at the Derby to-morrow, as sure as my name is Figtree Pump."

He lost no time, for directly they were all seated, with coffee, liqueurs, and cigars, and while the reverend gentleman was carefully blowing a blue cloud up to the ceiling, Mr. Pump began. "Now look here, Mr. Simpson. I'm not at all sure that you are wrong in denouncing the Derby. There is no doubt that it entails a good deal of misery, and even of crime; but I'm certain of this—you could denounce the thing with far more effect if you had seen it. What you have actually seen is evidence; what you have been told is not. I think it is your duty to sacrifice your feelings and look at the thing fair and square."

"There is something in what you say," remarked Micah, sipping his coffee; "but I fear my visit would be the occasion of offence."

"Suppose you think well of the Royal Family, eh?" inquired Bob Simpson, with a jerk.

"I yield to no man in my sentiments of loyalty and devotion to the Throne," responded the good man.

"Well," said Bob, "the King and Queen, and lots of others, have often been there; and Rosebery has won it, and the Duke of Devonshire would like to. He's a respectable man, isn't he?"

"I regard the Duke as a worthy head of the great historic house of Cavendish," was the reply.

"And don't you forget," shot in Mr. Trundle, "that Gladstone once said that the Derby was like the Athens athletic sports—Olympian games, or something of the sort, he called 'em. There's plenty of room on my drag to-morrow—room for two, in fact. Let's fix it up at once; you come with me, and then you can curse the show more than ever, if you think fit."

The Rev. Micah Simpson sat staring straight in front, and Mr. Pump, K.C., who was watching eagerly, warned Bob Simpson, by a motion of the hand, not to say anything, while he himself observed: "You see, in spite of all its imperfections, our racing system aims at improving the breed of our horses. Now, if we had had more and better horses in the earlier stages of the South African war, the operations would have been less prolonged and a vast amount of human suffering would have been spared."

The Rev. Micah leaned back in his chair and thought for a moment; and then, sitting up, suddenly remarked—

"It is well to reduce human suffering when possible; nor can there be anything sinful in seeing which of two horses can progress the more rapidly, unless they are ill-treated. I will, therefore, accept your invitation for to-morrow."

Mr. Trundle was far too discreet to show any eager delight, so he merely remarked—

"That's all right. You be here at eleven to-morrow. We'll drive down gently, have a bit of lunch, and then see what's going on."

The party broke up soon after, and the reverend gentleman drove back to his hotel. He paid the cabman one shilling only, and treated with sublime indifference the shout: "'Ere, what d'ye call this? And you from the Belgrive Club, too! I wish I was a-drivin' a hearse and you was in it!"

And so it came to pass that when, in the forenoon of Derby Day, Mr. Edgar Trundle's coach left the Belgrave Club for Epsom, one of the occupants of the box-seat was the Rev. Micah Simpson. Mr. Pump and Mr. Bob

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Simpson he already knew, while it had been half hinted to the others that he was an influential constituent of their host, and was therefore to be treated with the greatest

"'Hurroo for the bishop!'"

respect. The good man had but one misgiving when starting.

"I fear," he said, "that I ought to have stayed in town and visited the House, for my friend Ebenezer Trundle will probably be there."

"Make your mind easy on that point," replied his host; "he's paired with me for the day, so he won't be there."

"It would be strange if he also visited Epsom to-day," continued Micah.

"Strange! I should think it would," exclaimed Trundle, adding: "I wish I was as certain of what is going to win as I am that we shan't see Ebenezer Trundle there to-day."

"Ah!" mused Micah, half to himself, "but twenty-four hours ago I should have regarded my going to such a place as the acme of improbability."

By the time that Clapham was passed, and they were in the full swing of the Derby traffic, the reverend gentleman's spirits had risen to a high pitch. He had a cigar in his mouth, his glasses on his nose, and he beamed upon his fellow-creatures.

"There is something remarkably exhilarating in joining in a huge and joyous throng, all making for a common centre," he remarked, as he blew a whiff into the bright sunshine.

"All as jolly as sandboys," said Mr. Edgar Trundle, with a tricky flick of his whip.

The crowd soon detected the happy cleric, and greeted him with cries of "Go it, parson!" "Hurroo for the bishop!" "The kerlection will now be mide!" and other merry quips, all of which he received in the greatest good humour.

Mr. Pump's grin of delight was so fixed that one urchin shouted: "What ho, old Death's-head! when was you dug up?" Upon which Micah remarked suavely: "I imagine that last allusion was to our learned friend," and the K.C., nothing moved, said: "The court concurs." And so, without unusual adventure, the coach took up its place upon Epsom Downs. It was Mr. Edgar Trundle's habit to lunch early on such occasions, and then to see the sights before the real business of the day came on. Every member of the party was, therefore, feeling very comfortable when, after lunch, the stroll round commenced. Micah was, of course, more interested than anyone else, as everything was new to him, and he insisted on investigating the methods of the gentlemen who manipulate the thimbles and the pea. The Trundle party were making their way to one of these ingenious operators who had attracted a large crowd, when a victim, whose failure had raised a great shout of laughter, turned

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to come away and found himself face to face with the Rev. Micah Simpson. It was Ebenezer Trundle, M.P., and none other!

"Micah!" said one.

"Ebenezer!" said the other.

"Oh! but this is great! this is gaudy! Hold me up, Pump!" shrieked Edgar Trundle. "The meeting of Wellington and Blucher after Waterloo isn't in it. This occasion cries aloud for another magnum—let's get back to the coach!"

"Let me be master of the ceremonies," said Pump. "The two Trundles will march together, followed by the two Simpsons; for behold Ebenezer and Edgar have met together, Micah and Bob have embraced each other."

"Not quite," remarked Bob. "But let's get that magnum," and away they went to the coach. They soon had the magnum open, and then Mr. Edgar Trundle remarked: "Now, no attempted explanations. I can see through the whole thing. One of you has denounced this race from the pulpit, and the other from his place in the House, and you've both had the good sense to come and see if it is all your fancy has painted it. Let's have a sweep."

"What is a sweep?" inquired Micah. "I connect the word with the periodic cleansing of chimneys."

The meaning of the word was soon explained, and when Micah shrank from the suggestion, as in some way involving betting, the abandoned Pump put the matter right.

"There is no betting at all," he said; "it is really a subscription, and is in many respects of the nature of a collection."

The result was that each member of the party put down his half-sovereign and drew a horse. Mr. Ebenezer Trundle drew Ornithology, and the Rev. Micah drew Heterodox, a name which made him wag his head. Mr. Edgar Trundle remarked that Ornithology was a "dead cert," while Heterodox "hadn't an earthly," and then he had to explain the meaning of the two phrases. Micah expressed his utter indifference, and was just explaining that he had come to study human nature, and did not care two straws about the horses, when a distant roar was heard.

"They're off!" said Mr. Edgar Trundle.

"No," continued Micah, "I care nought for——"

"Here they come!" shouted someone.

"Where? where? where?" yelled the Rev. Micah, leaping up on the top of the coach and clapping the wrong end of a pair of field-glasses to his eyes.

A little crowd of horses swept by amid yells and shouts and cheers of all sorts, through all of which din the thud of their hoofs on the course could be heard as they passed. Directly they were gone, the course, which had been kept so clear before, was covered with a great black mass of people, running, shouting, dancing, and half-mad.

"What are we to do now?" said Micah.

"Wait!" replied Edgar Trundle, who was looking anxious—and they waited.

In a very short time it was announced that Heterodox was first, and Ornithology, the favourite, was nowhere!

"From this we learn," said Micah, pocketing his winnings, "that in the realm of horse-racing, as in life, one may start with such prospects as to induce men to regard him as a 'dead cert,' and yet when prediction is tested by performance he may be beaten by one whose outlook was at first so gloomy that he was alleged to have 'no earthly.'"

"Oh, yes," said Edgar Trundle quietly, "you'll learn all that, and a lot more, if you keep on at this game. I put a heap on Ornithology, and could have got any odds I liked about Heterodox."

He was not the man to be depressed long, however, and the drive home was even more gay and lively than the drive out in the morning. They took Mr. Ebenezer Trundle on the coach, and during the drive he said to his reverend friend: "Micah, this visit might cause remark were it known in Sadville."

"It not only might, but it certainly would, were it known in Scarborough," retorted Micah.

"We are in each other's hands," continued Ebenezer.

"We are," assented Micah, and they both agreed with Mr. Bob Simpson's sententious summing up: "Mum's the word, my boys."

The Rev. Micah Simpson's explanation when he reached 8, Limpet Terrace, Scarborough, on Thursday evening (having resisted Mr. Edgar Trundle's pressing invitation to stop for the Oaks), was simple and truthful. The offending telegram had not come from their friend Ebenezer, but from another Mr. Trundle, M.P. He had met that Mr. Trundle on the Tuesday night, and had seen Mr. Ebenezer Trundle on the Wednesday, and had had a conversation with him. His visit to town had been pleasant and not without profit (the allusion here was

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"'Oh! but this is great! this is gaudy! Hold me up, Pump!'"

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to the sweepstake), and he was glad he had gone. And as he was pleased, good Mrs. Simpson was pleased, too. But when Mr. Ebenezer Trundle made his next speech in that neighbourhood, and enlarged upon the necessity of the nation having a good supply of horses, and alluded to the suffering which would have been avoided had the supply been better during the earlier stages of the South African war, the Rev. Micah, a prominent supporter, thumped the platform so energetically with his umbrella, and cheered so enthusiastically, as to startle the whole audience. The word "heterodox" makes him jump to this day, while Mr. Edgar Trundle, unlike other sportsmen, always alludes to that particular Derby as "the parson's year."

THE GIFTS.

THERE were three gifts at eventide the West Wind brought to me,
That I might choose for joy or use my fate from out the three:
"Now here is gold," the West Wind saith, "and fair it is to see;
Who chooseth gold hath power to hold; men serve him loyally."

"A prince he is," the West Wind saith, "I know the hidden mine;
Shall guide thee now o'er fire and snow to where the ingots shine?"
"Nay, then, who hath the yellow gold hath trouble at his back;
Whose needs are few, whose heart is true, what knoweth he of lack?

"But here is Love," the West Wind saith, "the light of life is he;
Wilt bid him now to crown thy brow with myrtle greenery?
He sets the pace that young feet dance and leads with lute and bow;
Take thou his hand and through the land with him till curfew go."

"Nay, then, for he who seeketh Love finds but an empty nest;
Love cometh still of his own will, unsought, and that is best."
Then one spake out full loud and clear: "Now I am Work," said he;
"And they who hold nor love nor gold have need of mine and me."

"Wilt follow, follow, where I lead?" his voice rang free and strong;
"Here's hope and cheer for all the year; here's balm for every wrong."
"Yea, I am fain to follow thee; thou speakest like a king;"
"Then shalt thou see, if true thou be, *the other gifts I bring.*"

SHARLOT M. HALL.

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NOT LIKELY!

PORTER (at junction where all change for Glasgow, Perth, and Paisley): Are any of you here for Perth, Paisley, or Glasgow?

Train moves off.

OLD LADY: I was for Glasgow myself, but I wasna going to tell yon speiring body.

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

VICAR'S WIFE TO OLD FARMER: Have you seen the new tile-paving in the chancel?

FARMER: Oh, yes, ma'am. I suppose it's meant to imitate linoleum.

MISTRESS TO ELIZA JANE: I hope your father is better?

ELIZA JANE: He's still very bad, ma'am; and it do come very dear, because the doctor won't let him have nothing but *consecrated* beef-tea.

A CHANGE OF OPINION.

AN eminent novelist, who never answers letters except from old and intimate friends, has recently received the following series of letters from one of his admirers.

I.

17, Woodbine Road, Kensal Rise, N.W.

MY DEAR SIR,—Forgive my presumption in addressing you. I have just finished reading "The Story of Clarissa," the last and, in my opinion, the best book you have given to the world. I can no longer resist the desire to write and tell you how grateful I am for your unsurpassable works. I consider you easily the first writer of the age, if not of the last century. Of course, I cannot expect you to acknowledge this, but merely lay this tribute of respect and admiration at your feet, and beg to subscribe myself

Your devoted and admiring disciple,

HERSHEL JONES.

II.

17, Woodbine Road, Kensal Rise, N.W.

(*A week later.*)

MY DEAR SIR,—I did not expect, as I said, any answer. Of course, you have something better to do than write to humble admirers of your genius, who are personally unknown to you; yet I confess I have opened my letters this week with more eagerness than usual, and regret you cannot spare a line of acknowledgment to my respectful homage. I have added "Clarissa" to the shelf containing your complete works. It is delightful, but is not the sketch of the Colonel rather a caricature? Forgive me asking.

Your devoted and admiring disciple,

HERSHEL JONES.

III.

17, Woodbine Road, Kensal Rise, N.W.

(*A week later.*)

MY DEAR SIR,—I fear you take me for a mere vulgar autograph-hunter, and that fact explains your silence. I am far from that; there are not half-a-dozen living men and women I would go to

the trouble of writing to ask for an autograph. I wrote merely to testify my admiration for you as a writer; yet I confess a reply would be very deeply esteemed and treasured as my most valued possession. I have been dipping into "Clarissa" again, and think the slang the heroine uses diminishes her charm. Girls do talk slang nowadays, but not to the extent she does. I feel I must point this out.

Your devoted admirer,
HERSHEL JONES.

IV.

17, Woodbine Road,
Kensal Rise, N.W.
(*A week later.*)

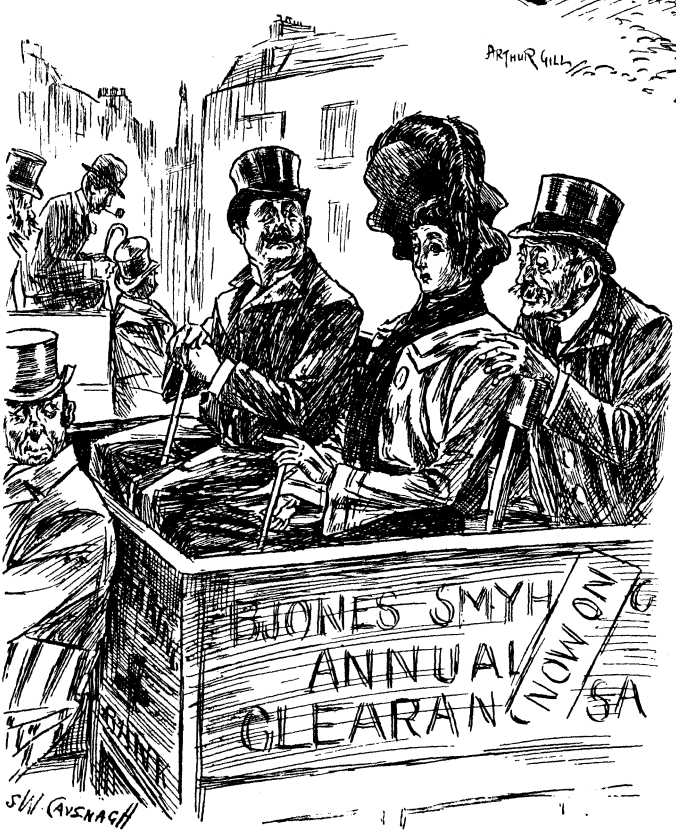
DEAR SIR,—I am much grieved you do not think my letters worth an answer, however curt. However, there is no more to be said. I shall not write again. But to think that the man who can draw so fascinating

HIS NATURAL ENEMY.

URCHIN (to street conjurer, who has just finished his performance): Say, gov'nor, I'll give yer a 'apenny hif yer'll change that there copper into a *acid-drop!*

FORCE OF HABIT.

ABSENTED-MINDED MATINEE FREQUENTER (from sheer force of habit): Excuse me, madam, but would you mind taking off your hat—I can't see a *wink!*



a character as "Clarissa" should be so wanting in—I had nearly written "courtesy"; but, after all, you are a genius, and one must therefore make allowances—"should be so forgetful" I write instead. I have been thinking the plot of "Clarissa" is rather far-fetched—the *Tomahawk*, which cuts it up this week, I notice, says the same thing. Your plots, you must acknowledge, are the weakest part of your novels.

Yours very sincerely,
HERSHEL JONES.

V.

17, Woodbine Road,
Kensal Rise, N.W.
(*A week later.*)

DEAR SIR,—I have misjudged you. Your conduct in ignoring my letters is distinctly rude. I

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A NECESSARY ECONOMY.

ARTIST: The last time I was down here, there were two windmills on the hill. What has become of the other?
HODGE: Ye see, there ain't much wind about them 'ere parts now, so it was took down, so as to leave more wind for t'other.

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UNANSWERABLE.

SHE: George, you don't love me now as you used to do——

THE BRUTE: Did you ever hear of a man running after a tramcar after he has caught it?

can hardly believe you could be so bad-mannered, and you have fallen greatly in my esteem. You are but an imitator of Meredith, and what a shadow of "Clara" is "Clarissa"!

Yours sincerely,
HERSHEL JONES.

VI.

17, Woodbine Road, Kensal Rise, N.W.
(*A week later.*)

SIR,—You still persist in not answering my letters. Such conduct is simply contemptible. Have you no common politeness, no manners? I enclose two penny stamps to buy some. You want 'em bad. HERSHEL JONES.

VII.

17, Woodbine Road, Kensal Rise, N.W.
(*A week later.*)

YOU CAD,—Don't think I want your dirty autograph. I don't. If you sent it, I'd send it back to you—it isn't worth keeping. But you shall answer this. Look here I've sold your books for fifteen shillings at a secondhand bookstall, and mean to give the money to some charity. You shall decide which. Answer, or by —— I'll come and smash your windows. I mean it. I breathe more freely now your rotten books are out of the house.

Yours, without the smallest respect,
HERSHEL JONES.

VIII.

17, Woodbine Road, Kensal Rise, N.W.
(*A week later.*)

CONTEMPTIBLE HOUND,—Yes, I spared your windows; on second thoughts I feared upsetting your poor wife. Unhappy woman! isn't being married to you sufficient affliction for her, that I should add to her troubles? No; I trust I am a gentleman. As for you, I won't sully my pen by saying what I think of you—I mean writing. I've sent the fifteen shillings I got for your books (may they be a drug on every secondhand bookstall in the country!) to the Home for Decayed Authors. May you soon have to join them, is the hearty wish of HERSHEL JONES.

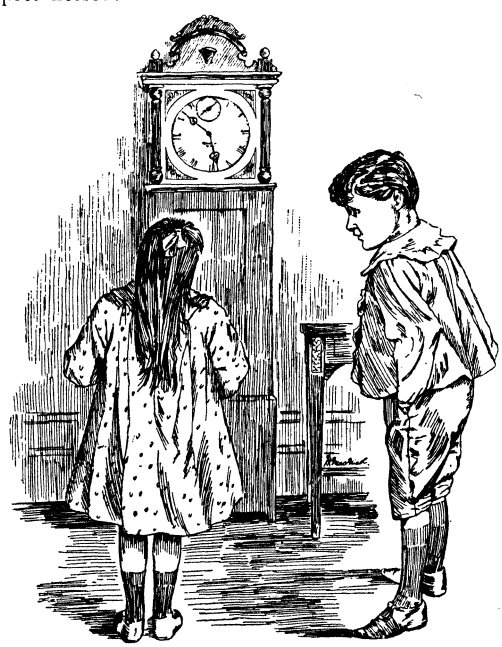
P.S.—Don't presume to write to me, sir. I've done with you.

Charles D. Leslie.

THE HONOURABLE MISS DOWDY: When I got there, the maid actually thought I was a housemaid come to apply for the situation!

MISS SMART (consolingly): Well, some very queer people do take housemaids' situations nowadays.

HUMANE LADY (seeing buckets with bran given to the 'bus horses): Well, I do think they might at least take the trouble to give *clean* water to the poor horses!



ON THE SAFE SIDE.

GERTRUDE (to Harold, who has been repeatedly admonished for asking perplexing questions): Why has the clock got another little hand, Harold?

HAROLD (after consideration): Gertrude, that's one of the questions you're not to ask?

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"SUMMER."

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THE FLOOR OF THE PACIFIC.

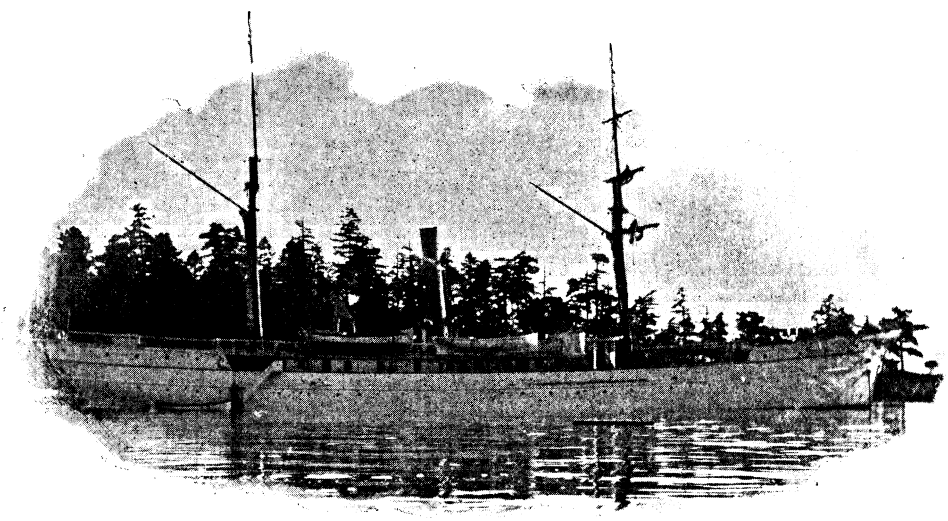
By THE HON. W. E. MEEHAN,*

Fish Commissioner of the State of Pennsylvania.

FOR thousands of years men have navigated the ocean, but their knowledge has stopped at its surface. It is only within the last half-century that scientific investigators have been busily at work sounding, dredging, fishing, and recording the wonderful history of a territory far greater than all the land on the surface of the globe. Of the great bodies of water on the surface of the earth, the Pacific has been most attractive to scientists, and it is the Pacific that has called forth the extraordinary activity of the United States Fish Commission in prosecuting discoveries which have aroused universal interest, and added much to the reputation of the United States for scientific research, as well as for the practical fostering of industrial and commercial progress.

The last two expeditions sent out by Fish Commissioner George M. Bowers, on the steamer *Albatross*, have made discoveries that reveal a great part of the floor of the Pacific almost as clearly as though human eyes had actually dwelt upon it. Moreover, they have found a vast number of new dwellers in the deep—some of curious form and habits—and have given a new and more practical impetus to the commercial fisheries of the islands lately added to the territory of the United States.

By the voyages of the U.S.S. *Albatross*, the ocean depths around the Hawaiian Islands have for the first time been studied with thoroughness; new and vast deposits of curious manganese nodules, paving the floor of the ocean for thousands of miles, have been found at great depths and far from continental areas; and enormous soundings have been made near Guam.



U.S.S. "ALBATROSS."

The character of a great fishing trip strikingly fits the first expedition, which confined itself to the neighbourhood of the Hawaiian Islands. In this particular respect it was more successful than the second, which was a cruise among the South Sea Islands and over remote parts of the Pacific. With the first expedition, fishing and the Hawaiian commercial fisheries were the paramount objects; with the second, fishing was an incident.

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A resolution of Congress, directing the United States Fish Commission to investigate the whole subject of the Hawaiian fisheries, was the cause for the first expedition. A desire on the part of Professor Alexander Agassiz, son of the famous naturalist, to make a more careful study of the corals and atolls of the South Pacific was the reason for the second. The Hawaiian investigations were under the charge of Dr. David Starr

MAKING AN OFF-SHORE SOUNDING.

Jordan, of Stanford University, Cal., and Dr. Barton W. Evermann, of the United States Fish Commission — both eminent American ichthyologists. Associated with them was a *corps* of competent assistants. Commander Jefferson F. Moser, U.S.N., captained the *Albatross*.

Both parties were out for business and scientific purposes only, and not for sport. In place of rod and reel, the *Albatross* carried a load to make the bones of Izaak Walton quiver — seines, gill-nets, trawls, dredges, hand-lines, trap-nets, even good silver money as a potent fish bait in the vicinity of the various inhabited islands.

Of the various devices taken on the South Sea Island expedition, the Tanner-Sigsbee net was the most important. With it the bulk of the deep-sea fishing and dredging was done. Everything that came in its way was seized and held in its capacious maw. Nothing could be liberated until the fishermen willed it, unless the net itself were torn apart by the weight of the catch, and this did, indeed, happen several times while it was being drawn over rough portions of the ocean bed. This net is an ingenious contrivance, so arranged that it can be operated at any depth with accuracy. When a desired sounding is reached, the mouth of the net opens, and remains open until ready to be hauled aboard.

The Agassiz expedition sailed on August 20th, 1900, from San Francisco, and the dredging and soundings began as soon as the line between that city and the Hawaiian Islands was passed. There were lines aboard for the sounding of vast depths; and vast depths were sounded and new records made on the remarkable voyage. But frequently the nets were hauled along the surface, or 100 fathoms below; again at 300 fathoms; and, seventy-five miles from the Island of Tongatabu, a haul was made with the beam trawl at the enormous depth of 4,540 fathoms.

When towed at a depth of 100 fathoms, the nets seldom failed to capture masses of pelagic animals; but at 300 fathoms there was often little or nothing found. Indeed, the results of the trip seemed to indicate that, at the greatest depths of the Pacific, there is little or no animal life which does not exist at shallower depths or near the surface. The greatest disappointment was experienced in the Paumotus. Concerning this section, Professor Agassiz says: "The poverty of pelagic life on the surface and down to 300 fathoms is remarkable. I do not think I have ever sailed over so extensive an area and observed so little surface life; on calm days, under the most favourable conditions, nothing could be seen with the naked eye, and at night there was little or no phosphorescence. The same paucity of life seemed to extend to the deep-water fauna. All the hauls we made off the Islands, in from 600 to 1,000 fathoms, usually the most productive area of a sea-slope, brought nothing."

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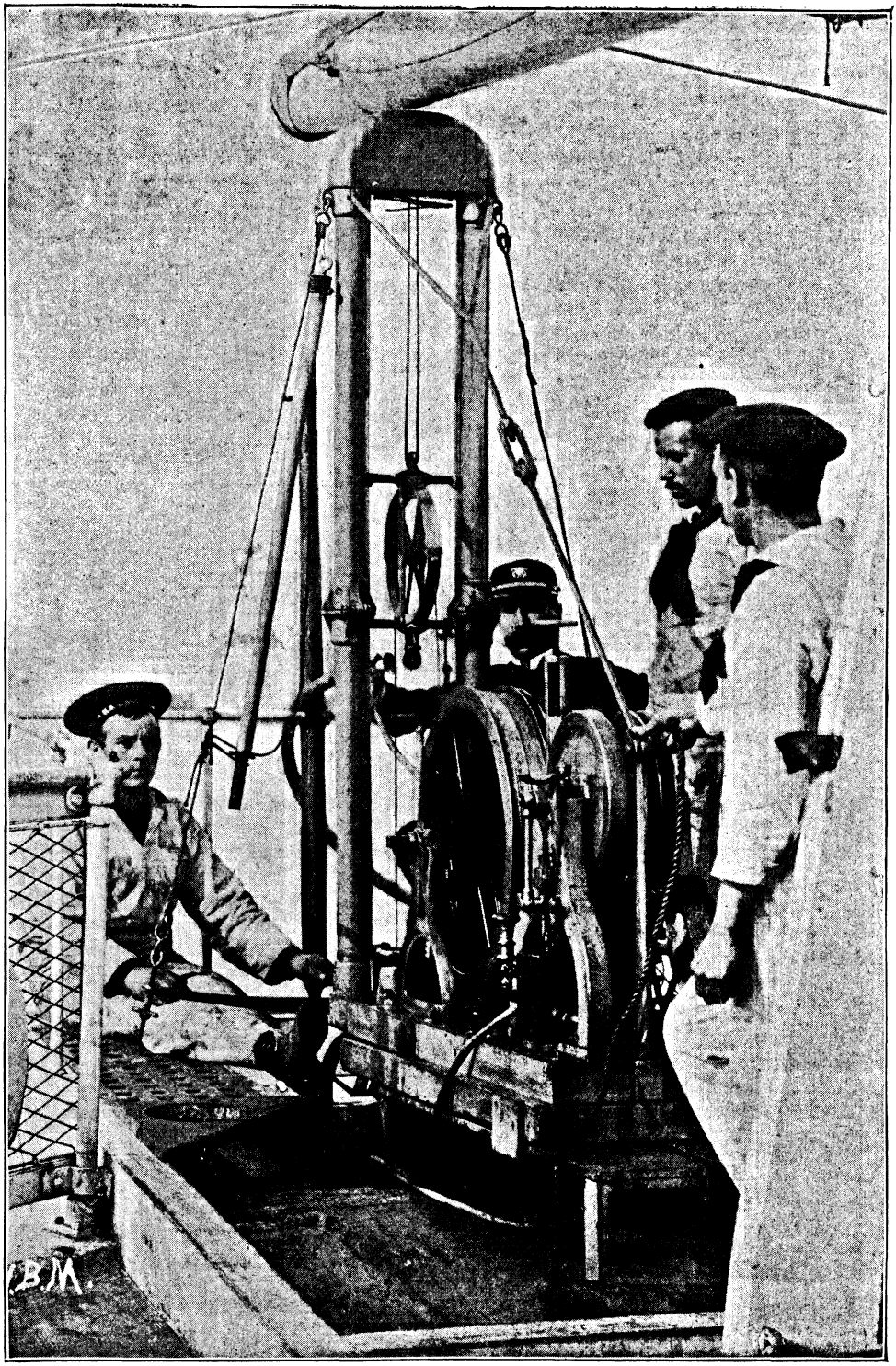


THE SIGSBEE SOUNDING MACHINE ON THE STERN OF THE "ALBATROSS."

The wire rope shown in the picture has extended to a depth of the ocean never before sounded.

Google

But all parts of the Pacific did not yield so poor a harvest. There were places where the net was never hauled without revealing quantities of curious examples of marine life, a number of them new to science.

While neither the scientific world nor the public can be made acquainted for many months with the full results of the fishing, enough has been determined to indicate wonderful progress. For example, in the Hawaiian waters alone, ten per cent. of the fishes found were new to science; and possibly nearly five per cent. of those dredged near the South Sea Islands, and in the depths far from continental areas, were of species previously unknown.

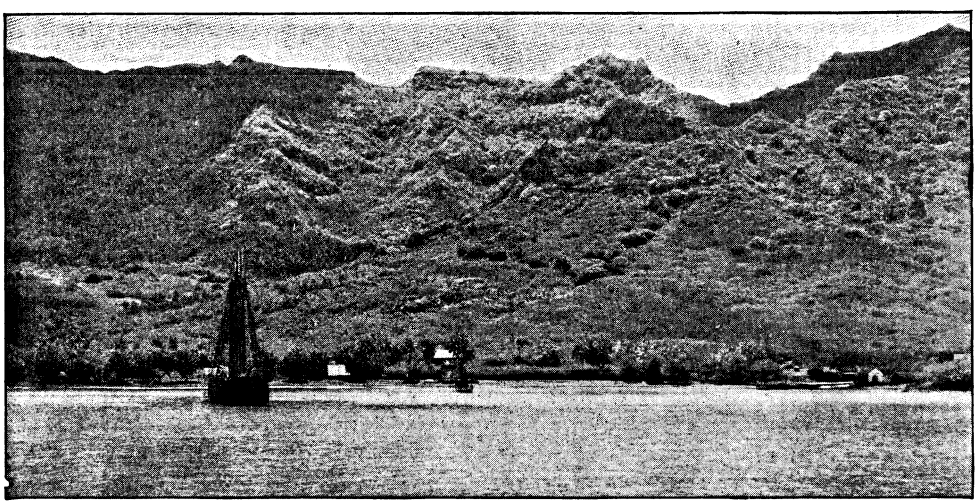
The cruise of the *Albatross*, under Professor Agassiz, was scarcely less remarkable, judged as an exploring expedition, than it was as a fishing party. For days, weeks, and months, the party groped with great dredges, deep-sea lines, and other apparatus to determine the topography and character of the great floor of the Pacific. Every haul, every sounding added something to human knowledge.

If the waters of the Pacific could be drained, there would be revealed a vast stretch of territory comprising enormous plateaus, great valleys for which no parallels exist on the land surface—lofty mountains, beside which the Himalaya and the Andes would look like hillocks, and tremendous hollows or basins, only to be compared with those on the face of the moon.

It is a marvellous peculiarity of thousands of these huge mountains that the summits of most of them are miniature reproductions of the bottom of the Pacific, except that they are covered with trees and other vegetation. There strange beings dwell—types that are curious and rapidly passing away. The summits of these great subterranean mountains, projecting above the present water surface, are the islands which dot the Pacific, from north of the coast of China nearly to the southern limit of South America.

Some of the submerged valleys are several miles long, and here and there others of approximate length join them and extend, vein-like, to all points of the compass.

While there are great mountains, long serpentine valleys, and huge basins or "deeps," the plateau areas are by far the most extensive. Relatively speaking, the floor of the Pacific, as now at last revealed, on the plateau areas, is level. There are undulations and depressions, but the general area is about the same depth below the surface.



NUKAHIVA, MARQUESAS ISLANDS. THE RIDGE OF THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN WALL RISING FROM THE FLOOR OF THE PACIFIC.

The soundings of the *Albatross* develop a mean depth of from 2,500 to 2,700 fathoms. In shoal spots there is a mean depth of from 2,300 to 2,400 fathoms. Deeper spots show from 2,800 to 2,900 fathoms.

It is an interesting fact that many of the deeper portions of the plateau areas are in the neighbourhood of large groups of islands, and not necessarily far from land or close to islands of coral formation. The great deeps, or basins, three thousand fathoms or over, are less than two dozen in number, and all

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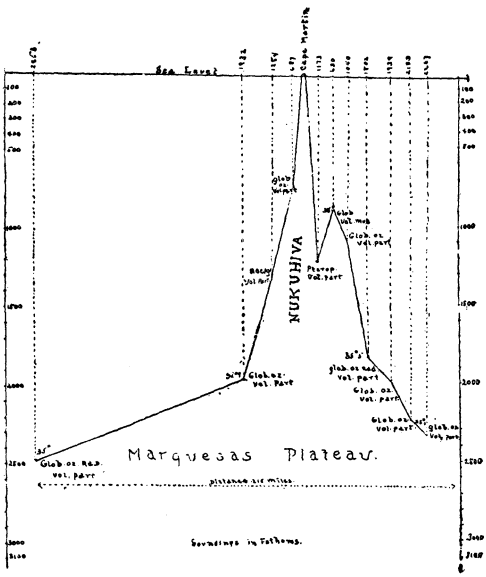
are of comparatively small extent, save five. One reaches from about twenty-five degrees north latitude to above fifty degrees. Another extends from below thirty degrees north-eastwardly, in the shape of a huge shoe, to nearly forty degrees north. Some are long and narrow, while others are nearly circular in form. The two most important



SECTIONAL VIEW OF ONE SIDE OF THE GREAT MOSER BASIN, THE DEEPEST HOLLOW OF THE PACIFIC, SHOWING CAPE MARTIN, WHICH RISES 2,500 FATHOMS (15,000 FEET) ABOVE THE MARQUESAS PLATEAU.

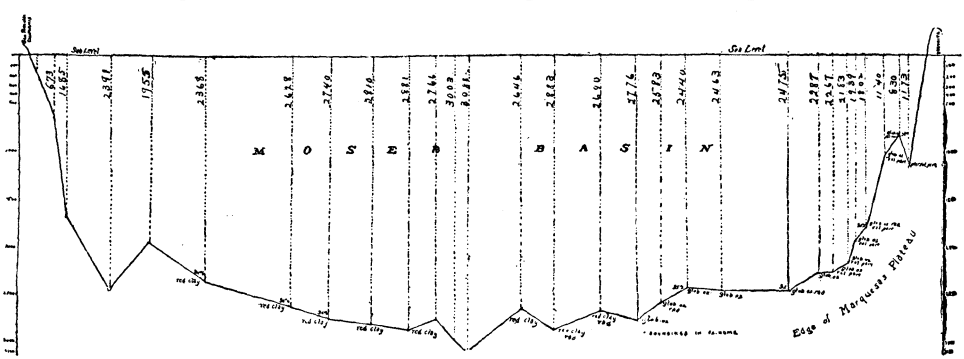
basins are the Moser, near the Island of Guam, and the Tonga-Kermadec Deep, near Tongatabu. Each is over 4,000 fathoms, and in no point less than 3,000 fathoms.

The new soundings correct many former inaccuracies. Old charts indicated many basins, deeps, and ridges which either do not exist or form parts of the other basins, ridges, or deeps. While it still appears that the greater part of the floor of the Pacific is relatively of a uniform depth, the whole of it is more broken than was generally supposed.

The soundings made in the Moser Basin and in the Tonga-Kermadec Deep were accompanied by great excitement. It was on a beautiful, clear day, the 20th of February, that the *Albatross* approached within a little more than one hundred miles of Guam. The vessel lay to, and preparations were made for one of the frequent soundings. A great depression was known to exist in that locality, and there was a general air of expectation and a deep silence as preparations were made to test the depth. At length the silence was broken by a brief order and the tinkling of a bell. Slowly the machinery of the engine commenced to work, and slowly the tough wire rope began to sink beneath the water. Foot by foot, fathom by fathom, it slid from the ship. One thousand, two thousand, three, and then four thousand fathoms disappeared. The record was passed. Five miles of rope!

Officers and men watched the wire with breathless interest. It was an anxious moment, for the strain caused by the immense length and weight of the wire rope on the machinery was tremendous. Many feared lest the rope itself could not stand the tension. But everything held firm; and at length, when the mark recorded 4,813 fathoms, or 28,878 feet—practically the height of Mount Everest—bottom was touched. A wonderful record of 4,475 fathoms, made in the same vicinity a few months before by the steamer *Nero*, was broken. It was an added triumph for American geographical science.

It was then that Professor Agassiz, following a precedent established by other ocean explorers, named the spot the Moser Basin,



TRANSVERSE SECTION OF THE FLOOR OF THE PACIFIC FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, GREATEST DEPTH 3,088 FATHOMS, OR 18,528 FEET.

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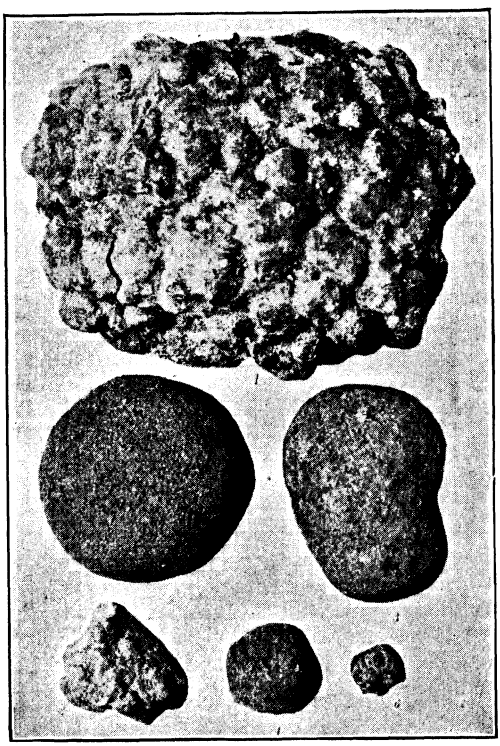
in honour of Commander Jefferson Moser, captain of the *Albatross*. Other soundings, made in the same basin, proved it to be of large extent. The dredge showed the bottom of this mighty deep to be covered with manganese, pumice, and volcanic particles and discs of organic life believed to be diatoms.

The soundings in the Tonga-Kermadec Deep were scarcely less exciting. Before beginning operations, the gear was carefully inspected and strengthened by Captain



THE MANGANESE DISCS AND NODULES, RANGING IN SIZE FROM CANNON-BALLS TO PEAS, PAVING THE FLOOR OF THE PACIFIC WOULD, IF MORE READILY OBTAINABLE, BE OF VAST COMMERCIAL VALUE.

Moser ; and then, with considerable anxiety, 5,000 fathoms of wire were laid out for the haul. Fortunately, everything held, and bottom was found at 4,540 fathoms. To the surprise of those on board, the bag of the beam trawl was filled with large fragments of silicious sponge, of a species before only found at depths of less than 500 fathoms.

The water at great depths was found to be extremely cold. At the bottom of the Moser Basin it was 35° Fahr., only three degrees above freezing, and in the majority of places below 3,000 fathoms the temperature ranged from thirty-five to thirty-nine degrees.

If a bird's-eye view could only be had of the floor of the Pacific, it would be found that the greater part is formed of red clay. The remainder, a scientist would tell you, is composed of extensive fields of globigerina and white radiolarian ooze, with smaller spots of pteropod, diatom, terrigenous, and coral ooze. Probably, if the various forms of ooze were scraped away, there would remain a uniform covering of red clay, because they are merely the remains of countless millions of marine organisms, the accumulations of numberless years.

It is impossible to conceive the vastness of protozoan life, as the lowest and simplest type of living organisms is called which forms great deposits on the floor of the Pacific and elsewhere, or to dream of the countless period of years since they first came into existence. In past ages protozoan life was more abundant than now. The radiolarian life, as the learned name the valvular mollusc, which cling to the rocky bottom of the ocean, formed the chalk cliffs of England and large limestone deposits in different parts of the world.

The greater number of species of radiolarians and globigerinaceæ, another low form of marine life, dwell at the bottom of the sea. The *Albatross* found them at a depth of nearly 3,000 fathoms. Yet other species live near the surface, and in such swarms that their dead bodies, when they reach the bottom, often completely overwhelm their cousins that dwell below. The surface radiolarians are easily distinguished by their more delicate skeletons ; and when alive, they seldom sink beyond 200 fathoms, while the more massive skeleton types remain below the 2,000 fathom mark. Mixed with the clays and ooze are the fossil and modern remains of sharks' teeth and skeletons of other large forms of marine fauna.

Yet all the marvels and all the interesting incidents of the South Sea Islands expedition sink into insignificance before the stupendous mineral finds on the floor of the Pacific. In making soundings and dredgings on the red clay, enormous deposits of manganese were discovered at depths of 2,000 fathoms and over. Former exploring expeditions found isolated deposits in the Pacific, but the *Albatross* demonstrated that vast areas of the red clay bottom are thickly studded with the valuable metal.

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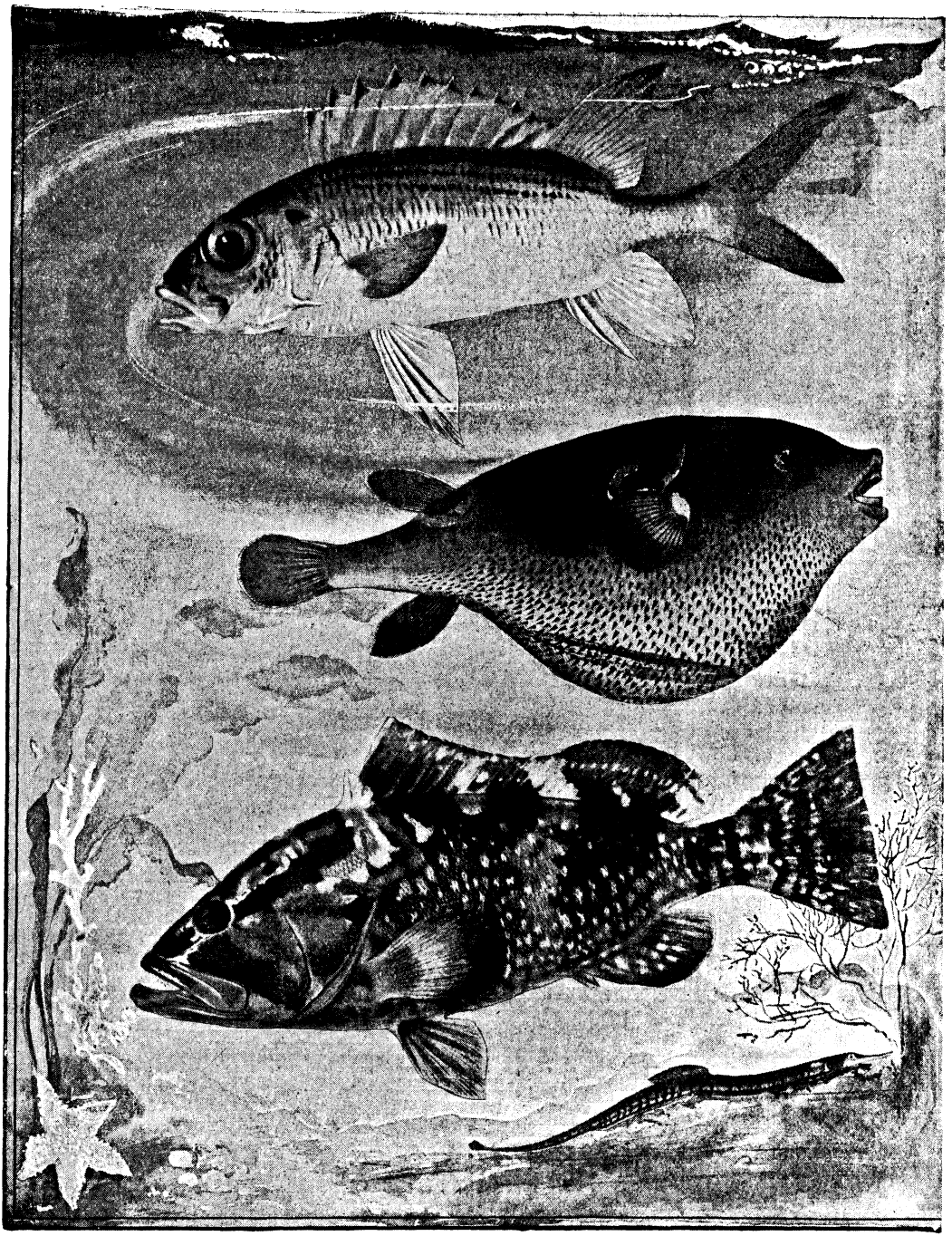

1. THE SQUIRREL-FISH (*Holocentrus ascensionis*), WHICH CHATTERS UNDER WATER LIKE A SQUIRREL WITH A HAZEL NUT. 2. THE EXPANSIVE BALLOON-FISH (*Tetrodon Ocellatus*) IS BELIEVED BY HAWAIIANS TO BE POISONOUS, IN SPITE OF HIS GENIALLY ROTUND APPEARANCE. 3. THE GROUPER (*Epinephelus morio*), MANY-HUED AS A KALEIDOSCOPE, IS ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF OCEAN FISHES, AND VERY EXCELLENT EATING.

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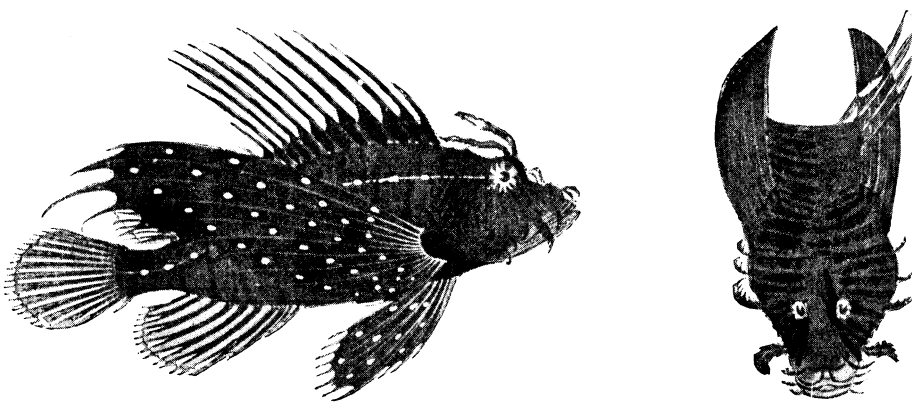
This intensely hard mineral occurs in the form of nodules and discs, the first from five grains in weight to specimens the size of a cannon-ball, and the second from the dimensions of a sixpenny piece to that of a good-sized dinner-plate. The surface of all specimens found is thickly indented and of a dirty brown colour.

On land surfaces, manganese is almost invariably found in small quantities, associated with iron and in certain forms of vegetable life, and never in a native form excepting in meteoric iron. Only about £20,000 worth can be produced annually, and there is a ready sale for every ton put upon the market. With this explanation, the vastness of the mineral find of the *Albatross* becomes the more important. The dredgings show that there is a bewildering wealth of the valuable metal on the floor of the deeper parts of the Pacific, buried far below the possibilities of commerce. Thousands of square miles of the red clay bottom are literally paved with nodules and discs of nearly pure manganese. In one spot close upon half a ton was hauled to the deck of the *Albatross;* in another, over 800 lb. of nodules and discs were obtained. Many of the latter were from three to four inches thick, and a number were nearly six inches through.

A day or two later the trawl was lifted from 3,000 fathoms. It was filled with manganese nodules, from four to six inches in diameter. Again, a few hundred miles beyond, when the trawl was brought to the surface, the net was found to be badly torn by the load of heavy metal it had gathered from the bottom. One-fifth of the two hundred and forty-nine hauls brought manganese in greater or less quantity.

Apparently the deposits extend from the vicinity of Guam almost to the shore of Tahiti. From the dredgings of the *Albatross*, Professor Agassiz is inclined to think that this peculiar manganese nodule bottom characterises a great portion of the Central Pacific, where it cannot be affected by the deposits of organic ooze. He also believes there are vast deposits in other spots on the red clay bottoms.

When the nodules or discs are broken, the manganese is often found, thickly veined, in solid mass below the surface, and seemingly pure. Above, the metal has the appearance of being oxidised. It is a strange fact also that, in every instance, whether in disc or nodule form, the manganese is deposited around some other substance. Sometimes it is grey clay, sometimes a volcanic ash, and occasionally felspar, quartz, and other rock.



THE LION-FISH (*Scorpoena volitons*) IS AS DANGEROUS AS IT IS HIDEOUS, FOR THE SPINES CONTAIN A DEADLY POISON.

This is the only species of lion-fish which came to the net during the expedition.

How the nodules and discs came where they were, and how they came to be formed, is a curious problem for scientists to solve. And there is an added interest owing to the basic material around which the mineral has collected. None of it belongs naturally to the sea ; yet all is found at great depths, and often a thousand miles or more from the nearest land. It is assumed that it could not have been transported thither by any agency of the present age, even were it possible for the manganese to collect in such a short space of time. A possible solution lies in the suggestion that the stones were carried thither by floating ice-masses, during the great glacial epoch, or cast there by terrific eruptions of prehistoric volcanoes.

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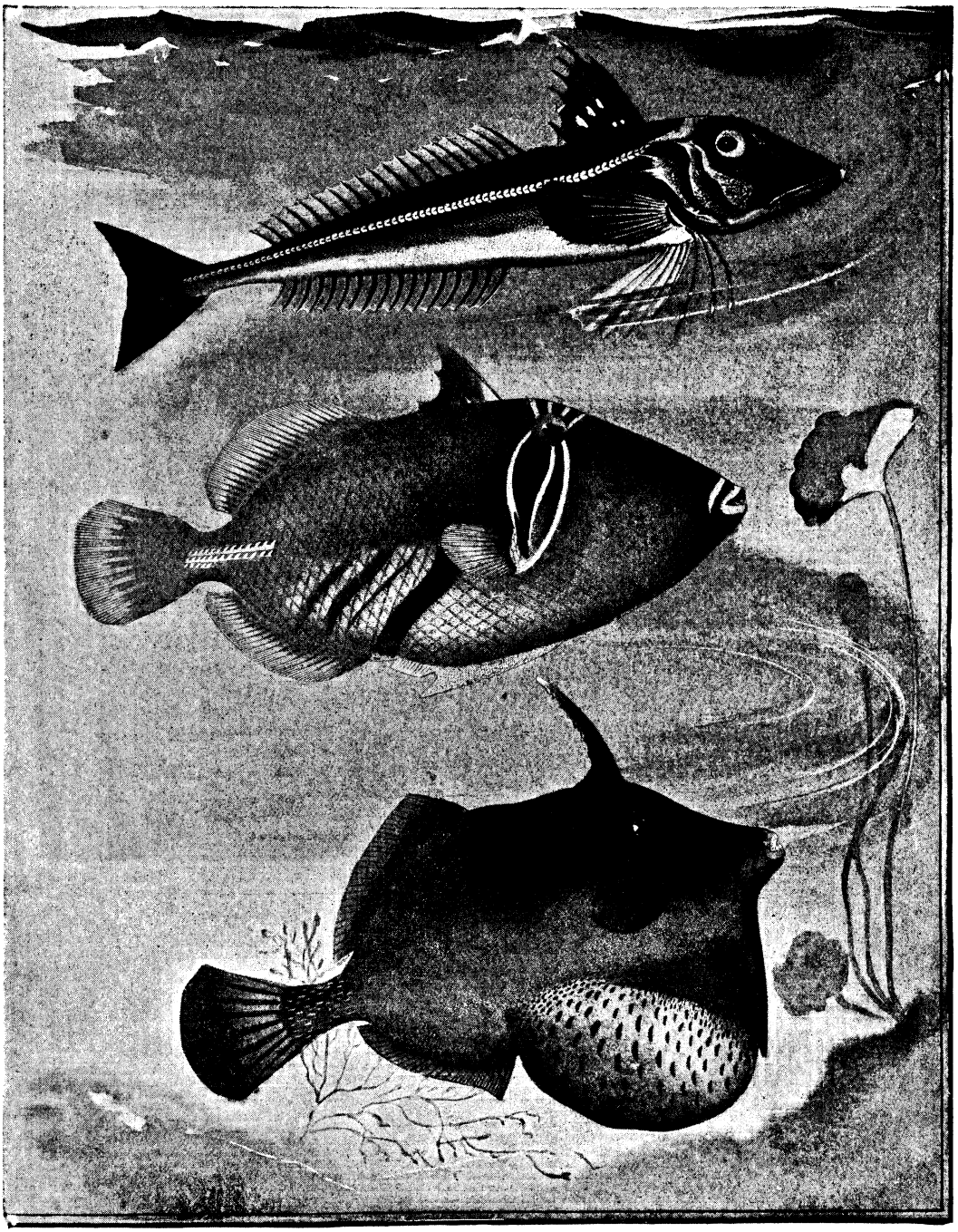

4. THE GREY GURNARD (*Trigla Gurnardus*) IS CONSPICUOUSLY HIDEOUS. 5. THE TRIGGER-FISH (*Balistes Aculeatus*). THE HAWAIIANS CALL IT HUMUHUMU-NUKU-NUKU-A-PUAA, THE HOG GOD WHO PURSUED THE GODDESS PÉLÈ TO HER ISLAND VOLCANO AND WAS TRANSFORMED INTO A FISH FOR HIS RASHNESS. 5. ANOTHER SPECIMEN OF TRIGGER-FISH, SHOWING REMARKABLE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SPINAL RAY, WHICH GIVES THE FISH ITS NAME.

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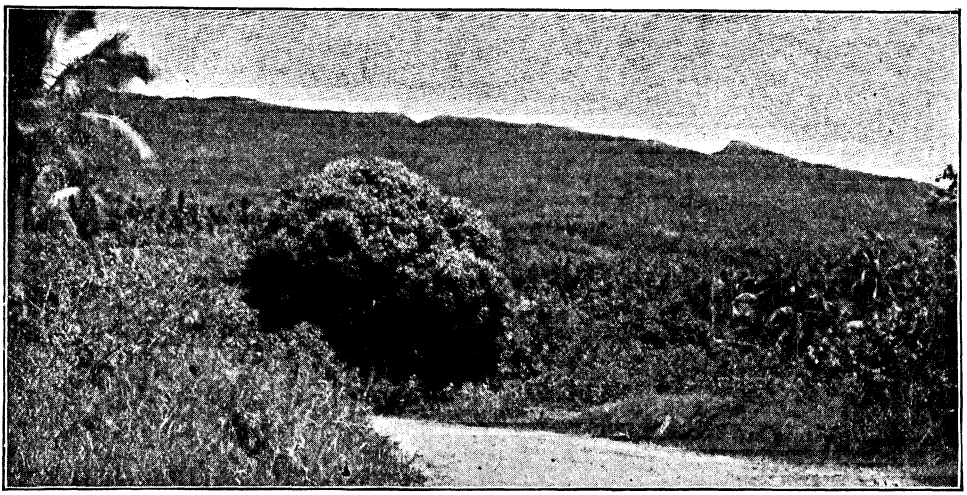

THE HILL LANDS OF THE ISLAND OF TAHITI, SHOWING UNDULATIONS CORRESPONDING WITH THE HILLS AND VALLEYS OF THE OCEAN BED.

The waters of the tropics abound in fish of rich colouring and graceful outline.

Among the new species discovered in Hawaiian waters were several which belong to what are popularly known as trigger-fishes. The type which bears this name is shaped like a double equilateral triangle, with the bases placed together. These fishes are nearly all conspicuous for rich and daring colours. A peculiarity of the genera is a long, spine-like ray on the front of the forward dorsal fin, which cannot be dropped until the second ray is lowered, when it falls like the trigger of a gun—hence the name trigger-fish. All the previously known trigger-fishes of the Pacific are found in the Hawaiian markets, and one rejoices in the native name of *Humuhumu-nuku-nuku-a-puaa*. This overtops the best effort of the scientist, and *Balistapus rectangularis* is his ineffective substitute. The Hawaiian word, translated, comprises, it is said, a full sentence, and is in effect a prayer, for the trigger-fish is one of the many sacred fishes of the natives.

One of the new species of trigger-fishes discovered possesses a modified trigger-ray, but it has the positions of the gaudy colours reversed, making it if anything more grotesquely gorgeous.

Several new squirrel-fishes were discovered, all of brilliant hue and thickly spined. The squirrel-fish, which, under the name of *Uu*, is also a sacred fish of the natives, addressed in prayer as *Uu kani po*, is in some respects a remarkable inhabitant of the water. Nearly all the species are of a deep rose or crimson hue, with long, sharp spines projecting from many parts of the body. Some are as nearly covered as a porcupine; and as the spines are of a bony substance, the fish must be warily handled. The name is given on account of a peculiar sound it makes under water, resembling a squirrel's chatter. Notwithstanding the spines, the squirrel-fish is marketable. The new species discovered will be better appreciated, because they possess a smaller number of the sharp and painfully objectionable spines.

Many of the new species were graceful in outline, harmonious in colouring, and valuable as food fishes. Conspicuous among them was the new amber fish which is now awaiting a specific name from Dr. Jordan. It bears some resemblance in outlines to the Spanish mackerel, but does not belong to the same family. Four or five new species of groupers, very valuable for food purposes, were added to the list by the scientific fishermen. There are few genera more beautiful than the family to which has been given the scientific name of *Epinephelus*. Shaped like a black bass, they are all harmoniously coloured in subdued tints, and possess firm, flaky flesh, that renders them very desirable for the table.

All the Hawaiians unite in declaring the native *Oopuhue* to be deadly to anyone who eats its flesh. Scientific men know the genera as *Tetrodon*, and plain, everyday people as the balloon-fish, a creature that has the power to inflate itself. One species is common on the Atlantic coast. The explorers found one new species of the

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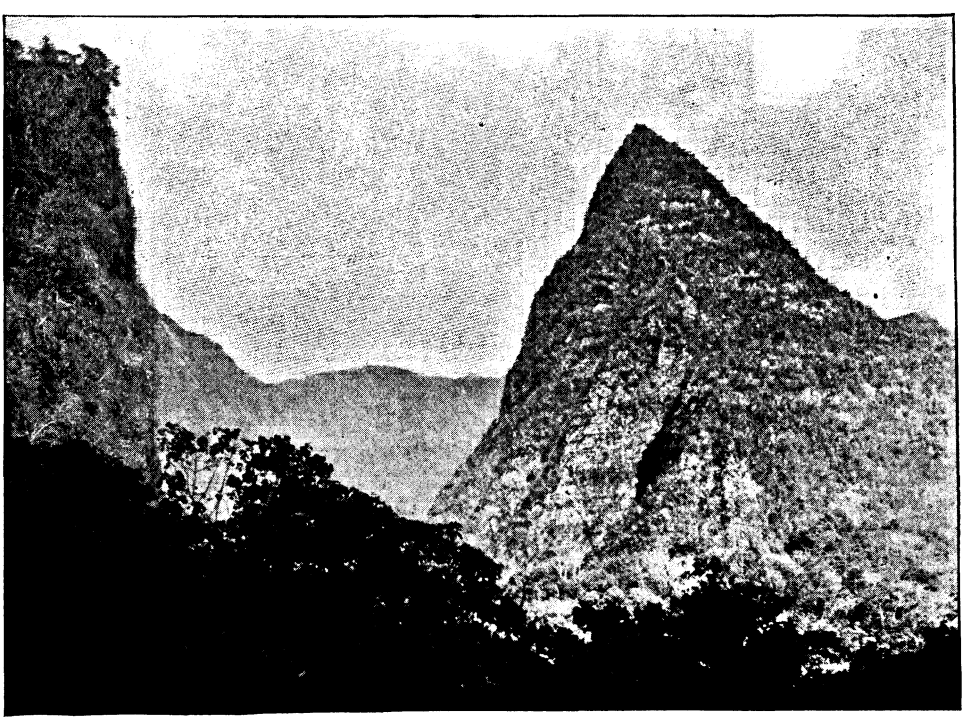
curious and supposedly deadly fish in the waters of the Sandwich Islands, together with a new lion-fish, alleged by the West India Islanders to be dangerous to life. The lion-fish may be classed among the freak fishes. From its general outline it might be mistaken for a huge sun-fish; but a glance at its head conveys the impression that someone has been practising thereon with a hatchet. The crown, back of the eyes, has a large piece cut out. Over the eyes themselves, which are abnormally large, there is a long, ragged, skin-like projection standing erect; and in front of the nose are several short, rhinoceros-like horns. The body is covered with an armature of rough spines which are poisonous. The gill covers are grotesquely marked, and, projecting from the cheek are two or three snake-like fangs.

Several new flying gurnards or bat-fish were found, and a span of new species of sea-horses. There were also new rat-fishes, a family with big eyes, thin bodies, and long, slender tails, and some quaint small species were taken from the Hawaiian waters.

One day, while the net was being hauled over the surface near Honolulu, it captured a strange creature a pound or more in weight, which, if those on board had not been well balanced men, might have led them to think they had lost their reason. It was unlike anything they had ever seen before, and there was at once a warm debate whether the creature was a mollusc or a fish. The adherents of the latter theory finally won their point, and it was christened a fish. The creature is lobster-like in form, with protruding eyes, or eyes placed on a stem like the stalk-eyed crustaceans, to which the lobster, the crab, and some other forms belong. Taken to Honolulu, the natives expressed no surprise, but pronounced it an *Ouanauna Aelea*, whatever that may mean, and they said it was good to eat. It was, therefore, known to the natives, but was a stranger to science. It is, in fact, more than a new species. It is a new genus, a new family, and perhaps a new tribe. So far as is known, it is the only species of a strange type. It is unique in the ichthyological world, and was the only specimen secured—an aristocrat among fishes! By its capture the work of the scientists was well rounded out, and additional lustre given the expeditions that had been groping over the mysterious ocean floor.



ONE PEAK OF THE ELEVATED OCEAN SHORE, TAHITI.

In the background is a huge barrier guarding the land the animal world has won for ever from the encroachments of the sea.

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THE MORNING HYMN.

FROM THE PICTURE BY BERTHA NEWCOMBE.

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THE KIDNAPPING OF ROCKERVELT

By ROBERT BARR.*

IT was a nasty night, with a drizzling rain that was nearly as thick as a fog—a rain that obscured the signals and left the rails so slippery that a quick stop was almost impossible—yet just the sort of night that might make a quick stop imperative if disaster were to be averted.

Red-headed Jimmy Callahan, station-master, telegrapher, ticket-agent, and man-of-all-work in the lone shanty known on the railway map as Hitchen's Siding, ignored by all other maps, stood beside the telegraph-instrument wondering whether the rain had affected the efficiency of the wires, or whether the train despatcher had gone crazy. Here was Number Sixteen, the freight from the west, coming in, and there were no orders for her. Number Three, known to the outside world as the "Pacific Express," the fastest train on the road, was already forty minutes overdue, tearing westward through the night somewhere, and Jimmy did not know where. All he knew was that she was trying to make up lost time as well as the greasy metals would allow, and here he stood without orders!

Once more he seized the key, and calling the despatcher's office in Warmington, once more demanded: "What orders for Sixteen?" Then he went outside, and on his own initiative kicked away the iron clutch that released the distant semaphore. The red star of danger glimmered through the drizzle to the east, which might hold the express if she saw it in time.

Number Sixteen had drawn up to the platform, and her conductor came forward, Jimmy running to meet him, shouting as he ran—

"Sidetrack your train, Flynn! Sidetrack her on the jump!"

"Where's my orders?" asked the conductor.

"There's no orders. *I* order you. Get her off the main line at once."

"*Your* orders! Well, for cold cheek——"

Jimmy lost none of the precious moments in argument, but, turning from the angry conductor, yelled to the engineer—

"Whistle for the switch, and kick her back on to the siding. Number Three may be into you any moment."

No youth in Jimmy's position has a right to give a command to an engineer over the head of a conductor, neither should his orders to the conductor be verbal—they must be documentary. Jimmy was shattering fixed rules of the road, and he knew it.

The conductor of a perishable-goods train thinks himself nearly as important as if he ran an express, so Flynn was rightly indignant at this sudden assumption of unauthorised command by a no-account youth at a no-account station. But a conductor is usually in a comparatively safe place, while the driver of an engine has to take the brunt of a head-on collision; so the grimy Morton at the throttle did not stand on etiquette, but blew the whistle for an open switch and backed his train into the siding. Callahan watched the switch light turn to safety again, heaved a sigh of relief, then put his stalwart arms to the lever and slowly pulled off the red light to the east, and left the main line clear for the through express.

"What's all this sweat about?" cried Flynn. "Where's Number Three?"

"I don't know," replied Callahan quietly.

"You don't know? Well, I'm blessed! I'll tell you one thing, my red-headed youngster. If Number Three has lost more time, and I'm ordered on to the next siding, you'll lose your job."

"I know it," replied Callahan quietly.

Jimmy turned in from the platform to the telegraph-room, and Flynn followed him. As they advanced, the instrument began a wild rataplan, and Callahan paused, raising his hand for silence. Even one like Flynn, who did not understand its language, felt that the machine was making a frantic, agonised appeal.

"Listen to that!" cried Callahan, a note of triumph in his voice.

"What's it saying?" whispered the conductor, awed in spite of himself.

"'Sidetrack Sixteen! Sidetrack Sixteen! In Heaven's name sidetrack Sixteen!' There's your orders at last, Flynn. It's lucky you didn't wait for them."

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The final words were obliterated by a roar as of a descending avalanche, and the express tore past, ripping the night and the silence, fifty miles an hour at the least, the long line of curtained windows in the sleeping-cars shimmering in the station lights like a dimly seen wavering biograph picture—there and away while you drew your breath. In the stillness that followed, the brass instrument kept up its useless, idiotic chatter. A heavy step sounded on the platform, and the engineer appeared at the door, his face ghastly in its pallor, the smudges on it giving a heightening effect of contrast.

"Jove, Flynn!" he gasped, "that was a close call."

The conductor nodded, and each man strode forward as if impelled by a single impulse and grasped a hand of the youngster. Callahan laughed nervously, saying—

"They're pretty anxious in the city. I must answer."

Then he went to the instrument and sent the cheekiest message that had ever gone over the wires from a subordinate to a superior.

* * * * *

In the Train Despatcher's office at Warmington, one hundred and twenty miles to the east of Hitchen's Siding, the force was hard at work under the electric light. John Manson, division superintendent, strolled in, although it was long past his office hours; but he was one of those indefatigable railroad men loth to take his fingers off the pulse of the great organisation he controlled, and no *employé* of the road could be certain of any hour of the night or day when Manson might not be standing unexpectedly beside him. As this silent man surveyed the busy room, listening to the click of the telegraphic sounders, which spoke to him as plainly as if human lips were uttering the language of the land, he was startled by a cry from Hammond, the train despatcher. Hammond sprang like a madman to the sender, and the key, at lightning speed, rattled forth—"Sidetrack Sixteen! Sidetrack Sixteen!"

Instinctively the division superintendent knew what had happened. To the most accurate of men, faithful and exact through years of service, may come an unaccountable momentary lapse of vigilance. The train despatcher had forgotten Number Sixteen! Instantly the road spread itself out before the mind's eye of the superintendent. He knew every inch of it. The situation revealed itself to his mathematical brain as a well-known arrangement of men and pawns would display to an expert what could or could not be done on the chess-board. He knew where Number Three would lose further time on the up-grades, but now, alas! it was on the level in the flat country, where every minute meant a mile. Nevertheless, there was one chance in a thousand that the express had not yet reached Hitchen's, and his quick mind showed him the right thing to be done.

"Tell him to stop Number Three," he snapped forth.

The despatcher obeyed. Where disaster is a matter of moments, there was little use in awaiting the slow movements of a heavy freight-train when the express, a demon of destruction, was swooping down on the scene. There was no answer to the frenzied appeal. Every man in the room was on his feet, and each held his breath as if the crash and the shrieks could penetrate across one hundred and twenty miles into that appalled office. Then the sounder began, leisurely and insolent.

"Keep on your shirt! I sidetracked Sixteen on my own, and set the signal against Three until Sixteen was in. Are you people crazy, or merely plain drunk?"

The tension snapped like an overstrained wire. One man went into shriek after shriek of laughter, another laid his head on his desk and sobbed. Hammond staggered into a chair, and an assistant held a glass of water to his ashen lips. The division superintendent stood like a statue, a deep frown marking his displeasure at the flippant message that had come in upon such a tragic crisis. But a thought of the safety of the trains cleared his brow.

"The man at the siding is that red-headed Callahan, isn't he?"

"Yes, sir."

"Send down a substitute to-morrow, and tell Callahan to report to me."

"Yes, sir."

And this is how Jimmy Callahan came to be John Manson's right-hand helper in the division superintendent's office in the Grand Union Station of Warmington City.

The Grand Union Station is a noble pile in red brick, rough and cut stone and terra-cotta, with a massive corner tower that holds aloft a great clock which gives the city standard time. The tower is the pride of Warmington—a pillar of red cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, with the hours distinct a mile away. The tower may be taken as a monument to the power and

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wealth of the Rockervelts, although in larger cities they had still more imposing architecture to uphold their fame.

The Maniteau Midland, which had its eastern terminus in this immense structure,

"Callahan paused, raising his hand for silence."

was merely a link in the Rockervelt chain of admirably equipped railways; but as the title, Union, implied, other roads, mostly bankrupt or branch lines of the Midland, had running rights into the Grand Union Station.

For a country youth like Callahan to be transferred, at an enhanced salary, from a lone pine shanty on the prairie to this palatial edifice in the city, was like being translated bodily to heaven. Now he had his chance, and that was all he asked of Fate. He delighted in railway work. The strident screech of the whistles, the harsh clanking of cars coming together, all the discordant sounds of the station-yard, were as orchestral music to him, and he never tired of the symphony. He speedily became the most useful man about the place, and was from the first the most popular. He had a habit of dashing here and there bareheaded, and to heat or cold was equally indifferent. The clerks called him "The Brand," possibly from the phrase about the brand snatched from the burning, and the yard-men called him "The Torch." They said his red head stopped the Pacific Express, and had no idea how closely they were treading on the heels of truth. Jimmy took everything in good part, and always laughed loudest at the jokes on himself. There was not a trace of malice in the lad, and he was always ready with a cheery word or a helping hand. He seemed able to do anything, from running an engine to tapping a wire, and was willing in every emergency to work night and day, without a grumble, till he dropped from fatigue. Silent John Manson watched Jimmy's progress with unspoken approval, and loved him not the less that for all the lad's witty exuberance, not a word had ever passed his lips about that sinister mix-up at Hitchen's Siding. Those things are not to be spoken of, and even the general manager knew nothing of the crisis. The train despatcher had retired, nerve-broken, and the newspapers never guessed why.

But there was one man who did not like Jimmy, and that was no less important a personage than the general manager himself. His huge room in the lower part of the tower was as sumptuously furnished as an eastern palace. T. Acton Blair, general manager of the Maniteau Midland, was

supposed to be related to the Rockervelt family, but this was perhaps a fallacy put forth to account for such a palpably incompetent man being placed in so responsible a position. He was a bald-headed, corpulent personage, pompous and ponderous, slow moving and slow speaking, saying perfectly obvious things in a deep, impressive voice, as if he were uttering the wisdom of the ages. His subordinate, John Manson, as everybody knew, was responsible for the efficiency of the road; and when he wanted a project carried out, he always pretended it was Blair's original idea, so the general manager got the credit if it was a success, and Manson shouldered the blame if it was not.

One morning, as John Manson was about to leave the general manager's room, after the customary daily interview with his chief, the latter said—

"By the way, Manson, who is that florid individual that rushes about these offices at all hours, as if he thought he was running the whole Rockervelt system?"

"I suspect that is James Callahan, one of my assistants, sir."

"I don't like him, Manson; he seems obtrusive."

"I assure you, sir, he is a most capable man."

"Yes, yes, I dare say; but, as I have often told you, the success of our organisation is in method, not in haste."

"Quite so, sir."

"That person always gives me the idea that something is wrong—that a fire has broken out, or a man has been run over. I don't like it. His clothes are untidy and seem to have been made for someone else. His hair, in disarray, gets on one's nerves. He is uncouth, Manson, uncouth. I shouldn't like Mr. Rockervelt to see that we have such an unkempt person on our clerical staff."

"I'll speak to him, sir; I admit his manner does not do him justice."

When Manson next encountered Jimmy alone, he spoke with more than his usual severity.

"Callahan, I wish you would pay some attention to your clothes. Get a new business suit and take care of it. Remember you are in the city of Warmington, and not at Hitchen's Siding."

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy contritely, looking down with a new dismay at his grease-stained trousers.

"And get your hair cut—short. I wish also you would abandon your habit of running all over the place without a hat."

"I'll do it, sir."

The hair-cut was not such an improvement as might have been expected, and even Manson's stern face almost relaxed into a smile as he saw the result of the barber's shears. Hitherto Jimmy's head had been a flame; now it resembled an explosion. The shortened red bristles stood straight up like a time-worn brush-broom. And in spite of all determination on his part, Jimmy *would* forget his hat. The catastrophe came with appalling suddenness. The Pacific Express he had saved, but himself he could not save.

Tearing down the long corridor at break-neck speed, Callahan turned a corner and ran bang into the imposing front of the general manager. That dignified potentate staggered back against the wall gasping, while his glossy silk hat rolled to the floor. Jimmy, brought up as suddenly as if he had collided with a haystack, groaned in terror, snatched the tall hat from the floor, brushed it, and handed it to the speechless magnate.

"I'm very, *very* sorry, sir," he ventured. But Mr. Acton Blair made no reply. Leaving the culprit standing there, he put on his hat and strode majestically to the division superintendent's room.

"Manson!" he panted, dropping into a a chair, "discharge that lunatic at once!"

The division superintendent was too straightforward a man to pretend ignorance respecting the person alluded to. His face hardened into an expression of obstinacy that amazed his chief.

"The Rockervelt system is deeply indebted to Mr. Callahan—a debt it can never repay. He saved Number Three last November from what would have been the most disastrous accident of the year."

"Why was I never told of this?"

"For three reasons, sir. First, the fewer people that know of such escapes, the better; second, Hammond, who was responsible, voluntarily resigned on plea of ill-health; third, Hammond was your nephew."

Mr. T. Acton Blair rose to his feet with that majesty of bulk which pertains to corpulent men. It was an action which usually overawed a subordinate.

"I think you are making a mistake, sir, regarding our relative positions. I am general manager of the Manateau Midland, and as such have a right to be informed of every important event pertaining to the road."

"Your definition of the situation is correct.

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Both you and Mr. Rockervelt should have been told of the narrow escape of the express."

There was a glitter as of steel in the keen eyes of the superintendent, while the inflated manner of the manager underwent a visible change, like a distended bladder pricked by a pin. Mr. Blair knew well the danger to himself and his vaunted position, if the event under discussion came to the knowledge of the great autocrat in New York, so he tried to give his back-down the air of a masterly retreat.

"Well, well, Mr. Manson, I don't know but you were right. The less such things are talked of, the better. They have a habit of getting into the papers and undermining public confidence, which should be the endeavour of all of us to avoid. Yes, you did quite right, so we will let it go at that."

"And how about Mr. Callahan?"

"After all, Manson, he is your department, and you may do as you please. I should rather see him go, but I don't insist upon it. Good afternoon, Mr. Manson."

The great man took his departure ponderously, leaving Manson somewhat nonplussed. As soon as the door to the corridor closed behind Blair, the door to Manson's secretary's room, which had been ajar during this conversation, flew open, and the impetuous Callahan came rushing in.

"Excuse me, Mr. Manson," he cried, "but I was waiting to see you, and I could not help hearing part of what you and Mr. Blair said. I did not intend to listen; but if I had shut the door, it would have attracted attention, so I didn't know what to do. I suppose he told you we had a head-on collision, round a curve, with no signals cut except my hair?"

The young man tried to carry it off jauntily with a half-nervous laugh, but Manson's face was sober and unresponsive.

"It was all my fault, and you had warned me before," continued Callahan breathlessly. "Now you stood up to the old man for me, and made him back water; but I'm not going to have you get into trouble because of a yahoo like me. I've discharged Jimmy Callahan. I'm going in now to Mr. Blair, and I'll apologise and resign. I'll tell him you warned me to quit rushing round, and I didn't do it. I'm sorry I telescoped him, but not half so sorry as that I disappointed you."

"Nonsense!" said Manson severely. "Go back to your desk, and let this rest for a day or two. I'll see the manager about it later on." He noticed the moisture in the younger man's eyes, and the quiver of his nether lip, so he spoke coldly. Emotion has no place in the railway business.

"No, sir, I'd never feel comfortable again. There's lots of work waiting for me, and it won't have to wait long. I'm going for it as I went for Mr. Blair's waistcoat. But I want to tell you, Mr. Manson, that—that all the boys know you're a brick, who'll stand by them if they—if they do the square thing."

And as if his disaster had not been caused by his precipitance, Jimmy bolted headlong from the room before Manson could frame a reply.

The division superintendent put on his hat and left the room less hurriedly than Jimmy had done. He made his way to that sumptuous edifice known as the University Club. The social organisation which it housed had long numbered Manson as a member, but he was a most infrequent visitor. He walked direct to the cosiest corner of the large reading-room, and there, in a luxurious arm-chair, found, as he had expected, the Hon. Duffield Rogers, an aged gentleman with a grey beard on his chin and a humorous twinkle in his eye. Mr. Rogers was a millionaire over and over again, yet he was president of the poorest railway in the State, known as the Burdock Route, whose eastern terminus was in the Grand Union which Manson had just left. He occupied a largely ornamental position on the Burdock, as he did in the arm-chair of the club. He was surrounded by a disarray of newspapers on the floor, and allowed the one he was holding to fall on the pile as he looked up with a smile on seeing Manson approach.

"Hallo, Manson! Is the Midland going to pay a dividend, that you've got an afternoon off?"

"What do *you* know about dividends?" asked Manson, with a laugh. He seemed a much more jocular person in the club than in the railway-office, and he was not above giving a sly dig at the Burdock Route, which had never paid a dividend since it was opened.

"Oh! I read about 'em in the papers," replied the Hon. Duffield serenely. "How's that old stick-in-the-mud Blair? I'm going to ask the committee to expel him. He has the cheek to swell around here, in *my* presence, and pretend he knows something about railroading. I'd stand that from you, but not from T. Acton Blair. He forgets

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I'm president of a road, while he's only a general manager. I tell him I rank with Rockervelt, and not with mere G.M's."

The old millionaire laughed so heartily at his own remarks that some of the *habitués* of the reading-room looked up sternly at the framed placard above the mantelshelf which displayed in large black letters the word "Silence." Manson drew up a chair beside the old man and said earnestly—

"I came in to see you on business, Mr. Rogers. There is a young fellow in my office who will develop into one of the best railroad men of his time. I want you to find a place for him on your line."

"Oh! we're not taking on any new men. Just the reverse. We laid off the general manager and about fifteen lesser officials a month ago, and we don't miss 'em in the least. I've been trying to resign for the past year, but they won't let me, because I don't ask any salary."

"This man will be worth double his money anywhere you place him."

"I am not saying anything against your man except that we don't want him. The Burdock's practically bankrupt—*you* know that."

"Still, Callahan, the young fellow I'm speaking of, won't want much money, and he understands railroading down to the ground."

"If he is so valuable, why are you so anxious to get rid of him?" asked the wily president, with a smile.

"I'm not. I'd rather part with all the rest of my staff than with Callahan: but Mr. Blair has taken a dislike to him, and——"

"Enough said," broke in the president of the Burdock. "That dislike, coupled with your own preference, makes the best recommendation any man could ask. How much are you paying Callahan?"

"Ten dollars a week."

The old man mused for a few moments, then chuckled aloud in great apparent enjoyment.

"I'll give him fifteen," he said. "Will that satisfy him?"

"It will more than satisfy him."

"But I pay the amount on one condition."

"What is that, Mr. Rogers?"

"The condition is that he accepts and fills the position of general manager of the Burdock Route."

"General manager!" echoed Manson. "I'm talking seriously, Mr. Rogers."

"So am I, Manson, so am I. And don't you see what a good bargain I'm driving? You say Callahan is first class. All right; I know you wouldn't vouch for him unless this was so. Very well. I get a general manager for fifteen dollars a week; cheapest in the country, and doubtless the best. I confess, however, my chief delight in offering him the position is the hope of seeing old Blair's face when he first meets in conference the youth he has dismissed, his equal in rank if not in salary. It will be a study in physiognomy."

If the staid John Manson thought that Callahan's native modesty would prevent him accepting the management of the Burdock Route, he was much mistaken. When Manson related quietly the result of his interview with the Hon. Duffield Rogers, the youth amazed him by leaping nearly to the ceiling and giving utterance to a whoop more like the war-cry of a Red Indian than the exclamation of a red-headed Irishman. Then he blushed the colour of his hair and apologised for his excitement, abashed by Manson's disapproving eyes.

"I tell you what it is, Mr. Manson, I'll make the road-bed of the old Burdock as good as you've got the Midland, and I'll——"

"Tut, tut!" said Manson in his most unenthusiastic tone; "you can do nothing without money, and the Burdock's got none. Be thankful if you receive your fifteen a week with reasonable regularity. Now, here is a letter to the Hon. Duffield Rogers. Give it to the hall-porter at the club, and Mr. Rogers will invite you in. You will find the president a humorous man, and you have a touch of the same quality yourself; but repress it and treat him with the greatest respect, for humorists get along better with dull people like myself than with each other. Although you are leaving the jurisdiction of Mr. Blair, do not forget what I told you about paying attention to your clothes. You will be meeting important men whom you may have to persuade, and it is better to face them well groomed; a prepossessing appearance counts in business. Prepossession is nine points in the game. Here is the letter, so be off." The division superintendent rose and extended his hand. "And now, my boy, God bless you!"

The tone of the benediction sounded almost gruff, but there was a perceptible quaver underneath it, and after one firm clasp of the hand the division superintendent sat down at his desk with the resolute air of a man determined to get on with his work. As for Callahan, he could not trust his voice, either for thanks or farewell, so he left the room with impetuous abruptness, and would

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have forgotten his hat if he had not happened to hold it in his hand.

To the ordinary man the Burdock Route was a badly kept streak of defective rails, rough as a corduroy road. To Jimmy it was a glorious path to Paradise, an air line of tremendous possibilities. He went up and down its length, not in a private car, but on ordinary locals and freight trains. He became personally acquainted with every section foreman and with nearly every labourer between Warmington and Portandit, the western terminus. He found them, as a usual thing, sullen and inert; he left them jolly and enthusiastic, almost believing in the future of the road.

"That dignified potentate staggered back against the wall."

He proved an unerring judge of character, and the useless man was laid off, while the competent were encouraged and promoted. He could handle a shovel with the best of them, or drive in a spike without missing a blow. In a year he had the Burdock Route as level as a billiard-table without extra expenditure of money, and travellers were beginning to note the improvement, so that receipts increased. He induced the Pullman Company to put an up-to-date sleeper on each night train, and withdraw the antiquated cars hitherto in use.

But there was one thing Callahan was not able to accomplish. He could not persuade the venerable president of the road to regard it as anything but a huge joke. The Hon. Duffield Rogers absolutely refused to leave his comfortable chair in the club and take a trip over the Burdock. The president delighted in Callahan's company, and got him made a member of the club, setting him down as a graduate of the Wahoo University, which was supposed to exist somewhere in the remote west. Rogers was a privileged member and a founder of the club, so the committee did not scrutinise his recommendation too closely.

"It's no use, Jimmy," he said. "Life is hard enough at best, without my spending any part of it in a beastly place like Portandit. I hear you have done wonders with the road, but you can't do anything really worth while with a route that has no terminus on the Atlantic. As long as you have to hand over your eastern traffic to the Rockervelts at Warmington, and take what western freight they care to allow you, you are in the clutch of the Rockervelts, and they can freeze you out whenever they like.

You may grade, you may ballast your road, if you will,
But the shadow of Rockervelt's over you still."

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Thus Callahan always received his discouragement from his own chief, and with most persons this would ultimately have dampened enthusiasm; but Jimmy was ever optimistic and a believer in his work. One day he rushed into the club, his hat on the back of his head, a loose end of his collar sticking over his ear, and his eyes ablaze with excitement.

"Mr. Rogers, I've solved the problem at last!" he cried. "I tell you, we'll make the Burdock the greatest line in this country!"

He shoved away the heaps of magazines from the reading-room table and spread out a map on its surface. The Hon. Duffield rose slowly to his feet and stood beside the eager young man. A kindly, indulgent smile played about the lips of the aged president.

"Now see here!" shouted Callahan (they were alone together in the room, and the "Silence" placard made no protest). "There's Beechville, on the Burdock Route, and here's Collins' Centre, on the C. P. & N. Between these two points are sixty-three miles of prairie country, as level as a floor. It will be the cheapest bit of road in America; no embankments, no cuttings, no grade at all. Why, just dump the rails down, and they'd form a road of themselves! Once the Burdock taps the C. P. & N., there is our route clear through to tide-water, independent of the Rockervelt System."

Callahan, his face aglow, looked up at the veteran, but the indulgent smile had taken on a cynical touch. Mr. Rogers placed his hand on Jimmy's shoulder in kindly fashion and said slowly—

"If that could have been done, it would have been done long since. You could not get your charter. Rockervelt would buy the Legislature, and it would be impossible to outbid him."

Callahan's clenched fist came down on the map with a force that made the stout table quiver.

"But I've *got* the charter!" he roared, in a voice that made the hall-porter outside think there was a row in the reading-room. The Hon. Duffield Rogers sank once more into his arm-chair and gazed at Jimmy.

"You've got the charter?" he echoed quietly.

"Certainly, and it didn't cost me a cent. The Governor signed it yesterday."

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings——" murmured the old man, who had years of experience behind him in the bribing of law-makers. "In Heaven's name, how did you manage it?"

"I went to the capital, got acquainted with the legislators—splendid fellows, all of them—personal friends of mine now; I showed them how such a link would benefit the State, and the Bill went through like *that!*" Jimmy snapped his fingers.

"Well, I'm blessed!" ejaculated the old-time purchaser of valuable franchises.

"Now, Mr. Rogers, you understand financiering, and you know all the capitalists. I understand the railway business. You get up the money, I'll build the road, and we'll be into New York with a whoop."

For one brief instant Callahan thought he had conquered. Like an old war-horse at the sound of the bugle, Rogers stiffened his muscles for the fight. The light of battle flamed in his eye as the memory of the conquest of millions returned to him. But presently he leaned back in his chair with a sigh, and the light flickered out.

"Ah, Jimmy!" he whispered plaintively, "I wish I had met you thirty years ago; but alas! you weren't born then. What a team we would have made! But I'm too old, and, besides, your scheme wouldn't work. I might get up the money, and I might not. The very name of the Burdock is a hoodoo. But even if the money were subscribed and the link built, we would merely be confronted by a railroad war. The Rockervelts would cut rates, and the longest purse would win, which means we would go to the wall."

Callahan sat down with his face in his hands, thoroughly discouraged for the first time in his life. He felt a boyish desire to cry, and a mannish desire to curse, but did neither. The old gentleman rambled on amiably—

"You are a ten-thousand-dollar man, Jimmy, but your line of progress is on some road with a future. Follow my advice and take your charter to that old thief Rockervelt himself. There lies your market."

"How can I do that," growled Jimmy from between his fingers, "when I am an *employé* of the Burdock?"

"Technically so am I; therefore, as your chief, I advise you to see Rockervelt."

"All right!" cried Callahan, springing to his feet as if his minute of deep despondency had been time thrown away that could not be spared. He shook hands cordially with the president and returned his genial smile.

On the steps of the club he was surprised to meet John Manson, who, he knew, rarely honoured that institution with his presence.

"I was just going up to see you, Mr. Manson. I want you to do me a favour.

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I'm going to New York, and I'd like a letter of introduction to Mr. Rockervelt."

The brow of the division superintendent knitted slightly, and he did not answer so readily as the other expected.

"Well, you see, Callahan," he said at last, "I am merely a small official, and Mr. Rockervelt is an important man who knows his own importance. Etiquette prescribes that I should give you a letter to the general manager, and he is the proper person to introduce you to Mr. Rockervelt. So, you see——"

"Oh, very well!" exclaimed Callahan shortly, sorry he had asked. This rebuff, following so closely on the heels of his disappointment, clouded his usual good nature. He was about to go on, when Manson detained him, grasping the lapel of his coat.

"Don't be offended, Jimmy; and I'll tell you something no one else knows. I'm going to quit the railway business."

"What?" shouted Callahan, all his old affection for the man surging up within him as he now noted the trouble in his face. Manson quit the railway business! It was as if he had calmly announced his intention to commit suicide.

"That old fool Blair has been making trouble for you?" he cried.

"Oh, no! That is to say, there always has been a slight tension, and it doesn't grow better. I've made a little money—real estate has risen, you know, and that sort of thing—and I've been working hard; so I intend to resign. I take it you have some scheme to propose to Mr. Rockervelt?"

"Yes, I have."

"Very well. Your scheme, if it is a good one, will prove your best introduction. He's an accessible man; but plunge right to the point when you meet him. He likes directness. And, by the way, he will be here Wednesday morning. The big conference of railway presidents begins on Thursday afternoon at Portandit, and he will be there, of course. We attach his private car to Number Three, Wednesday night, and your best time to see him might be in his car during the four miles he's running to the Junction. The express waits for him at the Junction. You haven't much time, but it will prove all the time he'll want to allow you if your project doesn't appeal to him."

"Say!" cried Callahan, athrill with the portent of a sudden idea, "couldn't you persuade Rockervelt to hitch his car to the Burdock 'Thunderbolt'? I'll run him through to Portandit, and save him that dreary daylight trip from Tobasco."

Manson shook his head.

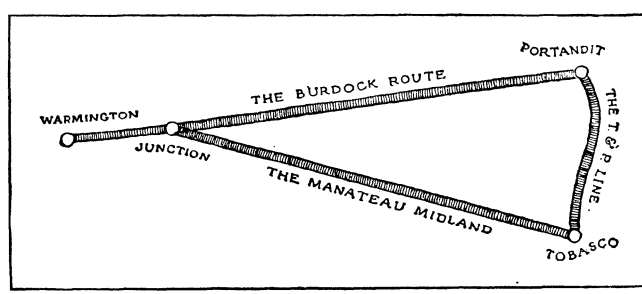
"No; Mr. Rockervelt would go over no other road than his own. I could not propose such a thing, and Mr. Blair would not."

Callahan drew a deep breath.

"Jimmy," said Manson gravely, "you should pay more attention to your personal appearance than you do—your collar's unbuttoned."

Callahan groped wildly round his ear for the missing end, but his mind was on something else. Manson reached for it and quietly buttoned it into place again. Then the two men parted.

Callahan walked down to the Grand Union Station deep in thought. He had determined to take Rockervelt's private car from its place with one of his own pony engines and attach it to his own express, and he was formulating his plans. Once away from the Junction, the Government itself could not stop him. And now we need a railway map to explain the situation. From Warmington



to Portandit or to Tobasco was a long night's ride. The "Thunderbolt" left the Junction on the Burdock Route at 8 p.m. The "Pacific Express," on the Midland, left at 8.20; one train from the south side of the station, the other from the north.

At ten minutes to eight, John Manson received a telephone message asking him to remain within call. A short time after, when the men were coupling the private car to the west-bound train, Callahan rushed in to the telephone cabin and shouted—

"That you, Mr. Manson?"

"Yes; who are you?"

"Callahan. Say! I've just coupled Rockervelt's car to the 'Thunderbolt.' Release Number Three, for she will wait in vain.

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Telegraph all those people that Rockervelt was to meet at Tobasco to-morrow morning, to take the midnight train for Portandit and meet him there."

"Callahan, are you out of your senses?"

"No. It's all as I say. Nothing can stop us."

"I haven't the list of the men that——"

"Then call up Blair. He's on Number Three. You must get the list."

"Callahan, stop before it is too late. This is an outrage. It's kidnapping—brigand's work. You are breaking laws that will——"

"I know, I know. Good night, Mr. Manson."

Callahan rushed out to the platform, nodded to the waiting conductor, swung himself on the Pullman-car, the conductor swung his lantern, and the "Thunderbolt" swung out into the night.

When the deft and silent negro had cleared away the breakfast-dishes next morning and removed the tablecloth, Mr. Rockervelt leaned back in his chair and lit a cigar. There was much to think of, and he was thinking much. The car rolled along with gratifying smoothness, and the great man paid no attention to the scenery, otherwise he might have been startled, for he knew well the environment of his own line. As for the negro, all roads were alike to him, as was the case with the coon in the song, and he attended solely and silently to his master's comfort. He hovered about for a few moments, then said deferentially—

"Day's a gennelman, sah, in de sleepah ahead's been asking for you, sah, two or three times dis mawning, sah. He'd like to have some conversation with you, sah, if you's disengaged."

"Who is he?"

"Here's he's cawd, sah."

Mr. Rockervelt glanced at the card, murmuring: "James Callahan, General Manager, Burdock Route. That's strange." Then aloud: "Show Mr. Callahan in, Peter."

The magnate did not rise as the red head bowed to him, but waved his hand towards a chair, a silent invitation of which his visitor did not avail himself. He recognised the great man at once from the many portraits he had seen of him.

"I hope you have slept well, Mr. Rockervelt," began the new-comer.

"Excellently."

"And I trust you found the road-bed in good order."

Mr. Rockervelt raised his eyebrows and looked with some surprise at the polite inquirer before him.

"My own bed and the road-bed left nothing to be desired, since you are so kind as to ask."

"I am delighted to hear you say so, sir," cried Jimmy with enthusiasm. His host began to fear some demented person had got into his car, and he glanced over his shoulder for Peter, who was not visible.

"Why should you be delighted to hear me praise my own road?" he asked in tones that gave no hint of his uneasiness.

"Well, sir, to tell you the truth, I wished a few minutes' talk with you, and that's not as easy come at as you might think. You are not on your own road, but on the Burdock Route, now rapidly approaching Portandit. I took the liberty last night of hitching your car to this train, sir, instead of to your own Number Three."

Rockervelt sat up in alarm, glanced out of the windows, first on one side, then on the other. Bringing back his gaze to the man before him, hot anger added colour to the usual floridness of his countenance.

"You took the liberty, did you? Well, let me tell you, sir, it is a liberty you will bitterly regret."

"I am sorry to hear you say that, sir," replied Jimmy humbly.

"The liberty! Curse it, sir! you have disarranged all my plans. There are three men in Tobasco whom it is imperative I should meet this forenoon before the convention opens."

"Quite so, sir. I had them telegraphed to take the midnight and meet you at Portandit instead. They'll be waiting for you when you get in, sir."

"The dickens you did!" gasped Rockervelt, sinking back in his chair.

"You see, sir, it's an uneasy conference you would have had on that rocky road to Dublin, the T. and P. A long forenoon's ride, sir, with a road as rough as a rail fence. It would be like coming down the Soo Rapids, only you wouldn't go so quick. You are too good a railroad man, sir, not to hate a day journey, and I counted on that."

"It's a minor matter, but you happen to be right."

"I have a carriage waiting for you, sir. You can drive to your hotel at your ease, hold your conference in your room, and drop in to the convention whenever it pleases you, sir."

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"Have you also arranged my return to

"The magnate did not rise as the red head bowed to him."

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New York, Mr. Callahan? By what route do you intend to send me back?"

Jimmy laughed that cheerful, infectious laugh of his. He realised that the danger point was passed.

"I hope you will get safe back to New York whatever route you take, sir."

"Thank you. How long have you been general manager of this road?"

"About two years, sir."

"Where did you learn the business?"

"In the greatest railroad school of this world, sir—the Rockervelt System."

The faint shadow of a smile passed over the face of Mr. Rockervelt for the first time during the interview.

"That I take as a handsome return for my testimonial to your road-bed. Why did you leave us?"

"I failed to please Mr. Blair, sir."

"In whose department were you?"

"In the division superintendent's."

"Did you please John Manson?"

"I think I did, sir."

"Um! Well, now, you did not kidnap me for the purposes of pleasant conversation. I don't like to see good men leave us; and if your object in kidnapping me was to come back to us, I may at once admit I am willing to entertain a proposal."

"No, sir. That was not my object, although I make bold to say that an offer from Mr. Rockervelt would exact respect from the greatest in the land, and I'm no exception to my betters. What I wanted, sir, was for you to cast your eye over this map. The red line represents sixty-three miles of level country, and——"

"I see; if a railway were built along that red line, your road would have access to New York independent of me. Well, young man, don't let that red line worry you. I could not allow you to get a charter."

"You're quick to see the possibilities, sir."

"Yes, but there are no probabilities."

"I'm not so sure of that, sir. Like the other fellow's fifteen dollars, I've got the charter in my inside pocket."

"Do you mind showing it to me?" asked Rockervelt, unconsciously finishing the line of the song referred to. Jimmy handed him the documents, and the great man scrutinised them with the quick care of an expert; then he folded them up again, but did not offer to return them. He gazed out upon the flying landscape for a few moments, while Jimmy stood expectant.

"How did you overcome Blair's opposition?" he inquired at last.

"There was no opposition."

The president's brow frowned, and a glint of anger appeared in the cold, calculating eyes.

"I expect Blair to watch the Legislature as well as the railway."

"He watches neither, sir."

Rockervelt glanced sharply at the confident young man who thus dared to asperse one of the minor gods of the Rockervelt System.

"Then who looks after the Midland?"

"John Manson, and does it quietly and well."

"Where did you get the money to put this through? A syndicate?"

"No; I didn't need any money. All I needed was that one of your general managers should be sound asleep, and time to make personal friends of the members of the House."

"I see you are prejudiced against Mr. Blair."

"I am, sir."

Rockervelt pulled himself together as one who has had enough of badinage and now prepares for business. His impassive face hardened, and the onlooker saw before him the man who had ruthlessly crushed opposition, regardless of consequences.

"Now, young man," he began, in a voice that cut like a knife, "do you know the value of these documents?"

"Yes, sir; they're not worth a cent!"

"What!" cried Rockervelt, suddenly sitting straight. "I thought you had kidnapped me to hold me up, as is the genial Western fashion. Don't you want to sell this charter?"

"No, sir. I offered the charter to the president of the Burdock, as was my duty, but he said you would beat any combination that might be formed in the long run."

"Yes, or in the short run. Sensible man, Rogers. Well, sir, you do not expect an exorbitant price for a worthless charter?"

"I want no price at all. The charter is yours. But I'd like to offer a bit of advice as well as the charter. Make John Manson manager of the Midland."

"I resolved to do that ten minutes ago. Now, what for yourself?"

"Only bear me in mind when you have a place looking for a red-headed man down East."

"Perhaps you expect Manson's vacant post on the Midland?" suggested Rockervelt suspiciously.

"I've no doubt he'd give it to me,"

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replied Jimmy frankly; "but if you mean that Mr. Manson and I have made a deal, we're neither of us that kind of person. Manson knows nothing of this, and is a very anxious man since I telephoned from the Junction last night that I hooked your car to my train. He was warning me against the penalties as I rang him off."

"I believe you. Now, I want a special over your road to bring Manson to Portandit at once."

"Certainly, sir."

"You make arrangements, and I'll telegraph to him as soon as we arrive. I'll give you eight thousand dollars a year to begin on if you'll come to New York."

"I'll take it, sir."

"You don't ask what your duties are to be. Are you so confident you can fulfil them?"

"If they pertain to railroading, I'll guarantee to do them a little better than anyone else."

"That's the kind of man I want."

* * * * *

John Manson had not much to say for himself when, with Jimmy Callahan, he stood before Rockervelt next day, but it was easy to see that the belated recognition and promotion which had come so unexpectedly had made a new man of him.

As he and Jimmy went from the presence together and reached the street, Manson said—

"Now, Callahan, I want you to leave the Burdock and take the vacant division superintendency."

Jimmy laughed joyously as he realised his friend had no notion of what had happened. Manson looked gravely at him and continued—

"It is worth——" He paused, and a scarcely perceptible shade of loving annoyance passed over his face. "Callahan," he said slowly, "your necktie has slipped round under your right ear. When you meet men like Mr. Rockervelt, you cannot be too careful of your personal appearance. Let me put it straight for you."

Callahan raised his chin and laughed again, while Manson tugged at the tie.

"You may laugh, Jimmy, but these little things are sometimes important, and I want to see you succeed as you deserve. There, that's better."

And Jimmy said no word of his eight thousand a year to begin on.

WAITING FOR THE FISHING FLEET.

FROM THE PICTURE BY D. A. C. ARTZ.

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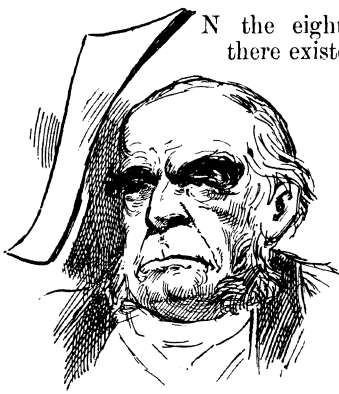
SOME FAMOUS UGLY PEOPLE.

RECALLED AND PICTURED BY

HARRY FURNISS.



ARCHBISHOP MAGEE.

IN the eighteenth century there existed a club called "The Ugly Club," into which none but those of the most downright, outrageous ugliness were admitted as members. The worship of the Ugly is, perhaps, quite as offensive as the worship of Adonis. But certainly ugly people, from squinting Wilkes to conceited men of our own time, are just as vain as Apollos.

Vain, ugly people, in seeking compliments, often get the worst of it; and, as the following instance shows, sometimes from their servants and flatterers. A Southern American Adonis, no way celebrated for his personal attractions, on completing a somewhat protracted toilet one morning, turned to his servant and inquired—

"How do I look, Cæsar?"

"'Plendid, massa! 'plendid!" was Ebony's delighted answer.

"Do you think I'll do, Cæsar?" giving him a piece of silver.

"Guy, massa! nebber see you look so fierce in all my life! You look jis as bold as a lion!"

"Why, what do you know about a lion? You never saw one, Cæsar."

"Nebber see a lion, massa! Guy! I see Massa Peyton's Jim ride one ober to the mill ebery day."

"No, you fool! that's a donkey."

"Can't help dat, massa. You look jis like him!"

It is a curious subject for reflection that in any collection of clever men, the majority are ugly. But, after all, what does it matter? For we are told that the ugliest men look pretty after death. If this be true, the question that suggests itself is, how are they to be recognised by their friends? For many great men believe in ghosts. Brougham, in after life, was led to believe in ghost-walking. He has left it on record that after he left the High School, he went with his most intimate friend, G——, to attend the classes in the University. "There was no divinity class," Lord Brougham continues; "but frequently, in our walks, we discussed and speculated upon many grave subjects—among others, on the immortality of the soul, and on a future state. This question, and the possibility, I will not say of ghosts walking, but of the dead appearing to the living, were subjects of much speculation; and we actually committed the folly of drawing up an agreement, written with our blood, to the effect that whichever of us died the first should appear to the other, and thus solve any doubts we had entertained of the 'life after death.' After we had finished our classes at the college, G—— went to India, having got an appointment there in the Civil Service. He seldom wrote to me, and after the lapse of a few years I had almost forgotten him; moreover, his family having little connection with Edinburgh, I seldom saw or heard anything of them, or of him through them, so that all the old schoolboy intimacy had died out, and I had nearly forgotten his existence. I had taken, as I have said, a warm bath; and while lying in it and enjoying the comfort of the heat, after the late freezing I had undergone, I turned my head round, looking towards the chair on which I had deposited my clothes, as I was about to get out of the bath. On the chair sat G——, looking calmly at me. How I got out of the bath, I know not; but on recovering my senses, I found myself sprawling on the floor. This apparition, or whatever it was that had taken the likeness of G——, had disappeared. This vision produced such a shock that I had no inclination to talk about it, or to speak about it even to Stuart; but the impression it made upon me was too vivid to be easily forgotten; and so strongly was I affected by it that I have written down the whole

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history, with the date, 19th December, and all the particulars, as they are now fresh before me. No doubt I had fallen asleep; and that the appearance presented so distinctly to my eyes was a dream, I cannot for a moment doubt; yet for years I had had no communication with G——, nor had there been anything to recall him to my recollection; nothing had taken place during our Swedish travels either connected with G—— or with India, or with anything relating to him or to any member of his family. I recollected quickly enough our old discussion, and the bargain we had made. I could not discharge from my mind the impression that G—— must have died, and that his appearance to me was to be received by me as proof of a future state."

This was on December 19, 1799. In October, 1862, Lord Brougham added as a postscript:—

"I have just been copying out from my journal the account of this strange dream: *Certissima mortis imago!* And now to finish the story begun about sixty years since. Soon after my return to Edinburgh, there arrived a letter from India, announcing G——'s death! and stating that he had died on the 19th December." And yet Brougham had humour! Here is a specimen of his ready wit. "Lawyer," said Lord Brougham (in a facetious mood), "is a learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies, and keeps it himself."

LORD BROUGHAM.

BULWER LYTTON.

Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer Lytton is a lengthy name sure of a remarkable place in nineteenth century English literature, by reason of the varied attainments of its owner, who "sought and obtained distinction in almost every department of literature and in poetry, the drama, the historical romance, domestic novel, philosophical essay, and political disquisition." Furthermore its owner "appeared as an author *in printed volume* in his fifteenth year"—in fact, he had courted the poetic muse when he was only five or six years old. He had a brilliant University career, carrying off, when a fellow-commoner of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, the Chancellor's medal for the best English poem. Nature gave Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer Lytton a face as long as the name he bore, "a name that might serve in point of length for a Spanish hidalgo."

His was certainly not the head of a precocious, brilliant, successful, aristocratic man of genius. It was not even a strong head. E.G.E.L.B.L. was at first an imitator of Theodore Hook when starting prose; an imitator of Byron when writing verse; "a fop, a fine, sallow, sublime sort of Werter-faced man, with moustache that gave—what we read so oft—that dear Corsair-expression,

half savage, half soft." It is possible that Bulwer Lytton's head appears uglier in portraiture than it did in real life, for if a man has an aristocratic, dignified manner, and

DISRAELI.

"carries his head well," the head does not so much matter. It is an ugly head badly set that repels one.

For instance, Joseph Biggar, the famous member of the Irish party which began to worry Mr. Gladstone, and eventually destroyed him and his party, was a hunchback, with a grating, harsh voice, a strong Irish accent, an exceedingly plain face, long, bony fingers, huge feet, an uncanny smile, and yet a kindness of heart that made him beloved by his brother obstructionists. If Biggar's head had been on Parnell's shoulders, no one would have been impressed with his ugliness; neither his voice nor his face would have struck one as particularly unattractive.

Ireland has produced, for its size, a remarkable number of great men—soldiers, lawyers, scientists, clerics, and orators—a number of handsome men, and a remarkable number of ugly ones. I do not refer to the caricature of humanity found in many parts of Ireland, an ugliness caused by generations of poverty and misery. As one of its historians writes: "The style of living is ascertained to have a powerful effect in modifying the human figure in the course of generations, and this even in its osseous structure. About two hundred years ago, a number of people were driven by a barbarous policy from the counties of Antrim and Down, in Ireland, towards the sea-coast, where they have ever since been settled, but in unusually miserable circumstances, even for Ireland; and the consequence is that they exhibit peculiar features of the most repulsive kind—projecting jaws, with large, open mouths, depressed noses, high cheek-bones, and bow legs, together with an extremely diminutive stature."

I do not touch upon the general characteristics of a nation, but select a few great men who have been notoriously ugly. Ireland has produced many, but not one of these could have sprung from the class above

BARON DOWSE.

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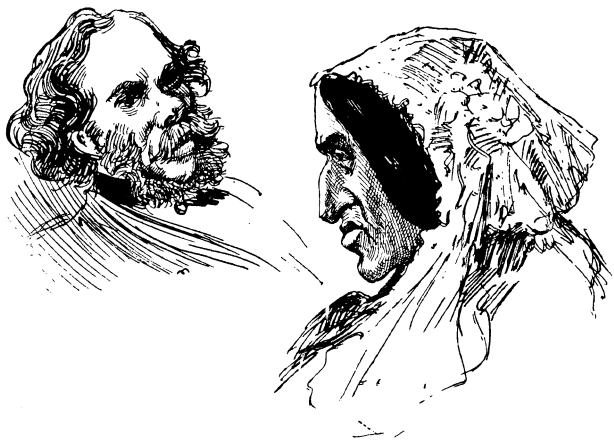
mentioned. For instance, among its lawyers Baron Dowse was, perhaps, the ugliest. The day his caricature by Pellegrini appeared in *Vanity Fair*, he ran out of the House of Commons, and left London the same night—to remain away until it was forgotten But it never can be forgotten, for it was true to the life. I cannot find a copy of it, but here is a sketch of Baron Dowse as I remember him in the Lobby of the Commons when I first visited the place, and some years before I began my Parliamentary caricatures in *Punch*.



"GEORGE ELIOT" AND G. H. LEWES.

Another Irishman, the Most Rev. Dr. William Connor Magee, Bishop of Peterborough, afterwards Archbishop of York, known as the Chrysostom of the House of Lords, was one of the most eloquent preachers of the Victorian Era, and a fine debater and one of the most effective platform speakers of his day. Like the majority of eloquent men, he was ugly. His heavy eyebrows, small eyes, short nose, long upper lip, large mouth, massive jowl, and shaggy side whiskers, when represented in repose, produce the portrait of a gargoylish head. Although not as ugly as Pierre du Coiquet, he ran that Church hater pretty close. Fire, however, burst forth in the eloquence that proceeded from the mouth of the prelate of York, instead of being extinguished in the stony but more shapely mouths.

THE LATE REV. H. R. HAWEIS.

Another clever, but ugly, Irishman, with the typical burlesque Hibernian physiognomy, was that great aural surgeon, Sir William Wilde, who was also a great antiquarian. The following lines sum up his very varied attainments:—

He wins not as knights of old, he lets
Not "daylights" out forsooth, but daylight in!
He sacks no castles, desecrates no fanes,
But 'midst the relics of the antique hours,
Rebuilds for fancy, from their dim remains,
The holy shrines and battlemented towers.

One of the most familiar figures of our time passed away in the person of Professor Tyndall, another great Irishman, who lived close to Tennyson, at Hindhead, Haslemere. Few knew him there, in his erratically built house on top of the Surrey Hills; but he was known by everybody at the Royal Institution, and admired for his skill and energy. "Heat as a Mode of Motion" was the title of one book he published, containing a series of lectures he had given; and certainly the popular scientist lived up to it, for he was heated upon every subject, from Home Rule to his house at Hindhead. He was also a great pedestrian and was always on the move. I read that he selected Hindhead as his abiding-place "as he was always curiously sensitive to the beauty of

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scenery." Yes, but the Professor evidently took no one else into consideration, for he ruined the hill by the hideous house he had built on the top, and, so that his eyes might not be offended by the sight of anyone else, he put up huge screens over the hill to hide his neighbours' dwellings. We shall probably have as many anecdotes of Tyndall as we had of Jowett; but I dare say the following is not generally known, and it shows the

SIR WILLIAM WILDE.

straining for theatrical effect which was characteristic of the Professor. He was experimenting at the Royal Institution in preparation for a coming lecture, when a beautiful instrument he was using fell off the table. He vaulted over the table and caught the instrument before it reached the ground, and was so delighted with his agility that he practised that acrobatic feat all the afternoon, and "brought down the house" with it in the evening, everybody naturally enough thinking it was a pure accident. Tyndall may well be included in this gallery to show that I am right in saying that ugly men are often the cleverest.

Darwin, too, may well be included in the gallery of ugly men. It was *à propos* of this giant in science that Mr. Disraeli made the famous remark which was immediately seized upon by the caricaturists of the time: "I am on the side of the angels." It is plain to anyone that "Dizzy" as an angel did not make a very flattering picture, and yet he was not an ugly man in the sense in which Darwin was. It was only an exaggeration of his Jewish face—the large nose, the thick lips, and the oily curls, that gave an excuse for the draughtsmen to make him at times repulsive. Generally, however, he was shown with a face rather amusing than ugly. It was left to the great Sir John Millais to produce a portrait of Lord Beaconsfield in his later days, exhibited in the Academy, which, honestly speaking, was not in the slightest degree like the great statesman, and, unfortunately, was one of the most unattractive portraits of him ever produced. The flesh hanging from the eye was unnecessary and objectionable. But now that Lord Beaconsfield is on the side of the angels, let us turn back to what he said of Darwin in the speech to which I refer:—

"I hold that the function of science is the interpretation of Nature—and the interpretation of the highest nature is the highest science. What is the highest nature? Man is the highest nature. But I must say that when I compare the interpretation of the highest nature by the most advanced, the most fashionable and modish school of modern science, with some other teachings with which we are familiar, I am not prepared to say that the lecture-room is more scientific than the church. What is the question now placed before society with a glib assurance the most astounding? The question is this: Is man an ape or an angel?

"My lord, I am on the side of the angels. I repudiate with indignation and abhorrence the contrary view, which is, I believe, foreign to the conscience of humanity. More than that, even in the strictest intellectual point of view, I believe the severest metaphysical analysis is opposed to such a conclusion."

Professors, being, as a rule, clever men, are naturally not handsome men. Huxley, for instance, had the very opposite kind of face to that of Tyndall, and yet in his way could boast of being nearly as plain. I think

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myself, as an artist, that professors may be born beautiful, but that the facial contortions necessary for repeating the awful words relating to the subjects with which they have to deal may have some effect. For instance, when quite young and when acting as an assistant-surgeon on H.M.S. *Rattlesnake*, Huxley produced a work entitled "Oceanic Hydrozoa; a Description of the Calycophoridæ and Physophoridæ observed during a Voyage of H.M.S. *Rattlesnake*."

Another instance of an ugly man being a "brainy man," as the Americans would say, is that of Hugh Reginald Haweis. Mr. Haweis was not only eccentric in appearance, but also eccentric in everything, albeit clever, brilliant, and a musical critic of the first order. In early life, unfortunately, he contracted hip disease, which made him lame and prevented his pursuing the more active phases of a literary or clerical career. He began as a violinist, afterwards became a sort of free-lance of the Church, and drew tremendous audiences to his church, St. James's, Marylebone. Into his sermons he introduced much that is usually looked for on the popular platform; into his platform work he introduced much that is looked for in the pulpit. He organised an excellent choir composed of ladies, and, indeed, owed a great deal of his popularity to his admirers among the opposite sex. He once produced in the pulpit a lady's shoe which he had found by the entrance to his church when he arrived—one lost in the crush at the opening of the doors. To his wife, who also wrote and talked on many subjects, he owed much. He shaved off his "weepers" in later life.

HUXLEY.

CHARLES DARWIN.

A gallery of famous ugly women could be easily arranged. In fact, when one came to compile the catalogue of women of genius, it would be difficult to find a pretty one. The majority of clever women, in the past at any rate, have been downright ugly—novelists, artists, musicians, and other women of marked intellectual endowment. In fact, a pretty face, as distinct from one of strong character, covers a multitude of mediocrity, and we have raised to the pedestals of clever women mere commonplace, pretty-faced, perhaps titled nonentities. These are not the women I refer to. I shall take one great woman—George Eliot. I could deal with other clever women of more recent date, but it would be ungallant to do so.

I have been abused by writers in the Press—possibly women — for caricaturing their sex. Well, if women come out of their proper sphere and pose as public characters, they must run the risk of criticism, be it with pen or pencil, whether they sit on the Bench, in the War Office, or upon the political platform. Yet I venture to say

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that no caricaturist's pencil could be more severe than the following two pen portraits of the great novelist, George Eliot—one written by a woman, the other by a man.

"If I must be frank, George Eliot was very plain—much plainer than any of the portraits make her out to be. Her mouth was repulsive, and, seen in some lights, the nose seemed to protrude unnaturally over the mouth. It did not in reality, but one sometimes received that impression."

This is the recollection the great novelist's personal appearance left upon the memory of Mrs. Katherine S. Macquoid. It is not flattering, but far less so is a description written by the late Mr. Locker Lampson, the poet. "Her countenance," wrote Mr. Lampson, "was equine. She was rather like a horse, and her head had been intended for a much larger body. She was not a tall woman. She wore her hair in not pleasing, out-of-fashion loops, coming down on either side of her face and so hiding her ears; and her garments concealed her outline—they gave her a waist like a milestone. To my mind, George Eliot was a plain woman."

Strange to say, I came across these two "pen portraits" in a paper which suggested (and subsequently apologised for doing so) that I had got into serious trouble for once caricaturing a woman!

Mr. L. G. Lequin, in his essay on George Eliot (1888), says of her union with George Lewes: "That it was productive of much domestic happiness there can be no doubt. All George Eliot's more important manuscripts are inscribed with words such as these: 'Adam Bede: To my dear husband I give the MS. of a work which would never have been written but for the happiness which his love has conferred upon my life.'" And to Mr. Lewes the world owes this debt of gratitude, that it was entirely "through his suggestions and under his influence that George Eliot turned her thoughts towards writing fiction."

She had an exceptionally sweet voice. "As a girl, she was said to be plain; as a woman, her face had more power than beauty in it. She was supposed equally to resemble the poet Dante and the reformer Savonarola."

In an autograph album sent to me for my signature, I came across the following old quotation, signed by a well-known and very plain lady of letters: "It is generally acknowledged that ill-favoured persons are often the most agreeable. I have heard it said it is a talent given them to counterbalance their deformity. On the other hand, we often see persons of extreme beauty are the least informed. Is it not that the latter think more of admiring their bodies than their minds? And so the reverse with the former, seeing they are not likely to gain anything by their personal appearance, they leave their face (so to speak) to take care of itself, and set about ornamenting their minds."

JOSEPH BIGGAR.

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STRONG MAC.

By S. R. CROCKETT.*

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS.—The story opened in the schoolhouse of Lowran. The Ploughing Match Day had been a holiday since the beginning of time; but Donald Gracie, the schoolmaster, had on this occasion denied the request of his scholars. A riot provoked the Dominie into striking the biggest youth in the school, Muckle Sandy, who retorted by knocking the schoolmaster down. Dora Gracie, the schoolmaster's daughter, with the aid of "Strong Mac," one of the bigger boys, proceeded to teach the school. The Dominie himself comes of distinguished stock, but has fallen on evil days through his fatal craving for drink. Strong Mac wins the "Single-handed" cup in the ploughing match. Charlotte Webster, in love with Strong Mac, is alarmed lest in her pique at his preference for Adora Gracie she has betrayed him as a poacher into the hands of the Laird's gamekeepers. The real fact, however, was that an incriminating pheasant in Mac's bag had been taken from his shoulders by a boyish devotee of Mac's, known as Daid the Deil, who was wounded by a shot from the keeper's gun, Strong Mac himself being released as blameless. The injury to the boy fired Sharon McCulloch, the father of Mac, a dour enemy of the great landlord from reasons of ancient wrong, to establish afresh a right of way "to kirk and market" through recently locked gates on the Laird's estate. Further developments showed the repulse of the Laird's attentions by Adora, and the revealing to the former that Strong Mac is probably his more favoured rival. Jock Fairies and Sandy Ewan are also suitors to Adora, and Sandy Ewan plots with one Crob McRobb to have Mac accused of sheep-stealing; and as Mac and Adora loiter homewards from a party, Mac is arrested. While Mac is awaiting trial, Sandy Ewan renews his suit to Adora; and when again rejected, vows to be revenged. On the day of the annual Presbyterial Examination, he plies the weak Dominie with drink, so that the Members of the Presbytery are kept waiting, and eventually defied by the drunken old man, who is thereupon dismissed from his post and left homeless and disgraced. Unexpectedly set free by the Lord Advocate's decision, Strong Mac learns from Sidney Latimer of what has befallen Adora and her father, and soon afterwards the murdered body of Sandy Ewan is found by the roadside; and while he halts between a suspicion that Mac is guilty and the desire to spare the lover of Adora, the young Laird of Lowran is himself attacked and kidnapped, and Mac and his father are arrested for his supposed assassination.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

OUT OF GOOD—EVIL.

WHEN Sidney Latimer left the lighted window of the House of Muir, he gave up all thought of denouncing Roy McCulloch. This seemed a true and worthy thing to do; yet had he contrived the worst possible against Roy and Adora, the young laird could not have played the devil's game better than by doing as he did. So mysterious is the train of consequences which follows every action, however trivial, that we suffer (and make others suffer) as often and as severely for our well-intentioned as for our evil actions. Doubtless there are compensations, but the fact remains. The philosophy of "Be good, and you will get a lump of sugar! Be bad, and you will get nasty medicine!" is untrue to the facts of life.

So many-tongued Rumour, flying from door to door, lifting the latch, and shouting an amended and re-edited tale into every house, spoke more truly than usual when it represented Adora and her father as having been turned out upon the waste after the capture of the McCullochs by the crowd of several hundred men, from all parts, which suddenly invaded the solitudes of House of Muir.

How Adora came to be there at all may be told in a few words. It chanced that Sharon McCulloch—stern, sober-faced old ex-smuggler, whom no Examination Presbyterial could for a moment have drawn a yard from his door—had business in the village of Lowran on the day when Sandy Ewan's trick was being spoken of, and even laughed over, at the bar of Lucky Greentrees' public-house.

Sharon was making ready for his homeward ride, and, as a last precaution, he always tossed over his throat a tass of brandy to the good of the house. He stood tall and erect, fingering the pewter in which his half-mutchkin had been served to him. Silently he listened to the tale, how in this very room the Dominie had been made to drink till he could not see, Sandy Ewan plying him with liquor skilfully all the while. Then the hanger-on aforesaid, who related the instructive apologue with some humour, told how he had "oxtered" Donald Gracie to his own school door, and there listened till at the proper moment, carefully waited for, Sandy Ewan had pushed him "in amang a' the ministers!"

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Sterner and greyer each moment stood Sharon McCulloch, gripping his whip tighter in his hand, till at the climax he astonished the company by reaching over a huge hand for the narrator. Without a word of explanation or apology, he dragged him over the table into the open, where he lashed him fierce and long, at last flinging the tale-bearer on the ground, whimpering like the hound he was.

Then the master of House of Muir made a little speech to the company and departed to look for Sandy Ewan! Happily, instead, he found Adora Gracie. And then, at the sight of the girl's desolation, the stern-faced old law-breaker had melted completely.

"For my boy's sake—for my loneliness' sake—come!" he had bidden her. "There is an empty hoose, but a warm, warm welcome on the muirs!"

Thus it was that while Roy lay fretting in the gaol at St. Cuthbertstown, there had come into his father's house, in all good liking and free will, the one thing he had most despaired of seeing there.

Upon his return, Adora had met his triumphant surprise and rejoicing with quiet thankfulness and gratitude. She had never doubted such an ending to his imprisonment. But she found so much that needed doing in the House of Muir that even Roy's advent made no great change in her mode of life. Sharon McCulloch, grave and reserved as ever, walked by her side every evening, he or his son, but, on the whole, more frequently Sharon. Their path always led them towards the high angle of the property, the apex of the triangle near which was a cairn on a little heathery knoll. Sharon did not look that way, but instead gazed absent-mindedly into the sunset. He never spoke of the wife whom he had found there lying dead upon his return from market. But the mere companionship of the young girl by his side somehow softened and warmed Sharon McCulloch, so that on coming in, Roy would often notice a difference in his father—something softer about his face than he had ever remarked there before, which was doubtless the resurrection of the young man who in a certain old summer walked these hills of heather with another girl as beautiful and as young.

Indeed, it seemed as if at times Sharon himself forgot. For on one occasion, after a long period of silence, he turned upon Adora with the question: "But where have you left the boys so long?"

Then, instantly recollecting himself, he added, sharply for him in these days: "I think we had better go in!"

* * * * *

Upon which, all suddenly, breaking into this life of peace and happiness, there had arrived a howling, furious mob led by Jonathan Grier. Then Adora had seen Roy, an angered Roy, a Roy whom she had never seen, fighting for his life, striking down one after the other till at last he was mastered by numbers. Then the house which she had begun to beautify and care for was put to sack, the furniture flung out of the window, the panelled walls of the chambers torn down under guise of search for evidence. After that the officers of the law came, taking a kind of possession, who posed her with horrid questions.

"Would she give evidence of this? Had she been present at that? What was her position in the household? By what right was she there?"

And so, as it was succinctly enough stated in the popular report, she and her drunken father had been turned out upon the heather.

The Lowland Scots, the Scots of Galloway in especial, are a kind-hearted folk. So it has been said and sung of them, and it is true. But students of national manners know that, upon occasion, such a kind-hearted folk can be more cruel than many a people whom the world holds habit and repute for savagery.

The Laird of Lowran was popular. His family had been "weel-likit" for generations before him. Much was expected of the young man, when once he had wedded "a suitable person" and emancipated himself thoroughly from the yoke of his mother, who, in spite of her forty years' residence in Lowran, was still looked upon as an incomer and "nae real Latimer!"

On the other hand, Adora Gracie, save with a limited number of the younger men, and Aline, could hardly be said to be popular. She was too pretty, and her tongue was somewhat oversharp. Moreover, she was supposed to hold her head too high for her position—which is, in Galloway, one of the cardinal sins. Then the sheep-stealing, the killing of Sandy Ewan, and the disappearance of the young laird, were all, in the "giff-gaff" of old wives' clatter, clearly traceable to the inexplicable attraction which foolish young men have for such "creatures."

As Mistress Girnwood said very judiciously to her gossip, Mistress Tod Lowrie, the senior Bailie's wife of Cairn Edward, as she

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"Certain of the baser sort jeered at them through the open doorway."

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put an extra "cinder" in her tea: "If I had my way, it's *her* that should hang for it!"

When Adora took her way from the door of the House of Muir, it was a typical September day, clear and dry—not warm, but with that grip in the air that wins the corn on the rigs, sets the stooks a-rustling, and rejoices the heart of the farmer. Beneath her eye lay the little hard-won gussets of ploughland which Roy had laid into furrows for Sharon to sow, his tall, gaunt figure looking Biblical in its girding of sackcloth, from the cross-folds of which he swung the grain abroad in alternate handfuls. Farther yont, Adora's eye fell on the knoll where Sharon had seen a woman sit as if asleep, being dead.

So, taking her worse than dead in her hand, Adora went slowly about the corner of the barn. Certain of the baser sort, the slack-water of the ruffian tide of the morning, jeered at them through the open doorway. And there was no strong Roy now to fell the insulter with a blow, nor a stern Sharon fitly to lay whip-lash where it ought to lie. But Adora, taking her father by the hand, led him a little about so that he might not hear. She herself was not much cast down, for she hugged closer to her heart that eternal right of the downtrodden—the appeal from earthly injustice to the high universal Cæsar who sits in the heavens, who cannot do other than judge rightly.

To the eye of sense it was a sad little procession enough—the girl leading the broken-down old man by the hand. For Donald Gracie, suddenly divorced from his life's work, fretted like a child that he was once more compelled to remove from surroundings that suited him so well.

"Adora, I have over and over endeavoured to impress upon you," he reiterated complainingly, as they took their way down the hill, "that I refuse to return to the school of Lowran parish, where I was treated with such disrespect. At least Dr. Meiklewham shall apologise to me in the presence of the scholars before I will consent to give a single lesson there! The Presbytery shall apologise! And I cannot help thinking, Adora, that it argues a certain lack of consideration for your father's feelings, Adora, that you insist upon taking him back to a place of so many painful memories!"

"We are not going to the schoolhouse, father," the girl answered, with some of the apathy which accompanies great sorrow.

"Then may I ask why," cried the Dominie shrilly, "have we left yonder most comfortable domicile pertaining to my excellent friend and late pupil? His father seems a very superior man, though he had finished his schooling before I came to the district. But though never cordial, Mr. McCulloch senior appeared to desire our company. Also, though I cannot expect it to weigh with you, I must point out that the mountain air agreed with me. I would not for the world say anything hurtful to your feelings, but I think you will admit that these frequent changes of plan are not dictated by those thoughtful and unselfish considerations which I have the right to expect from an only daughter!"

To this the girl answered nothing. Her heart was too sore within her. She merely adjusted her arm so that the old man might lean more heavily upon it, guiding him over the rough places of the way with a tenderness surprising in one so quick and brusque. It was not long before the wandering wits of the Dominie took up a new aspect of the subject.

"I fear much that I have been over-lenient with you, Adora," he began again, tapping with his stick on the hard roadway. "It has been borne in upon me lately that I ought to have been more strict with you. I have given you your own way too long—as, God forgive me! in my youth I took mine—I mean in matters of the heart. But I am persuaded that I have gone too far in submitting to your girl's whimsies. There was, for instance, that excellent young man, Alexander Ewan. Had you taken your father's advice, a world of trouble would have been spared. Even you cannot deny that. And now again, after some time in this well-plenished and most comfortable house—not that it is a mansion, but a very respectable and yeomanly dwelling, where my comforts have been attended to and my wishes studied—we find ourselves turned out because you would not, in time, make up your mind to wed the young man of the house, my old pupil and good friend, Roy McCulloch!"

Adora held her peace, steadily pursuing her way.

"This is the more surprising that you yourself held constantly by his innocence. You would hear no other word, even from your own father. And that being so, and your feelings evidently engaged, it would have regularised our presence in the house if you had been married to him, even according to the irregular Scots method, which—though good in law and binding upon parties—as Clerk of the Kirk-session of Lowran parish, I have always thought it my

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duty to discountenance. Still, there *are* cases—and this is one of them. As Roy McCulloch's wife, we could not have been dispossessed of our honourable position and downsitting at House of Muir. We would have remained to take care of the young man's property, and whatever happened, we should have been provided for——"

"Oh, father!" cried the girl, at last losing patience, "you do not understand what you say. I am not married to Roy McCulloch. I have no intention of marrying Roy McCulloch. Roy McCulloch respected my position too much while I was under his father's roof ever to ask me to marry him!"

The old man stood still and shook a tremulous staff at the girl. "Ah!" he quavered, "you must not try to deceive an old dog—yes, an old dog! There has been love-making going on. I have watched. You thought me deep in Virgil—and Virgil, young lady, is the finest of all poets; that I will ever uphold. But, because of the Mantuan, the father's eyes were not blind nor his ears deaf. There was love-making going on—with young Laird Lowran, with that softish lout, Jock Fairies, and in especial with Roy McCulloch. Moreover, did he not always come the latest, bide the longest, and did you not always see him to the gate? Ah, Adora! the old man has not been so short-sighted as you gave him credit for."

Thus the Dominie went maundering on, Adora holding him by the hand, drowned in the bitterness of her own thoughts, yet ever and anon rebuking herself for her irritation at her father's folly, till the forlorn pair came to the March Dyke of Barnbarroch. It was, even in daylight, a strange wild place—a dip between two boulder-strewn moors, the heather growing breast-high among the stones, one jagged pinnacle of rocks looking down like a watchman over a conventicle, and beneath the white thread of the mountain-road whimpling from verge to verge like a flicked whip-lash.

The gate, dragged from its hinges, probably by some of the mischievous spirits among the rout which that morning had poured up towards the House of Muir, lay broadside across a heap of stones, the *débris* of some rough road-making operation, long ago interrupted and never again proceeded with.

Cross-legged upon this, a boy sat sobbing bitterly—a boy in a man's coat, three or four inches too big for him every way. He wore a ragged pair of breeches, but his legs and feet were bare. A recent tear or wound showed an irregular red edge across one brown and freckled calf. As the two pilgrims approached, the boy alternately staunched the bleeding, and wiped his wet eyes with a large blue Kilmarnock bonnet, the result of the double operation fairly passing the power of pen to describe. At first Adora did not notice him. She was immersed in her own heart-bitterness. It was the old schoolmaster, with the instinct of a lifetime where youth was concerned, who observed the boy. He was certainly in trouble; probably, therefore, a culprit.

He turned about stiffly, so that he might face the seated figure, pointing with his stick to the wound.

"Here, boy," he said authoritatively, "stop crying! And tell me who did that!"

The boy lifted his tear-stained face, and then, even through the streaking and the swelling about the eyes, his identity could not be hid.

"What, Daid McRobb!" cried Adora, for the moment forgetting that for her there were no more roll-calls while the world should last. "What are you doing here at this hour—and like that?"

And, surely enough, Daid McRobb it was who presently stood up shamefacedly enough, trying to conceal the hurt on his calf with his broad bonnet. Finding himself before the Dominie, the boy endeavoured to stop sobbing, with this of success that he gave himself hiccough instead. But, curiously enough, the result was in no way comic.

"Why are you not at school?" began the old Dominie in his flogging voice.

"Father!" said Adora, touching him with her elbow.

"Ah! I forgot," said the old man. "I mean, what are you doing there with that—that wound on your leg?"

"Oh, *that!* It's nocht," said Daid, with a gasp, "nocht ava. I never noticed it. I think I fell on the edge of my tin can." His eye having fallen upon this last, perhaps suggested the explanation.

But the old Dominie had his method.

"Answer my question, boy!" he said sternly, with his stick in the air—"this minute! Who did it?"

"D'ye think I was greetin' for that?" cried Daid indignantly. "Man, I wad tak that three times i' the day and never whinge. It's for what they hae dune to *him!*"

"To your father?" said Adora, instantly forgetting her own sorrow in sympathy with another. "Why, what has happened to your father?"

"*My faither!*"

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Voice of human creature never expressed more of contempt and bitterness than did that of Daid McRobb in these three syllables.

"Greet for my faither?" he repeated. "He micht cut me into bittocks and throw me into the water for gedbait, but he couldna gar me greet!"

"But you have been with his dinner," said Adora, pointing to the can.

"Ow aye, he's my faither," said Daid simply for all explanation; "I'm no denyin' that."

He looked about him as he spoke, and rubbed the wounded calf surreptitiously on the ragged moleskin fringes which dangled about his other knee.

"Then why are you crying?" said Adora more gently. "Tell me."

At the word, as if a spring had been touched, Daid the Deil raised himself from his lair of stones, his streaked face stained with blood, his bonnet in his hand, his rags flying in the moderate wind of September, and stretching out a hand towards St. Cuthbertstown, with a gesture which no tragedian in the world could copy, he exclaimed: "Greetin', is it? I'll tell ye. It's for *him* I am greetin'. For him—for Roy McCulloch, the best lad that ever drew breath in this warl', the best freend, the only freend that puir Daid McRobb ever had! And they hae gaoled him for what he never did. They hae ta'en him awa'. And it's my faut! Oh, it's a' my faut!"

And standing there before them, Daid the Deil broke into a wild, irregular wail, ancient, autochthonal, not to be heard among honest folk, the keening of the cave-women, the rude aboriginal chaunt which saluted the sun-god when the blood of the sacrifice dripped redder under his first ray, falling from the tribal altar.

The boy, at the very apex of his passion, stopped dead. Some sound unheard by the others had startled him. He paused, suddenly stricken stiff in the attitude of listening.

"Coming!" he cried suddenly, and, seizing his can, made off at a run in the direction of the high sentinel stone which overlooked the dell.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE DEEPEST DEPTH.

FROM the Marches of Barnbarroch the road lay across a plain stretch of moorland, now spreading clear and crisp beneath the September sun. The heather was growing a little rusty everywhere, but the bracken, chance stricken by an untimeous frost, had turned and now withered in patches, many-coloured in the sunshine—orange and russet and cardinal red.

After losing sight of Daid, Adora and her father essayed this long open crossing, the old man growing more soddenly weary at each step, and, as he rested on this stone and on that by the wayside, continuing to dilate on his daughter's ingratitude and lack of consideration for him. At last they reached, greatly to Adora's relief, the head of the long Glen of Pluckamin, the uncommon name of which started her father on a learned disquisition, thus, for the moment, taking his thoughts off herself and her shortcomings.

"Pluckamin — Pluckamin!" he began. "Ah! there's marrow in that—aye, marrow and fatness. Those who care for nought but how to put the most spoonfuls of porridge into them, may, indeed, see nothing in Pluckamin but matter for laughter. The thorns crackle bravely under the pot! But to the learned and serious eye, the whole of the Covenant, count and tale, is unveiled. "Clachan Pluck"—the heart of the Faithful Country, the heart of Galloway. Even as the hub is the centre of the wheel, so was it about Clachanpluck that the assemblages of all the faithful folk gathered! Griersons in Bargatton, Kerrs in Cullenoch, Dicksons in Crocketford; but the best of all—the Heart of the Heart—were the McMinns of Pluckamin! All scattered now. The New World across the water holds them and their name. The ploughshare is passed over their pleasant sites. Scarce a trace remains of the walls. Only a greener line here and there, seen when the sun lies low in the west, is left to mark the rigs that were turned when the hands of the martyrs held the plough. But such is our life—we pass and are not. The Jacob—the Supplanter cometh in our place. He sits in the shade of our pleasant bowers. He eateth of the vines which our hands have planted, and crieth 'Aha! Aha!'"

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Grateful for the momentary respite, Adora let her father ramble on thus. The rugged fell of the moorland, shaggy as an unclipped garron, yet, in spite of infinite diversity of heather and rocks, presenting no considerable elevation to the eye, broke down suddenly. The bare hill-track, crossed with slaty edges every half-dozen yards, washed

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"'Your life—your life!' shrieked the old woman. 'Give him back to me!'"

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clean as scraped bone by the thunder rains, changed all at once into a woodland glade, with birches gracefully light all about.

Down this track, where it began to skirt the policies of Lowran, Adora was guiding her father, who was still meditating on the past greatness of Clachanpluck and Pluckamin, when, at a turn of the path, she came suddenly upon a pair of women, stern of aspect as accusing spirits. Both were wrapped in black, and the head of the elder was bare, while the shorter and younger of the two had a shawl drawn about her head.

Adora knew them for Sidney Latimer's mother and her unfailing companion Purslane. The women had been ascending slowly, as if the steep slope, which led out upon the face of the moor, had somewhat tried their powers. But at the sight of Adora and her father they halted, astonished.

Then Mrs. Latimer advanced a few steps, and leaning forward as if she were about to spring upon Adora, cried in a loud voice: "Where is he? Tell me—and I will forgive all!"

Adora stood aghast, not knowing what to answer. She comprehended that the Lady of Lowran had come out to seek her son—the son for causing whose death Roy McCulloch had been seized with rude shoutings by the ignorant rabble. But Adora did not understand that she herself could be accused of having had anything to do with the matter. However, she had to do hourly with one whom God had touched; and whatever the woman said, she was resolved to be patient with the grief-stricken. She answered gently.

"Madam," she said, "I do not know where your son is. It is many days since my father and I saw him. I am sorry—I would give my life if all were happily ended."

"Your life—your life!" shrieked the old woman, gaunt of cheek and wild of aspect, lifting up her clenched hand frantically above her head, as if in act to strike. "HIS life, say rather! Give him back to me—I beseech you! Ah! I never did harm to you or yours all my life—why should you come into mine to blight it? Give him back to me, I say! Why are you so cruel?"

"My Lady of Lowran——" began Adora, going a little nearer as if to calm her.

"I am not 'my Lady of Lowran!'" she cried, thrusting her hand from her as if to push away something abominable. "I am only a poor old woman seeking her only son—her only son. Ah, how I loved him! And you have taken him—you have bewitched him. Ever since he saw you, he has never been the same boy to me. Yes, I noticed the difference that first night when he came home—to me—home from—from—from your den. Did I not say so, even then, Purslane, in my despite he would seek after the Strange Woman? She held him in spite of my prayers. She holds him still. Look how she gloats over the ruin she has made. But God will judge! He is a just God, madam. He will judge 'twixt the right and the wrong—between you and me—my lady! Give me my son, for the last time I bid you! I order you to give me up my only son!"

Less agitated, though no less bitter at heart, Purslane had been endeavouring to moderate the fierceness of her mistress's vehemence. Now she succeeded to this extent that Adora, who stood trembling before them, not with guilt or fear, but with a new pitifulness, managed to get in the first words of her answer.

"Listen," she said briefly, "I have a right to be heard. I am a young girl, as you were before you were married. I am a human being. I have a right to defend myself. I have never sought your son. I have never seen him since the day, many months ago, when I told him that he must not come to my father's house while I was there. He has kept his word, and I mine also. It is true that, through no fault of mine, I found myself cast out of the only home I have ever known. Shelter was offered to us by a good friend. We accepted it. It was the choice of the destitute. We had nowhere else to go. That, again, by no fault of ours is at an end. We go forth, my father and I, with no more than we carry, but at least with our hearts clean of any shame towards you or your son!"

But Mrs. Latimer was not to be appeased. While Adora was speaking, Purslane had been able to restrain her. But now she broke out afresh.

"No!" she cried, "you cannot cozen me, madam, with your lies! I am a woman and know you. You tricked my boy. You drew him on till you had him in your toils, then you pretended to cast him off as you cast off that young booby whom your paramour murdered at his own doorstep. And now you have been the death of my son. I say not with your own hands—but—he has come to his death among you. Ah! that ever a Latimer of Lowran should have

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evened himself to a beggar wench! I said from the first that ill would come of it. I warned him of going to seek the company of a girl without family, without name——"

So far the old Dominie had listened in a kind of daze. He was physically wearied to exhaustion. The excitements of the day had set his brain wandering. The road-fatigue, in spite of his staff and his daughter's arm to lean upon, had left him in a semi-comatose state. But at the last words of the Lady of Lowran he seemed suddenly to wake.

The cowered decrepit ex-drunkard seemed to become a new man. He actually erected himself, so that, in the plain sight of all, a cubit was added to his stature.

"No!" he cried, with a gesture of real dignity, "this my daughter is no beggar wench! There is no disgrace in her family tree, save her connection with me. Mrs. Latimer, of Lowran, I have the honour to inform you that this young lady comes of as good and unstained a lineage as the best of your husband's house. And—if I may be allowed the discourtesy in the course of a genealogical discussion — she is of better stock than your own! You have known my daughter only as Adora Gracie, the daughter of the schoolmaster of Lowran. I have to inform you that my name is Donald Balgracie, younger son of the late Archibald Balgracie of Balgracie, in the county of Midlothian, as you can ascertain by writing to my brother, the present Laird. I have the honour, madam, of bidding you a very good day!"

And taking his hand from his daughter's arm, the old gentleman—gentleman once more and for ever—lifted his hat and swept the two women a ceremonious salutation of leave-taking.

The Lady of Lowran instinctively bowed, overcome and amazed. She remained with her hand pressed to her breast, her mouth a little open, looking after the pair as they took their way down the long sunlit Glen of Pluckamin, with the afternoon glow lying bright and warm and even upon everything.

When they had vanished, the Lady of Lowran turned to Purslane, and the first words she uttered, stammering and amazed, were these: "If that be true, Balgracie of Balgracie is dead without heirs. I saw the advertisement in yesterday's *Observer*. And these two do not know!"

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The two women looked long at each other, reading even to the dividing asunder of soul and marrow. Then with one accord they turned and followed Adora Gracie with their eyes as she went down the leafy glade, supporting the painful steps of Donald Balgracie, drunken outcast—and proximate landowner. But if there was any thought common to both their hearts, they gave it no expression in words.

CHAPTER XXX.

ADORA FINDS HER SOUL.

THERE are few hearts sadder than that of a brave woman who, after a long struggle, finds that she is reaching the limits of her courage. And it was thus that Adora Gracie felt as she led her father away from the interview with the Lady of Lowran. She had given little attention and no concern to what her father had said to Mrs. Latimer about his birth and position. From her childhood she had been accustomed to such outbursts, though never, it is true, delivered with such assurance and detail. But at a certain stage of his failing, high birth and noble connections formed a maudlin topic of her father's, particularly distasteful to his daughter.

Indeed, the prospect before her was one to daunt the boldest woman. What to do, she knew not. To beg she was ashamed, and with her father to keep watch and ward over, even honest "digging" of any kind seemed out of the question. She dared not leave him a moment alone. Adora felt that she could not go through Lowran. She dreaded the faces at the windows — ugly, curious, sneering, hateful faces. She could not bear to pass the schoolhouse, where Hardhills's "stickit" nephew had already been installed. The sight of the bairns at marbles in the school playground would have been agony to her. A skipping-rope, she thought, would have broken her heart. She turned into the Loop Road, the byway through the policies of Lowran, along which, on the night of his first apprehension, Roy McCulloch had conducted her home. As she passed between the bushes, strange thoughts darted like lightning through her soul.

Ah, the byways of life! Ill and good alike lurk in them. Who amongst us, straying down some solitary lane, idle of thought, empty of intention, has not come suddenly upon that which has changed all our life? For good, sometimes; for evil, perhaps oftener, teaching the wisdom of the double-

barrelled maxim: "Be not idle when alone; nor alone when idle."

Yet sometimes in the uncharted byways good sprites lurk. For even now, when Adora's way was most desolate, her future to the eye of sense most hopeless, such a one appeared, as unexpected to the sight as the Queen of the Fairies a-swing upon the topmost petal of a rose-bush.

Only this Fairy Queen had silvery hair with blonde lights in it, and for a magic wand carried knitting-needles of clicking steel, from which not even the most poignant emotion caused her to drop a stitch. It was Aline McQuhirr, waiting for them to pass that way. She had heard of the terrible events at House of Muir. Indeed, her brother had just come in, furious with anger at the treatment which the mob had dealt out to Roy and his father—"bound like brute beasts and thrown into a cart bottom," had been his report.

So Aline the gentle, knowing in her heart that House of Muir would be no abiding-place for Adora and her father, came to compel what had been formerly refused, both on account of the smallness of her accommodation and because of the jealousy of her brother Adam's wife at the farm.

This time, however, Aline would take no refusal. She was armed in advance against every objection.

"There are two rooms and a garret for three folk," she said, "and ye can sleep bravely in my broad bed, lassie. Ye are jimp and sma'. And as for Flora up at the farm - nineteen months o' clarty byres and a rousing bairn to suckle hae learned her that she didna mairry Adam McQuhirr only to sit in a ben-room, arrayed like Solomon in a' his glory, surrounded wi' cheena ornaments!"

So it befell that, as with the children of the righteous, so with the child of the drunken schoolmaster, Adora found herself once more not forsaken, and without necessity to beg her bread. Yet neither here nor elsewhere would she eat the bread of the idle. In the cothouse of Gairie there was a spinning-wheel of Aline's, and Adora was a past mistress of the art. So the two women made a compact.

As much as anything else, what Adora needed was time to bethink herself. Her father's boast of ancestry had indeed passed over her as the idle wind. That was less than nothing. But there was Roy McCulloch lying in St. Cuthbertstown gaol under the dark suspicion of having committed two murders for her sake!

For her sake! Yes, for her sake. True or untrue, she was smitten because of that. Why else was she an outcast, scarce daring to set foot outside the door, lest the same wild insensate mob she had seen at House of Muir should gather and sack the humble cottage of her gentlest hostess?

Roy McCulloch was innocent—of that she had no doubt; but what of Sharon? The question had often troubled her, and among other things she must think it out. During her evening walks with Roy's father, she had seen deeper than perhaps any had ever done before into the stern, silent, determined nature of the ex-smuggler. The dark stain which the death of his wife had made across the man's life had not been washed away by the tide of events, nor yet had it faded out with the lapse of time.

As she walked Aline's beautifully clean floor, back and forth, to the booming rhythm of her wheel, Adora went over every circumstance in her mind; and the more she thought, the greater was her perplexity. She saw that in helping Roy she might very well send his father to the gallows. Carefully and dispassionately, as a judge sums up, she laid the evidence, piece by piece, before her own mind. First, there was the calmness with which, having a son familiar with the law, Sharon McCulloch had awaited Roy's release. He had said nothing, done nothing, sought no advocate—simply waited. Was it unnatural calmness born of mere callousness, or did it spring from superior knowledge? Often in their wanderings Sharon McCulloch had fulminated against the lairds—Lowran, Barwhinnock, Glenkells. Their very names were anathema to him. She had seen the muscles working on the grim old face as he spoke of them. As to Sandy Ewan, had he not said of him: "The spilling of any man's blood is doubtless a crime, and satisfaction for it is rightly demanded of the slayer; but yet if the Lord of Justice hath an Angel of Death abroad on the earth, it is surely his duty to strike down such a man as Alexander Ewan"?

But from these speculations Adora's mind constantly returned to this—Roy McCulloch, at least, was certainly innocent; and if his father had, indeed, shed blood, Sharon was not the man to let the innocent suffer in his place, or even along with him—still less if that man were his own son.

Yet the more she thought, the more tangled became the skein. When she had turned matters over in her mind, Adora could not even arrive at any certainty

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that the Laird of Lowran had really been murdered. A blood-stained coat, footsteps, a straying road-weary horse, a man mysteriously gone from his place—these circumstances, though demanding explanation, were no proof that actual murder had been done. Doubtless Sandy Ewan was another matter. His huge body, suddenly stricken inert—the devil that was in him for ever exorcised (so far as this world was concerned)—had been found making a blot upon the fair God's morning, cumbering the Glebe Road. Only his iniquities remained after him—his plottings, his contrivings, his evil-doings, which were still the talk of the country and the scandal of the soberly inclined. No; it was small wonder, to a thoughtful observer, that Sandy Ewan had been found with that knife-haft right-angled above his breast-bone. The only wonder was that it had not happened years before.

* * * * *

Aline left her guest much to herself. The Dominie, abundantly supplied with books from Aline's wall-press, needed to be cared for chiefly at morn and even. For at her flitting, the old maid had brought with her to the cothouse of Gairie the entire family library.

"Gin I want them, I'll come and borrow them, Ailie," her brother had said, "and that's no doom's likely. The *Drumfern Observer* is as muckle as I can manage - and even that is maistly twa-three weeks auld afore I get it through-hands!"

So the clear wise head of Adora Gracie, by circumstances and training far too old for such young shoulders, was filled with thoughts which came in thronging troops. Sidney Latimer had spoken of her as a girl who ought to have been a lawyer. In the commonest argument she was never satisfied till she had disentangled a fact and brought it into relation with every other which she held duly established.

As to her present inquiry, material in plenty was at her disposal. For one thing, Adam McQuhirr was a most determined gossip—his hospitable house a perennial centre of talk and toddy. Every morning he would "cry in," as he called it, to give Adora and his sister the benefit of the "news" of the previous night.

"And ye may haud to that!" he would say of some new fact, naming the source of his information. "I threepit it doon the man's throat it was a lee; but fegs! he proved it!"

For, as was natural, the whole valley of the Dee and all the region between the Three Cairnsmuirs were thick with rumours of every sort. Each day a new clue was discovered. There were men from Edinburgh. There were all the peace officers in the Stewartry. There were amateurs also not a few. And there was a rumour, given for what it was worth, of a certain awful Bow Street runner, more to be dreaded than the murderer himself, who had been set upon the trail by the Lady of Lowran herself.

Outwardly it was a peaceful life which the two women led at the Gairie Cottage in the time of the falling leaf. Kind Adam gave them their potatoes and peat-leading. In the idle summer weeks, "'twixt hay and harvest," he set his men to chop wood and "clean up aboot the place." He sent them down his own household yarn to spin, which in days when an entire family wore cloth woven from the produce of its own flocks, was something considerable. His wife, he said, when explaining the matter, "was juist for a' the world a woman abandoned to curds-and-whey and the settin' o' a' mainner o' hens' eggs!"

Adora had plenty of time on her hand for her task. She had been trained for this, and with the quiet and the assured peace of her new abode there came the need to do something to clear up the terrible double mystery which had overshadowed all the lives connected in any way with hers. The girl felt her intellect sharpened for the task. She knew, without ever actually thinking so, that she was cleverer than anyone in the neighbourhood. Her mind followed a clue instinctively, coldly, for itself—even as she had read mathematics for pleasure in the old days at the schoolhouse, while her father was dissertating lengthily upon the beauties of ancient literature.

So, like a machine, Adora set herself to the task of solving the problem, dispassionately, impersonally, with regulated speed and trained precision. What impelled her? For no machine, however perfect, can do its work without a motive-power. Certainly no mere abstract love of justice, which is a passion with some.

It might have been love—though if so, Adora herself would probably be the last to know it. Love? Well, perhaps. But for whom?

Her position, in the complete retirement, half concealment, of the little house in the Gairie loaning, prevented her from following up any clues on the spot. She could not go

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to the Boreland or be seen on the Glebe Road; she could not examine the spot where, as the spring night drew to morning, Sandy Ewan had gripped his last handful of earth and weeds. Nor yet to the great House of Lowran, guarded by Jonathan Grier, and inhabited by two women who hated her. Least of all could she venture near House of Muir, which remained in the hands of the lowest of the law's myrmidons, deputy-substitutes of the Sheriff's officer at St. Cuthbertstown.

No, it was clear to Adora Gracie that with no more than her own unaided individual judgment, she must clear and disentangle the true from the false, and find the way of deliverance for those who had been staunchly her friends in the day of her tribulation.

So day after day she set herself, during the long hours of work, while Aline glided about like a noiseless fairy, never interrupting, never leaving her wholly alone, to trace out the course of events, line upon line, with the aids of the calendar, the district newspapers, and the local road maps which Adam McQuhirr loaned her. She made few written notes, and those chiefly at the close of the day, when, as was her custom, she walked up into the fields behind the cottage to a little look-out knoll, where was a standing-stone, much used by cattle as a rubbing-post. This was her study.

Here, her thoughts of the day became clarified, as the cool of the evening struck inward upon her bared head. All that she had thought during the working hours drew to a point. She knew not that she was beautiful as she stood there in the rich glow of evening. She would have taken it as an insult if anyone had told her so—or, at least, almost anyone.

She was the thinker, the resolver, the only person in Lowran capable of setting apart once for all truth and the lie. That she had been born a girl seemed to Adora a pity. She could have done so much more as a man. Still, since that could not be helped, she must do the best she could, in spite of the drawbacks with which an unkind Nature had handicapped her.

In those days of rule-of-thumb she reconstituted the crime according to the latest and most approved methods. She ruled nobody out. She rose with a mind perfectly open to conviction every morning. She even imagined Roy, furious with anger against the author, actual or supposed, of his long imprisonment, hastening to face Sandy Ewan. She saw the quarrel, the slow provocation growing in the horse-face, the quick outbreak, the blow, the fatal return. She even imagined the cooler, more deliberate carrying out of Sharon's crusade against the lairds. All was possible to Adora—that is, as a working hypothesis, till she found a better.

Strange were the places her soul passed through, bound to a body quietly going to and fro before a spinning-wheel, during these weeks. But each day lessened the circle and made her action clearer. And that action must be—she saw it every day more clearly—to find Sidney Latimer. Dead or alive, she must find him.

The problem of what had become of the young laird was sufficiently difficult. The wise folk of the law, both those of home produce and the imported, had failed utterly. His own friends were at a loss. The most active researches that had been carried on had proved ineffectual and were gradually being dropped.

How, then, could a girl, practically confined to a two-roomed house and a scanty round of fields, succeed in that which so many had attempted in vain? Well, for one thing, they had not Adora's equipment or Adora's knowledge, nor was it possible that they could possess these.

It may seem a strange, almost an inhuman thing to say, yet it is true, that not in the years when she could scarce count her lovers upon her ten fingers, but in the course of this anxious solitary quest, did the girl find her soul.

And the first resolve which solidified in her was a strange one. It was this. Upon a night after dark, when there was a moon—but not too brilliant a moon, she would go alone to the Marches of Barnbarroch.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE WOLF'S CUB.

ALINE knew that there was that on the mind of her little maid which preyed sorely upon its peace. But with the reticent wisdom of age she said little, proffering only the fine sympathy of silence, in which she was an adept. So when Adora, without explanation, informed her that she meant to be absent a part of the evening upon business of importance, Aline the Gentle sighed, knowing it to be no affair of sweethearts' trysting, and offered her a pistol which had certainly not been loaded for a hundred years. Adora declined smilingly the doubtful advantage of this weapon. But she exhibited to the

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shuddering gaze of Aline the ornamented clasp-knife which Sharon the ex-smuggler had brought from Spain, and the very sight of which—open—as Aline said, "made you think of murder!"

Since, however, at that time, little else was thought about over twenty parishes, the aspect of the weapon was less bloodthirsty than the old maid's exclamation might lead one to suppose.

Still, Adora was armed. She knew how to defend herself. For Sharon had been at pains to teach her the Spanish art of the knife-play, as he himself had practised it for the favours of a certain Magarato girl of Astorga, in the open ground behind the huge gaunt cathedral of Leon.

Adora's purpose was clear. She felt that the key of the whole mystery lay in or about the Marches of Barnbarroch. Very well; she would go there, then, and at the time she had chosen.

At last the suitable night arrived. It was just at the time when the moon emerges from the crescent, a misty night with the mild haze of autumn suspended at about the height of the tree-tops. There is no use in saying that Adora's heart did not beat, or that she was perfectly without fear. Being young and a woman, she was afraid, deadly afraid. But none the less she went—because it was a necessary part of her plan.

As Adora approached the Marches of Barnbarroch, the moon was already low and the night serene, but the pearly haze rendered all outlines indistinct and the whole landscape full of soft mystery. But Adora's mind was bent upon one purpose, even as a steel trap is set. She saw only what she had gone forth to look for, and she marched on with eager and unfaltering determination. She passed up the long Glen of Pluckamin, the moon struggling to sift through the tall trees and dappling sparsely the path with curded light. She paused for a moment at the top, in order to look abroad across the heathery moorland which ran ten miles to the west and north in long undulations, unbroken save for a few such bowl-like "cleuchs" as the Marches of Barnbarroch.

Adora laid herself down on a flat rock overlooking the deep gully. She could see through the faintly frosted moonshine the shapes of the stones and the white wimple of the track as it descended and again ascended. But nothing moved. Every sprig of heath, leaf of alder, and frond of bracken seemed carved in ebony, and a mystic peace brooded over all.

Yet it was here, in this quiet dell, that Sidney Latimer's bloody coat had been found. Here the footmarks had been the thickest and the most deeply indented; here (and the thought came to her with a kind of thrill) she and her father had met Daid McRobb with a flesh wound on his leg. Adora was near her purpose now. So, drawing a long breath, and with her hand on Sharon's Leonese knife, she rose to her feet and sent forth a long, far-reaching, musical cry.

"*Daid! Daid! Oh—h—h Daid!*

It was the call with which she had often witched the truants back to school when her father's severity had frightened them to the rocks and caves of the earth. As interpreted by the youth of Lowran, it meant at once forgiveness and protection.

Quite unconsciously Adora stood beside the "standing-stane" which had been a Druid monument. She leaned her elbow on the grooved altar-top and waited.

"*Daid! Daid! Oh—h—h Daid!*"

As girls that call the kine to the milking-bars in the quiet of eventide, so at the gate of the Unknown, Adora called. Thrice the cry went forth without an answer; but at the fourth, hardly were the words out of her mouth, when, apparently descending from heaven, Daid the Deil stood by the girl's side. He pressed his fingers to her lips, at the same time pulling her down among the loose boulders, where she had stood smothered to the waist in heather.

"*Hush!*" he said; "*he's yonder!*"

The two lay on the lip of the cup, which was cut through the centre from verge to verge by the six-foot dyke that gave the place its name of the Marches of Barnbarroch. They could see the gap in the dry stone wall—its shadow pale blue in the misty moonlight, and lengthening as the moon westered. Parts of the broken gate had been used for firewood, and what remained now lay in the gap, a mere heap of posts and bars, broken and splintered.

But all was strangely still and peaceful under the moon. Nevertheless, Daid took the girl's hand to pull her away. But a vague expectation held her. Down by the heap of splinters in the darkest of the gap, it seemed to Adora that something had moved. She shook off Daid's hand and looked long and eagerly. Perhaps—perhaps, after all, she had not come there for nothing.

And as she looked, a small black thing, toad-like and squat, moved to the pile of wood, as if to collect some of the *débris*. So slow and deliberate were its movements

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that several times Adora thought she must have been mistaken. But no—the creature was nearer now than it had been when first she caught sight of it. She could hear Daid breathing supplications in her ear to come away.

"For the love o' God, come!" he said, invoking that which, most certainly, the poor outcast knew nothing about.

Then, sudden as two hands that are clapped together, something happened which might well have daunted the stoutest heart. Perhaps some flutter of woman's apparel, or some bright glinting of button or metal clasp advertised the presence of spies to the unknown thing crouched in the hollow beneath. At any rate, in a moment the creature's painful deliberation of movement was changed into a rapid crab-like rush straight up the rough hillside, the slaty stones clinking and spinning from under its feet.

With a hoarse cry, Daid thrust Adora behind him, snatching her Spanish knife as he did so.

"Quick! Doon wi' ye! Doon the brae! Rin! For God's sake, rin!" he cried.

But he himself stood still, with Sharon's knife in his hand.

And be it said that for once in her life Adora obeyed the male without question.

It was not that she was afraid. Something horrid, deformed, troglodyte, about the creature raised a whirlwind of terror, wild and vague, in Adora's bosom. But Daid, to whom apparently the mystery was no mystery, remained behind, standing upon his defence.

* * * * *

At the foot of the hill when Adora glanced round, she saw the boy, immovable, with Sharon's knife still in his hand. He was wiping it on his sleeve, but of his demon assailant nothing whatever was to be seen.

Daid descended the hill tranquilly and with circumspection. Then he rendered Adora back her knife in silence.

"And noo," he said, "what is't that ye are wantin' wi' Daid?"

"David," began the girl softly, "in the gaol of St. Cuthbertstown there lie two innocent men. I want you to help me to get them out."

The boy stood a moment uncertain, as if balancing something in his mind.

"If I do help ye," he said, "ye will sweer never to tell what ye hae seen the nicht? Nor say ocht aboot this?"

He touched the wound in his leg, still bare and unhealed. Adora promised, and the boy, reassured on that point, gradually unbending, gave the girl more of his confidence.

"Aweel," he said, with a more friendly accent, "tell me what it is ye want!"

There was nothing absolutely hostile in the boy's attitude. But it was evident that he was there in a posture of defence—*Daid contra mundum!* And it behoved him to be wary even with an ancient friend like Adora. The girl resolved to give him her full confidence.

"I want you to help me," she said, "to find out if Sidney Latimer is murdered or not, and who it was that killed Sandy Ewan."

"Let the second bide," said Daid the Deil; "they will never hang ony man for that. But I'll help ye wi' the findin' o' the Laird o' Lowran, gin he is to be fand aboon the earth or oot o' the water!"

The girl gazed at the strange ragged outcast who had once been her pupil in the law-abiding Presbyterially examined School of Lowran.

"What do you know about it?" she said breathlessly. "Do you think he is dead?"

"Them that are oot a' nicht on the face o' the muir, wi' nae bed but the heather, ken a heap o' things that fowk in hooses o' biggit stane hear nocht aboot," replied the boy enigmatically.

"But what do you know?" demanded Adora. "If you have any care or love for Roy McCulloch or his father, tell me at once."

"I hae nane o' either for his faither," said the boy sulkily; "as for him, he may hang by the neck for ought that Daid cares!"

"Then you care as little for Roy McCulloch?" she said diplomatically. "I thought you loved him."

"Loved him—aye! maybe as well as you, for a' your talk!" cried the boy, suddenly stung into hot anger. "Do you love him, as ye caa' it—you that's sae glib wi' siccan awsome words? '*Love*,' indeed! Wha speaks aboot *lovin'* fowk till they're deid!"

This was coming somewhat near home, and Adora wished to change the venue.

"You wish to save him, don't you?" she said—"to help me to save him—that is?"

But Daid had seen too many of the hithers and thithers of life to be put off with mere verbal counters.

"I'll tell you," he said, turning and facing her in the deep darks of Pluckamin Cleuch, into which the last struggling slants of the moonlight could hardly enter. "I'll tell ye, Adora Gracie, what ye aiblins dinna ken yoursel'. Aye, and what maybe ye'll no

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"'For God's sake, run!'"

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thank me for tellin' ye. It's this—lasses dinna gang at mirk midnicht to the Mairches o' Barnbarroch, an' it be na for the sake o' them they love (as ye caa' it) wi' a' their hearts! *Noo, what yin is it?* Is it for the sake o' Laird Latimer, that's maybe deid an' buried, an' maybe no—or is it for Roy McCulloch, that rins a sair chance o' being hanged for murderin' a man he never laid hand upon?"

The boy, who had spoken with extraordinary vehemence, unexpectedly seized Adora by the wrists, as if to compel her to answer. The girl, taken by surprise, temporised after the manner of women.

"Why do you ask such foolish questions?" she said, trying to shake herself loose from his grasp.

"Aye, but *are* they foolish?" demanded the boy, keeping his grip and thrusting his face nearer to hers. "They are just this foolish, that if it be for the sake of Laird Latimer that ye cam' to Barnbarroch at this time o' nicht—then Roy McCulloch had better be hanged in peace in St. Cuthbert's gaol!"

"Why would it be better?" said Adora, as the boy paused.

"Aye, better for him than to gang on wi' a broken heart—to see you riding to the kirk as my Leddy o' Lowran!" cried the boy, his teeth gleaming in the moonlight like those of a wolf cub—which indeed he was.

And Adora Gracie, who feared not the face of man, quailed before him.

CHAPTER XXXII.

DEVIL'S WORK.

THE pair went down the Cleuch of Pluckamin together. At intervals, as if to guard their rear from attack, the boy turned and listened keenly and with the most anxious suspicion. Adora listened, too, but she heard nothing save the hooting of the cue-owl, the chatter of discontented blackbirds squabbling on their perches in the pine thickets, together with that faint under-rustle of mystery which may be heard at night in every wood—the coming and going of beast and bird and creeping thing upon their errands, private and personal, under the friendly cover of the dark.

But the particular creeping thing which had taken the brae at the March of Barnbarroch like a charging tiger seemed to have relinquished the chase, for the boy turned away satisfied.

"Mind, ye are no to come hereawa' again, or I'll no answer for't!" he abjured his companion. "It michtna be canny."

"But how about yourself, Daid?" the girl said kindly. "Are you in no danger?"

"Danger? Me?" answered Daid, with marked surprised. "Aye, maybe—but nae mair than ordinary!"

"Then you will find out about Sidney Latimer, as you promised?" she continued. "You will come to Aline McQuhirr's cottage, and bring me news of what you find out down by the Gate House of Cally?"

"I hae said I will, and I will," the boy answered steadily, "on the day after the morn. It will be in the gloamin' likely—gye and late. Ailie will be in her bed when I come. Ye can tell her what lee ye like; but ye maun come doon to the White Yetts to meet me."

"She trusts me," said Adora simply. "I can come and go when I will."

"She has need," returned Daid. "It's no every lass that wad venture as far, wi' nae ither convoy than Daid the Deil."

It was true; Aline of the Silver Hair had, indeed, great confidence in her guest. But then the gracious silent perception of the old gentlewoman made it clear to her that anything of the nature of a common intrigue was wholly foreign to the nature of Adora Gracie. So, from the cottage at the loaning-end, Adora went and came unquestioned and unreproved, at hours when even a roving ploughman, in the first rush of young blood, would scarce have ventured to be abroad.

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It was long past the set time for his return, and yet Daid the Deil had not appeared. Adora, knowing in what a secret hell of dangers and uncertainties it was the boy's lot to dwell, grew seriously alarmed for his safety. She had slipped out by the door of the little cothouse, and now stood at the gable-end near the peat-stack, under the full glow of the moon, now increased in light and favour, sailing high in the serene heavens.

The night was large and gracious. The high tranquillity of a still autumn night held everything breathless. It was chillish, evidently making for frost towards the morning, and occasionally a broad ash leaf, nipped at its base, came noiselessly balancing down.

Never had the girl expected a lover as Adora did Daid's coming. What if she had

sent him to his death? It was possible—nay, remembering the Marches of Barnbarroch, even something more than that.

* * * * *

At last, about four in the morning, he came. But how? Beaten and torn and stamped almost out of all image of humanity, Daid the Deil it was who crept out of some secret wild-beast lair into the clear moonlight and the homely smell of the fire-warmed hearths of men.

And seeing him thus, come from doing her message, Adora, touched to the heart, suddenly wailed aloud. Then Aline, who, faithful to her word, had neither watched nor spied upon her guest, but only lain sleepless, threw a garment about her and sped out to her assistance.

Between them they lifted the boy within and laid him on the bed from which Aline had just risen. There was, as always in the cottage, water hot by the "keeping coal" upon the fire. So, carefully and with suppressed sobs of pitifulness, the two women removed the saturated rags from about Daid's poor body, washed the wounds and bruises which they found there in abundance, softened the matted masses of his hair, and wrapped the boy in such luxury of white, lavender-scented linen as he had never imagined to be anywhere in the world.

All the time he was conscious. His eyes followed them about as they went and came, but with a kind of desire, dumb and wistful, which Adora could not explain. Still they found upon him no deadly wound, nothing to account for the terrible exhaustion of the patient.

Yet he seemed somehow dazed—lying and gazing at them, dumb, helpless, pathetic. It was evident that, for the moment at least, he was beyond speech. For during all their tendance of him no sound had escaped his lips, except once or twice a low, inarticulate moan, as if forced from the depths of his being.

On the other hand, his desire to drink was insatiable. Adora had already brought him two full jugs of water, cold from the well. It was Aline, however, Aline the gentle, who, lifting up his head to administer some cooling draught, made a terrible discovery.

The boy's tongue was gone—in its place a terrible wound!

Then, both together, the two women broke down, crying bitterly and rocking to and fro, while Daid gazed mournfully at them without tears. Then Aline, recognising that this was more responsibility than they could undertake alone, resolved to go for assistance—much as they wished to keep secret the presence of Daid McRobb in the cothouse of the Gairie.

The farmer came down instantly at the sound of his sister's voice underneath his window. And just as ready was he to saddle a horse from the stable that he might ride to Cairn Edward for the doctor. But before this was done, Daid had been removed to the garret of the little cothouse. Good-hearted Adam offered the hospitality of the Gairie; but as half the parish made the farm-parlour a place of call, Aline declined, much to Adora's relief. Not only must the boy be nursed, but here was a third mystery to be solved.

"Then if ye willna bring the laddie up to the Gairie, I will gie ye a hand to carry him up to your ain baulks," said Adam McQuhirr, to whose strong arms the transport of a boy like Daid, even up a crazy ladder, was a light and easy task.

It was six of the morning when Dr. Erasmus Steven arrived at the Gairie—a wise, silent man, whose eyes had seen curious sights in their time, but whose tongue had never mentioned one of them—not even to his wife. Which is saying no little for a country practitioner in a country where, next to an overruling Providence, the distributor of news is the greatest bearer of blessings.

The tall doctor could hardly stand upright in the garret of Aline's cottage, but he went about his duties with that air of efficient gentleness which not palatial halls would have enhanced.

Finally he motioned for the two women to go out—Aline, who had stood trembling, and Adora, who had been his helper, holding herself as sedate and composed as if she had done nothing but assist a surgeon all her life. Then, seeing Daid a little recovered, he got out his little sheaf of paper slips on which he was accustomed to write down his notes and prescriptions.

"Do you hear me and understand what I say?" he asked, looking the boy in the eyes, as the grey light of the forenoon fell upon him on the little bed beneath the skylight in Aline's garret-room.

Daid nodded. The dazed look left momentarily his eyes.

"Then," said the doctor, "write me the name of the man who did this, on the sheet of paper I put before you. I am a magistrate. It is a dastardly affair, and, as

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soon as may be, we must get to the bottom of it."

The expression on the face of the boy never changed as he listened. He took the pencil and wrote. With a glow of satisfaction on his impassive face, the doctor watched him. But this faded as he read the three words in Daid's laborious boyish script—

"I DINNA KEN!"

Dr. Erasmus paused, and frowned as when he had an awkward case to diagnose. He pushed the paper back again into Daid's hands, saying: "Tut, tut! this will never do—such a thing could never have taken place without your being aware of the personality of the perpetrator. And consider the importance of the information. It might have been the murderer of the late Mr. Ewan and of Mr. Sidney Latimer into whose hands you have fallen. Try and recollect yourself. I ask it in the interests of justice."

Again certain words were painfully traced out—

"I DINNA MIND!"

The doctor, thinking that perhaps he had been over-hasty, or that he had made his appeal in a manner too official, tried again.

"But, my boy, you do not realise what this means to all of us. It may be your good fortune to put the law on the track of a dangerous murderer. Nay, my poor lad, there is not the slightest doubt that a very serious attempt to murder has been committed on your own person. I have seen many a one succumb to injuries far less serious than yours."

The boy lay looking up at Dr. Erasmus Steven as if dazed by the flow of words. He made no attempt to take the pencil and paper again.

The doctor decided to make a last attempt, though he saw that his patient's strength was failing.

"You are prevented from speaking indeed," he said, "but your eyesight is mercifully preserved to you. You have the hearing of your ears. Tell me how this terrible mutilation happened. Add, if possible, a brief description of your assailant. It may help us to the arrest of the culprit, and even lead to consequences more important still. You will certainly be rewarded!"

As if driven to it against his will, the boy seized the pencil and wrote long. The doctor watched him eagerly. At last he fell back exhausted. The pencil rolled on the floor. His eyes closed. Dr. Erasmus Steven almost shook with excitement. What if he, a plain country practitioner, should have within his grasp the heart of the mystery which had so long perplexed his ablest legal friends.

He read the words which the boy had written, clearly enough expressed with his own official pencil.

"I HEARD NOCHT—I SAW NOCHT—I KEN NOCHT—MIND YOUR AIN BUSINESS!"

With unabated good-humour Dr. Erasmus Steven retired defeated. He could not break down the boy's reserve, but he had sufficient contempt for the methods of the Fiscal not to report the case at St. Cuthbertstown. If there were anything to be learned, he would learn it first—he and not another. The women, who had so strangely taken it into their heads to nurse the boy, might perhaps succeed where he had failed. But they did not know what they were undertaking. Injuries of that kind were slow and difficult to heal. But there would be time enough to find out by whom, and for what cause, so cruel a mutilation had been inflicted upon a boy. Dr. Steven knew that Time is the best detective in the world, and that Woman is an excellent second.

So in the "upstairs" of the little but-and-ben at the Gairie loan-end abode Adora's messenger, the secret of his disaster grimly shut up within his own heart. His eyes, indeed, followed every motion wistfully, especially when he and Adora were alone together. Sometimes when he heard the voice of the Dominie below, he would shrink and for the moment appear visibly uneasy. Perhaps he was remembering the nights when Adora used to let him sleep about the peathouse at the back of the school in Lowran, and when the Dominie, less tender-hearted, came looking for him with an ash-plant.

One day, of his own accord, Daid signified a desire for a pencil and paper. By this time he was getting a little stronger, and could even be left occasionally to himself for an hour or two. These were the words which he wrote upon the paper—

"WHEN IS HE TO BE TRIED?"

"In Drumfern, at the Spring Circuit," answered Adora instantly.

Daid fell back on his pillow, and though he only lifted his eyes to the green bubble on Aline's skylight, there was a prayer in them that reached infinitely higher.

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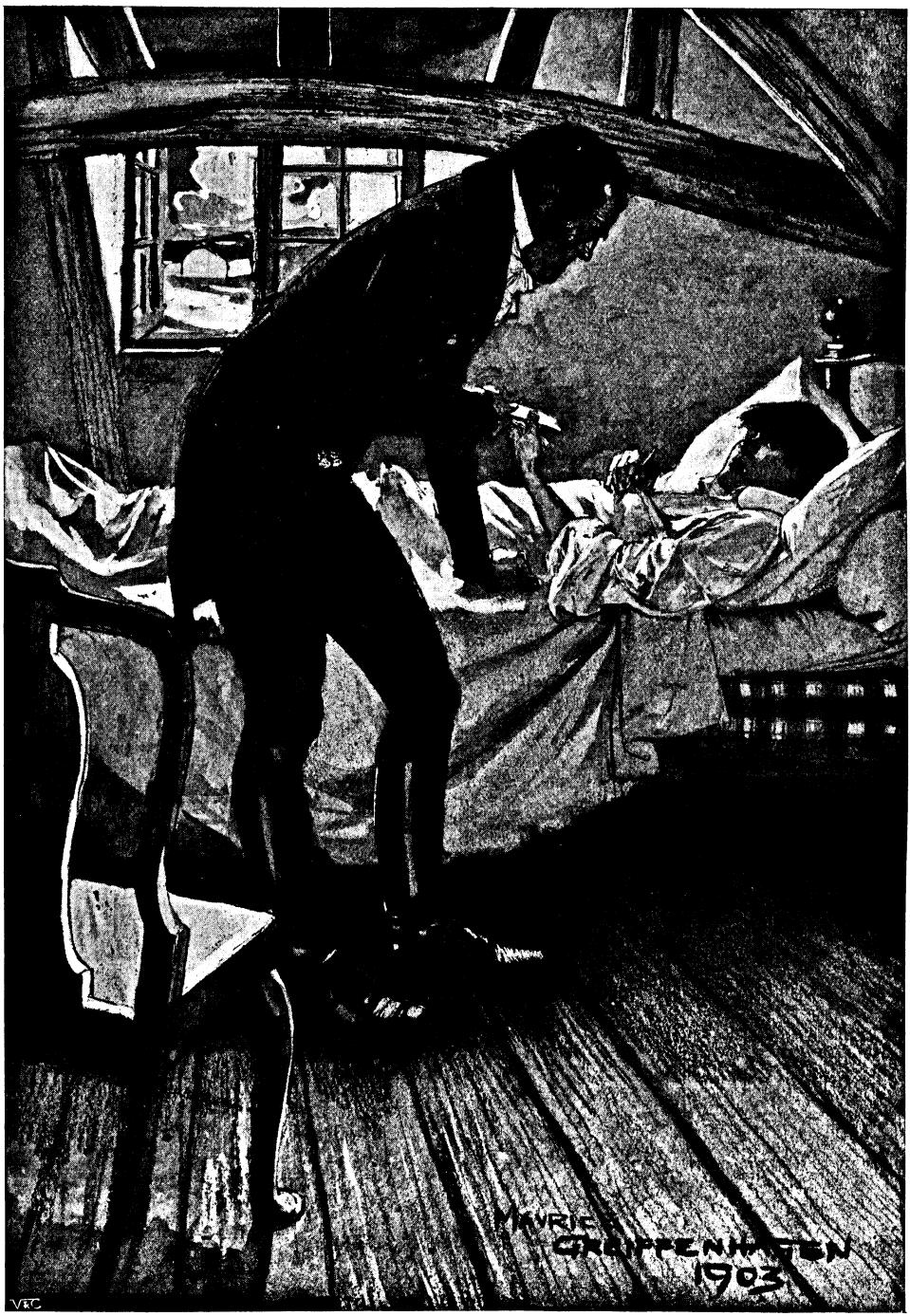

"'I dinna ken!'"

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Then he wrote—

"LEAVE ME THE PENCIL, IF YE PLEASE!"

So, his request granted, all that morning at intervals Daid wrote painfully, word by word, with long rests between the sentences. Adora would come on him again and again with his eyes closed, either deep in thought or recovering after exhaustion.

At last, about noon, Daid the Deil with a weak hand delivered his completed message to Adora.

"LAIRD LATIMER IS NO DEID. THEY PRESSED HIM FOR A MAN TO FECHT ON THE KING'S SHIPS, THINKING HE WAS SOME ITHER BODY. BUT HE GOT AFF, AND HAS GONE TO FECHT BONY, BECAUSE YE WADNA HAE HIM—THE TRUTH AS SURE AS DAITH. —DAVID MCROBB."

* * * * *

It was an important—an all-important communication, even though it revealed nothing as to the cause of Daid's own misfortune. In an instant much that had been dark was clear to Adora Gracie, though not all. Sidney Latimer's escape from death she had been in a manner prepared for, though why he continued silent when innocent men were in danger of their lives had not previously been explained.

"They pressed him," Daid had said. That in itself was likely enough. Pressing parties made the tour of the coast of Solway, and one likely young fellow was as liable as another to be knocked on the head and hurried aboard ship, in these times when recruits were so hard to get for His Majesty's marine, presently at war both with the Old World and the New.

The truth of the second part of the message was more difficult for Adora to accept. If a young man could not have all that he wanted, it was surely weak to run away; and, at any rate, he ought to have let his mother know where he was. Still, Sidney Latimer had never been like other young men of his class or station. He was a spoilt child. Even as a man Adora recalled his sulks in the matter of Strong Mac, and her final rebuke to him.

It was quite possible, she thought, that such a man might take himself off to the wars without a word said to anyone. It was possible he might even think himself in some way quits with Adora by so doing. Young men were apt to take curious things into their heads, of which she was not without her experiences.

Yet how serious might not such childishness turn out to be in its consequences! It was even possible that, pressed for His Majesty's marine, and escaping by chance, or by some revelation of his quality, Sidney Latimer had taken service with the land forces either in Spain or America.

Nay, was there not a certain friend of his of whom he had spoken, an officer in the army of my Lord Wellington, presently under arms in the Peninsula. Doubtless he would make his way thither. As to this there was no certainty. Yet if Adora could not get word to Sidney Latimer in time, Roy McCulloch and his father would almost certainly be hanged for the murder of a living man.

This, then, was the problem which Adora Gracie had to solve. Sidney Latimer was alive. But if he did not appear at the trial of the McCullochs at the Drumfern Sessions, innocent blood would be spilt. Though she tried more than once, Daid could give her no information as to the whereabouts of the missing man. She did not know the name of his friend in the army, nor yet with any certainty whether he was still with my Lord Wellington. A letter—a messenger? But how could she depend on that letter or messenger being in time, or discovering Sidney Latimer in the constantly changing camps of the British army, then fighting a succession of the hardest contested battles of the Spanish campaign.

Then as to a messenger, whom could she trust to go?

Swift as a flash the solution came to Adora, as all great thoughts come.

She must go herself to Spain—to the armies. At whatever risk, at whatever cost, go she must. It was the sole means of preserving the McCullochs and of preventing Sidney Latimer from being the cause, through his own sullen tempers, of the death of two innocent men.

In sum, there seemed to Adora nothing for it but this—she herself must go to Spain and bring back Sidney Latimer to the Drumfern Sessions. No matter what people said, she must seek him—she must find him.

No matter (and this was the most serious reflection of all to Adora Gracie), no matter what Sidney Latimer himself might think, she must bring him back to do his duty.

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(*To be continued.*)

THE MONEY KINGS OF THE MODERN WORLD.

By W. T. Stead.*

II.—THE ROTHSCHILDS.

"WE had the good luck to see the old mother of the Rothschilds," wrote Henry Greville in his journal when he visited the dark, dirty, squalid Ghetto of Frankfort in 1843. "The house she inhabits appears not a bit better than any of the others; it is the same dark and decayed mansion. In this narrow, gloomy street and before this wretched tenement a small *calèche* was standing, fitted up with blue silk, and a footman in blue livery was at the door. Presently the door opened, and the old woman was seen descending a dark, narrow staircase, supported by her granddaughter, the Baroness Charles Rothschild. A more curious and striking contrast I never saw than the dress of the ladies, their equipages and liveries, with the dilapidated locality in which the old woman persists in remaining. The family allow her £4,000 a year, and they say she never in her life has been out of Frankfort, and never inhabited any other house than this, in which she is resolved to die." †

MAYER AMSCHEL ROTHSCHILD, THE FOUNDER OF THE GREAT HOUSE.

At the time when the inveterate gossiper jotted down this entry in his entertaining diary the old mother of the Rothschilds was ninety-four years old, having spent nearly a century in the Ghetto in which she had been born, and in which, down to the advent of the French Revolution, she and all her race had been confined, the street being closed with gates at each end. A mother in Israel indeed was Madame Mayer Amschel, or Madame Bauer, as some called her, one not unworthy to have sung the glad song of Hannah over the youthful Samuel. How the familiar strains must have gladdened the heart of the young mother in the foul-smelling Judengasse, as she sat with the boy on her knees! "The Lord maketh poor, and maketh rich: He bringeth low, and lifteth up. He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory." She lived to see the prophecy literally fulfilled. In her lifetime her sons and her sons' sons arose to call her blessed. When her husband died, he left his sons as his last directions: (1) to remain ever faithful to the Law of Moses; (2) To be ever united; and (3) To undertake nothing without consulting their mother. From the gloomy Frankfort Ghetto her descendants went forth to found a dynasty which for a hundred years stood pre-eminent among the monarchs of finance.

The Rothschilds are no longer the greatest of the money kings of the world. But their firm is still *primus inter pares*, and their present position, conjoined with their famous traditions, entitles them to the place of honour in any gathering of the financial sovereigns of our time.

The Origin of the Rothschild Dynasty.

It is not difficult to trace the origin of the new dynasty. Before the middle of the

† This mother in Israel died three years later. When asked to quit the Judengasse, she was wont to reply: "Here I have seen my sons grow rich and powerful; and as I have not grown conceited in my old age, I will leave them their good fortune, which would certainly forsake them were I from pride to abandon my humble dwelling."

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eighteenth century there were no Rothschilds known to fame. The father of the first Rothschild was a Jewish merchant of the name of Amschel, or, according to others, Mayer Bauer. When the child was born, he so little discerned the true bent of his genius that he purposed to dedicate him to the service of the Synagogue. Young Bauer was to be a rabbi learned in the law, as young Cecil Rhodes in later years was to be set apart in his youth for the ministry of the Church of England. But the destiny of both was not in the keeping of their fathers. It was the fate of young Bauer not to write commentaries on the Book of the Law, but to afford the world the most conspicuous confirmation of the accuracy of the prediction which declared: "Thou shalt lend unto many nations, but thou shalt not borrow." Instead of becoming a rabbi, the lad went into business and started his career as a money-lender at the sign of the Red Shield in the Frankfort Judengasse. Money-lenders in those days, like publicans in our day, advertised their business by signboards on which were painted emblems which had probably as little significance as the Red Lions and the Blue Boars under which British innkeepers supply their customers with ale and spirits. Bauer's sign was a Red Shield—in German, Rothschild. Under that sign he prospered exceedingly. After a time he discarded the family name of Bauer and adopted the less homely patronymic which he borrowed from his signboard. Exit Bauer, with its associations of peasant life. Enter Rothschild, who was to sit among princes and to inherit the throne of glory.

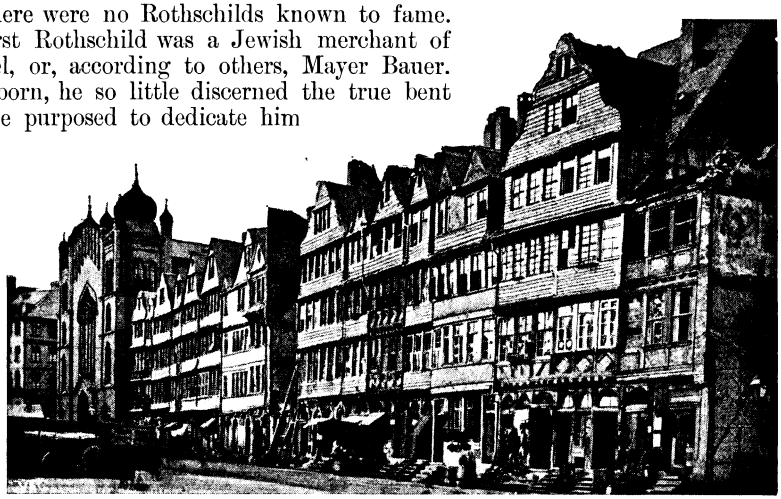

Photo by] [*F. Frith & Co., Reigate.*

THE ORIGINAL HOUSE OF THE ROTHSCHILDS IN FRANKFORT, IN WHICH THE GREAT BANKING BUSINESS WAS FOUNDED.

The house is indicated by an asterisk.

The first Rothschild from a mere money-lender of the Judengasse became known as a banker of some culture. If money-making was his business, numismatics were his recreation, the hobby of his leisure moments. It was his hobby that made him the associate of princes and enabled him to plant his foot on the first round of the ladder on which his descendants were to ascend so high. William, the ninth Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, shared his passion for the collecting of curious coins. He made the banker's acquaintance, and found him interesting and useful in other fields. Rothschild was diligent in business, Rothschild was honest. So, to make a long story short, he became in the first year of last century the agent of the Landgrave. The next year, in 1802, he made his *début* on the international stage by raising a loan—a small affair, but his first—to the Danish Government, whose capital had been in the hands of the British Government the previous year. It was the year of the Peace of Amiens. Four years later, when Napoleon, baffled in his designs for the invasion of England, swept like a devastating flood across the Rhine to the Prussian capital, Rothschild's Landgrave fled in haste from before the invader. But before he went, he entrusted all his silver and other treasures to Rothschild, who at no small risk to his neck buried them in a corner of his garden, where they remained on deposit during the troublous years that followed Jena, and were subsequently returned to their owner with five per cent. interest.

Rothschild did not live to see the downfall of Napoleon. He died at Frankfort in September, 1812, when the French were beginning to experience the horrors of the retreat from Moscow. He left five sons and five daughters, who inherited no small share of their father's financial genius. As Alexander when he died divided his empire among his generals, so the House of Rothschild distributed Europe among its sons.

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Frankfort remained the seat of the family dynasty, but Rothschilds reigned at London, Paris, Vienna, and Naples. It must have been difficult in those days before railways were invented, and when the Continent was convulsed with war, for the family to meet in council at Frankfort. But the stage-coach and the diligence sufficed in those days, and the lack of telegraphs and telephones did not prevent the Rothschilds making their birthplace on the Main the financial capital of the world. The eldest son lived there, and there, in accordance with the will of the founder, all important consultations were held. The family has held together from that day to this, although Paris has succeeded Frankfort as the family centre. They have intermarried one with the other without impairing the race, and at this day the heirs

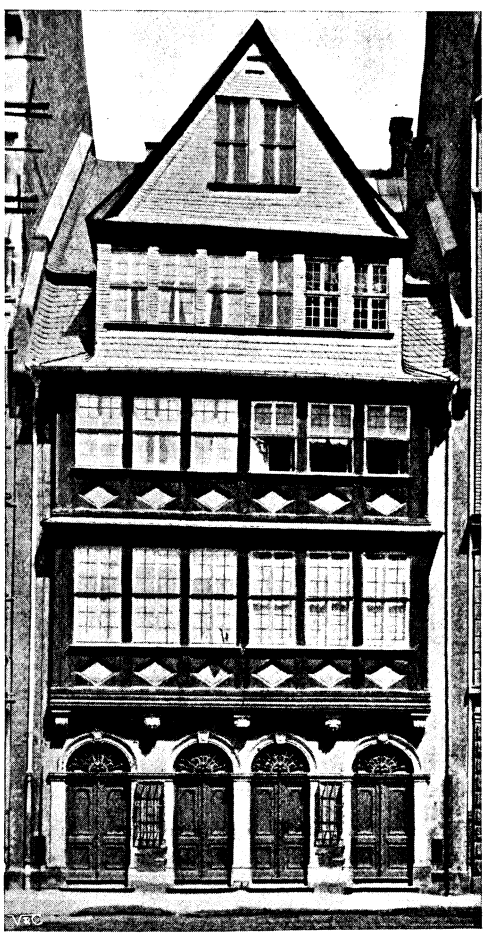

Photo by] [*F. Frith & Co., Reigate.*

A NEARER VIEW OF THE FRANKFORT HOUSE AS RESTORED TO-DAY.

THE LONDON BANKING-HOUSE—THE TALL BUILDING ON THE RIGHT—IN ST. SWITHIN'S LANE.

of the original Rothschild hold together all around the world. It is a family dynasty with ramifications everywhere. In every capital a Rothschild has his finger upon the pulse of the world.

The most famous of the Rothschilds was the third son, who received England as his appanage. He was born in 1777, and paid his first visit to Great Britain when, as a youth of twenty-three, with a hundred pounds in his pockets, he was sent to Manchester to buy cotton goods for his father. In 1805 he was transferred to London, where he soon made his mark and found a rich wife in the daughter of Levi Cohen. Young Rothschild—he was then but eight-and-twenty—displayed an audacity and a nerve which made him first the terror and then the envy of his contemporaries. It was a time of war. England was engaged in a life-and-death struggle against Napoleon. Supreme on the seas, she was compelled to fight the Corsican on land chiefly by proxy. The Allies were only prevailed upon to continue the struggle by the judicious bottle-holding of the English Government, which granted subsidy after subsidy. As the chief

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weapon of England in land war was financial, the way was cleared for the ambition of the young German Jew. He arrived in London just before the death of Pitt, whose work he took up and continued in the world of finance.

How Nathan Rothschild Financed a War.

Nathan Meyer Rothschild played double or quits in a style which none of his successors would think of imitating. Satisfied that England held the winning cards in the great world-struggle, he backed England for all he was worth. When Wellington's drafts on the British Government came in from the Peninsula in 1810, and there was no money in the National Treasury to meet them, Rothschild took them up and renewed them

NATHAN MEYER ROTHSCHILD.

from time to time until the hard-pressed Chancellor of the Exchequer could redeem them. Not for nothing, however, did Rothschild work. The bills taken up at heavy discount must be redeemed at par. When loans were issued, he had his share, sometimes the lion's share ; for the labourer is worthy of his hire, and he was true to the Mosaic precept which forbids muzzling the ox which treads out the corn. But although he made his profit, he rendered yeoman's service to John Bull. The clever and audacious Jew was a man of inexhaustible resource, of unfailing confidence. His services during the last ten years of the great Napoleonic war almost entitle him to rank as one of the Allied Powers. He would have made a great newspaper editor. He had the instinct for news, and the passion to acquire it ahead of all his contemporaries. His pigeons at the ports where his swift packets called with the latest news from the seat of war enabled him to make his pile before the market received a hint of what had happened. The Rothschild family permeated Europe. Its trusty agents were everywhere, and all the information which they gathered was pooled for the profit of the new dynasty.

The battle of Waterloo, which marked the final fall of Bonaparte, marked not less decisively the establishment of the new dynasty. Swift messengers had been despatched to Nathan Mayer Rothschild, apprising London of the reverse inflicted upon the Prussians at Ligny—news which would send stocks down. He then waited with intense anxiety for the issue of the battle which would send them rocketing upwards. He did not wait in vain.

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild last April told a meeting of the Newspaper Press Fund what he declared was the accurate version of how the news of the victory came to his grandfather. That news came through the medium of a Dutch paper. Nathan Meyer Rothschild, who was a shipowner, instructed his captains always to bring him the latest newspapers when returning from abroad. One of these arrived with a newspaper announcing the victory of the Allies at Waterloo. Nathan Rothschild immediately conveyed the news to Lord Liverpool. But the information was regarded with incredulity, because on the previous day intelligence had been received announcing the defeat of the British. Having thus got the exclusive news, he bought heavily stocks depressed to the lowest point by the news of Blücher's defeat. Two days later he was able to sell at the top of the market, when the official news came of Wellington's victory. It was a great *coup*, establishing the fortunes of the house on foundations so durable that after the lapse of a century the edifice stands firm.

Some men would have rested upon their laurels. Nathan Meyer Rothschild was not of the resting kind. His prestige was unparalleled. Every Government in Europe came cap in hand to the triumphant financier and besought him to accept the position of their financial agent. He consented, but on terms and within limitations. He would have nothing to do either with Spain or with the American States, and he insisted that the interest on all loans which he floated should be paid in pounds sterling at London. As the English owed the idea of the Bank of England to a Scotchman, they owed the

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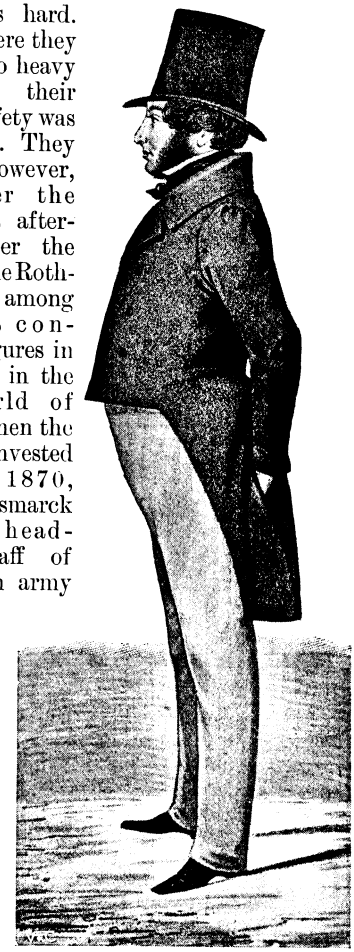
stipulation which made London the financial centre of the Continent to a German Jew, who had been made an Austrian Baron in 1822.

Nathan Meyer Rothschild died in 1836, twenty-one years after his great success. He used to say that he owed his millions to two maxims: (1) Always strike a bargain without waiting to think it over, and (2) Never have anything to do with an unlucky man. As an Amurath an Amurath succeeds, Nathan Rothschild was succeeded by Lionel, and he in his turn was succeeded by the present head of the firm, Lord Rothschild. Lionel was chiefly famous because around him was fought the fiercely contested battle of Jewish disabilities. For eleven years he was elected and re-elected by the City of London as one of its representatives in the House of Commons, and for eleven years the Conservative prejudice against the Jews, combined with the theological prejudice of the Bench of Bishops, succeeded in excluding him from Parliament. At last, in 1858, the barrier gave way, and Lionel Rothschild took his seat without having to swear allegiance on the faith of a Christian. His first vote, curiously enough, was given in opposition to Lord John Russell, who had been the weariless and persistent champion of his admission. He continued to be elected for the City till 1874, when he was one of the victims of the Conservative reaction which placed Mr. Disraeli in power. On his death, in 1879, he was succeeded by the present Lord Rothschild, who continues to carry on the business of the firm.

BARON JAMES ROTHSCHILD, FOUNDER OF THE FRENCH HOUSE.

The French Branch of the Family.

The Paris house of Rothschild was founded by James or Jacob, the fifth son of the first Rothschild. In England the Rothschilds were Liberal down to the introduction of the Home Rule Bill. In France they were Conservative. They made their entry into the country with the Restoration. They were the financial agents of the Bourbons, and under Louis Philippe made great profit by the advances which they were able to make the builders of railways. When the pious Normans wished to cover England with cathedrals in the twelfth century, they borrowed the money from the Jews, to whom it is indifferent whether their dividends come from the railways of the Gentile or the temple of the Nazarene. The Revolution of 1848 hit the Rothschilds hard. Not only were they subjected to heavy losses, but their personal safety was endangered. They survived, however, and under the Empire, as afterwards under the Republic, the Rothschilds were among the most conspicuous figures in society and in the great world of finance. When the Germans invested Paris in 1870, Prince Bismarck and the headquarters staff of the German army were installed for a fortnight in the magnificent *château* of Baron Alphonse Rothschild, the son of James, whom he succeeded in 1878, in whose cellars they found no fewer than seventeen thousand bottles of wine of the earliest vintage, and whose park was stocked with deer and pheasants and all manner of game. When peace came, it was in Baron Alphonse's house that Jules Ferry and Bismarck



BARON LIONEL DE ROTHSCHILD, M.P.

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arranged the terms of peace, and it was Baron Alphonse who raised the two hundred million pounds of the war indemnity. The Rothschilds of Paris for nearly ninety years have lived in France as if they had been among the grandest of the grand *seigneurs* of the old *régime*.

In Austria they were welcomed heartily by Prince Metternich. It was there that they were first ennobled, and there they still live and thrive. They are not permitted to enter Russia. They have a prejudice against Spain. The branch which they established at Naples was discontinued. The dynasty abandoned its family seat at Frankfort years ago, and last year the Frankfort house was shut down. It carries on business at London, Paris, and Vienna. From these centres it spreads its tentacles to the uttermost ends of the earth.

The dynasty is primarily financial. The Rothschilds, even when in Parliament, are financiers first, politicians afterwards. Somewhat of the caution born of the Ghetto, the product of long generations of persecution, deters them from playing a prominent *rôle* in any other sphere but that of finance. A Rothschild, as I have mentioned, was the first Jew who ever sat in the House of Commons, and his son was the first Hebrew financier admitted to the House of Lords. Neither father nor son has left a trace of his presence on the legislation of Britain. They have been so neutral that the man in the street hardly can tell whether they are Conservatives or Liberals.

Photo by] [*Russell & Sons.*

LORD ROTHSCHILD.

They are neutral by calculation as well as by temperament. They naturally were drawn to Disraeli, the first man of their race who was Prime Minister of England. But Baron Rothschild represented the City of London in the Liberal interests, and took his seat with the Opposition when he entered Parliament when Disraeli was in office. They are Unionists to-day, but they allowed one of their daughters, Hannah, the child and heiress of Baron Meyer de Rothschild, to marry Lord Rosebery, and so endow the Liberal statesman who succeeded Mr. Gladstone as Prime Minister with the treasure-house of Mentmore and the enormous fortune of her father. It is part of their business tradition to be on good terms with whatever Government is in power. The brougham of Lord Rothschild is constantly to be seen opposite the residences of important Ministers. The visit of a Rothschild is not resented by a Secretary of State, for in most cases he brings more than he takes. The Rothschild secret intelligence office is believed to be much better served than the Ministry in all that relates to the collection of early and timely information as to the probable drift of events in foreign capitals. Just before the Jameson Raid convulsed the Stock Exchange, it was noted that Lord Rothschild had a long confidential conversation with Mr. Chamberlain at the Colonial Office. Of course, both men may have been entirely ignorant of the impending *coup*. The visit may have had nothing to do with South African affairs. But on the other hand, supposing either or both of them were aware of what was in the wind, it is easy to see a hint from the Minister might have been worth much to the financier. This intercourse with the Ministers of the Crown is concealed rather than paraded. Occasionally it is commented upon with asperity, but the public seem to regard with equanimity the practice of treating the head of the house of Rothschild as a kind of unofficial consulter of the Cabinet.

When Disraeli bought for England the Suez Canal shares from the Khedive, it was the Rothschilds who advanced the six million pounds which were wanted at once. They charged pretty heavily for the accommodation, but they found the money. If the British Government is going to borrow money, it is assumed as a matter of course that Lord Rothschild will know all about it. The Ministers of the King who has his court at Buckingham Palace never

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Photo by] [*Newman, Berkhampstead.*

TRING PARK, THE SEAT OF LORD ROTHSCHILD.

quarrel with the uncrowned money king who has his office in Capel Court.

No mistake could be greater than to imagine that the Rothschilds are solely concerned in lending money to Governments. They probably have dealings with most European Governments, but this is only one section of their business. Wherever there is a good thing, whether it be petroleum in the Caucasus, diamonds at Kimberley, or gold anywhere, there it will be found that the Rothschilds are seated in the front row. Long experience has invested the famous dynasty with an instinct somewhat like that which enables the condor soaring above the clouds to divine the presence of a dead animal in some remote valley of the Andes, far beyond the range of its vision. They are in everything that is a gilt-edged security all over the world, from British Consols to the stock of the Steel Trust.

If they had political ambition, they might revolutionise Europe. If they have any ambition, it is to do no such thing, and if possible to prevent anyone else from doing it. Money is naturally conservative. The Rothschilds, as we know them in London, display no ambition greater than that of playing a *rôle* in English society or of winning the Derby. One of them has developed a taste for natural history, has acclimatised many foreign animals in his park at Tring, and has broken in zebras to harness. They have founded a kind of New Jerusalem of millionaires' palaces on the wooded uplands of Buckinghamshire, where the presence of their brother-in-law

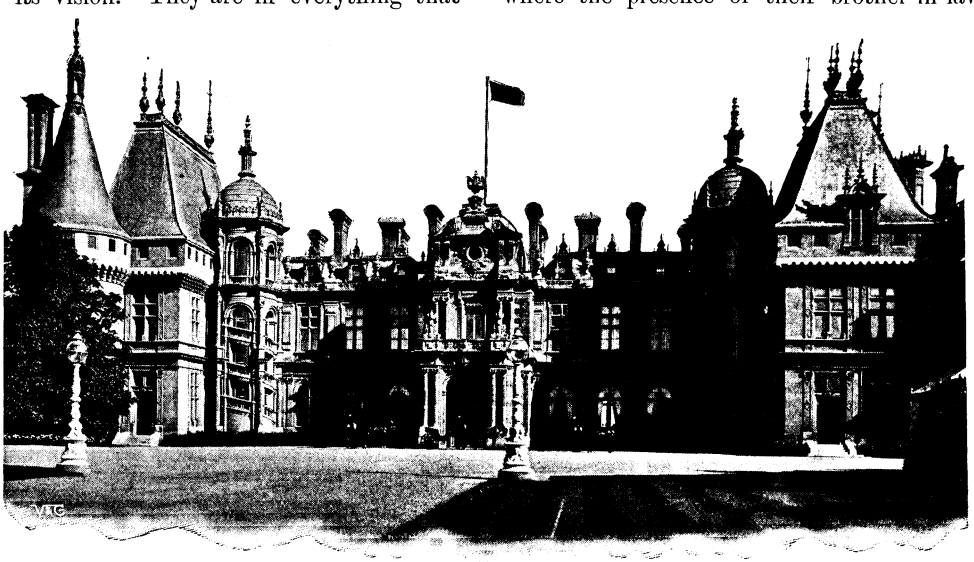

Photo by] [*Thompson, Grosvenor Street, W.*

WADDESDON MANOR, THE SEAT OF THE LATE BARON FERDINAND JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD, NOW THE RESIDENCE OF MISS ALICE DE ROTHSCHILD.

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Lord Rosebery at Mentmore does not mar the unity of the happy family.

A Policy of Caution and Seclusion.

In charity, especially among their own people, they have earned a good name—Baron Albert gave two hundred thousand pounds to a hospital in Vienna; in the discharge of the duties of their religion they are punctual and devout. But although they are so conspicuous in society and in finance, they live in what an American millionaire would regard as absolute seclusion. No one ever ventures to interview the chief of the Rothschild dynasty. No Rothschild ever wrote a book or an article or made a speech upon any topic of public interest or the least public importance. No one outside the inner circle knows their opinions. It is divined that they are not particularly well disposed to Russia on account of the way in which the Jews are treated in the Czar's Empire. But they are not a force upon which the Russophobists can count. During at least one critical moment of late years, when there was imminent danger of war between England and Russia, the whole influence of their firm was thrown unhesitatingly and steadily in favour of peace.

In France they are no longer the paramount power in the financial world. They are not exactly monarchs retired from business, but they have reached middle age. The fervour of their hot youth, when they staked their all in the cause of the anti-Napoleonic alliance, has spent itself. Then they had not so much to stake. You cannot go steeplechasing with millions in your belt. Every additional million tends to dissuade from risk. Hence the Rothschilds are more than ever the representatives of Conservatism both in politics and in finance.

Of the net result of their influence on the relations of nations, the truest word that can be uttered was probably that which fell from one of the Rothschilds some years ago. Someone had been repeating the familiar charge that the financiers were working for war in the hope of thereby adding still more to their enormous fortunes. Rothschild listened quietly for a time, and then interposed: "Excuse me, sir; you do not understand. None of us want war. War is bad for business. But what we like best is the time when the public is agitated by the dread of an imminent war. When stocks go up and down every hour of the day under the influence of alternate fits of confidence and of despondency, then it is that the financier who is in the inside track can make his profit."

The position of the Rothschilds in the world of finance is very much like the position of the British Empire. Throughout the nineteenth century Great Britain had practically a monopoly of the sea, of the colonies, and of the trade of the world. In the twentieth century, while Britain still holds the foremost place as a naval and colonial Power, she is pressed hard by many Powers which, a hundred or even fifty years ago, were absolutely out of the running. Hence, although the British Empire was never so great, and the subjects of the British Sovereign never so numerous as to-day, it is, comparatively speaking, not so dominant as it was twenty-five years ago. So it is with the Rothschilds. Their business is probably greater to-day than it has ever been. Of their invested capital no accounts are published. The firm not being a limited liability company, all particulars can be kept secret; but although it may be doing more business than it ever did, it is no longer in the position of an autocrat that brooks no rivals near its throne. One small fact is sufficient to prove this. A few years ago the British Chancellor of the Exchequer never took counsel with any financial houses in the City excepting the Rothschilds. To-day, though the Chancellor of the Exchequer still consults the Rothschilds, he also consults other financiers — a fact typical of much.

Lord Rothschild is regarded as the ablest of the present generation. Besides the financial influence which he exercises, he has made himself a social and political force of no mean order. The institution of the week-end, to which even Parliament itself has recently made obeisance, by which the leaders of politics and society stream out of town on Friday night or Saturday morning to spend the week-end in the country, has been made use of by Lord Rothschild for the consolidation of the power of his dynasty and the extension of its influence. In his palatial country seat at Tring he brings together for week-ends leaders of both political parties, as well as rising men who are not yet entitled to be regarded as leaders. Under his hospitable roof Tories and Liberal Unionists and Home Rulers meet as on neutral ground, and Lord Rothschild is never so well pleased as when he is able at these informal meetings to render himself useful to the Ministers of the King.

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Illustrated by B. Griswold

THE SLEEPY SONG

By JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

As soon as the fire burns red and low,
And the house up-stairs is still,
She sings me a queer little sleepy song,
Of sheep that go over the hill.

The good little sheep run quick and soft,
Their colors are gray and white:
They follow their leader nose to tail,
For they must be home by night.

And one slips over and one comes next,
And one runs after behind,
The gray one's nose at the white one's tail,
The top of the hill they find.

And when they get to the top of the hill
They quietly slip away,
But one runs over and one comes next—
Their colors are white and gray.

And over they go, and over they go,
And over the top of the hill,
The good little sheep run thick and fast,
And the house up-stairs is still.

And one slips over and one comes next,
The good little, gray little sheep!
I watch how the fire burns red and low,
And she says that I fall asleep.

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THE POWER OF THE PAST.

By EDITH RICKERT.*

IT was altogether out of place for Honoria, being already engaged, to show such interest in a mere passing acquaintance like Mr. Trench; her sister made mental notes on a lecture to be delivered on the subject. Moreover, it was strangely unlike Honoria, who took everything, even her engagement, most seriously. And this Mr. Trench was not in the least like Dick's report of him. Mrs. Selwood tried to recall the letter word for word—"silent, reserved, inclined to pessimism, a good fellow with men, but not at all fond of women, a clever barrister, with the additional faculty of making the dust stick." He might be that; and "pretty well knocked up through over-work"—he certainly looked that.

"But, then," she lamented to herself, as she fluttered the pages of the novel she was supposed to be reading, and, from beneath her sunshade, watched the two on the rocks below, "Dick thought he probably would not use his introduction to us, and here within the fortnight he is making love to Honoria! If Philip should run down for a week-end now, it might be awkward!"

But Mrs. Selwood was quite mistaken. Peyton Trench was not making love, and Honoria was (involuntarily, perhaps) wishing that he would. He was talking philosophy, and Honoria was (quite definitely) wishing that he wouldn't.

She assented and disagreed indifferently, having far more interest, it seemed, in the pebbles she was dropping into the sea below than in anything her companion was saying.

"But do you think you can possibly foretell what any man will become—ultimately?" he persisted with a curious earnestness, quite unlike his usual tactful way of falling into her moods.

"'We know what we are,'" she began idly, and stopped. It was not worth the effort to continue.

"Environment and heredity fighting it out. Who knows which will win?"

"Environment, if one could always live in Cornwall," was her answer. "You couldn't be wicked, with that fairyland of purple coast-line before you; or sorrowful, with the possibility of a sea-maiden popping up in the cave over there; or prosaic, under the walls of King Arthur's castle—could you?"

"Oh, yes! all those things," he retorted coolly. "I'm not romantic, like you."

She was a trifle nettled, and answered, twisting her ring: "Haven't we had enough philosophy for one day?"

"Does it bore you?"

"Rather. My mind is not large enough to be interested in such matters unless they have a personal application."

"I should have called this rather personal; but perhaps you have had no hereditary weaknesses to conquer — only graces to develop. Well—to change the subject—that's a pretty ring; looks like an engagement-ring."

"It is," said Honoria calmly; and there was a silence.

"You haven't worn it before—since I came—have you?"

"I cut my finger," she explained, "and it was very painful at first; and then—I forgot." She ended lamely and in some confusion.

"Then how could I be expected to know?" he demanded.

Honoria turned and looked at him steadily; at the dark, irregular face, with its strong lines and angles, at the light-grey eyes, now rather clouded, but ready for a sudden impulse of mirth, at the humorous uplifting of one eyebrow above the other, at the one-sided smile, half-amused, half-satirical, on the somewhat grim mouth. Then she made up her mind and said deliberately—

"I don't see that it makes the least difference whether you know or not."

"Nor do I," he granted; "only you took the trouble to tell me, by wearing your ring again."

Honoria looked away, hot and uncomfortable.

"I wonder why it is that I like you so much?" he continued presently, with a change of tone.

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"'You mean that you—love me?' he asked at length."

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"So do I," she answered lightly—"that is, if you do."

"Well, I do," he said simply, and added: "It isn't because you are pretty, you know; I've seen scores of prettier women."

"Thank you!" She bent her head in saucy acknowledgment.

"You must know that is true—unless you are vain, and I didn't think that of you. Am I wrong?"

"Perhaps it is because of my cleverness?" she suggested a trifle bitterly.

"No, nor yet because you dress well; nor for your pretty ways; nor for your strangeness. You are delicate and elusive, and as prickly as a—a—a sea-thistle, Honoria," said he, finding his image at last in the little blue flower growing at his feet. "I think I love you for your honesty."

So here was the love-making; and after all, Honoria did not like it!

"I am not 'Honoria' to you," she corrected him gently.

"Did I call you that? I am very absent-minded. But it doesn't matter," he concluded, as if to himself.

"Doesn't it?" she retorted, with a little laugh. "Mr. Lane would hardly agree with you."

"Lane? Oh! the other fellow. I see."

"Lucy will be wanting to go back. It's nearly tea-time," she suggested, as he did not seem disposed to break the silence.

"She went ten minutes ago," he answered. "I heard the swish of her skirt. I think she wanted us to join her."

"By all means," said the girl, and rose quickly.

Not one word did they speak as he helped her up the steep cliff-path. When they were going along the stony road, she skilfully steered the conversation into safe shallows, with no help from him beyond a bare monosyllable now and then. But when they stood at the gate of the farmhouse where she and her sister lodged, he seemed suddenly to rouse himself.

"Miss Bentley," he said, as he opened the wicket for her, "I have made a fool of myself this afternoon."

"Yes, I think you have," she admitted sweetly. "Come in to tea."

"No, thank you. I don't deserve it," he began. But as she walked away without dismissing him, he felt called upon to follow her up the path. As they passed under the arch of fuchsia-trees, with their dropping points of flame, he continued hesitatingly: "I don't exactly know how to undo it."

"There's no way," she interrupted quickly. "Such things are never undone; they are forgiven often; forgotten—sometimes."

There was a curious note in her voice that made Trench lean forward to see her face; but she kept it turned away.

They reached a desolate little vine-covered summer-house, damp yet from the recent rain, its floor strewn with dead leaves and unripe grapes; and there Honoria paused, with her hand resting on a rickety, lichen-covered table, and faced him.

"I must go," he began; but she looked at him, dumb and wide-eyed with some emotion that made him ask hurriedly: "What is it? What is wrong? Tell me."

"You said I was honest," she almost whispered, "and—and I must be—now. I don't know what you have done—you have—you have caught my soul away from me."

He stepped back, suddenly white and frowning.

"You have—I don't know how it could happen—in two weeks—but my will is no longer mine." Her steady look dropped and she turned away; and still he waited, quiet, almost breathless, it seemed.

"You mean that you—love me?" he asked at length.

"I don't know," she answered dully; but went on with sudden anger: "I don't know what love is! I thought I loved Philip—I told him so. But perhaps there are other kinds of love—for other people. I don't know. Tell me what to——"

She stopped and held out her hands appealingly, but before he could take them, slipped her ring upon the table.

"I must be free," she said simply.

Then he took her hands, but almost coldly; and she, looking up into his face, was frightened and asked: "Are you ill?"

"No," he answered, smiling a little, but with beads of sweat on his forehead; "only tempted."

"You mean—that I—I—am mistaken?"

And then he was holding her close, his face against her brow, as he said hurriedly: "It is all wrong, Honoria. I am sinning against you—now—this moment; for even if you were free, I am not."

She closed her eyes, as if to keep out the pain.

"You are married, then?'

"Oh, no!"—with a startled lifting of the head.

"Engaged, then?"

"Not at all."

"How, then, not free?"

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"'You must tell me something else—it is my right to know. Quick! Before he comes.'"

"I can't tell you."

"But why?" She tried to draw away; but he held her fast.

"I—I cannot. I am a coward."

"Let me go!" she said in a low, shamed voice that admitted of no denial. And when he had released her, she stood with one hand leaning on the table, the other putting back her dishevelled hair.

"I can't—quite—see," she said presently.

He was equally slow in answering: "There are some things a man cannot help."

"And there are some a woman cannot understand. You said—you made me think that you cared——"

"And so I do; but I did not mean to tell you."

"Yet when I—let you see—you put me aside—without any reason——"

"Yes," he admitted quietly; "it is wrong—wrong; but I cannot do otherwise—at present."

"Will you tell me some day?"

"If I can. Honoria! Don't look at me in that way. I can't stand it."

"Is it something—something that you have done? I could forgive you much," she pleaded timidly.

"No; it's no use. I've wronged you and myself. And your lover——"

She put up her hand to stop him.

"——he must be considered. You loved him two weeks ago. You will love him again."

She looked at him in silence, biting her lips to keep back the tears.

"It's altogether my fault, and I'll go away at once; then, perhaps——"

She suddenly caught his arm and laid her cheek against it. "Are you made of granite, that you have no pity for us?"

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"Crumbling stone," he answered, with a faint smile, "or I should never have let things come to this pass."

He would have gone then, but she clung to his arm desperately, saying: "I cannot let you go—not if you love me—as you say. Kiss me—let us be happy—kiss me!"

"If I do, I'm lost," he said shortly. "If you have any respect for me, Honoria, or wish to have, be strong for us both."

And presently, as he waited, she lifted up her head and said very quietly, turning away along the path: "Yes, I will. Good-bye."

"A moment," said he, and she looked over her shoulder to see him holding her ring. "You have forgotten this."

As she took it, he added: "Put it on!"

"Not yet!"

"Better."

"I can't. Would you make me desperate?"

"God forgive me, Honoria!"

"I hope he may," said she bitterly. "I can't." And she went away without looking back.

"I couldn't wait for you any longer," said her sister, as she entered their sitting-room. "I'll ring for some fresh tea. Isn't Mr. Trench coming?"

"No," said Honoria, and shut her lips tightly as the lecture began.

Presently she walked over to the mantel and opened a letter lying there. As Mrs. Selwood concluded, she turned to her with a slight smile, saying: "This is from Philip. He writes that he is thinking of coming down for the week-end—to-morrow. I shall wire him to postpone it; that is all."

"Honoria!"

"Lucy!"

"Have you gone mad?"

Honoria laughed. "Oh, no; I—I think not; only—next week would suit me better. I can explain to him. Don't you bother!"

"It is very fortunate for you," said her sister slowly, "that Philip has a good temper."

"Yes, I congratulate myself," said Honoria, still laughing a little, as she went out of the room. "No, thank you, I don't want any tea."

It was towards the end of the following week that their landlady said, as she brought in the breakfast—

"Mr. Trench had a bad night, mum."

"Is he ill?" asked Mrs. Selwood. "I wondered why we had not seen him lately," she continued, turning to Honoria.

"There now, mum, I thought there was something I meant to tell you. He's been very bad for several days; and Mrs. Brown was so anxious that she wanted to have the doctor from Camelford—only he wouldn't hear of it——"

"What is the matter with him?" interrupted Honoria.

"Why, that's just it, miss. Mrs. Brown doesn't know——"

The sisters listened in silence to the long list of symptoms that Mrs. Brown had discovered, or thought she had discovered; and when the landlady was gone, Lucy said—

"I suppose, as he is Dick's friend, we ought to send to inquire; or, perhaps, when we are out this morning, we might stop and ask. Which do you think would be better?"

"Just as you like," said Honoria indifferently.

Eventually they had no need of a decision, for on their way to the cliffs they met Mrs. Brown just turning in at her own gate, and stopped to ask—that is, Lucy asked, while Honoria stood by, tracing patterns in the dust with her sunshade.

"You see, mum, I'm afraid he's losing his mind," the woman was saying; "such a nice gentleman as he is, too——"

She stopped in amazement, and Lucy turned to see her sister slowly walking up the path to meet Trench, who stood at the door.

With an effort Lucy preserved her look of kindly interest and continued to talk, until presently Honoria came back alone.

"Well, miss, what do you think?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"He seems nearly recovered," said the girl coldly, and turned to her sister. "He was coming down to speak with you, but I thought it better to dissuade him."

"Much better," said Lucy, hiding daggers, and the sisters turned away.

On the following day, they were sitting in the garden, and Lucy had been reading aloud, when Trench was announced. Honoria flushed a little, not having forgotten certain comments made by her sister the day before, and Lucy herself appeared rather displeased.

Altogether it was a short and uncomfortable visit, for Honoria bent over her sewing with scarcely a word, Trench seemed feeble and depressed, and Mrs. Selwood found unsupported affability rather difficult. When he arose to go, he said "Good-bye," as he meant to return to town on the morrow.

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Honoria stood looking after him, and before Lucy could utter a word of protest, dropped her sewing and followed.

She overtook him just beyond the gate, and he turned at the sound of footsteps and stopped short.

"I only wanted—to say that I—understand you better than I did," she said, colouring painfully.

"What?"

"Since yesterday."

"What then? Yesterday? What happened yesterday?" He clutched her wrist, with a certain look of fear in his eyes.

"I saw you yesterday—you know."

"You saw me?" He stared a moment, then dropped her hand. "Yes? You saw me yesterday? What then? You have discovered, no doubt—I don't remember—that I was right in not letting you sacrifice——"

"No; that's the point," she said, smiling a little. "You are quite wrong. I came to tell you so."

"You think I am wrong?"

"Yes."

"You are very foolish!"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"You see, we expect Philip to-morrow, and I thought, perhaps—oh! why won't you help me?"

"Help you? I will," said he suddenly. "You are a mere baby in these matters. I must help you from yourself, Honoria."

"I am quite sure that you are not to blame," she said earnestly.

"But I am not sure," he replied, scanning her closely.

"Could I not help——?" she began piteously.

"How many good women——" he began, but turned his sentence differently—"help—the devil!" he ended in a hopeless tone. "It has gone too far."

"How long?" she asked.

"Some three and a half centuries, I know; probably much longer. And I'm the last of my family." He changed his tone. "There's a man coming up the lane."

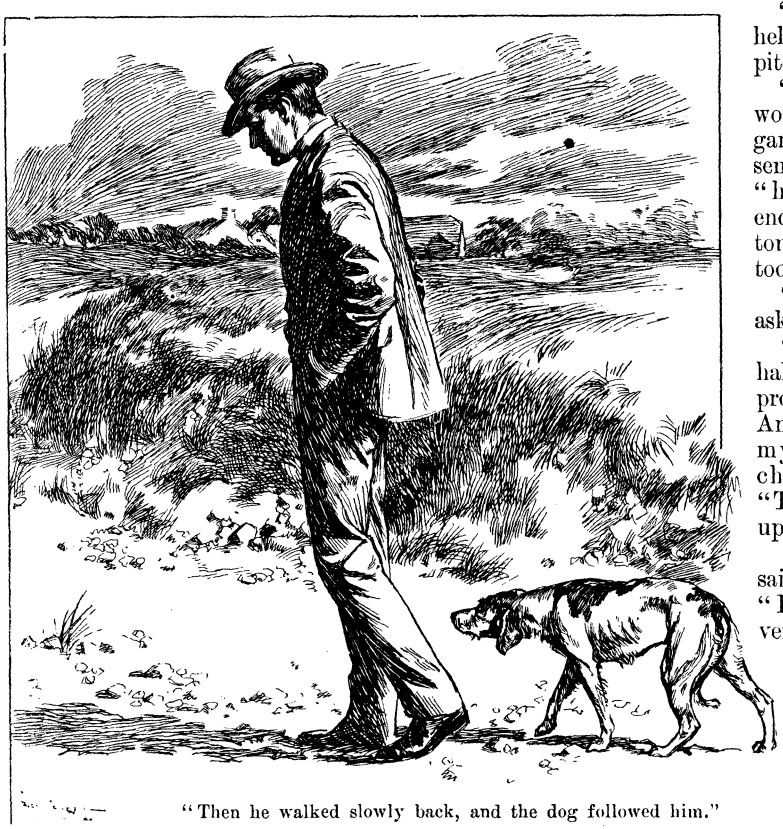
"It's Philip," she said, turning to look. "I shall tell him—very soon."

"No," he interrupted eagerly. "Wait—wait a fortnight after I have gone." Reading the protest in her face, he continued: "Take my judgment, and be quite sure first. Would you have me curse myself?"

She looked at him hard, then said: "Very well; I shall begin my acting at once."

Thereupon she went to meet Lane, with a pretty air of pleased surprise, and brought him up and presented him to Trench.

"Heard of you from Dick often," said Lane, advancing more than half-way in friendliness; and during their few moments' talk Trench decided that he was the right sort. Presently he left them together, and, as he stopped short in his walk some dozen



"Then he walked slowly back, and the dog followed him."

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paces away, heard Lane's rather loud, cheerful voice from the garden, saying: "Seems a pleasant chap. Well, sweetheart——"

Some hours later, Trench was sitting on the edge of the cliff, looking across at a misty coast-line as it disappeared slowly in the rosy twilight, when Honoria came up silently behind him, and kneeling at his shoulder, said: "Don't look back at me. Philip will meet me here in a few minutes. He just stopped at the post-office—some business. I thought I should find you here—where you told me—you know. You must tell me something else—it is my right to know. Quick! Before he comes, tell me how——"

Keeping his face resolutely away from her, he said: "You know most of it; but you cannot realise, of course, what it means to have one's whole body cry out for stimulant—weeks at a time. I make no excuses; but you must understand that the case is hopeless—I have tried all the ways. When I was younger, I made a better fight; but it was bound to be a losing game in the end; one individual against—how many? I might have succeeded, but I nearly broke down over my first important case. I took a little and it carried me through; it was a triumph. Since then, my whole reputation is built upon it." He turned and smiled at her a moment. "I saw that it was a losing fight, and I made the best of it, perhaps; only I vowed never to love any woman; and I have broken that vow. I am talking too long. This last time, though—I am ashamed and sorry for this last time——"

"It was because you were unhappy," she said softly.

"Don't excuse it," was the curt answer.

He took out of his pocket a silver-mounted leather flask, looked at it a moment, and with a sudden movement hurled it over the edge of the cliff; then turned to her, his face a deep red.

"I trust you don't believe that I am guilty of excess often?"

She apparently did not hear, for she said: "Since you will not have me on any other terms, will you take me with you—over the cliff—like the flask?"

A sudden tremor shook the hands that reached for hers; still he would not look at her, but only at the grey sea, as he said, clutching her hard: "If I do not, it is from love of you; if you will believe—the temptation——"

He loosed her hands as suddenly as he had taken them, and got to his feet, looking down upon her. "You can be strong," he said steadily, "and you will be happy, and I shall—do what I can."

There was a sound of whistling above, and Lane's voice called across the furze-meadow behind them: "Honoria!"

Trench helped her to her feet, and with his handkerchief dusted from her dress various bits of grass and seeds clinging to it. Then, as he rose to face her, she said with a curious little gesture of the hands, as if she were throwing something away: "Thank you."

"Don't marry him if you find that I have judged you wrongly. But give the evil spell time to lose its effect; and, meanwhile, be good to him."

Then Honoria gathered her courage together and said clearly: "Whatever happens, you are and I am; and I'm glad——" Her voice failed her.

He smiled into her shining eyes. "Now you're Honoria!"

She gathered her skirts about her and fairly ran up the little slope to the summit, where she knew Lane was looking for her. At the top she paused a second and waved her hand, and Trench was left alone.

How long he sat there he never knew. He was roused by a soft rustle in the grass, and turned with his heart beating wildly; but it was not Honoria. It was a stray dog, a poor, mangy cur that came up and nosed him, and finally, taking courage, thrust his head under the man's arm for comfort. Trench's hand almost mechanically fell to rubbing the forlorn head, and thereupon he came to himself with a jerk. He leaned out over the cliff and looked down upon the waves curdling over the boulders below, then addressed the friendly beast with a laugh.

"Melodramatic instinct, old chap, that's what it was, made me hurl that flask down below; only have to get another to-morrow. To-morrow? Not quite so soon, if we can help it, eh? Come along home now, and you shall share a bone with me; and we'll call you Oedipus, perhaps—he had a bad ancestry, if I remember—like you and me. And when they get the better of us, as they are bound to do, you lop-eared, blear-eyed creature, why, we'll just drink their health; there's nothing else for us to do, eh? To my ancestors!"

He raised his hand in an imaginary toast, then he walked slowly back, and the dog followed him.

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SUBMARINE STRATEGY.

By FRED WHISHAW.*

SOMETHING happened in the harbour of Valparaiso which sent a chill of horror and amazement throughout the civilised world—the limited section of the world, that is, which heard of the matter; for since it was hushed up as soon as born, and promptly denied by those connected with naval matters (lest a new and deserving invention should be condemned before it should have been brought to perfection), the rumour of the amazing mishap was not allowed to spread.

The submarine torpedo-vessel, the *Cormorant*, admittedly the most successful product of human ingenuity in this line up to the present moment, had suddenly and unaccountably disappeared—made off "on its own," carrying away with it its inventor, a young engineer of wonderful promise, together with his little crew of four persons.

It had disappeared at a singularly unfortunate moment, for the Chilian Government had just signified its intention—after exhaustive trials—to purchase the vessel. Its designer and inventor, Chillingworth, had himself brought the little diving steamer into harbour in order to offer her for sale. He had himself suggested and carried out the experiments which had so delighted and amazed the heads of the Chilian Naval Department, and Government had only that very morning notified the gifted inventor of its intention to purchase upon his own terms. It was a singularly unfortunate moment for the mysterious little craft to choose in order to make off and disappear; a horrible disappointment for the Chilian authorities, who were as pleased with their new acquisition as a child with its last toy; and of course, as all agreed, it was a terrible thing for Chillingworth and his companions.

"Oh! they'll turn up," some said. "He's done it to show us that the marvels of his devilish little ship were not exhausted at the trial trip."

"Maybe," others rejoined; "but one could see he didn't expect her to dive. Several witnesses, men who were in the harbour at the time, declare that they saw him running about and shouting to his fellows just before they sank, and one of them jumped overboard. He says he left because the *Cormorant* was making off on its own, and he didn't particularly relish it."

"Well, Chillingworth will bring her along home," said the sanguine ones, and laid odds upon it, though they were sorry they had backed their opinions before forty-eight hours had passed, for there was still no sign of the *Cormorant*, and the prospects of clever Chillingworth and his men returning from the bottom of the sea began to look faint indeed. The *Cormorant* had come splendidly through her trial trips. She had travelled twenty-five miles in an irregular, marked course, totally submerged, and had testified her actual proximity to each of the mark-boats specially placed for her trial spin, by shooting up a submarine rocket (invented by Chillingworth) in order to prove that he had followed the course laid down for him. Then she had returned—still submerged—into the harbour, threaded her way among the ships which crowded the narrow waterway, and had taken up her moorings at the very spot she had occupied a couple of hours before.

It was a smart performance, and the authorities had agreed to purchase without a dissentient note, though the price asked by Chillingworth was enormous.

And then, but a few hours later, when the gifted young American was about to come ashore in order to take part in the complimentary banquet arranged in his honour, he being then—as some declared—already dressed for the feast, the marvellous little ship suddenly sank of its own accord and made off.

Days passed—three, four, five days, and there was no news of her. "How could there be any?" asked the croakers, and even the most sanguine could not now profess to have

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much hope that Chillingworth and his men would return.

Certainly no one would have supposed that the political difficulties of the little Republic of Roxalia could have anything to do with the disappearance of the *Cormorant;* yet this was the actual fact, as must now be explained.

Those who know their South America are doubtless aware that the Republic of Palladia has for neighbours, one on each side of her, the little Principality of Pamira and the tiny Republic of Roxalia. But for the buffer State of Palladia, these two little Powers would long since have flown at one another's throats, for their mutual hatred was a mature and very perfect growth, the product of centuries of trade rivalry and political jealousy.

Both States were entirely impecunious—a second safeguard; for if either could have afforded a descent upon the coast of the other, the expedition would have taken place. Doubtless big Palladia would afterwards have knocked their heads together for quarrelling, as a big boy would punish two smaller fellows whom he found fighting, but nevertheless Roxalia would have flung herself upon Pamira if she could, and Pamira would have done the same by Roxalia, in the scorn of consequence and of her great neighbour Palladia.

Of late there had been terrible quarrelling between the two little States. Some commercial rivalry had grown intolerably acute, and the usual meaningless threats had passed between the Chancellories—meaningless because hitherto both States had been well aware that nothing could ever come of this wordy war, and doubtless Roxalia was no more frightened by Pamira's threats on this occasion than heretofore. Yet—as she was now to discover to her sudden amazement and consternation—she stood, for once, in real and imminent peril.

For not long since, the multi-millionaire Heavyside, of New York, had contracted a matrimonial alliance with Princess Rosa, daughter of Karl Edouard of Pamira, and—the Prince being an old man, and frail—had made no secret of his intention to occupy the worthy old sovereign's throne when the time came, if money could effect his object. Whether, when the time came, he should be called reigning Prince or Prince Consort, did not trouble Mr. Heavyside; either would suit him nicely, he declared, so long as he might run the show. Then came the quarrel between the two little States, and the people of Pamira learned to their surprise and delight that the marriage of Princess Rosa, though socially a *mésalliance*, was to prove politically both significant and important for their country. "Guess I'll soon stop their bluffing," Heavyside had said. "I'm off to New York right now, father-in-law, and I guess I'll deal you a good hand." Within twenty-four hours Heavyside had bought a fine cruiser. She cost him more than half a million of dollars, but the ship was cheap at that. While in the city he met young Chillingworth, whose little vessel, the *Cormorant*, then lay in dock for inspection. Heavyside had already purchased his cruiser, and was not inclined to deal for the submarine; he did not believe in that class of vessel, and, moreover, the cruiser would suit his purpose.

"My ship would sink a dozen of your wasps," he said, "in as many minutes. How're you goin' to see under water?"

"I claim that I can," said Chillingworth.

"Wal, can you bombard a town?" asked the other.

"I can prevent your ship doing it, or any other," said Chillingworth.

"Wal, you've got to catch her first, sonny, and my ship's going to sail two miles to your one, and see where she's heading, too. No, I ain't dealin'; yours may be very clever, but I don't believe in it. You get forrard a bit with your submarines and then bring me one, and I don't know but what I'll take it; but that ain't going to be to-day."

"Better buy this one," said Chillingworth, "or she'll go."

"Let her go, then, and be hanged!" replied Heavyside rudely, and the remark cost him dear.

So back went Prince Consort Heavyside to Pamira, and a few days later there sailed into port, to the delight of Prince and people, the beautiful cruiser *Devastator*.

"Guess Roxalia's ours," said Heavyside; "You can go nap on that ship, father-in-law. Come, and we'll send them that ultimatum right now."

And Prince Karl Edouard, nothing loth, launched forth his ultimatum conveying to the miserable Republic of Roxalia certain unheard of and preposterous demands, the refusal of which meant war, and the acquiescence with which was utterly impossible.

The ultimatum arrived at a moment when President, Council, and people had already been plunged into a state of amazement and consternation by the news, wired from Pamira by the Roxalian minister at Karl Edouard's court, of the sudden pur-

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"So back went Prince Consort Heavyside."

chase of a first-class cruiser, sufficient—albeit a second-hand article—of itself to dictate terms at the cannon's mouth to helpless Roxalia. For the latter State possessed but two old gunboats, and of these one was now enjoying its yearly holiday in dry-dock, while the other was usefully employed as a fever hospital for the capital city of Villambrosa.

And before the President had recovered from the shock of this terrible news of the cruiser's purchase, there came—to render the Roxalian dilemma utterly hopeless—the ultimatum of the Prince.

"This explains the cruiser," said the President. "What on earth are we going to do?"

This was a question which not one of the Cabinet could answer. There *was* nothing to do, and everyone of them knew it.

Nevertheless, most of them adjourned to the harbour in order to inspect "the Coastguard vessels," as President Palossa grandiloquently called the two old gunboats. And it was while his Excellency, with half-a-dozen of his gravely depressed colleagues, was busy over this pitiful inspection of his two useless ships, that a most extraordinary thing happened.

Bartolozzi, the Minister of the Interior, suddenly cried out: "Blue Heaven, Palossa! see! It is the sea serpent!"

It was not a sea serpent, but the upper extremities of a submarine vessel rising from the deep. Bartolozzi, being a Minister of the Interior, may be forgiven the mistake, since he could hardly be expected to be versed in matters connected with the ocean.

Up came Chillingworth's *Cormorant*, for she it was, shaking the water from her shoulders and revealing herself, presently, a beautiful little sea-monster, floating like a duck upon the waves, and riding the ocean as easily and as gracefully as though she no more possessed the gift of diving beneath the surface than did the clumsy old gunboat that lay but a few yards from her quarter.

Speechless with amazement, the President and his men watched the phenomenon. Still speechless, they saw Chillingworth come on deck and salute. They returned the

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courtesy automatically. Chillingworth asked two questions.

"Is there any gentleman of the Press present?" was the first question, and upon being informed that a reporter was, as a matter of fact, among the group of men before him, he requested that the gentleman might forthwith be arrested until further notice, "in case of accidents." Palossa had the protesting individual locked up in a cabin.

"Now, may I be presented to the President?" continued Chillingworth. "Tell his Excellency I have come upon business of vital importance."

Palossa bowed.

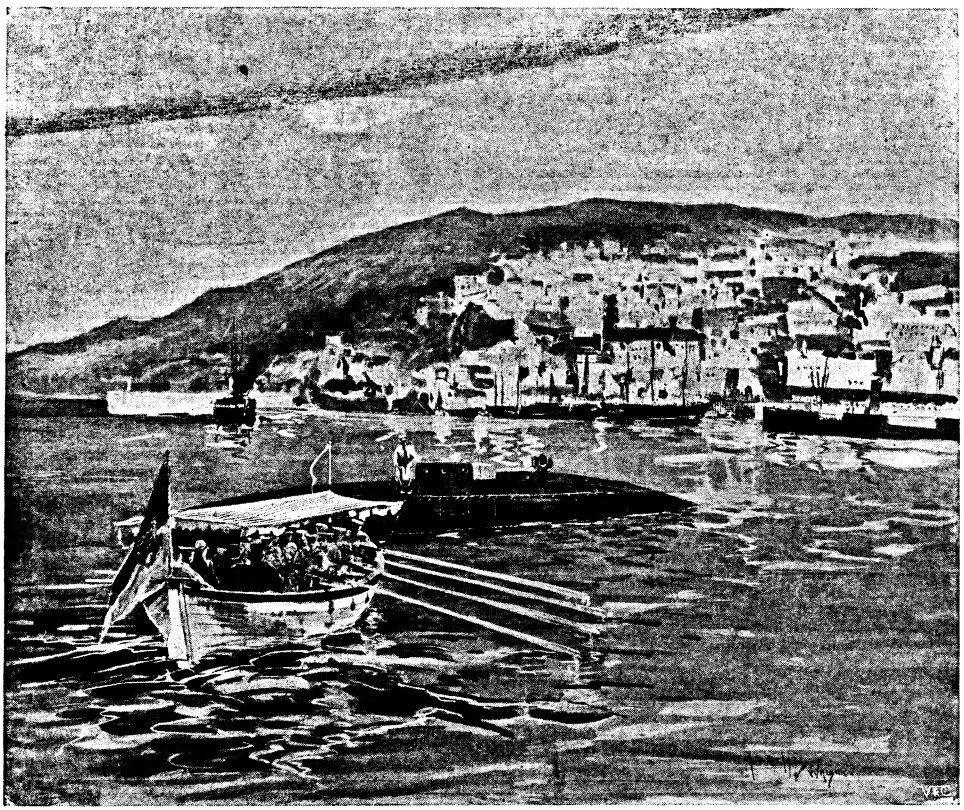
"I am the President," he said.

Then Chillingworth drew the old man aside, and they conversed awhile in undertones, but presently Palossa beckoned to his ministers, and it was noticed that his face seemed to have grown younger by ten years, and the eight men conversed together in an animated fashion. The voices of the ministers and of Palossa sounded hopeful and jubilant. It was evident that the stranger had brought good news.

A sailor, standing sentry at the top of the companion, plainly overheard Palossa repeat, in amazement, some words spoken in a lower tone by Chillingworth. These words were: "Declare war at midday to-morrow!" He did not catch Chillingworth's words, nor anything else that was said until Palossa suddenly observed aloud—

"Very well, then, you shall show us this, and if all goes well, war shall be declared to-morrow; that will make 'em stare, eh, Bartolozzi? eh, Sebastian?" The old man rubbed his hands. "Hi! you there on the empty coal-lighter!" he shouted, "haul your craft out of harbour into the open there and anchor her; then come ashore in the dinghy; see you leave nothing alive on board, and nothing you value—quickly now."

"What are you going to do with the lighter?" said the man hesitatingly. "Shall I be paid for it if you damage it?"



"Up came Chillingworth's *Cormorant*, shaking the water from her shoulders."

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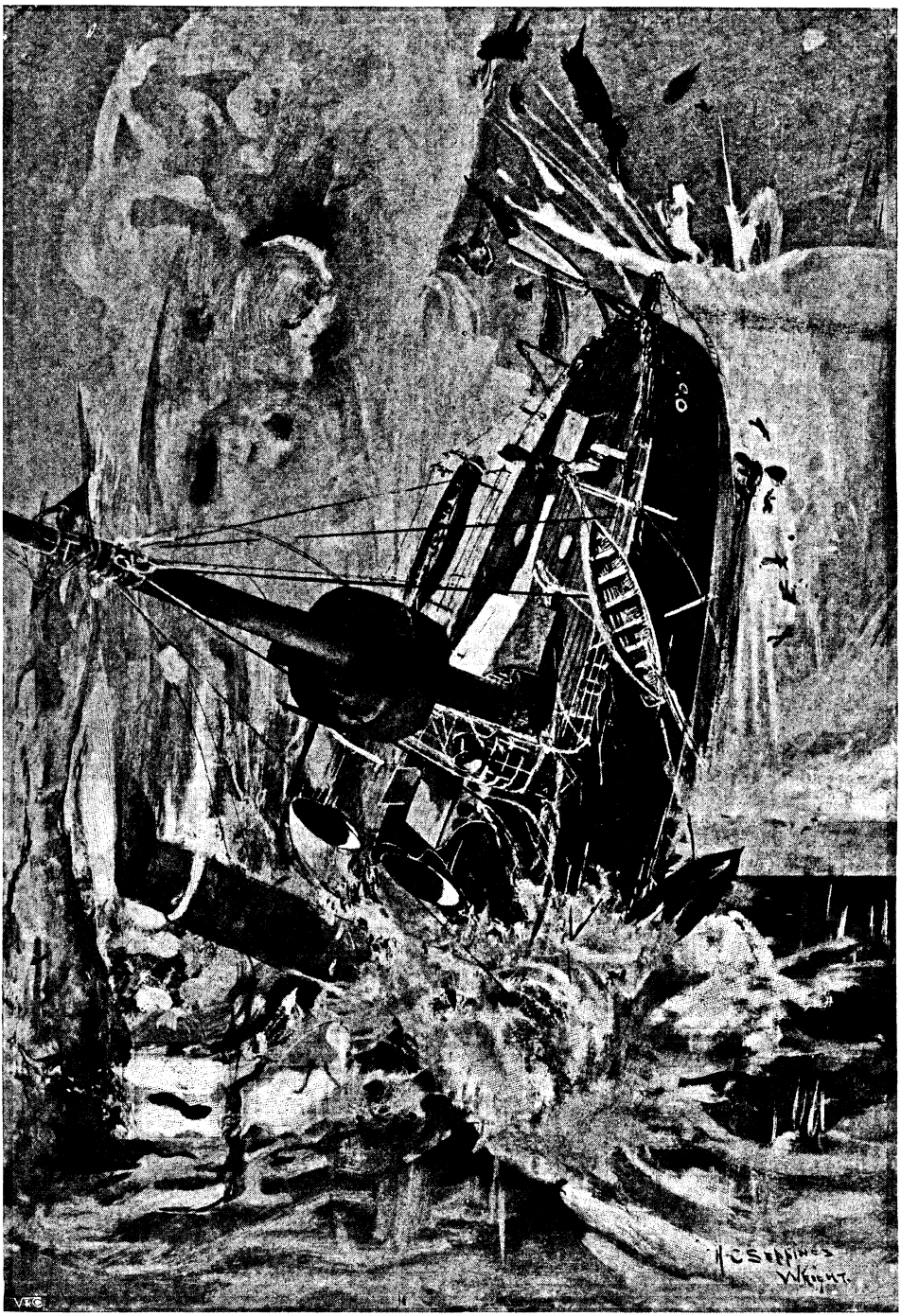

"Suddenly, without warning, the bows of the vessel seemed to part asunder."

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"You shall be well paid, and we're going to send it to the devil, I hope!" shouted Palossa, rubbing his hands together.

No one had ever seen the old man so jubilant before this day. The lighterman quickly hauled his craft out into the open and left her there, he and his crew returning in his small boat.

"Now, gentlemen, if you're ready," said Chillingworth, "I am."

Palossa bowed. His excitement prevented further speech.

The *Cormorant* slowly sank and disappeared. Two minutes later there was a crash and a commotion, and up flew the fragments of the lighter; there were not two planks of her left united. The President cheered aloud and clapped his hands, and the ministers followed suit. None present could find words to thank Chillingworth when he reappeared.

"You have saved us. What shall we say to you?" said old Palossa, grasping his hand, tears standing in his eyes.

"That's all right," replied Chillingworth. "If you're content, I am, too. Now, then, I'll be off. Declare war punctually at twelve to-morrow; send your man a wire. Don't allow anyone ashore meanwhile, and especially keep that reporter chap under lock and key. The old gunboat can follow when she likes, and dictate what terms you will if she ever reaches Pamira. There'll be nothing to hurt her once she gets there, not after about four to-morrow afternoon."

At Pamira all was excitement. The *Devastator* would sail next day to bombard the town of Villambrosa, unless, indeed, the Roxalians climbed down meanwhile and agreed to the impossible conditions offered them, in spite of the impudent defiance which had this day been hurled in the face of Pamira by the Roxalian minister.

"The poor devils," as Karl Edouard expressed it, "had declared war to save their pride," and his Yankee son-in-law had rejoined: "They may declare war, but I bet my life they can't wage it. What! against this yer *Devastator?* They're going to climb down soon's they see her, father-in-law, that's sure as death."

Fortunately for them, most of the crew of the *Devastator* were ashore being entertained by the marine authorities before entering upon the arduous duty of steaming to Villambrosa; for, about three o'clock, the harbour quays being then crammed with spectators anxious to see the beautiful cruiser which had but to appear in order to dictate terms to the bold enemy who had dared to hurl defiance in her face, a stupendous, blinding, desolating, and most amazing thing happened before their very eyes.

Suddenly, without warning, as men stood and admired her lines, her rig, and her armament, the bows of the vessel seemed to part asunder and fly disunited to all points of the compass. At the same time water, steam, fire (as it seemed), and a bewildering mass of fragments of copper, wood, steel, and what not rose like a huge column into the air. The great ship reared her stern and bent forward, as though she would bury her tortured bows in the cool waters. Deeper and deeper went her head, and higher and higher reared her stern; down and down went the bows, until at last they ceased to sink, and the *Devastator* stood upon her head, half in the water and half out, like a duck feeding among the weeds. The war had begun, and it was over.

When the citizens of Valparaiso came down to breakfast next morning, those of them whose windows gave to the harbour were amazed to see that the *Cormorant* lay at her old moorings. They rubbed their eyes and looked again. Then they went down to join the crowd that stood and gaped on the quay, staring at the little vessel, which seemed to have returned from the *Ewigkeit* as mysteriously as it had disappeared. Chillingworth was undergoing an interview at the time.

"The beggarly thing ran away with us," he was explaining. "Where did she take us to? Heaven knows, my good man; how should I? It all looks the same at the bottom of the sea. I know what was wrong, but that's my business. It has taken a week to repair, that's all I can tell you. She won't do it again. Look a bit pale, do we? No wonder; you breathe bottled air instead of draught for a whole week, and see what you look like!"

The thing was a seven days' wonder and is still talked of in Chili. As for Roxalia, she behaved generously. It may be that those who sailed for Pamira in the old gunboat were so devoutly grateful to have arrived safely at their destination that they were not inclined to deal harshly with their helpless enemies. They dictated terms, indeed, but they were mild ones; and the Pamirans—chastened by misfortune and disappointment—appreciated their generosity.

As for Prince Consort Heavyside, he remained thoughtful for several days. It was only when he read a certain paragraph

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copied from a Chilian paper that he seemed to awake from his reverie and stupor.

"By snakes, I have it!" he exclaimed. "Of course, why——" Heavyside did not finish his sentence, but he took the first available train to Valparaiso.

Chillingworth more than half expected his visitor. He received him with absolute *sang froid*, though, if the truth had been known, his heart did sink a little at the sight of the tall Yankee millionaire; for though he knew nothing could be proved against him, even accusations unsupported by evidence are apt to be awkward at times.

But Heavyside extended his hand.

"Young man, I'm glad to see you safe home," he said. "Had a pleasant trip? They said down our way you was lost."

"Well, it was touch and go, certainly," said Chillingworth.

"Lucky you didn't run into anything—cruisers, or obstacles of that sort," said Heavyside; "might have been awkward, eh?"

"Awkwarder for them than for me," said Chillingworth, wincing just the merest trifle. "But I kept clear of obstacles."

"Wal, I like you, young man," continued the millionaire. "And none the worse because you've euchred me this time. You come ashore now and chew a bit with me, and we'll see if we can't deal."

Chillingworth finished that interview Minister of Marine for Pamira, and with an order in his pocket for five submarines.

All this took place a year ago. Since that time Roxalia has been annexed by Karl Edouard of Pamira, and there is at this moment a promising quarrel brewing between Pamira and its big neighbour Palladia. Prince Consort Heavyside intends, he says, to run the three States in one. Certainly, Palladia's three old-cruisers and her second class battleship, built in 1871, will do little to prevent him, with Chillingworth at the head of Maritime Affairs, and five little devils of submarines of the *Cormorant* type playing about in Pamiran waters!

A PERFUME MEMORY.

A BUNCH of blossoms came to me to-day,
And as I bent my face above the bloom,
The walls about me shadowed and my room
Grew dim and faded silently away
Before the magic of one odorous spray.
O strange, familiar perfume of a flower
Which I had never seen until that hour!
O wondrous memory which sleeping lay,
Deep in my soul, till wakened by the call
Of that one whiff of sweetness; for I saw
A fair old house, a sombre, twilit hall,
A garden riotous, where sweet will was law,—
Where once I must have wandered long ago,—
I, who, bound here, of cities only know!

VENITA SEIBERT.

NOTE.—*The Editor regrets that an erroneous title was attached to one of the illustrations to the article on "English Peers who are Foreign Princes," in the May Number of the* WINDSOR MAGAZINE. *The illustration described as the portrait of Mrs. Jodrell, who is the Countess Napier St. Vincent in the Portuguese peerage, should have been given as the portrait of the late Mrs. George Grey Butler, of Ewart Park, Wooler, Northumberland, who was Maria, Countess St. Paul, in the Holy Roman Empire.*

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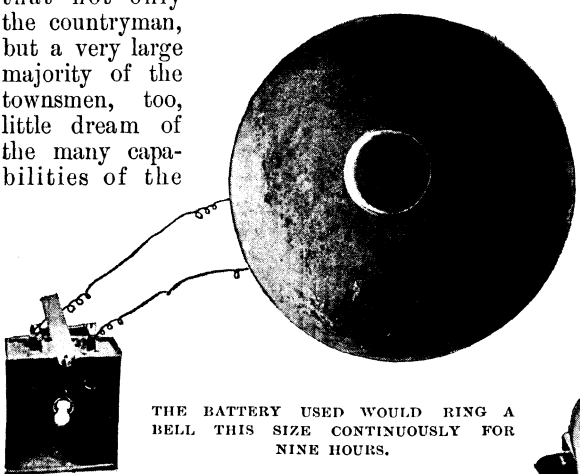
THE MOMENTOUS MOTOR.

By C. J. L. CLARKE.

Photographs by Messrs. Clarke and Hyde.

MOTOR-CARS are no novelty now, and even in the most secluded spots of Merry England the yeoman or farm-labourer would scarcely take the trouble to look up to see one of these vehicles glide past him as he toiled on at his plough or tended his contented cattle.

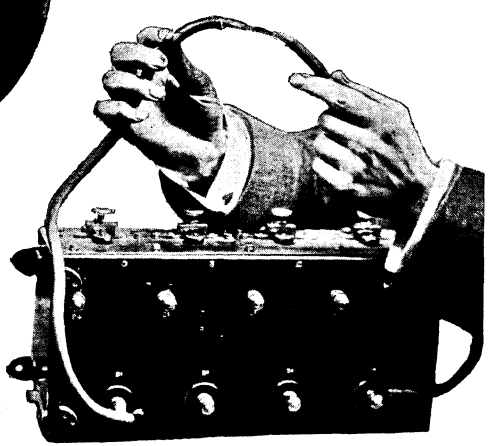
This indifference is bred of familiarity with the sight of automobiles; but notwithstanding that familiarity, it is safe to say that not only the countryman, but a very large majority of the townsmen, too, little dream of the many capabilities of the horseless carriages, as they have been appropriately called, and the unique qualifications they possess.



THE BATTERY USED WOULD RING A BELL THIS SIZE CONTINUOUSLY FOR NINE HOURS.

As a racing car is necessarily built with an enormous reserve of power, and is capable of the highest rate of speed amongst motor-cars, it will enable us better to follow out some of the remarkable facts embodied in motors if we take one car as an example; and since the Napier cars, which have been selected to represent English engineering in the great International Race in Ireland for the Gordon-Bennett Challenge Cup, must be taken as the highest results of British motor building, we will draw our deductions from one of these cars.

If we were to cast about and examine every little curiosity in the manufacture of a racing motor-car, we could arrange an array of remarkable facts which would be astounding to anyone; but as these particulars would be in many instances highly technical, we will consider the motor-car broadly from its capabilities as a complete machine. As an instance of these remarkable details, however, we will just examine the electrical appliances which supply the spark which ignites the charge of gas in the firing-chamber. The electric power is drawn generally from an accumulator, and, small though this is, yet it could continuously ring a bell of the gigantic proportions shown in our illustration, for nine hours. The current which performs this is of very low voltage, registering only just over four volts; but before it can accomplish its duty in the motor, it is passed through an electrical coil, with the result that the voltage is increased to some thousands, while a flaming spark fully an inch long will jump between the terminals of wires connected to this coil if they are held apart.



THE COIL USED WILL THROW AN ELECTRIC SPARK AN INCH LONG, AND REGISTER SOME THOUSANDS OF VOLTS.

With these two instances we will leave the details and confine ourselves to the racing motor as a complete vehicle.

That ever-ready and faithful servant the railway locomotive has to cede the palm for

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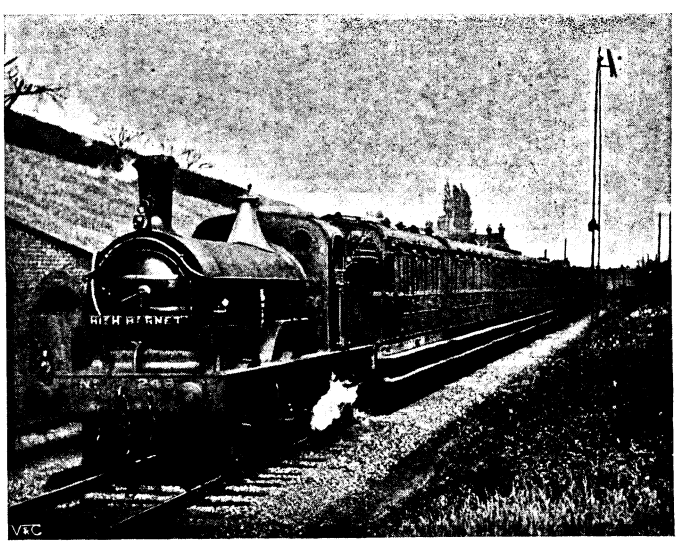
power and speed to the new vehicles. While the locomotive can be reckoned to be travelling quite up to its average when it is speeding along at sixty-five miles an hour, the modern racing motor makes light work of such speed, and soars to the enormous pace of close on ninety miles an hour. If we put the railway engine against the motor-car at hill-climbing, our old friend has again to give way to his youthful rival, for the grade of one in three up which a racing motor can easily climb is a matter of impossibility to the ordinary railway engine.

A RACING MOTOR WILL CLIMB A GRADE OF 1 IN 3—

How, then, does this wonderful innovation compare with the horse? For the credit of the horse, don't let us compare the two for speed or power; but since legislation has been busy in allotting the highest rate at which motors may travel, and presumably this is done to ensure the safety of the other users of the roads, why not thrash out actually which is the most likely to be dangerous? Well, then, we will call a halt of both vehicles, a motor-car and a wagon, when they are travelling at twelve miles an hour; and while the car stops dead in a trifle over one yard, it takes the driver of the wagon ten yards to come to a standstill. It is a matter of the simplest logic to point to the more dangerous vehicle of the two, so far as pedestrians and other users of the road are concerned.



WHILE A LOCOMOTIVE STRUGGLES ON A GRADE OF 1 IN 15.

If we push our considerations of the motor-car even to comparing it with one of our battleships or an ocean liner, they run a dead heat for the distinction of being the only two known creations of man which have completed a continuous run without a single pause or stop for the amazing distance of one thousand miles. When the immense storage capacities and the limitless room available on a large steamship and the space curtailed almost to cramping in the tiny motor-car are taken into consideration, no two opinions could be held as to which of the two carried off the palm for a remarkable performance.

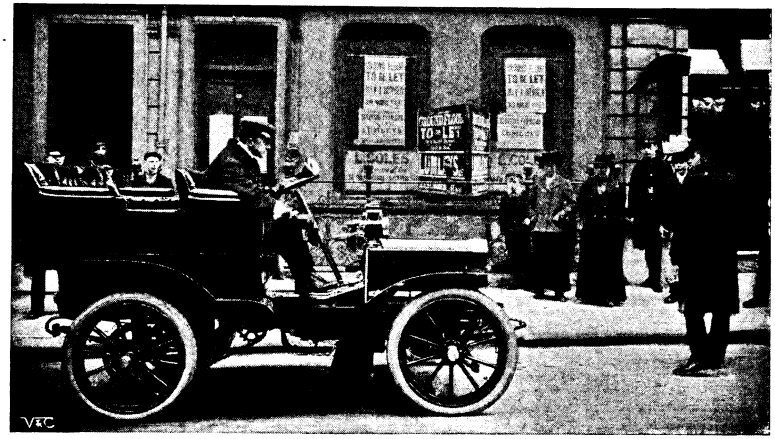
A modern motor-car, too, establishes a record in engineering; for it is the lightest vehicle ever made which is capable of developing the power and attaining the speed which these astonishing inventions have done; and if we compare it with the animal world, the powerful elephant is a mere mouse in strength against a modern racing motor-car, whilst the animal's enormous bulk would be sufficient to weigh up a board with at least three motor-cars on it, while one of them would be a comparative feather against the bulky elephant.

The terrible power of a modern racing motor is hard indeed to comprehend; and small though the engines are, they yet produce a force which one would almost be excused for doubting. It will probably be easier to form an idea of what the power of a racing motor is if we remember that many of the ordinary cars we see travelling gaily along, with four passengers, at a pace quite up to the legal limit of twelve miles an hour,

A LOADED VAN GOING AT TWELVE MILES AN HOUR WOULD BE DIFFICULT TO PULL UP IN TEN YARDS, BUT—

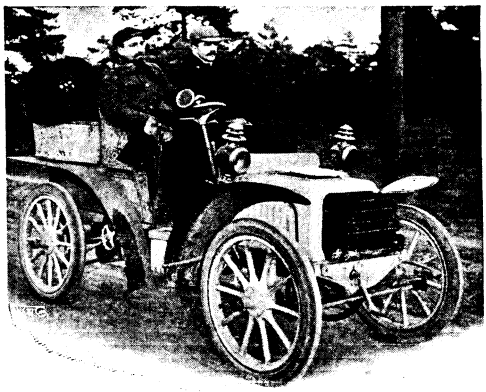
are fitted with engines developing only six horse-power, while the racing engines will seldom develop less than seventy-five horse-power.

Probably the proudest claim of motor manufacturers, especially those who devote time and money to the making of racing motor-cars, is their unequalled speed; for, incredible though it may seem, when the recent introduction of motor-cars is considered, these vehicles are the fleetest objects which have ever been known to move on the earth, and we must look to the air to find any rival to the motor-car for speed. Our illustration gives at a glance the capabilities of some well-known travellers, and the hawk flying above the motor-car at a speed of 150 miles an hour can claim precedence of anything created by man; then comes the Napier racing car, built for the Gordon-Bennett Race, with its originator, Mr. S. F. Edge, at the steering-wheel, and clothed in all the glory of goggles, face-masks, and rubber cape; and one can scarcely believe that ninety miles an hour is within the power of this wonderful vehicle. The tiny cyclist, marvellous as a speedy travelling contrivance though a cycle is, fades into insignificance when compared with the motor-car, while the many efforts of the much-cheered Boat-race crew which gamely struggles on the Thames each year can only be classed amongst the somewhat slow modes of shifting one's location.



TRAVELLING AT THE SAME SPEED, A MOTOR-CAR COULD PULL UP IN THIS DISTANCE.

What is the cost of running one of these same motor-cars, though? I hear one of my readers inquire, with the conviction that the amount of material they use up must be something enormous. A mistaken idea entirely, for to the list of all its other virtues the motor-car can add that of being the cheapest means of transit imaginable. That this is no idle statement, I can prove. A motor-car carrying four people will run one hundred miles on six gallons of petroleum spirit at six shillings, and sixpennyworth of lubricating oil, making six shillings and sixpence in all for the journey, and to this we may add a couple of gallons of water to cool the engine, which, however, will be practically untouched at the end of the journey. The



A MOTOR-CAR AND—

whole hundred miles will occupy less than half a day. Now, how much will it cost for a horse to do the same journey, and how long will it take on the way? The corn alone for such a journey will cost fifteen shillings, which is well over twice the cost of the use of a motor-car, and the animal will consume seventeen buckets of water; but this is not all, for the horse will not accomplish the journey, pulling an equal load with the motor, in less than four days. What a glaring difference is apparent, and again the motor-car is premier!

Many other remarkable facts are connected with the motor-car of to-day; and extremely powerful though the engines of a racing car are, they are yet as easily controlled as the most docile steed. Notwithstanding the furious speeds of which the cars are capable, they can be made to crawl along in the slowest traffic in obedience to the slightest touch from an experienced driver, and the fragile levers which are sufficient to curb or rouse the giant engines look almost like parts of some toy, so slender are they.

The flash with which the modern motor-car has jumped into popularity, and the brief period which has been sufficient to develop the present-day machine from a crude start, is so remarkable that the details of the rapid strides of the motor-manufacturing industry alone teem with interesting facts.

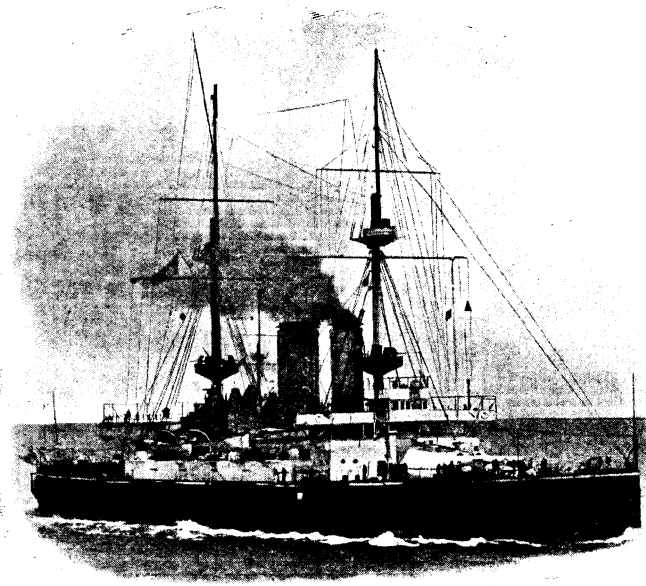
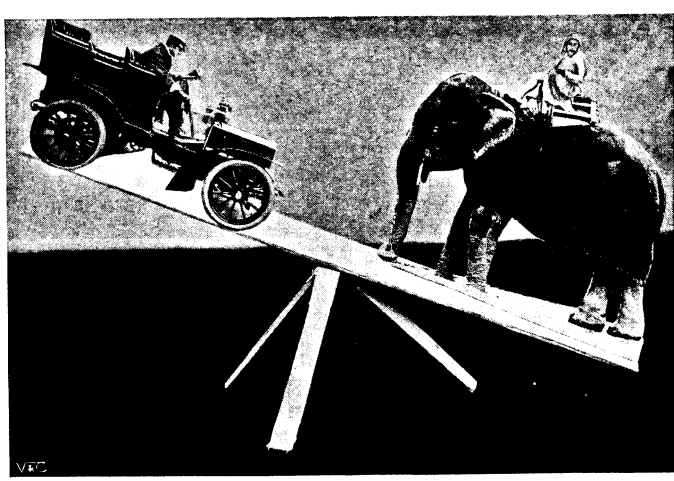


Photo by] [*Cribb, Southsea.*

A STEAMSHIP ARE THE ONLY THINGS THAT HAVE EVER TRAVELLED ONE THOUSAND MILES WITHOUT A STOP.



ALTHOUGH MANY TIMES AS POWERFUL AS AN ELEPHANT, A MOTOR-CAR IS MUCH LIGHTER THAN THAT ANIMAL.

Although the idea of self-propelled vehicles is hundreds of years old, it was not until some few years ago that the invention of a system of explosion engines, drawing their power from the vapour

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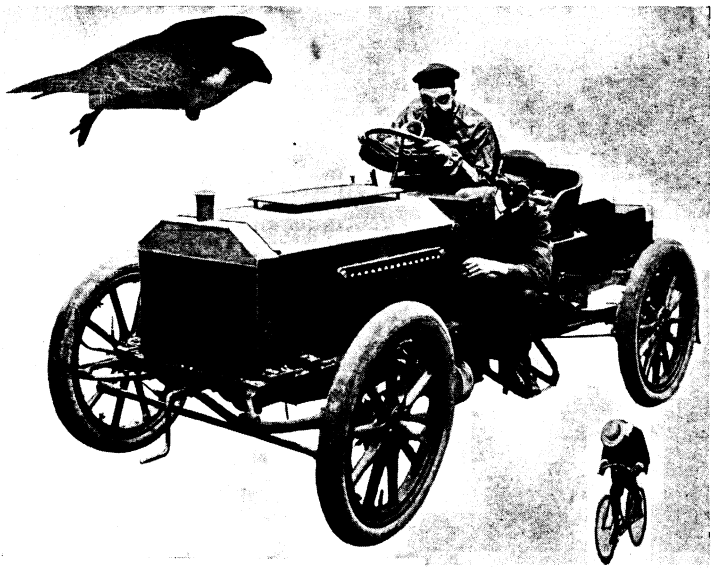


COMPARATIVE SPEEDS TAKEN FROM THE NAPIER CAR TO BE DRIVEN BY MR. S. F. EDGE IN THE COMING GORDON-BENNETT RACE. A MOTOR-CAR IS BEATEN FOR SPEED ONLY BY BIRDS.

HAWK ...	...	...	SPEED, 150	MILES AN HOUR.
MOTOR ...	...	...	,, 90	,, ,,
CYCLE ...	...	...	,, 45	,, ,,
BOAT CREW	...	...	,, 15	,, ,,

given off by petroleum spirit, first made the motor-car of to-day a possibility.

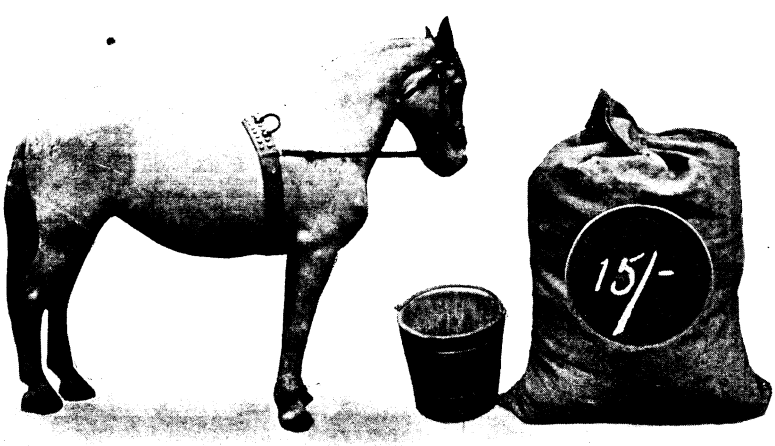
Continental countries were years ahead of England when, some seven years ago, the passing of a Bill to allow the horseless vehicles to be used on English roads was celebrated by a run from London to Brighton.

Of the three-score or so of every type of motor-vehicle which took part in this trip, on what has been dubbed "Emancipation Day," few arrived at "London by the Sea," and it would be safe to say that hardly one car did the run without giving the driver a good day's work and anxiety; but such rapid strides have been made in improving the vehicles that a motor-car could scarcely be purchased to-day which would not make such light work of a similar run that a comfortable lunch might be enjoyed at Brighton without the necessity of early rising to accomplish it.

To the racing car and the lessons learned from it we must give a great deal of the credit of these improvements, so that all the expense and danger incurred in building and using these vehicles are not in vain.

The motor-car can fairly be said to have provided the grandest sport imaginable, and the winner of a great race is sought after by many a wealthy sportsman. Record price is difficult to estimate, but the sum of five thousand pounds would be a low figure, and one that has been frequently paid for a car with a record.

The sport has its dark side, and the use of these enormously powerful cars is fraught with great danger, and the records of their glories are blotted with many tragedies. While speedy cars have



TO TRAVEL ONE HUNDRED MILES A HORSE WOULD CONSUME 15/- WORTH OF FOOD AND SEVENTEEN BUCKETS OF WATER, AND WOULD REQUIRE A SPELL OF REST AT THE END OF THE JOURNEY, BUT—

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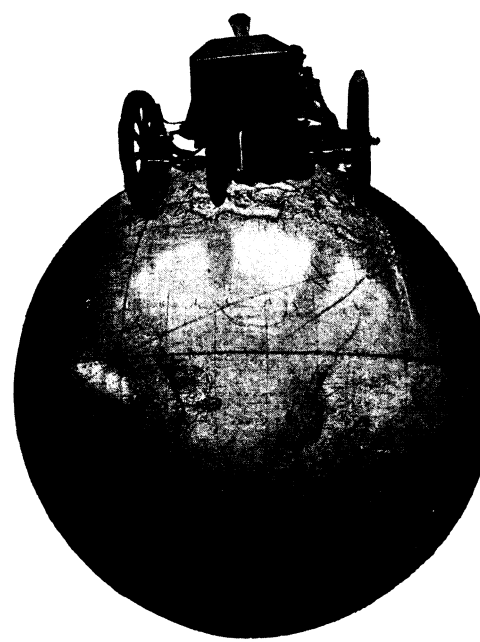
—A MOTOR-CAR WOULD USE ONLY 6/6 WORTH OF MATERIAL, AND COULD DO THE SAME DISTANCE AGAIN IMMEDIATELY. OF COURSE, THE MOTOR WOULD TAKE ONE DAY, OR LESS; THE HORSE FOUR DAYS.

caused a number of deaths and serious accidents, there are yet many remarkable instances of the drivers and passengers being thrown from motor-cars, travelling at high speed, and yet having escaped any serious injuries, and amongst the many other virtues of the ordinary motor-car we may include their undoubted safety.

"Wait until I can get a good motor-car for £50!" is a remark one frequently hears; but wait it will be for many, many years. All the possibilities of the modern motor-car are not attained except at the cost of the greatest care and industry. From thousands and thousands of component parts, these vehicles are gradually built up piece by piece, and before they are ready for the users they are tested, tried, and proved by hours of careful attention. Each operation in their manufacture is tedious and requires the utmost skill. Parts have to be turned to one-thousandth part of an inch, and joints made so that the surfaces are so perfectly fitted that even a volatile gas under compression cannot find an outlet. One instance alone will be sufficient to show that a motor is the result of excellent workmanship and careful finish. The faces of the inside of the cylinders have to be polished until they have a surface as smooth as the finest plate-glass; and to produce this, a mop dusted with a special powder is worked up and down in the cylinders at six hundred strokes per minute; and so important is this little detail alone, that the mops are kept continuously at work for one hundred and twenty hours before the surface is judged as satisfactory.

The alarming fact of what ninety miles an hour, at which speed racing motors travel, really means, can probably best be realised when we consider that this speed, if maintained, would enable anyone to go "round the world" in considerably less than a fortnight, or, to be more correct, in a trifle under eleven days.

Of course, these are fancy cars travelling at fancy speeds, but they show what can really be accomplished. Few people would care to own one of these monsters, and fewer still could manage one if they had it; but it is from the virtues and faults of these cars that the present-day reliable motor-car has developed. Racing speeds are only attained at an enormous increase in the power of the engines—an increase out of all proportion to the value realised. If we take the little car on the right of our last illustration, as representing the power necessary to travel at twelve miles an hour, the next car as the comparative power necessary to do forty miles an hour, and the large motor-car on the left as the power required to do eighty miles an hour, we shall readily see by what



A TRIP ROUND THE WORLD WOULD TAKE ONLY ELEVEN DAYS IF A RACING CAR COULD GET A COURSE TO RUN AT NINETY MILES AN HOUR.

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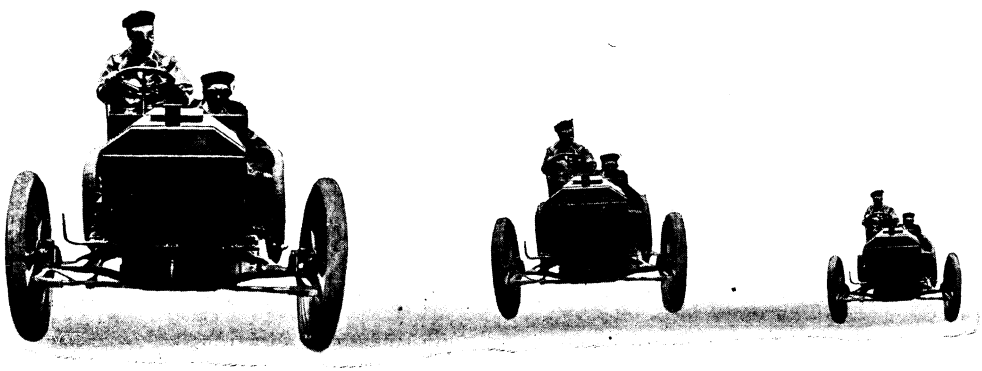
giant strides it is necessary to crowd on the power of the engines if we would attain the pride of rapid flight.

There is a fascination about travelling on a motor-car which is born of the very powers described. Practically speaking, there is nothing that will pass one of the new vehicles, and a touch of the slender levers which serve to control these giants is sufficient to send the car flying along at a pace which brings a rain of tears to the eyes and bites the face of the drivers with a rude blast even on a fairly warm day.

Despite all drawbacks, the motor-car has forced itself forward in public opinion; and although the day when horses will be rare is not a probability in the next ten years, yet by reason of their very quality and cheapness in working, the new vehicles must surely take the place of our four-footed friends.

This article has been arranged to impress in the most convincing way the broad qualities of the motor-car and the many surprising things it can accomplish. There can be no doubt that, however familiar we may get with them, motor-cars will stand as one of the marvels of our times, and few, if any, inventions the present generation will see will be so loaded with astounding qualities and extraordinary virtues.



INCREASED SPEED MEANS AN IMMENSE INCREASE OF POWER. COMPARATIVE SIZE OF MOTOR TO DO 80 MILES. 40 MILES. 12 MILES.

DIRGE.

FEARLESS he lived,
As fearless he died;
Here let his sword
Rust by his side.

Died as a soldier should,
Face to the foe;
Foreknowing all hope
Was lost long ago.

Prayers for the living,
Praise for the dead;
Here let him lie
In his last bed.

Stars for his windows,
Sky for his roof,
And for his dirge
The galloping hoof.

Nor triumph nor failure
Shall move him now;
Bind the green laurel
Upon his white brow.

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CLIFFORD CHASE.

A CASTLE IN SPAIN.

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN.*

STUBBS showed me into the red drawing-room, the little one, because there was a fire there, and said that Lady Elinor would be down soon. I found Sibyl and the Persian cat informally occupying the hearthrug. The cat moved away with a distrustful backward glance, but Sibyl, abandoning for the moment a huge and misshapen lump of something which would seem to have been toffee, gave me a very sticky hand.

"I'd offer you some toffee," said she, in a tone of reckless generosity, "but I—I'm afraid I've licked it all over."

"Oh, not any, thanks," said I hastily. "Not that I should object to your having—er—licked it; but, you see, I'd just had a large quantity of it before coming here. I—I'm very apt to stop in at—at a shop and eat toffee," I concluded wildly.

Sibyl gave a sigh of all too obvious relief, though mingled with sadness.

"I don't have it often," she suggested; "not so *very* often."

"You shall have it every day," I cried; "pounds of it. The idea of not allowing you all the toffee you want! It's barbarous."

Sibyl wagged a melancholy head.

"I'm not allowed half enough," she declared. "This—this morning—I stole some from Elinor—only it wasn't toffee, it was chocolate. It hurts yet," she grieved, stirring about uneasily upon the hearthrug.

"Oh!" said I, leaning forward sympathetically, "tummy?"

"That's not where I'm smacked," said Sibyl with dignity. There was a painful silence for quite a minute or two. The Persian cat, having reconnoitred from the middle distance, at last returned and sat down with an absent air upon the lump of toffee, but was indignantly pushed away by the proprietor of the same.

"Why did the cat go away, Sib, when I came in?" I inquired.

"Flossie Bray—I mean, Lord Brayton—was here this afternoon," said Sibyl significantly.

"The devil!" said I. "I would say, the deuce!" I apologised.

"Oh, you needn't mind me," declared Sibyl. "Dad uses—language, sometimes—quite often. He called me a little devil the other day."

"No!" I cried in a shocked tone. "He couldn't have, really!"

"He did," insisted Sibyl.

"I don't want to seem curious," said I in a deprecatory way, "but—but what had you been doing, Sib?"

"Just sailing boats in his bath," said Sibyl. "And—and one of them sank to the bottom, and I expect I forgot to take it out. Dad must have sat down in the bath the very first thing," she continued reflectively.

"Oh!" said I. "I think I understand. Of course that was some provocation, wasn't it? But we're leaving our muttons—I mean our Lord Brayton. I take it he's not fond of cats."

"He tried to kick Frou Frou," cried Sibyl resentfully. "I paid him, though; I did things to his hat."

"Good old Sib!" said I.

"I'd much rather Elinor would marry you than Flossie Brayton," observed Sibyl, attacking the toffee.

"Thank you, Sib," said I gratefully. "So would I—I've told her so no end of times."

"He was kissing her hand to-day," continued Sibyl with disgust. "That was when he tried to kick Frou Frou, just because Frou Frou rubbed up against his legs in a perfectly friendly way."

"Kissing her hand, was he?" I growled. "The beast! Kissing her—Sibyl, my dear, I can't allow you to tell me—er—family secrets. You know it's not proper. Really it isn't."

"Rot!" said Sibyl elegantly. "And he put a ring on it, too—her hand, you know. What would he be doing that for? She wouldn't let him kiss her, though. She said: 'Not yet. Give me a little——'"

"Sibyl," said I firmly, "that is enough. I mustn't listen to you. Elin—Lady Elinor wouldn't like it at all. Ah, Sib, Sib, it's a bitter world! I can't see any good in it."

"What can't you see any good in?" inquired Lady Elinor from the doorway. I rose and made a bow.

"I can't see any good," said I, "in not

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giving Sib all the sweets she wants; cutting her off that way only leads to immorality."

Lady Elinor shook her head.

"It's very bad for Sibyl's tummy," said she.

"Her tummy?" I inquired. "Why, I should have said it was rather——" But a gentleman never betrays a confidence, and I held my peace.

Lady Elinor sat down in the big chair before the fire and leaned forward with her elbows upon her knees. I tried to catch a glimpse of her left hand, but it was hidden in the folds of her gown.

"Sib, darling," said she presently, "your hands are very, very shocking. Don't you want to go and have them washed—as a special favour to me?"

Sibyl swallowed the last of the toffee and departed, with the Persian cat under one arm.

"I told him that Flossie Brayton tried to kick Frou Frou," she said from the doorway.

"Ah!" cried Lady Elinor, looking up at me very quickly. "So Sib told you?"

"Yes," said I. "Yes, Sib said that—that Brayton had been here to-day. Ah! is it true—is it true, Elinor?"

Lady Elinor raised her left hand from the folds of her skirt, and the ring was there, on the third finger—a ruby between two diamonds. It looked like Brayton, just the showy sort of thing Brayton would choose.

"Why, yes, Teddy," said Lady Elinor, rather low; "yes, it's true. You're the first one I've told. Won't you say something nice to me, Teddy?"

"I hope," said I, looking into the fire, "that you'll always have all the toffee you want, so that you won't have to steal it, like poor Sib—and be smacked. I hope your life will be as beautiful as you are, Elinor. I hope your future will be an illuminated page, and your memory a blank one. I hope you'll be as happy as ever you've dreamed of being."

"Oh, no, no, Ted!" cried Lady Elinor softly. "Not that. I shan't be as happy as I've dreamed of being, so don't hope that—if you really did hope it. As happy as I've dreamed of being! Ah! rather not! You don't know what a girl dreams, Teddy; you're nothing but a man, you see."

"Oh! I've had my dreams," said I, "and cherished them somewhat. It appears I must forget them—or try to. No, I don't fancy you will be as happy as you've dreamed. It's a pity."

"Yes," sighed Lady Elinor. "Ah, yes! it's a pity. Still, dreams never come true, do they, Teddy?"

"I've heard that theory advanced," said I, "but I don't recollect ever to have seen it proved."

"Why, if they could come true," said Elinor, in a half-whisper. "If they could——"

"You wouldn't be wearing that very handsome ring?" I suggested.

"No," said Lady Elinor, "I shouldn't be wearing Brayton's ring. I shouldn't be doing what they all want me to do—what they all expect me to do."

"All?" I objected.

Lady Elinor turned her head with a little sweet, half-sad smile, and I took a firm hold upon the arms of my chair.

"All," she murmured. "All, Ted, but one—one very foolish and—and very dear dissenter—who's dear for his great, great folly, and foolish because—why, because he's such a dear."

"But whose opinion is of no weight," said I.

"Whose opinion," said Lady Elinor, "*must* be of no weight, must be erased with—with the other—dear things to make that memory page blank."

"Ah, that memory page!" said I.

"It's the sweetest of all the pages," she murmured, "the very sweetest."

"If only it needn't be erased," said I.

"Erased it must be," declared Lady Elinor firmly. "Oh, Teddy, Teddy! weren't they good old days, those days? How did we ever come to stray out of Paradise, Teddy, after we'd gone so far in? Is there a little masked gate in the wall that we opened by chance, that we thought would lead us still farther in? Were we too busy looking at each other to see where our feet were turned?"

"We didn't stray out," said I, with my head in my hands. "We were chucked out—by the main gate. Ask your mother how, Elinor."

But Lady Elinor was looking into the fire with a little far-away smile, and her face, with the soft red glow thrown up across it, was the most beautiful thing that a man ever saw.

"Of course we were only children," she cried softly; "but such dear children, Ted. Why mayn't people be children always? Why must they grow up?"

"They needn't grow up," said I.

"Why must they be taught wisdom?"

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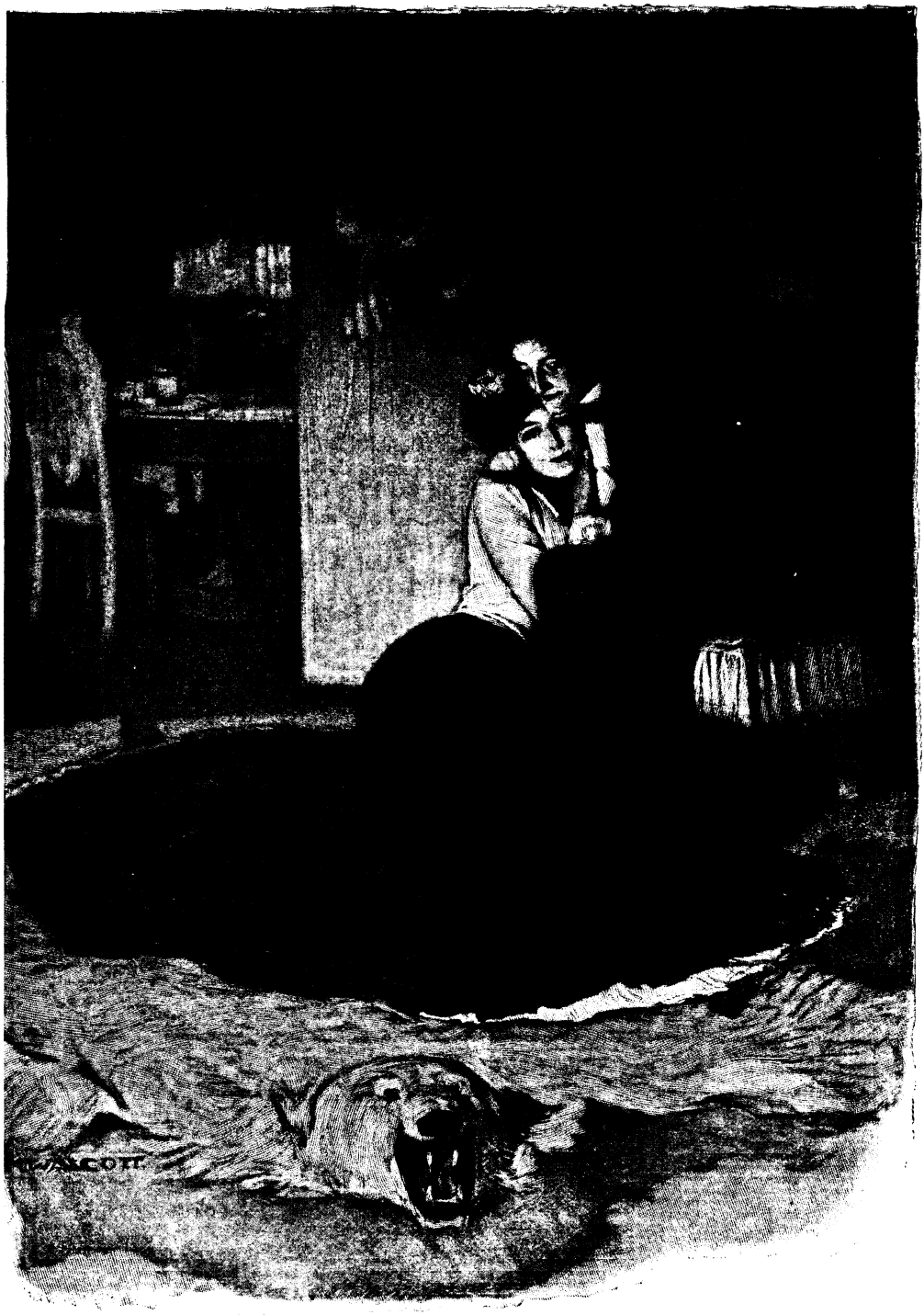

"'I think she'd like her head where—it belonged!'"

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demanded Elinor. "Why mayn't they be left in their belief that love is the only thing?"

"Love is the only thing, Elinor," said I. "Wisdom's a lie; love is the only thing."

Lady Elinor shook her head.

"The wise people say 'No,' Teddy," she murmured. "They tell me that love is all dreams, castles in Spain—and that there's no happiness in Spain."

"I should make you happier than ever Brayton will," said I bitterly. It was a contemptible thing to say, for she was wearing Brayton's ring.

Elinor gave a little, low, gasping cry, and her eyes closed for an instant.

"He—tried to—kiss me—to-day!" she whispered presently. "I nearly—screamed! Ah, yes, yes, Ted! you would make me happier. Is happiness all, Teddy?"

"Upon my faith," said I.

"They say not," said Elinor. "Oh! I should—I shall become used to—Brayton after—after a while. He's a good sort, Ted. He loves me, I think, and—and he has a great deal of money. I shall be a power, shan't I?"

"Is that enough?" said I.

"It isn't what I'd dreamed, Ted," she said. "I'd dreamed—oh, such a life! No, power, Teddy; no great position—just happiness! Just two young, foolish, dear people, who loved each other madly—worshipped each other!—just their life together; a selfish life, I suppose, for no one else came into it at all. There were just the two of—of them, and nothing else counted in the least. They never grew up, you know, my two people; they wouldn't let each other grow up. They were infants, always, about most things. Oh! weren't they dears? I'd dreamed all sorts of beautiful little particulars, details, about them—*my* people in Spain! What they'd do, and what they'd say, and how they'd act towards each other; how they'd sit before the fire of a nasty day or an evening in—in just one chair, not such a very big chair. Fires are so comfy, and make you want to be nice and say nice things. They're so noddy and sputtery and bless-you-my-childreny. People *couldn't* row over an open fire, could they? Sometimes they'd talk—when they wanted to—and say the things they wanted, and sometimes they'd stop, and understand each other quite as well—that's a test. Oh! and I—I think she'd like her head where—it belonged; and if he should happen to kiss her, there'd be no one but the firelight to see, and it would never, never tell. It would be very quiet, and the glow from the fire would be red on their faces, and they would not want another thing in all the world. She'd slip down, I think, to the rug, and lean her cheek against his hand and look into the embers, and his other hand would be smoothing her hair as she loved it smoothed. Ah, Teddy, Teddy, wake me! I'm dreaming again, and I mustn't, I mustn't! Bring me back from Spain, Teddy. I mustn't wander there. That's the life I've dreamed of. Isn't it mad? That isn't what's before me."

"No," said I. "No, Elinor, that isn't what's before you. Have you thought of what you've to look forward to? Listen. Brayton is thirty-nine—nearly forty. He's growing a bit stout, Elinor. He'll be fat in five years, and he's undeniably bald at the tonsure. He likes his dinner—he even loves it—and for a couple of hours afterwards he's—he's somnolent. I don't like talking about men behind their backs, but this is a time for plain speaking. Brayton wouldn't care for sitting *à deux* before the fire. That wouldn't amuse him. He'd fall asleep and spoil things. No, he'd be off at his club of an evening. Brayton wouldn't fit into a castle in Spain; he's a bit—solid. Still, he'd be nice to you—if you didn't interfere with him. He'd be proud to have you at the head of his table; you would ornament it, Elinor, and I dare say you'd get on together in a very friendly, peaceable sort of fashion—in England, not Spain."

Elinor dropped her face into her arms, and her bowed shoulders quivered and shook.

"Ah, no, no!" she moaned. "Ah, no, no, Teddy! Not that. I—I can't bear it!"

Then, after a long time, she looked up once more. Her beautiful face was very flushed, and there were tears wet upon her cheeks.

"It's impossible," said she. "I can't do it. I was mad even to fancy for an instant that I could bear such a life after—after everything."

She pulled the diamond and ruby ring from her finger suddenly and threw it from her as if it burned her hand. It rolled into the gloom beyond the circle of firelight, the three gems flashing as they went.

"Let them say what they will," cried Lady Elinor. "Oh, take me away to Spain, Teddy!"

Then I stood up before her and held out my arms.

"Come to Spain, Elinor!" said I.

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MINNOWS AND TRITONS.

By B. A. CLARKE.*

T the Coal Merchants' School in High Holborn, Mr. Gange combined the duties of the detention-room with the care of a preparatory class. In the latter, twenty or thirty incredibly small boys were coached for the entrance examination to the Lower First. A few aspired as high as the lowest class but one. The preparatory boys did not have the same hours as the school. The youngsters were at work all the time the school boys were undergoing their punishment, occupying the front forms. Mr. Gange was thirty years old, degreeless, prospectless, and wholly without ambition. You knew that directly you noticed his shifting, watery eyes. His hair was straw-coloured, his face pimpled, and he had no perceptible eyelashes. He was quite unfitted for his calling, and recognised this without shame. His pupils could take any liberties with him. For this reason the detention boys behaved particularly well. They watched the preparatory boys and their safe escapades with disdain, and when they happened to catch the eye of a trifler, sternly motioned him to go on with his work. The tradition of the school was to treat Mr. Gange with lofty friendliness, and it was generally believed that the detention hours were oases in his life. Mewed up all day with these paltry infants, how he must welcome the arrival of boys of nobler sort! It was thought a kindly act to stroll up to his desk for five minutes' chat. The idea was that it did him good with his pupils to be seen conversing with boys half-way up the school upon equal terms. The usual topic was the progress of boys in the upper classes, who, being exempt from detention, had soared beyond Mr. Gange's ken.

"I was talking at lunch to Saunders, of the Fifth. I told him I was going to see you this afternoon, and he asked to be remembered."

"That would be W. J. Saunders, I suppose? It seems only yesterday that he used to come in here. He took a double promotion, if I am not mistaken, from the Upper Third, with B. J. Klopstein, an old pupil of mine. I hope to see both Klopstein and Saunders in the Sixth."

(Perhaps the boys were right, and it was pleasant to Mr. Gange to be kept in touch with the great world.)

It was the misfortune of Walter Tyrell to break this kindly tradition. He had no intention of so doing, but was led away by indignation at seeing two of Mr. Gange's pupils talking. He ordered them to desist. One of the delinquents cheeked him, and when he walked forward and slapped his head, the preparatory boy turned, and struck him, a member of the school, with sacrilegious fist. For a wonder Mr. Gange took note of the occurrence.

"How dare you leave your seat, sir!" he screamed at Walter. "Go back immediately!"

Walter did not wish to be rude, but to obey a preparatory-master seemed lowering. On the spur of the moment he could think of nothing better than feigning deafness, and, with hand to ear, asking the master, respectfully, to speak louder.

Mr. Gange descended from his desk and boxed his ears. The boy returned the blow.

Mr. Gange hesitated, and then walked away. It was dangerous work striking a boy, and forbidden by the head-master. It would be very much safer just to let the matter drop.

Walter Tyrell went home fancying himself something of a hero.

At Moorgate Street Station it happened that the cause of the disturbance, a ten-year-old named Reginald Cook, was seated in a railway compartment when Walter entered it with some friends.

The child's lips went white, but he stood up and doubled his soft fists, prepared to die game. Now, Walter was a good two years older, besides being heavier for his age, and there was small chance for him of credit from the encounter.

"All right, big 'un," he said, "I know you

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hit me last; but your master took it up for you, and you saw what I did to *him*."

"You *have* a nerve," said the small boy, with so flattering an emphasis upon the verb that Walter's heart was won, and Master Reggie, who had looked for a painful fight, found himself treated as a friend; and being allowed an equal share in a rough and tumble, he made part of the journey very pleasantly under the seat.

"They were four to our three, or we would have beaten them," said Walter, when the party broke up.

He, Reggie, and an ink-stained boy in spectacles were travelling further than the others.

"We'd take them on again?"

"Rather," said Reggie.

"Any time you see us in a carriage, get in," said Walter.

His new friend explained that he did not live in this direction, but was on his way to tea with an aunt. His home was near Clarence Park.

"What sort of a place is Clarence Park?" asked Walter doubtfully.

"The cricket-pitches are just bare patches, but some fine clubs play there. Have you ever heard of a club called the 'Duke of Wellington'?"

"Never."

"Well, I am captain of it. See here!" He took from his satchel a copy of the *North London Sentinel*.

"There is a bit about it here." He pointed to an item among the cricket reports.

Walter read aloud: "'Silver Star' *versus* 'Duke of Wellington.' This match was played in Clarence Park last Saturday afternoon, and was won by the 'Silver Star' by nine runs. For the winners, Smith batted well and Jones bowled well; and for the losers, Johnson bowled well and Reginald Cook batted well."

"Reginald Cook is me," said the child proudly.

The detailed score showed that the combined innings of the "Duke of Wellington" fell short of forty, Reggie's contribution being two threes.

The schoolboys laughed, but nevertheless they were impressed. Except in the promotion lists, their names had never figured in print.

"What made them say that about your batting well?"

"I wrote it myself," said the preparatory boy, as if that explained everything. "You play for the 'Duke of Wellington,' and I'll put in a bit about you."

Walter laughed uproariously. The suggestion was in every way ridiculous, but he was sorry it had not been delayed until the next station, when his schoolfellow got out.

"I don't always write the first bit like that. Sometimes I only give one name on each side instead of two, and say the match was won by the fine all-round play of one chap, and lost by the fine all-round play of another."

"Jolly for the other chap!" said the boy with the ink stains. "I tell you what it is, my lad: you are a genius, and ought to be taking the composition class in the place of Old Andrews."

Walter did not like this wholesale ridicule. It was easy to pick holes, but the critic had never written for the Press, and perhaps did not know the rules.

"You'd be jolly glad to see your writings in the newspaper," he said.

"No, I wouldn't."

"Yes, you would. How about that account of your holidays you sent to the *School Magazine*, without any stops?"

The ink-stained boy turned crimson. Referring to his literary ambitions was touching him upon the raw. He was not sorry that the train was running into the station.

"Ta-ta, Tyrell!" he said. "Be kind to him, and perhaps he'll give you a place in the 'Duke of Wellington,' and we shall read in the paper that your fine all-round play has lost them a match."

"Jealous little beast!" said Walter, when he and Reggie were alone. "Of course, I could not play for your club; I'd be too big."

"Not you! Why, sometimes men play." This was true. Loafing about the park are men who will push themselves into any game, and so incredibly inept are they that their presence on a child's side does not necessarily decide the result. There is always great clapping when the man is dismissed; but he is scarcely any better than his playfellows, and, strange to say, can hit but very little harder. So Walter promised to play on the following Saturday against that formidable combination, the "Clarence Amateurs." He did not mention his purpose at home, not desiring witnesses, for he had a suspicion that his deeds would look more imposing in the cold simplicity of print.

On the all-eventful afternoon, Walter found awaiting him at the park gates, Reggie, eight other boys, and a Mr. Hout. The last

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was a stout, red-faced man, in a faded frock-coat and carpet slippers, who had played for the Australians when first-class cricket was better than it is to-day. Fast round-arm bowling was his *forte*, but on Saturdays he could not be put on. Between the point of a match to the right of one, and the short-leg of a match to the left, there is on Saturdays but a narrow channel, and Mr. Hout could not find it. A fielder resents a jolt in the back from a bowler in another game, and is not in the least degree mollified by the assurance that the delivery was "one of the same as I used to bowl to W. G." The fire and originality of the man seemed to find expression in these wides.

In batting, Mr. Hout was the best man on the side, owing to a mental obscurity that prevented him from recognising when he was l.b.w. The most lucid umpire could not persuade him to retire. As, of the balls delivered to Mr. Hout, four out of ten hit him upon the foot or the calf, this was of some importance. He was not a fast scorer, but he had some beautiful strokes, the best being a very late cut. It was made from a ball that was somewhere between wicket-keeper and long-stop. The stroke added nothing to the score, but was valuable as a demonstration.

"Being allowed an equal share in a rough and tumble, he made part of the journey very pleasantly under the seat."

The legend as to his prowess was accepted universally upon the practice-ground, and his presence upon a side was supposed to confer a certain amount of distinction, but none of the little boys desired it. He would waylay them at the park gates, so boisterously glad to see them, and so confident that the pleasure was mutual, that no youngster liked to hurt his feelings by telling him he was not wanted. Mr. Hout was not particular as to what club he represented, and on Saturdays, when he might not bowl, he would sometimes bat in half-a-dozen different games.

It was a tedious business waiting while the "Amateurs" straggled up. Walter, being new to the scene, took a general survey of Clarence Park and its cricket, in which the reader may like to join him.

Although the best clubs played upon the match-ground, where they formed a league and played one another also in cup ties, there were men's clubs (of no little repute

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in their own world) who played matches upon the practice-ground, sometimes as many as a couple of hundred spectators watching one from the roadway. Men dressed for these contests in black broadcloth suits. A cricket-cap, often with a gold or silver tassel, crowned the whole. Some maintained that tassels were the prerogative of captains and vice-captains, but the point was doubtful.

The patches, although quite bare, were not bad; indeed, the hardened earth was both truer and safer than the turf of the match-ground. The bowler, unless he brought down a spectator or a player in another game, never looked like injuring anyone, but the batsman seemed to live on the edge of manslaughter. Bearded giants would be swiping furiously at leg balls, and three yards from them, little boys, with their backs turned, would be happily quarrelling with each other, oblivious to the fact that any moment might be their last. Fortunately the park match player never lets himself go except at leg balls, which he invariably misses. With other balls, wherever pitched, he takes no liberty, choosing instead that incessant watchfulness which is said to be its equivalent or price.

"Small boys were chary about throwing themselves in the path."

Figures show that the safest position in London is the centre of a park, with one's back to a dozen batsmen bent upon one's destruction.

But this overcrowding, although not injurious, causes plentiful inconvenience. To have other matches cutting off the in-field from the out is no slight drawback. It is on record that a new member, put to field-cover and long-on, was thanked for every ball he returned. Men get sent away to the long-field, and they never come back. An innings closes, the field picks itself out like pieces of a Chinese puzzle, but one is missing. Perhaps he has attached himself to some more interesting game. He has made a lucky catch of a neighbour's ball, and the unsuspecting striker has walked sadly away. Without confessing the fraud, the side that has thus accepted his assistance cannot resent his continuance in their game, or deny him an innings subsequently.

But by this time the "Clarence Amateurs" are assembled, and have carried their point about using their own ball. Reggie's club played with a leather match-ball, black from use and as soft as putty. (Elsewhere has been written the history of this ball.) But the "Amateurs'" was a composition one, many ounces over weight, and as hard as granite. Mr. Hout, anticipating the impact of this missile upon his ankles, was profuse in expressions of disgust.

"I'd like to take that ball away with me," he said, "and show it to W. G."

"You'll have to 'piy' for it first, then,"

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said the captain of the "Amateurs," an uncultivated person, but not without observation.

The "Amateurs" won the toss and of course put their opponents in, the captain wisely starting with sneaks at both ends. For a time wickets were more plentiful than runs, but the game was saved by Walter and Mr. Hout. Walter's success was as much a matter of character as of skill. In similar circumstances, his younger brother Claude would have tried to give these lost lads a notion of style, and have perished miserably. Max, on the other hand, would have been overcome by the ignominy of his surroundings and the hopelessness of trying to rise above them. Walter was saved from these pitfalls by his powers of self-deception. He intended to succeed, and the newspaper account of his triumph would contain nothing unworthy. Already he was sharing in the delusion he meant Reggie's journalism to create.

Walter's first experience of the composition ball was disconcerting. He came hard down upon a sneak, and the sensation was of having been struck by lightning. His arms tingled, and the ball scarcely moved. For a while he made no further attempt to hit, contenting himself with pushing the ball in front of him and stealing a run. Both batsmen ran down the middle of the wicket, and as one of them weighed some thirteen stone, it may be imagined that small boys were chary about throwing themselves in the path. The bowlers began to get rattled, and to send down balls that pitched, and Walter discovered that these could be hit.

Meanwhile, Mr. Hout was stopping balls with his ankles, like a hero. Early in the play the umpires abandoned hope of getting him to retire l.b.w. They said "Out!" when appealed to, but more as a record of a conscientious opinion than from expectation of any practical outcome. The "Amateurs" consoled themselves with the barren glory of scoring the adverse decisions. They raised a cheer when a two-er—one for the overthrow—put the total of his runs above that of his l.b.w.'s. But Mr. Hout felt himself to be playing the innings of his lifetime, and heeded neither bruises nor sarcasms. At last he pulled a full pitch into his wickets, and retired for eleven, the value of his innings being lessened by the fact that at its termination he flung down the bat on the pitch, and point securing it, five runs were credited to the fielding side.

This five-run penalty for flinging down the bat was universal in the practice-ground, point being kept in very close for the express purpose of pouncing upon it. It had happened, when the bowling was very deadly and the batsmen specially irascible, that a side had been beaten before its opponents went to the wickets.

Walter kept up his end, carrying out his bat for thirty-three. Needless to say, the "Clarence Amateurs" were decisively beaten. Mr. Hout took no part in the latter stages of the game, having obtained a place in a railwaymen's match, where there was cricket of a higher class, and a small cask of beer beside the scorer.

Walter was a little disappointed with his first Press notice. It said that the "Duke of Wellington" had beaten the "Clarence Amateurs" owing to the good batting of Walter Tyrell and the good fielding of Reginald Cook. There seemed a lack of proportion in bracketing the preparatory boy's baby catches at point with such a feat as making thirty-three, not out. But he bought a copy of the *North London Sentinel* and left it lying about conspicuously. Of course, everyone in the house picked up the paper and glanced at it; but equally as a matter of course, no one noticed what he wished them to. In the end, he had to act as his own showman. His father and Max (very oddly) regarded the episode, and the *Sentinel's* comment, as funny.

"What bowling it must have been!" said Mr. Tyrell, throwing up his hands. Walter modestly tried to suggest that the attack had been very deadly, but his father persisted in his strange attitude.

Claude and Margaret were the only ones to see the matter in the proper light. The little girl spent one of her pennies on another copy of the *Sentinel*, and put it away among her treasures.

"Didn't you want to run away when they were bowling at you so swiftly?" she asked.

Walter had the grace to feel ashamed of himself. He did not mean to tell lies; but when he was relating anything, he always hoped that from his true statements his hearers were receiving impressions that went beyond the truth.

During the ensuing summer the *North London Sentinel* was often moved to admiration by the cricketing performances of Walter Tyrell. Once it called attention to him editorially, in a paragraph dealing with bowling performances of the week. The feats thus immortalised were taken impartially from first-class cricket reports, and from the scores contributed exclusively

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to the *Sentinel's* own columns. It is surprising what a poor figure the first-class bowlers cut.

There was no organised cricket in connection with the great City school, and probably these park games, with all their absurdities, were better for Walter than the half-grudged innings he would have been allowed with his elder brother's friends. He certainly acquired the good habit of going to the wicket expecting to score. He must have made nearly half the runs for his club that came from the bat. Admirers called him "The Ranjitsinhji of the 'Duke of Wellington.'" Positively I think Max and Mr. Tyrell dismissed his successes too lightly.

The club were successful beyond all precedent. There was only one fly in the ointment; but that was a large one—Mr. Hout. Every week did that old International become a greater nuisance. It was not alone that his cheating invariably caused unpleasantness with the opposing side. Unfair as a batsman, he was more unprincipled as a wicket-keeper; and he kept other material as well. He was for ever borrowing things to take home, and they never came back. And he spoke so fiercely when the boys—in the most considerate manner, for they were dreadfully afraid of hurting his feelings—jogged his memory. He pulled at his whiskers in a way that frightened the younger children into fits.

"Did they think he wanted to steal their miserable stumps?" he roared.

They tried to dodge him; but wherever they pitched their wicket, he discovered them.

Things were in this most unsatisfactory state when the match of the season, between the "Duke of Wellington" and the dame's school from which, two years before, it had emanated, was played. Miss Kingsford, the dearest of maiden ladies, provided unlimited ginger-beer and cakes and buns. Mr. Hout arrived upon the scene while the school was batting. He was in his most truculent humour, and more than half drunk. He cursed Reggie for trying to shunt him, and spoke darkly about the conspiracy that had driven him from first-class cricket pursuing him still. He insisted upon a place in the team, and when this was granted, refused to scout, seated himself upon the coats, rioted with the provisions, and threw half-emptied ginger-beer bottles at players he suspected of slackness in the field. He went away for a time, and during his absence, Mr. Gange, the preparatory-master, mooned up and consented to act as umpire. Taking his stand, he seemed to become another man—brisker and more self-reliant. Mr. Gange, although practice-ground *habitués* might not know it, was an ardent follower of the game. The destination of the Clarence Park Cup was his chief interest in life. Only last winter he had won, by examination, a diploma that gave him the right to umpire in matches for the trophy. So well did he acquit himself in this position that it was rumoured he had been appointed one of the umpires in the all-important final.

Mr. Hout returned during the interval, and when the "Duke of Wellington" went in, he took first ball. It was a perfectly fair trickle (the word "sneak" suggests something too venomous and subtle to be appropriate), and was stopped by Mr. Hout's foot. Unimpeded, it would certainly have hit the wicket, but whether it had sufficient force to dislodge a bail is a nice point that umpires (fortunately) have not to consider. The boy umpire thought that it was out, and said so, but Mr. Hout argued that to pitch straight it is necessary for a ball to pitch, and refused to budge. Mr. Gange turned very red, but his colleague letting the matter pass, he said nothing. Shortly afterwards an l.b.w. appeal against the Colonial was made to him.

"Out!" he replied promptly.

This time the batsman used another argument. He said that the ball had struck his right foot. Now, you could only be out leg-before for obstructing with the left. The right foot was called the pivot foot, and could be put where the batsman liked; otherwise how could he cut? Now, Dr. Grace——

"I said 'Out,'" remarked Mr. Gange dangerously.

"I 'eard you; but as you don't seem to understand your business, I am trying to teach it you."

"What's that?"

The despised preparatory-master marched towards the offender with a stride that would not have disgraced Dr. Smart, the head-master, himself.

This pimple-faced, moonish, eyelashless young man, inspired by outraged pride of umpirehood, and by a genuine passion for cricket and fair play, had become a portent, splendidly threatening.

"Take yourself off, now," he said, "before you have cause to regret it!"

"I am going on with my innings, and all the (adjectived) cheats in the park won't stop me. If you give me any more of your

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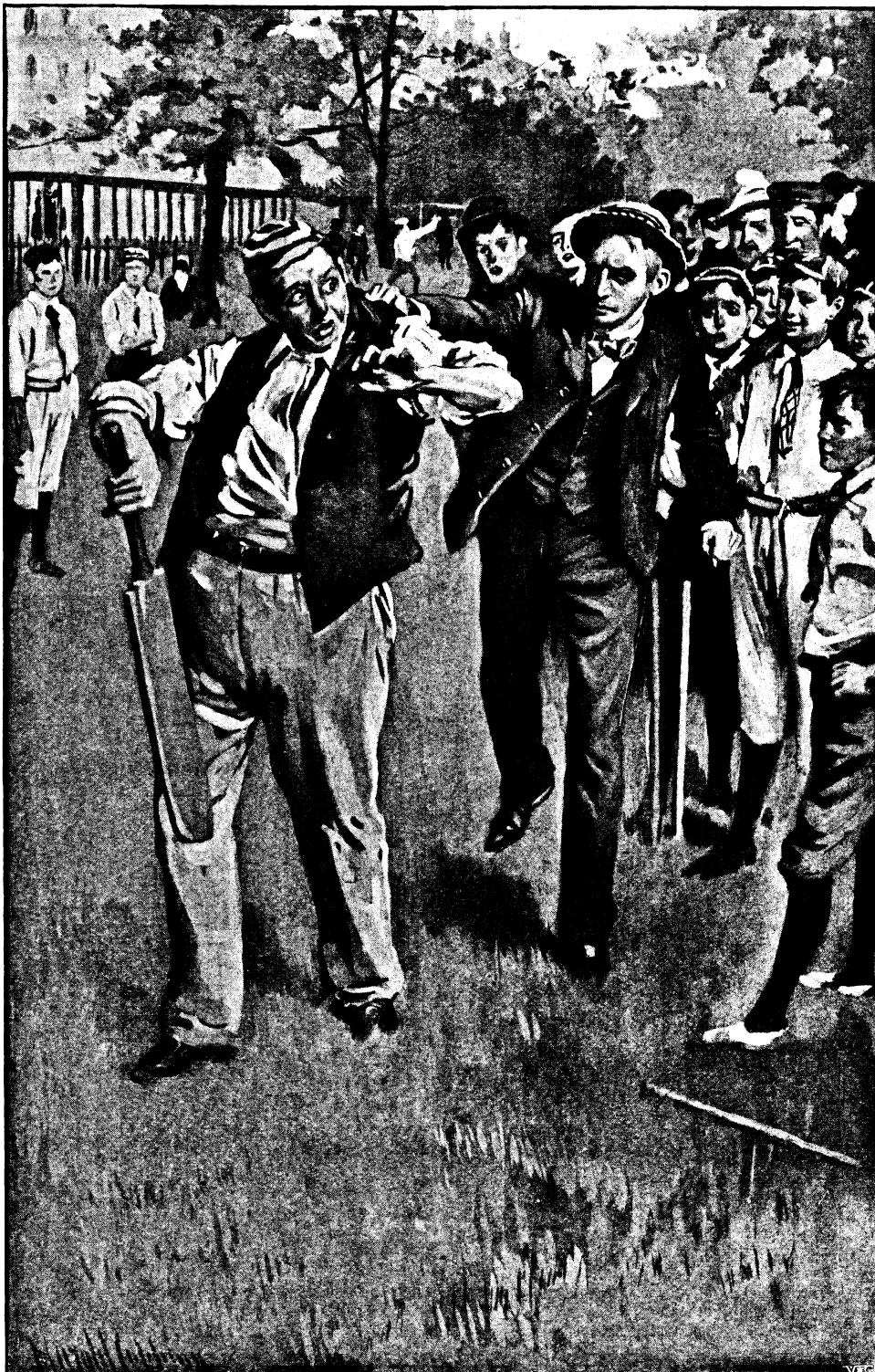

"He seized him by the collar and kicked him off the field of play."

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(expletived) lip, I will break your (emphasised) jaw!"

Mr. Gange plucked up a stump and brought it down across the bully's shoulders.

Mr. Hout burst into foul language, and the stump descended again.

"You dare not put up your dukes, like a man," he whimpered.

Mr. Gange threw away the stump and boxed his ears. And then, seeing that there was no fight in the man, he seized him by the collar and kicked him off the field of play.

"Use your pivot foot to him, master!" a humorist shouted.

A crowd had gathered during the quarrel, and opinions had been dangerously divided, but this cry determined the direction of their sympathies.

"Kicks don't count with the pivot foot!" the roughs shouted.

Directly Mr. Hout could escape, he fled like a dog with a kettle tied to its tail. He never troubled the club again.

Mr. Gange stood, his breath coming in quick pants, and his face in patches of red and white.

"The scoundrel questioned my right to umpire!" he repeated.

One of the crowd had seen Mr. Gange in more imposing surroundings.

"You're good enough for the Cup matches," he said, "and I've bin told they don't 'ave the *worst* umpires in England for them. Pity if you don't know enough for a paltry game like this!"

At the conclusion of the play, Walter apologised to Mr. Gange for his conduct in the detention-room. In the glow of admiration for Mr. Gange's courage, he did more than justice to the latter's motives for sparing him. The fact was, Mr. Gange took no pride in his schoolmastering.

Walter told the story at home, and Max determined that Mr. Gange should be rewarded. It was the privilege of the class to which he had attained to be exempt from detentions, a German master alone contesting this right. Habitually the latter made out detention papers for Fifth Form boys, which they, as regularly, declined to accept. The next time he did this, his victims—six in number—astonished him by taking them without a word, Max having persuaded them, for a generous object, to sink their dignity.

The detention-room had never witnessed such high company.

Of course, Fifth Form boys could not really think a preparatory-master their equal, but you would not have gathered this from their conduct. They stood in a row, with their backs to the empty fireplace, and one or other of them was talking to Mr. Gange all the time.

"Poor Gange seemed jolly nervous while we were speaking to him," said Max afterwards, "but I expect it has done him a heap of good with his boys."

AN APPEAL.

IF unto mortals, dazed with grief,
This clemency were given,
To bring petition for relief
Up to the door of Heaven,

Unshrinkingly would I implore,
Erect in my distress,
Either to know a little more
Or feel a little less.

JESSIE POPE.

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ABSENCE.

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THE PASSING OF THE BLACK WHELPS

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.*

A LOPSIDED, waning moon, not long risen, looked over the ragged crest of the ridge and sent long shadows down the sparsely wooded slope. Though there was no wind, and every tree was as motionless as if carved of ice, these long, intricate shadows seemed to stir and writhe, as if instinct with a kind of sinister, suppressed activity. This confusion of light and dark was increased by the patches of snow that still clung in the dips and on the gentler slopes. The air was cold, yet with a bitter softness in it, the breath of the thaw. The sound of running water was everywhere—the light clamour of rivulets and the rush of the swollen brooks; while from the bottom of the valley came the deep, pervading voice of the river at freshet, labouring between high banks with its burden of sudden flood.

Over the crest of the ridge, inky black for an instant against the distorted moon, came a leaping deer. He vanished in a patch of young firs. He shot out again into the moonlight. Down the slope he came in mighty bounds, so light of foot and so elastic that he seemed to float through the air, though from his heaving sides and wild eyes it was evident that he was fleeing in desperation from some appalling terror. Straight down the slope he came, to the very brink of the high bluff overlooking the river. There he wheeled, and continued his flight up the valley, his violent shadow every now and then, as he crossed the spaces of moonlight, projecting grotesquely far out upon the swirling flood.

Up along the river bluff he fled for perhaps a mile. Then he stopped suddenly and listened, his sensitive ears and dilating nostrils held high to catch the faintest waft of air. Not a sound came to him, except the calling of the waters; not a scent, save the raw freshness of melting snow and the balsamic tang of buds just beginning to thrill to the first of the rising sap. He bounded on again for perhaps a hundred yards, then with a tremendous leap sprang to one side, a full thirty feet, landing belly deep in a thicket of scrub juniper. Another leap, as if he were propelled by steel springs, carried him yet another thirty feet aside. Then he turned, ran back a couple of hundred yards parallel to his old trail, and lay down in a dense covert of spruces to catch breath and ease his pounding heart. He was a very young buck, not yet seasoned in the craft of the wilderness, and his terror shook him. But he knew enough to take his snatched rest at the very edge of his covert, where his eyes could watch the back trail. For a quarter of an hour, however, nothing appeared along that staring trail. Then he got up nervously and resumed his flight, still ascending the valley, but now slanting away from the river and gradually climbing back towards the crest of the ridge. He had in mind a wide reach of swales and flooded meadows, still miles away, wherein he might hope to elude the doom that followed him.

Not long after the buck had vanished, there arose a strange sound upon the still, wet air. It came in a rising and falling cadence from far behind the ridge, under the low, lopsided moon. It was a high, confused sound, not unmusical, but terrifying—a cry of many voices. It drifted up into the silvery night, wavered and diminished, swelled again, and then died away, leaving a sense of fear upon the quiet that followed. The soft clamour of the waters, when one noticed them again, seemed to have taken a new note from the menace of that cadenced cry.

Presently over the top of the ridge, at the gap wherein had first appeared the form of the leaping buck, a low, dark shape came, moving sinuously and with deadly swiftness. It did not bound into the air and float, as the buck had seemed to do, but slid smoothly like a small, dense patch of cloud-shadow—a direct, inevitable movement, wasting no force and fairly eating up the trail of the fleeing deer.

As it came down the slope, disappearing in the hemlock groves and emerging upon the bright, snowy hollows, the dread shape resolved itself into a pack of seven wolves.

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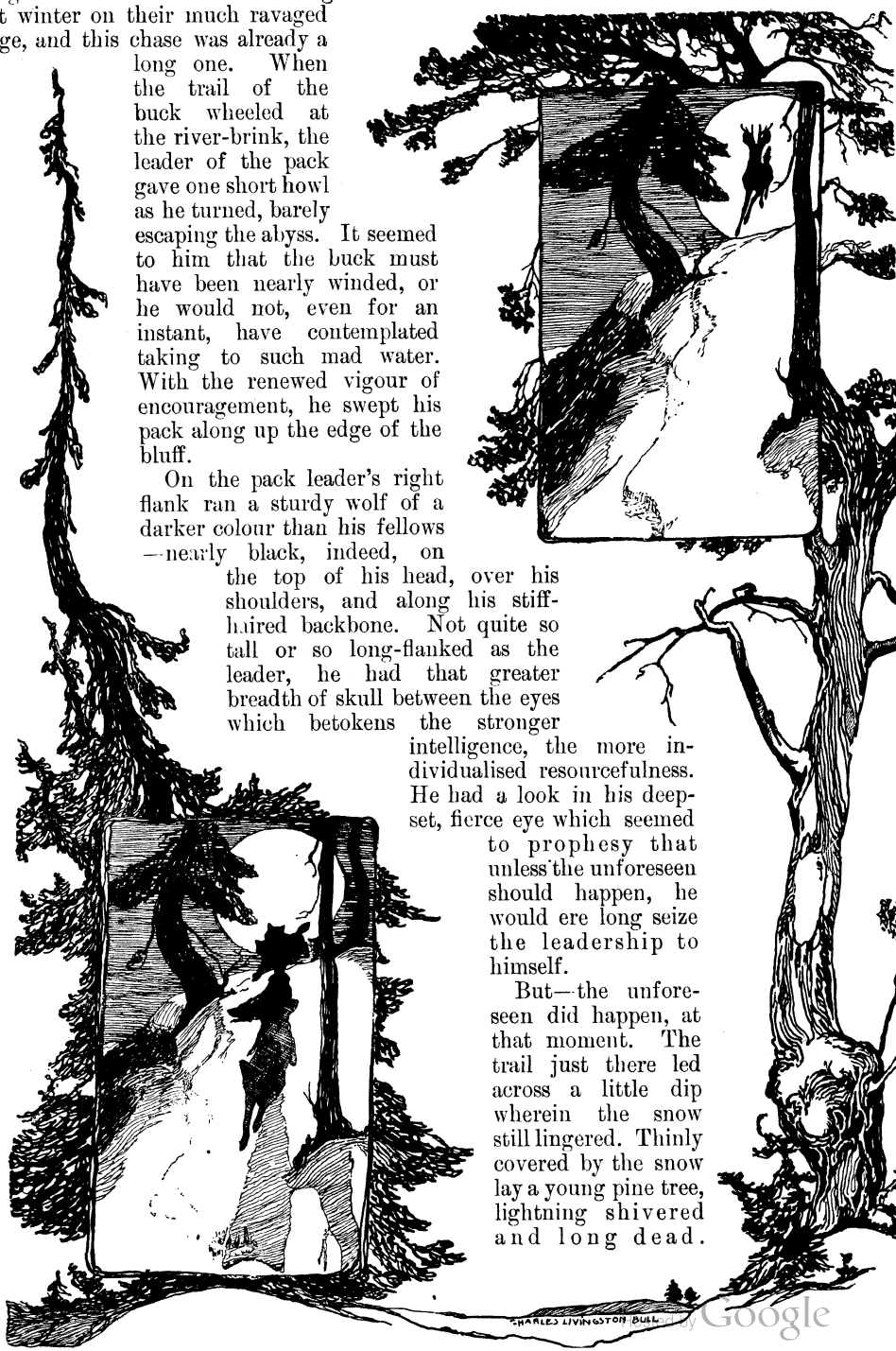
They ran so close, so evenly, with fanged muzzles a little low, and ample, cloudy tails a little high, that one might have almost covered the whole deadly pack with a table-cloth. Their tongues were hanging out and their eyes shot green fire; they were fiercely hungry, for game was scarce and cunning that winter on their much ravaged range, and this chase was already a long one. When the trail of the buck wheeled at the river-brink, the leader of the pack gave one short howl as he turned, barely escaping the abyss. It seemed to him that the buck must have been nearly winded, or he would not, even for an instant, have contemplated taking to such mad water. With the renewed vigour of encouragement, he swept his pack along up the edge of the bluff.

On the pack leader's right flank ran a sturdy wolf of a darker colour than his fellows—nearly black, indeed, on the top of his head, over his shoulders, and along his stiff-haired backbone. Not quite so tall or so long-flanked as the leader, he had that greater breadth of skull between the eyes which betokens the stronger intelligence, the more individualised resourcefulness. He had a look in his deep-set, fierce eye which seemed to prophesy that unless the unforeseen should happen, he would ere long seize the leadership to himself.

But—the unforeseen did happen, at that moment. The trail just there led across a little dip wherein the snow still lingered. Thinly covered by the snow lay a young pine tree, lightning shivered and long dead.



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Thrust up from the trunk was a slim, sharp-pointed stub, keen and hard and preserved by its resin. Upon this hidden dagger-point, as he ran, the dark wolf planted his right fore-foot—planted it fair and with a mighty push. Between the spreading toes, between the fine bones and sinews and the cringing nerves of the foot, and out by the first joint of the leg it thrust its rending way.

At the suddenness of the anguish the dark wolf yelped, falling forward upon his muzzle as he did so, and dropping from his place as the pack sped on. But as he wrenched his foot free and took one stumbling stride forward, the pack stopped and turned. Their long, white fangs snapped, and the fire in their eyes took a different hue.

Very well the dark wolf knew the meaning of the halt, the turn, the change in his fellows' eyes. He knew the stern law of the pack—the instant and inevitable doom of its hurt member. The average grey wolf knows how to accept the inevitable. Fate itself—the law of the pack—he does not presume to defy. He will fight—to justify his blood, and, perhaps, to drug his despair and die in the heat of the struggle. But he does not dream of trying to escape.

And in this fashion, fighting in silence, this dark wolf would have died at the brink of the river-bluff, and been eaten by his fellows ere they continued their chase of the leaping buck—in this fashion would he have died, but for that extra breadth of skull between the eyes, that heightened individualism and resourcefulness. Had there been any chance to escape by fighting, fighting would have been the choice of his fierce and hardy spirit. But what was he against six?

Defying the fiery anguish in his foot, he made a desperate leap which took him to the extreme overhanging edge of the bluff. Already the jaws of the executioners were gnashing at his heels. A second more, and they would have been at his throat. But before that second passed, he was in mid-air, his legs spread wide like those of a squirrel, falling to the ice-cakes of the swollen river. From the brink above, the grim eyes of the baffled pack flamed down upon him for an instant and then withdrew. What was a drowned wolf, when there was a winded buck not far ahead?

"He was in mid-air, falling to the ice-cakes of the swollen river."

But the black-shouldered wolf was not drowned. The flood was thick, indeed, with crunching ice-cakes and wallowing logs and slowly turning islets of uprooted trees and the *débris* of the winter forest. But fortune so favoured the wolf that he fell in a space of clear water, instead of being dashed to a pulp on ice-cake or tree-trunk. He disappeared, came to the surface gasping, struck out hardily through the grim and daunting turmoil, and succeeded in gaining one of those islets of toughly interlaced *débris* which turned slowly in the flood. Upon this precarious refuge, crouched shivering upon the largest tree root and licking persistently at his wounded paw, he was carried swiftly down stream through the roar of waters.

II.

When the lopsided moon, now hung high over a low, desolate shore of blanched ram-pikes, was fading to a papery whiteness against a sky of dawn, the roar of the river grew louder, and the islet, no longer slowly revolving, plunged forward, through a succession of wallowing waves, over a wild half-mile of ledges, and joined itself to a wider and mightier stream; the wolf, drenched, shivering, and appalled by the tumult, clung to his refuge by tooth and claw; and the islet, being well compacted, held together through the wrenching plunges, and carried its burden safely forth upon the quiet current.

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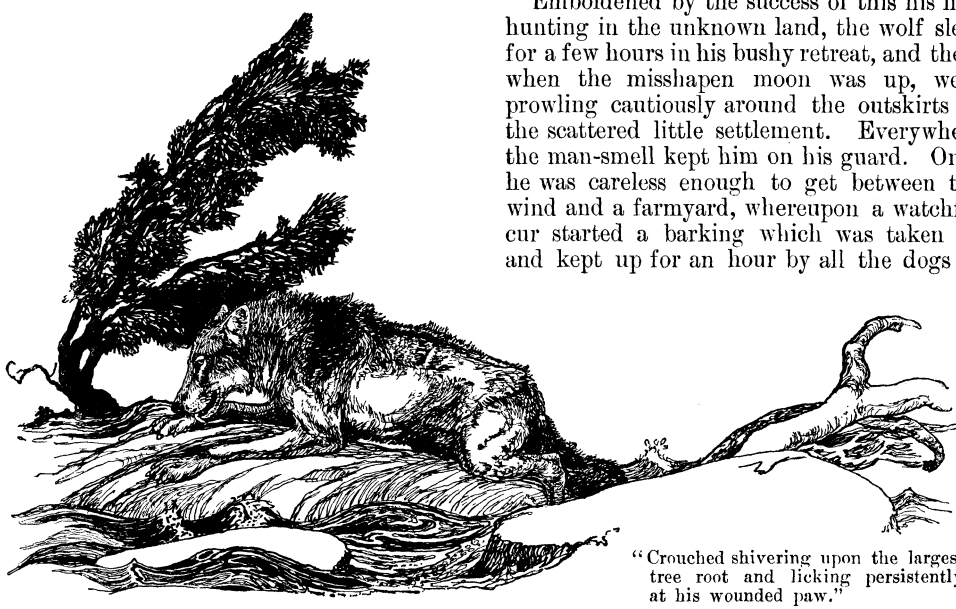
For a day and a night and a day the

starving wolf voyaged down the flood, till his gaunt sides clung together, and a fierce ache gnawed at his vitals. But with the fasting and the ceaseless soothing of his tongue his wound rapidly healed; and when, after sunset of his second evening on the river, the islet grounded in an eddy under the bank, he sprang ashore with speed little impaired. Only a limp and an ache remained to remind him of the hurt which had so nearly cost him his life and had exiled him to untried hunting-grounds.

His feet once more on firm ground, the wolf halted warily. The air that came down the bank carried a strange and warning scent. Noiselessly he crept up the steep, went through a few yards of shrubbery like a ghost, and peered forth upon a rough back settlement road. To one side he saw a cabin with a barn beside it, and two long-horned steers (he had seen steers at a lumber-camp in his own wild land) thrusting their muzzles over the pasture fence. Down the road towards the cabin came a man in grey homespun and cowhide larrigans, with an axe over his shoulder. It was the man-smell which had made him so cautious.

With savage but curious eyes he watched the man, with no thought of attacking alone so redoubtable a foe. Presently the latter began to whistle, and at the incomprehensible sound the wolf shrank back, fear mingled with his curiosity. But when the man was well past, there came a new scent upon the air, a scent quite unknown to him; and then a small black and white cur trotted into view, nosing along the roadside in quest of chipmunks. The jaws of the starving wolf dripped water at the sight. He gathered himself for a rush. He saw that the man had disappeared. The dog ran across the road, nosing a new chipmunk trail, and halted, in sudden apprehension, not five feet from the hidden wolf. There was a rustle, a leap, a sharp yelp; and the wolf was back into cover with his prey.

Emboldened by the success of this his first hunting in the unknown land, the wolf slept for a few hours in his bushy retreat, and then, when the misshapen moon was up, went prowling cautiously around the outskirts of the scattered little settlement. Everywhere the man-smell kept him on his guard. Once he was careless enough to get between the wind and a farmyard, whereupon a watchful cur started a barking which was taken up and kept up for an hour by all the dogs of the village. At this the wolf, with snarling, contemptuous jaws apart, withdrew to a knoll, sat quietly erect upon his haunches, and waited for the din to subside. He noted carefully the fact that one or two men were aroused by the alarm and came out to see what was the matter. When all was quiet again, he sought the house of the nearest yelper, took him by surprise, and killed him in sheer rage, leaving his torn body beside the very doorstep, instead of dragging it away for a later meal. This was a mistake in hunting craft. Had he been more familiar with the man-folk, his wide-skulled intelligence would have taught him better than to leave a clue behind him in this careless fashion.



"Crouched shivering upon the largest tree root and licking persistently at his wounded paw."

From the farmyard he wandered back towards the hills and came upon a lonely sheep-pasture. Here he found killing so easy that he slew in wantonness; and then,

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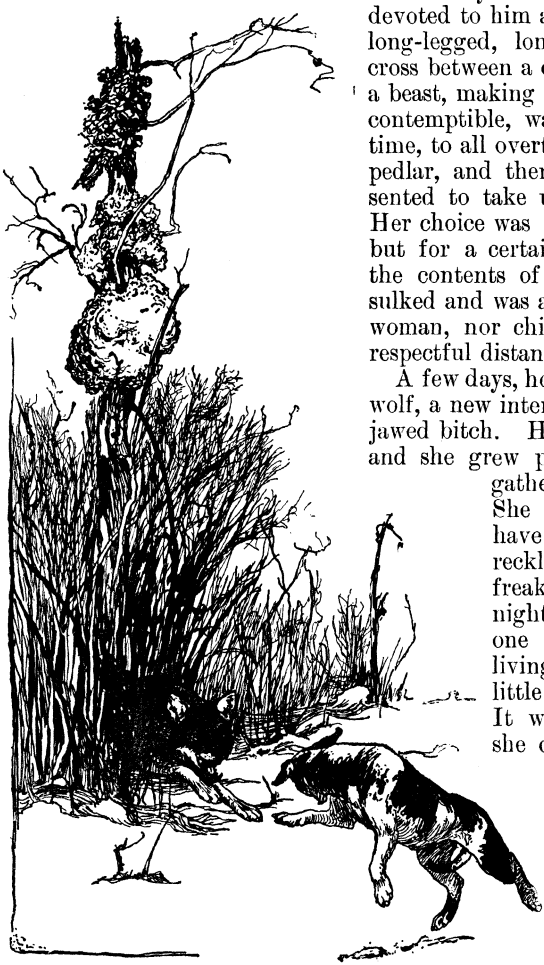
about daybreak, gorged and triumphant, withdrew to a rocky hillside, where he found a lair to his taste.

Later in the day, however, he realised his mistake. He had called down upon himself the wrath of the man-folk. A din of dogs aroused him, and, mounting a rock, he saw a motley crowd of curs upon his trail, with half-a-dozen men following far behind them. He bared his fangs disdainfully, then turned and sought the forest at a long gallop, which, for all his limp and his twinge, soon carried him beyond earshot of his pursuers.

For hours he pressed on, ever eastward, with a little trend to the south, crossing many a trail of deer, caribou, and moose, passing here and there a beaver village, and realising that he had come to wonderful hunting-grounds. But when he came to the outskirts of another settlement, he halted. His jaws ran water at the thought of finding another sheep-pasture, and he decided to range for a while in the neighbourhood. He was quick to realise the disadvantage of man's proximity, but he would dare it for a little before retiring into the untainted wilderness. He had learned his lesson quickly, however. That night he refrained from stirring up the dogs of the settlement; and he killed but one sheep, in a secluded corner of the pasture.

Now, by singular chance, it happened that at this particular settlement there was already a sheep-killer harrying the thick-woolled flocks. A wandering pedlar, smitten with a fever while visiting the settlement, had died, and left to pay for his board and burial only his pack and his dog. The dog, so fiercely devoted to him as to have made the funeral difficult, was a long-legged, long-haired, long-jawed bitch, apparently a cross between a collie and a Scotch deerhound. So unusual a beast, making all the other dogs of the settlement look contemptible, was in demand; but she was deaf, for a time, to all overtures. For a week she pined for the dead pedlar, and then, with an air of scornful tolerance, consented to take up her abode with the village shopkeeper. Her choice was made not for any distinction in the man, but for a certain association, apparently, with the smell of the contents of her late master's pack. For months she sulked and was admired, making friends with neither man, woman, nor child, and keeping all the village curs at a respectful distance.



"A rustle, a leap, a sharp yelp; and the wolf was back into cover with his prey."

A few days, however, before the arrival of the journeying wolf, a new interest had entered into the life of the long-jawed bitch. Her eyes resumed their old bright alertness, and she grew perceptibly less ungracious to the loafers gathered around the stove in the back store. She had entered upon a career which would have ended right speedily with a bullet in her reckless brain but for an utterly unlooked-for freak of fate. She had discovered that, if every night she could hunt, run down, and kill one sheep, life might again become worth living, and the coarse-clodded grave in the little lonely cemetery might be forgotten. It was not the killing, but the chase, that she craved. The killing was, of course, merely the ecstatic culmination. So she went about the sport with artistic cunning. To disguise her trail, she came upon the flocks from the side of the forest, as any wild beast would. Then she would segregate her victim with a skill born of her collie ancestry, set it running, madden it to the topmost delirium of fear and flight, and almost let it escape before darting

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"At sight of the big wolf the hair rose along her back, and she growled a deep note of challenge."

at its throat and ending the game with the gush of warm blood between her jaws.

Such had been her adventures for three nights; and already the settlement was concerned, and already glances of half-formed suspicion had been cast upon the long-legged bitch so innocently asleep by the stove, when the wandering wolf arrived upon the outskirts of the settlement. The new-comer was quick to note and examine the tracks of a peculiarly large dog—a foeman, perhaps, to prove not unworthy of his fangs. And he conducted his reconnoitring with more care. Then he came upon the carcass of a sheep, torn and partly eaten. It was almost like a wolf's work—though less cleanly done—and the smell of the cold trail was unmistakably dog. The black-backed wolf was puzzled. He had a vague notion that dogs were the protectors, not the hunters, of all the four-legged kindred belonging to men. The problem seeming to him an important one, he crouched in an ambush near the carcass to consider it for a time, before setting out upon his own sheep-hunting.

"Here the wanderers found a dry cave."

As he crouched, watching, he saw the killer approach. He saw a tall, lean bitch come up, tear carelessly at the dead sheep for a moment or two, in a manner of ownership, and turn to leave. She was as long in leg and flank as himself, and possessed of the like punishing jaws; but she was not so massive in the shoulder. The wolf felt that he could master her in combat, but he felt no disposition for the fight. The dog-smell that came to his nostrils did not excite the usual hot aversion. On the contrary, it made him desire to know more of the sheep-killing stranger.

But acquaintance is not made lightly among the wild kindred, who are quick to resent a presumption. The wolf slipped noiselessly back into his covert, emerged upon the further side of the thicket, and at a distance of some twenty paces stood forth in the glimmering light. To attract the tall bitch's attention, he made a soft, whining sound.

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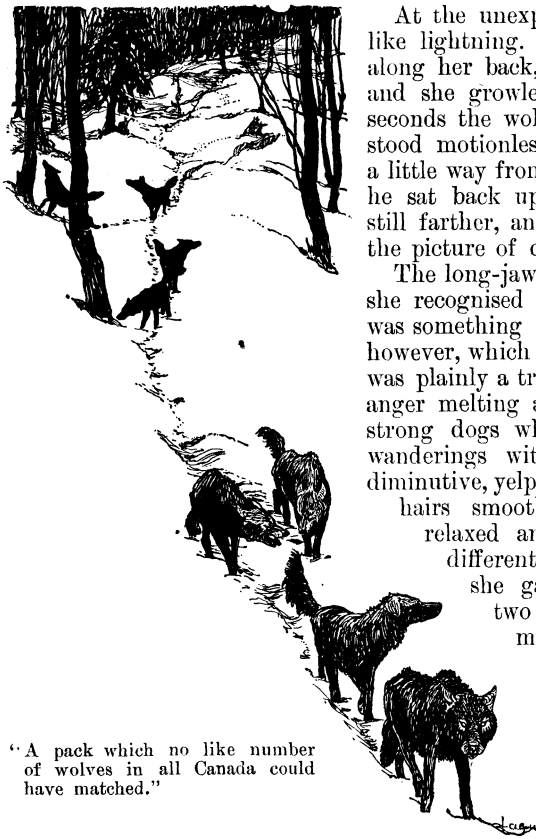

"A pack which no like number of wolves in all Canada could have matched."

At the unexpected noise behind her, the bitch wheeled like lightning. At sight of the big wolf, the hair rose along her back, her fangs bared themselves dangerously, and she growled a deep note of challenge. For some seconds the wolf thought she would fly at him; but he stood motionless, tail drooping humbly, tongue hanging a little way from his lips, a soft light in his eyes. Then he sat back upon his haunches, let his tongue hang out still farther, and drooped his head a little to one side—the picture of conciliation and deference.

The long-jawed bitch had never before seen a wolf, but she recognised him at once as a natural enemy. There was something in his attitude of unoffending confidence, however, which made her hesitate to attack, although he was plainly a trespasser. As she eyed him, she felt her anger melting away. How like he was to certain big, strong dogs which she had seen once or twice in her wanderings with the pedlar! and how unlike to the diminutive, yelping curs of the settlement! Her bristling hairs smoothed themselves, the skin of her jaws relaxed and set itself about her teeth in a totally different expression; her growling ceased, and she gave an amicable whine. Diffidently the two approached each other, and in a few minutes a perfect understanding was established.

That night they hunted sheep together. In the joy of comradeship and emulation, prudence was scattered to the winds, and they held a riot of slaughter. When day broke, a dozen or more sheep lay dead about the pastures. And the wolf, knowing that men and dogs would soon be noisy on their trail, led his new-found mate far back into the wilderness.

III.

THE tall bitch, hating the settlement and all the folk therein, was glad to be quit of it. And she found the hunting of deer far more thrilling than the tame pursuit of sheep. Slipping with curious ease the inherited sympathies of her kind, she fell into the ways of the wild kindred, save for a brusque openness that she never succeeded in laying off.

For weeks the strangely mated pair drifted southward through the bright New Brunswick spring, to come to a halt at last in a region to their liking between the St. John and the Chiputneticook chain of lakes. It was a land of deer and rabbits and ducks, with settlements small and widely scattered, a land where never a wolf-snout had been seen for half a hundred years. And here, on a thick-wooded hill slope, the wanderers found a dry cave and made it their den.

In due course the long-jawed bitch bore a litter of six sturdy whelps, which throve amazingly. As they grew up, they showed almost all wolf, harking back to the type—save that in colour they were nearly black, with a touch of tan in the grey of their under-parts. When they came to maturity, and were accredited hunters all, they were in general larger and more savage than either of their parents, differing more widely, one from another, than would the like number of full-blooded wolves. The eight, when they hunted together, made a pack which, for strength, ferocity, and craft, no like number of full-blooded wolves in all Canada could have matched.

The long-jawed bitch, whose highly developed brain guided, for the most part, the destinies of the pack, for a time kept them far from the settlement and away from contact with men; and the existence of wolves in the Chiputneticook country was not dreamed of among the backwoods settlements. In this policy she was backed by the

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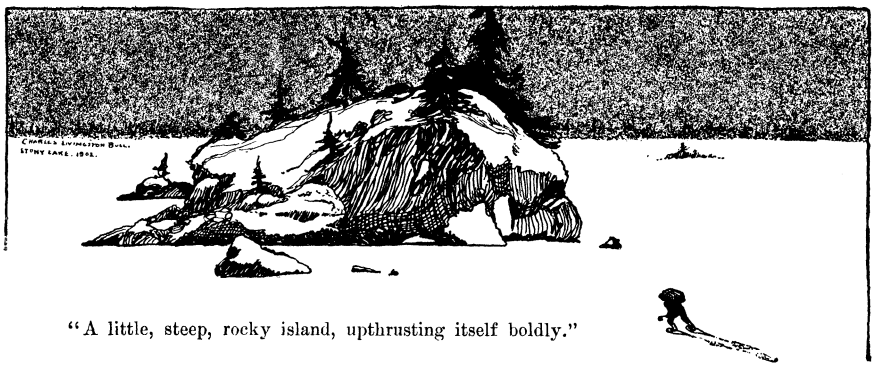

"A little, steep, rocky island, upthrusting itself boldly."

sagacity and strength of her mate, under whose wide-arched skull was a clear perception of the truth that man is the one master animal. But the hybrid whelps, by some perversion of inherited instinct, hated man savagely, and had the dread of him more than either of their parents.

The second winter of the wolves in the Chiputneticook country proved a very hard one—game scarce and hunting difficult; and towards the end of February the pack drew in towards the settlements, in the hope of more abundant foraging. Fate promptly favoured the move. Some sheep, and a heifer or two, were easily killed, with no calamitous result; and the authority of the leaders was somewhat discredited. Three of the young wolves even went so far as to besiege a solitary cabin, where a woman and three trembling children awaited the return of the man. For two hideous moonlit hours they prowled and howled about the door, sniffing at the sill and grinning in through the low window; and when the sound of bells came near, they withdrew sullenly, half-minded to attack the man and horse.

A few nights after this, when the pack was following together the discouraging trail of a long-winded and wily buck, they crossed the trail of a man on snowshoes. This trail was fresher, and to the young wolves it seemed to promise easier hunting.

The trail was that of a gaunt, tan-faced backwoodsman, on his way to a lumber camp a few miles down the other side of the lake. He was packing a supply of light needfuls, of which the lumbermen had unexpectedly run short, and he was pressing forward in haste to avoid a second night on the trail. The pack was carried high on his powerful shoulders, in a manner to interfere as little as possible with his long, snowshoeing stride. In one hand he carried his axe. From under the brim of his coonskin cap his piercing grey eyes kept watch with a quiet alertness—expecting no danger, indeed, and fearing none, but trained to cool readiness for every vicissitude of the wild.

He was travelling through a stretch of heavy timber, where the moonlight came down in such scant streaks that he had trouble in picking a clear path, when his ear was caught by an unwonted sound far behind him. He paused to listen, no unwonted sound being matter of indifference to them who range the wood. It came again, long-drawn and high and cadenced. The big woodsman looked surprised. "I'd 'a' took my oath," said he to himself, "ther' wa'n't a wolf in New Brunswick! But I knowed the deer'd bring 'em back afore long!" Then, unconcernedly, he resumed his tramp, such experience as he had with wolves in the Far West having convinced him that they would not want to meddle with a man.

In a few minutes, however, the instinct of the woods awoke in him suddenly and told him that it was not some buck, but himself, whom the hunting pack were trailing. Then the sound came again, perceptibly nearer, though still far off. The woodsman gave a grunt of impatience, angry to think that any four-footed creature of the forest should presume to hunt *him!* But the barest prudence told him that he should make haste for the open. Under protest, as it were, he broke into a long trot, and swerved to the right that he might soooner reach the lake.

As he ran, the novel experience of feeling himself pursued got on his nerves and filled him with rage. Were there not plenty of deer in the woods? he thought indignantly. He would teach the vermin a lesson. Several times he was on the point of stopping, to have it out with them as soon as possible. But wisdom prevailed, and he pushed on to the open. About a mile from shore, a little, steep, rocky island, upthrusting itself boldly,

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suggested to the woodsman that if his pursuers were really going to have the audacity to attack him, it might be well to have his back to a rock, that he might not be surrounded. He headed for the island, therefore, though with protest in his heart. And just as he got to it, the wolves emerged from cover and darted out upon the shining level.

When the pack came near, the man was astonished first at the stature and dark colour of its members, and realised with a sudden fury that the outcome was not so assured as he had taken for granted it would be. Perhaps he would never see camp, after all! Then he was further astonished to note that one of the pack-leaders looked like a dog. He shouted, in a voice of angry command; and the onrushing pack hesitated, checked themselves, spread apart. From that dominating voice it was evident that this was a creature of power—not to be attacked carelessly, but to be surrounded.

That voice of command had thrilled the heart of a long-jawed bitch. Something in it reminded her of the dead pedlar, who had been a masterful man. She would have none of this hunting. But she looked at each of her savage whelps, and knew that any attempt to lead them off would be worse than vain. A strange hatred began to stir within her, and her fangs bared towards them as if they, not the man against the rock, were the enemy. She looked again at the man and saw the pack at his feet! Instantly her heart went out to him. She was no longer a wolf, but a dog; and there was her master—not her old master, but such a one as he had been. At his side, and fighting his foes, was her place. Like a flash she darted away from her companion, stopped a few feet in front of the ready woodsman, turned about, and faced the pack with a savage growl. Her hair was stiffly erect from neck to tail; her long, white teeth were bared to the roots; her eyes were narrowed to slits of green flame; she half crouched, ready to spring in mad fury and tear the throat of any beast which should try to hurt the man.

As for the woodsman, he knew dogs, and was not greatly surprised at his strange ally. At her sudden approach he had swung his axe in readiness, but his cool eye had read her signals aright. "Good dog!" he said, with cheerful confidence. "We'll lick the varmin!"

But the young wolves went wild with rage at this defection and defiance, and rushed in at once. They sprang first upon the bitch, though one, rushing past, leaped venomously at the woodman's throat, got the axe in his skull, and dropped without a sound. Meanwhile the old wolf, which had been holding back in uncertainty, had made his decision. When he saw his mate attacked, his doubts vanished, and a red haze for an instant went over his eyes. These whelps that attacked her—he suddenly saw them not as wolves at all, but as dogs, and hated them with a deadly hate. Silently he fell upon the nearest and tore him savagely. He was too late, however, to save his mate. The long-jawed bitch, for all her strength and her valiant spirit, was overwhelmed by her powerful offspring. One she had killed, and for one she had crunched a leg-joint to splinters; but now she lay mangled and still under the struggle. The brute whose leg-joint she had smashed dragged out from the *mêlée;* and her faithful mate, the wide-skulled old wanderer wolf, found himself in the death-grapple with three raging adversaries, each fairly his match.

At this juncture, fortunately for the old wolf, the woodsman's understanding eye had penetrated the whole situation. He saw that the black-haired beasts were the common enemy, and he fell upon the three with his axe. His snowshoes he had kicked off when making ready for the struggle. In his mighty grasp, the light axe whirled and smote with the cunning of a rapier; and in a few seconds the old wolf, bleeding but still vigorous, found himself confronting the man across a heap of mangled black bodies. The man, lowering his axe, looked at the bleeding wolf with mingled doubt and approbation. The wolf glared back for an instant—fear, hate, and grief in the green gleam of his eyes—then turned and fled, his pace accelerated by the cheerful yell which the man sent after him.

Turning about, the woodsman saw the disabled whelp trying to sneak off, and with unerring aim threw his axe. The black mongrel sank with a kick and lay still. The woodsman turned over the bodies and patted the fur of the long-jawed bitch which had so splendidly turned back to her traditions in the time of need. As he thought, the main elements of the story unfolded themselves to him. Considerately, he carried the limp body and securely buried it under a heap of stones on the island. The rest he hid carelessly, intending to return and skin them on the morrow.

"Them black pelts'll be worth somethin', I reckon!" he said to himself with satisfaction as he took up his pack.

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"SKIN O' MY TOOTH":

HIS MEMOIRS, BY HIS CONFIDENTIAL CLERK.

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

THE BARONESS ORCZY.*

II.—THE CASE OF THE POLISH PRINCE.

I DOUBT whether full credit was given to Skin o' my Tooth for the solution of that mysterious incident in the Saltashe Woods, which he—and no one else—brought about. Personally, I firmly believe that Kelly, of Saltashe Park, would have allowed his brother to hang, sooner than confess, if Skin o' my Tooth had not succeeded in absolutely cornering him. Now, in the case of the Polish Prince, no one could deny—but perhaps I had better say how it all happened.

The Swanborough tragedy was filling all London and provincial papers with its gruesome mysteries. Early on Tuesday morning, March 18th, the body of a man, shockingly mutilated, was found on the level crossing, just below the Swanborough station of the London and North-Western Railway. It is always difficult to dwell on the grim details which are the usual accompaniment to this type of drama; sufficient to say, in this instance, that the body was found lying straight along the metals, so that the passing express had gone clean over the trunk and face. What mutilation the train had left unaccomplished had been completed by the sparks from the engine. The face was unrecognisable, the hair had been singed, the flesh on hands and neck had been charred. The peculiar position of the body, so carefully laid down, with the feet pointing towards Swanborough station, and the head towards Bletchley, disposed of any theory of accident that may at first have suggested itself. It was clearly either a case of murder—the unfortunate man having, presumably, been rendered unconscious and then placed on the metals—or one of deliberate suicide.

The grim tragedy immediately assumed the appearance of complete mystery. Though Swanborough is but a tiny, straggling village, and this part of Buckinghamshire but scantily populated, no one seemed to have missed a relative or friend, or to recognise the clothes and sundry small articles of jewellery, etc., found upon the mutilated body. The police had published a description of these clothes and articles, and of the body, as far as this could be done. The unfortunate man seemed to be about thirty-five years of age, five feet nine inches in height, and of slight build. He was evidently in the habit of wearing a green silk shade over one eye, for one was found lying on the ground quite close to the head; the right forearm showed a very recent wound caused by the burning of some acid—probably vitriol.

The people of Swanborough, however, in spite of the horrible gruesomeness of the tragedy, seemed to take very little interest in the elucidation of its mysteries; perhaps, too, they had the average English yokel's horror of having anything to do with the police. Be that as it may, it was not until the following day that a more enlightened or more enterprising villager bethought himself of walking to the police-station and informing the inspector there that "maybe the murdered man was Mrs. Stockton's lodger."

It appears that Mrs. Stockton, who rented a small cottage not far from the railway, had had a lodger on and off for the past six months. No one in the village had ever seen him; if he ever went outside the cottage, he must have done so at nights; but young Stockton had sometimes talked to the neighbours about his mother's lodger. He was a foreigner, he said, and "no end of a swell," with a name no decent body could pronounce, as it was about half a yard long. He was certainly very odd in his ways, for he used to go away quite suddenly, and not come home for a week or so on end. Mrs.

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Stockton never knew where he went to; and then he would turn up again, mostly in the very early mornings.

Life in rural districts is wonderfully self-centred; still, the police thought it odd that this tardy information did not come from Mrs. Stockton herself or from her son, if, indeed, her lodger were missing just now. The detective-inspector immediately went down to the cottage. Finding the door locked, and getting no answer to his repeated knocks, he forced his way in, followed by two constables. Parlour and kitchen were empty, but up on the floor above, in one of the three little bedrooms, the men found the unfortunate woman lying in bed with her throat cut. There was no sign or trace anywhere of young Stockton.

The mystery, of course, had deepened more and more. Nothing in the cottage seemed to have been touched; there were even a couple of sovereigns and some silver lying in a money-box. So far, it appeared that two purposeless and shocking murders had been committed probably within a few moments of each other, as Mrs. Stockton had evidently been dead a good many hours. The detective-inspector instituted immediate inquiries in the neighbourhood on the subject of young Stockton, who certainly had unaccountably disappeared. It seems that he was a platelayer by trade, lately in the employ of the North-Western Railway, but recently dismissed owing to ill-conduct.

"'I was engaged to Prince Sierotka, who was murdered on the railway.'"

A description of the missing man was telegraphed to every police and railway station in the kingdom, but so far not a trace of him had been found. The theory of the police was that he had boarded the very train which had mangled the body of his victim, and then dropped off it again a good deal further down the line. Whether he had murdered the "foreign swell" for purposes of robbery, and killed his mother in order to get rid of an inconvenient witness, was, of course, a mere matter of conjecture; certain it is that he had vanished, almost as if the earth had swallowed him up.

II.

From the first, Skin o' my Tooth was greatly interested in the Swanborough tragedy. The enigmatic personality of one of the victims, the veil of complete mystery which the murderer had succeeded in throwing over his crime, the "foreign swell" who lived in the English cottage, all appealed to my chief's love for what was dramatic and mysterious.

It was on the afternoon of the 20th, just after I had come in with the evening papers, that there was a timid rap at an outer office door. I went to open it, and, to my amazement, saw before me the daintiest vision that had ever graced our fusty old office in Finsbury Square.

It was a lovely young girl, scarcely out of her teens, beautifully dressed in deep black, who asked me if she could speak to

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Mr. Mulligan immediately. It is such an unusual thing for us to receive the visits of charming young ladies that for the moment I quite forgot to ask for her name.

However, Skin o' my Tooth was quite ready to receive her, whoever she was, and the next moment I had shown the lady into the private office.

She walked up to my esteemed employer and held out a daintily gloved hand to him.

"My name is quite unknown to you, Mr. Mulligan," she began. "I am Miss Marion Calvert, and I would not have ventured to come like this to your office without any introduction, and all alone, but I want the best possible legal advice, and—— "

"Yes ?"

"My friend, Miss Morton, who is engaged to Mr. Edward Kelly, of Saltashe Park, told me all about you once, a long time ago, and how much you had done for Mr. Kelly. I remember then making up my mind that if ever I were in trouble and wanted a lawyer, I would come to you ; and now—— "

She had undone her furs and seated herself beside the desk. Skin o' my Tooth gave me a wink. I knew what that meant. I was to sit in my usual corner behind the wooden partition and take shorthand notes of everything the lady said.

"Mr. Mulligan," she resumed very abruptly, "I was engaged to Prince Sierotka, who was murdered the other day on the railway near Swanborough."

"Then, indeed, you are in trouble," said Skin o' my Tooth very gently, "and that is why you have come to consult me. Tell me what I can do for you."

"I am afraid that my story will seem a very foolish one to you. I was only a schoolgirl then. It was six months ago," she explained with touching *naïveté*. "I had just left school, and was going down to Buckinghamshire to stay with my guardian, Mr. Percival Lake and his wife, when I first met Prince Sierotka. It was in the train between Euston and Swanborough, and he was so kind and attentive, and oh ! so interesting. He told me that he was a Pole, and he talked about his country, and the revolution, and the Polish martyrs who had suffered in the cause of freedom. He himself was an exile from the country he loved so well, because he had taken part in the revolution. He had large estates, but they were temporarily confiscated by the Czar ; so he had to come to England, which he loved, and he lived in a small cottage amidst roses and lilies, and dreamt there of Poland and her liberty.

"You may imagine how delighted I was when he told me that this ideal cottage was in Swanborough, close to where my guardian lived, for I had hopes then that I should see him again. Well, Mr. Mulligan, I won't bore you with all the details of what was the happiest time of my life. Mrs. Lake was kindness itself, but she kept rather a strict eye over my movements. However, very soon I discovered that I could always slip out in the evenings, while she went to sleep over her game of 'patience,' and then I used to meet Constantine — Prince Sierotka—in the fields at the bottom of the garden. Very soon we had both realised that we loved one another passionately."

"But surely your guardian——" suggested Skin o' my Tooth.

"My guardian was away during the first fortnight of my stay in Swanborough. When he came, things were very much altered. Someone—one of the servants, perhaps—had evidently spied upon me and had told him of my meetings with Prince Sierotka, for he read me a long lecture on the subject of foreign adventurers and English girls with money, and forbade me ever to see this Polish Prince again. Of course, I was obliged to obey him then, as he kept a pretty sharp look-out over my movements, and I saw nothing of Constantine for a week ; but the moment Mr. Lake went back to town, we were able to resume our happy evening meetings in the fields.

"This went on for some time, during which my love for my future husband grew with every obstacle my guardian placed in my way. But Mr. Lake was often obliged to be absent from home on business, and you may be sure that Constantine and I made the most of these happy intervals. We had agreed that we should be married as soon as I was of age and free to do as I pleased.

"During all this time, Mr. Mulligan, I was in absolute ignorance of my future financial position, and Constantine, with a delicacy that was positively sublime, and which put to shame Mr. Lake's cynical insinuations, had never asked me any questions on the subject. I knew vaguely that my father had left me a considerable fortune, under the trusteeship of Mr. Lake, and I concluded that I should have the use of that fortune when I came of age.

"To my astonishment, however, on my eighteenth birthday, which was the ninth of this month, my guardian informed me that

by the terms of my father's will, I was now to become sole mistress of the £40,000 he had left me. The next day Mr. Lake took me up to his office in London and rendered me an account of his guardianship; he then placed into my hands three large packets, which contained my £40,000 worth of securities, chiefly railway and mining shares, he said, and told me that I was free now to do with them what I pleased. It had been ostensibly arranged that I should stay in London a few days with some school friends of mine, but, secretly, Constantine and I had planned to spend long, happy days together. I took a room in Victoria Street, and he used to come up from Swanborough in the mornings sometimes, and we would go out to see the sights of London. We meant to get married almost immediately, and go and live abroad. I was rich now, and we could afford to live in the style befitting Prince Sierotka's rank."

She paused. It seemed as if she could not continue her narrative; so far it had been one of simple, delicate love romance, in which only the mysterious personality of the foreign adventurer appeared as a dim presage of coming evil; now, for the first time since the terrible tragedy occurred, the young girl —little more than a child—found herself forced to speak of it to a stranger, and her very nerves must have quivered at the ordeal. But Skin o' my Tooth did not speak. He sat in the shadow, watching the play of every emotion upon the delicately chiseled face before him.

"Last Monday, Mr. Mulligan," she resumed at last, with an effort at self-control, "Constantine went down to Swanborough in the afternoon, after having spent the day in town with me. He meant to settle what small accounts he had in the village, and stay in London until our marriage. I was sitting quietly at tea at a shop yesterday, when I heard someone close to me read aloud from a newspaper the account of the mysterious tragedy at Swanborough. A man had been found killed on the level crossing, his body and head shockingly mutilated. A description of his clothes followed—one or two articles found near the body. Oh! it was terrible, Mr. Mulligan! From those descriptions I knew that the murdered man must be my *fiancé*, Prince Sierotka."

There was a long silence in the fusty old office. Skin o' my Tooth was giving the young girl time to recover herself, when he said quietly: "It must indeed have been hard to bear in your peculiarly isolated position. But you have not yet told me how I can be of service to you."

"Oh! it's about the money, Mr. Mulligan—my whole fortune. Prince Sierotka had charge of it all, of course, and now I am penniless."

"You need have no fear; we can easily trace those securities for you; the thief won't be able to negotiate them."

"Oh, the securities!" she said naïvely, "they were all sold."

"Indeed?" was Skin o' my Tooth's very dry comment.

"Yes. At Constantine's suggestion, I instructed the brokers, Messrs. Furnival and Co., to sell my shares for me. They sent me a cheque for £38,000, which I endorsed, and Prince Sierotka cashed the cheque. He had all the money in notes, and he told me to write my name at the back of each. On the Monday we went round together to several foreign banks, where we changed our English notes into foreign money. You see, we intended to live in Russia, and meant to start for Paris almost immediately."

I wished then that I could have caught a glimpse of Skin o' my Tooth's face; as it is, I thought I heard the peculiar low whistle he usually gives when a point in a case particularly strikes his fancy.

"I see," he said at last. 'And that money? Did the Prince carry it about with him?"

"He gave me fifty pounds, as I meant to go shopping after he left me; the remainder he kept in his pocket-book."

"Hm! Life's strange ironies!"

But, fortunately for her many illusions, the young girl did not catch the drift of this last remark, for she said with great vehemence: "You see, now, Mr. Mulligan, that there could be no question of accident or suicide. Prince Sierotka was murdered and robbed, and I have come to you so that you may help me to track his murderer."

"I will do my best," said Skin o' my Tooth, with a smile; "and at the same time, we must hope to track your lost fortune for you. But I think that is all I need trouble you about this morning. Where are you staying?"

"I am still at 182, Victoria Street."

"Then I can easily communicate with you. I will see the detective-inspector in charge of the case, and, of course, let him know about the money, which should be found in the murderer's possession. Was the money French or Russian?"

She shook her head.

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"Skin o' my Tooth was looking at the surroundings and at the ground before him."

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"I really couldn't tell you. You see, Constantine saw to everything."

Skin o' my Tooth sighed. So much *naïveté* and blind confidence would be ridiculous were it not sublime.

Five minutes later I had shown the lady downstairs, and when I returned, I found Skin o' my Tooth lounging in his big arm-chair.

"It was a case of biter bit, with a vengeance, wasn't it, sir?" I said, with a laugh, whilst I carefully collected my notes. "This so-called Prince seems to have been as complete a scoundrel as the man who murdered him."

"Muggins, you're an ass!" was the only comment my esteemed employer made during the whole of the rest of that afternoon.

III.

In the meanwhile the evening papers had brought no further news of the Swanborough mystery. No trace of the missing platelayer had been found, and it was pretty clear that at the inquest, which was fixed for to-morrow (Friday), the police would have no important evidence to add to the scanty scraps already collected and published.

"The authorities at Scotland Yard will resent my interference in this case," said Skin o' my Tooth to me; "but I must chance that. If I leave them to blunder on, as they have done over this murder, I shall never get Miss Calvert's money for her, for the scoundrel will succeed in slipping through our fingers."

He sent me down to Scotland Yard the next morning, to make the necessary declaration with regard to Prince Sierotka's antecedents as related to us by Miss Calvert, and also to the missing quantity of foreign money. The detective-inspector who was looking after the case was greatly excited to hear my news.

"This gives us the motive for the crime," he said, "and the foreign money in the possession of an uneducated Buckinghamshire yokel like Stockton is sure to lead to his discovery and speedy arrest. At any rate, now that we have so much fresh data, I will send one of our men—Mason is very capable—down to Swanborough again. I will give him instructions to place himself at Mr. Mulligan's disposal should he require any local information."

When I went back to the office, I found a hansom at the door, and Skin o' my Tooth waiting for me with his hat on.

"Come down to Swanborough with me, Muggins," he said. "I have worked out this case in my own mind, and I want to ascertain, by studying the geography of the place, whether I am right or wrong."

We went down to Swanborough, catching the 12.5 p.m. from Euston. It is a couple of hours' run on the North-Western line, but during the whole of the journey Skin o' my Tooth never spoke a word. He sat leaning back in his corner, with that funny little smile of his playing round the corners of his fat month, and the thick lids drooping as if in semi-somnolence. But every now and then I caught a flash, a steely, almost cruel look in his lazy blue eyes, and then his nostrils would quiver like those of a hound who has just found a scent. I knew those symptoms well. I had seen them in him whenever the sharp and astute lawyer was for the time being merged in the tracker of crime. Skin o' my Tooth had all the instincts of a bloodhound. Placed face to face with a murder, he would follow the trail of the assassin with almost superhuman cunning. He did not deduce, he seldom reasoned; he *felt* the criminal. I believe firmly that he scented him.

When we steamed into the small country station, a little after 2 p.m., we found that Mason, the detective, who was personally known to Skin o' my Tooth, had come down by the previous train. He was standing talking to the booking-clerk when my chief went up to speak to him.

I think that he was none too pleased to see a lawyer mixed up in a case which he no doubt considered strictly the business of the police; but Skin o' my Tooth seemed to have armed himself for the afternoon with a limitless fund of Irish urbanity.

"I won't detain you long, Mason," he said, with a bland smile. "I should presently like to have a look at the body, with you; and in the meanwhile, I daresay, while we walk through the village, you will put me *au fait* of the latest news in connection with this interesting case."

"There is very little news," said Mason, with marked impatience. "The case is a very troublesome one; and if it is meddled with, I don't believe we shall ever get at the rights of it."

"I see that you were having a chat with the young booking-clerk here," said Skin o' my Tooth, quietly ignoring the detective's rudeness. "I wonder what his impression was of the Polish Prince. So few people seem to have seen him; but, of course, at the railway-station they must have known him by sight."

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"The porters and the booking-clerk only saw him once, and that was on the Monday, when he came down by an afternoon train, and one man saw him soon after eleven the same evening. It was just after the last slow train had gone through, and they were closing the booking-office; he was then walking along the line with young Stockton, towards the level crossing."

"What sort of a looking man was he?"

"Oh! a regular foreigner, it appears, with thick black hair falling back over his forehead, and a heavy black moustache. He had a huge scar right across the left side of his face—from a wound, I suppose. They say it looked like a sabre cut, and it seems to have injured his eye as well, for he wore a guard over the left one. Anyway, he is quite unrecognisable now," he added grimly.

Mason had led the way along the platform while he was talking, and we had followed him. He was now walking along the railway line, about two paces in front of us. On our left a tall and neat hedge fenced off a field, and some two hundred yards ahead was the level crossing, where a road cut the line at right angles.

About twenty yards from the level crossing there was a wide gap in the hedge. Mason pointed this out to us.

"It is supposed that Stockton enticed his victim into the field under some pretence or other, and rendered him unconscious there, then he dragged him on to the metals. This gap, Mr. Lake tells me, used to be quite a small one. It has obviously been broken and widened quite recently."

"Mr. Lake?" queried Skin o' my Tooth.

"Mr. Percival Lake. This field is his property; his house and grounds are at the opposite end of it."

"Oh! Ah, yes! I am glad to hear that, as I should like to call on Mr. Lake before I leave Swanborough to-day."

We had come to a standstill on the very spot where the awful and gruesome murder of the mysterious foreign prince had been perpetrated. Skin o' my Tooth was looking at the surroundings and at the ground before him, and every now and then I could hear him snorting, and caught sight of that weird and quick flash in his eyes which gave his jovial, fat face such a cruel look. Then, without word or warning, he suddenly darted through the gap in the hedge, into the field beyond. With an impatient shrug of the shoulders, Mason followed him, and I brought up the rear.

It was mid-December, and the ground was as hard as nails; a few patches of dead grass only showed here and there. We were in a field of about thirty acres, triangular in shape, with the same tall hedge surrounding it, and the house and grounds forming its apex. A road ran on either side of it, converging towards one another on the other side of the house.

The afternoon had rapidly drawn in. It was past three o'clock, and a thick mist had descended. Mason followed, with evident and unconcealed ill-humour, Skin o' my Tooth's peregrinations through that field. At first he had offered certain hints and volunteered some information, but at last he seemed to have resigned himself to the part of a bad-tempered man in charge of a lunatic.

We walked straight across the field to where the house and its thick shrubbery formed its extreme boundary. There, too, a small gate led to a cottage and tiny garden, which occupied a piece of ground that seemed to have been sliced out of Mr. Lake's property.

"It is Mrs. Stockton's cottage," explained Mason, in answer to Skin o' my Tooth's inquiry. Quite close to the gate there was a tool-shed, which seemed to interest Skin o' my Tooth immensely, for he lighted match after match in order to examine it inside and out. However, he expressed no desire to view the interior of the cottage, and at last, when I was quite numb with fatigue and cold, he turned to Mason and said quietly: "I am quite ready to go to the station now and have a look at the body."

For a moment I thought that Mason meant to go on strike; but evidently he had had his orders, or perhaps he, too, began to feel, as I had done so often, that curious magnetic influence of Skin o' my Tooth's personality, which commands obedience at strange moments and in strange places. Be that as it may, he refrained from making any remark, but passing through the gate and cottage garden, he went out into the road. About five minutes' brisk and silent walk brought us to the village, and then on to the little police-station. Still without a word, Mason led the way into an inner room. There upon a deal table, and covered over with a sheet, lay the body of the murdered man.

IV.

It is not often—thank Heaven for that!—that I have to go through such unpleasant moments in my faithful adherence to my duty towards my employer. I shall never

forget the terrible feeling and sickly horror which overcame me when Skin o' my Tooth so quietly lifted the sheet which covered the dead man. The whole scene is even now vividly impressed upon my mind—the small, low-raftered room, the oil-lamp hanging from the ceiling and throwing its feeble light upon the gruesome thing on which I dared not look, and upon the strange, bulky figure, so strangely impressive at this moment, of my chief. Mason stood close by in the shadow. I could see that even he did not care to cast too long a look at the hopelessly mutilated face of the murdered man. Skin o' my Tooth, however, was quite unmoved. He had dropped the sheet, and calmly, one by one, he took up each garment from the pile of clothes which lay neatly folded beside the body.

"These were found upon the deceased, I understand?" he asked. The detective nodded.

"All," he replied, "except the gloves, which were in the grip of the hand."

"And which this man could never have worn," commented Skin o' my Tooth drily, "though they are quite old; they are two sizes too small for the hand."

There was silence again for a few moments; then Skin o' my Tooth, having carefully examined each individual garment, put the last one down; then, placing his hand upon the pile, he said: "I hope for your sake, Mason—and for mine, too, for that matter, since it would save arguments—that you have arrived at the only possible and complete solution of the so-called mystery."

"The only mystery in this matter," retorted Mason gruffly, "is the real personality of the deceased. We know who murdered him all right enough, though we don't know where the murderer may be at the present moment."

"The personality of the deceased is no mystery to me. He was a young man named Stockton, a platelayer by trade, and an inhabitant of this village," said Skin o' my Tooth, making this extraordinary announcement as if he were stating the most obvious and commonplace fact.

Mason shrugged his shoulders and looked almost appealingly at me, as if he wanted me to take charge of this raving lunatic.

"The only thing that puzzles *me*," continued Skin o' my Tooth imperturbably, "is that it never struck any of you gentlemen in charge of this case how very badly some of these clothes must have fitted this man."

"People don't always have their clothes cut by a London tailor," muttered Mason sarcastically.

"Undoubtedly. But in this case the fit is so erratic; while the trousers would be at least three-quarters of an inch too long in the leg, the coat-sleeves would be at least an inch too short. This man could not have had these gloves on at all; and every time he wore these boots, which are not new, he must have endured positive tortures, yet he has no corns on his feet."

"The clothes might have been a scratch lot, bought at a second-hand clothes shop," suggested Mason.

"A man does not buy second-hand boots that are much too small for him."

"What is your idea, then?"

"That they are another man's clothes," said Skin o' my Tooth quietly.

"But——"

"Note one thing more. The suit of clothes are good, such as a gentleman might wear; boots, gloves, hat, all are of an expensive kind; but the underclothes are of the commonest and coarsest make."

"That often happens," muttered Mason obstinately.

"It certainly in itself would mean but little were it not for the fact that with almost superhuman cunning everything has been devised in order to completely destroy the identity of the victim. From the clothes, every tag and some buttons have been removed which might bear the tailor's name; on the forearm, vitriol was used, in order, obviously, to obliterate some mark—tattoo, perhaps—which might have made the body recognisable, whilst the same corrosive substance destroyed the finger-nails, which might have told a tale."

"The accepted theory is that deceased was engaged in some work which necessitated the use of sulphuric acid."

"That might account for the corroded finger-nails, if the man was particularly careless, but not for the wound on the forearm. Think of it all carefully, Mason, and then bear in mind the fact that the only person who might by chance have identified the body, in spite of its mutilation, was also murdered."

"You mean Mrs. Stockton?"

"The mother undoubtedly," replied Skin o' my Tooth quietly. "Surely you see for yourself now that the body we have here before us is that of Stockton, the platelayer, whereas it is this so-called Prince Sierotka, this arch-scoundrel, thief, liar, and assassin,

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"Skin o' my Tooth quietly lifted the sheet which covered the dead man."

yet—for a search-warrant and warrant for the arrest of Mr. Percival Lake, of Swanborough. You will find most of the £38,000 there, in foreign money, Russian or French. That money belongs to my client, Miss Marion Calvert, who will file affidavits to this effect to-morrow."

"You are mad!" retorted Mason.

"Mad, am I?" laughed Skin o' my Tooth jovially. "Why, man, you know as well as I do by now that I am right. Why, I guessed the trick the moment Miss Calvert told me her pathetic little history; then I came down here, and I saw how admirably the geography of the place was adapted to that arch-villain's infamous plot for robbing his young ward. Why, you have only to remember three points to realise how absolutely right I am. Point number one: Whenever Mr. Percival Lake was at home, Miss Calvert could never see her sweetheart. The moment he was supposed to go back to town she found him at the trysting-place in the field; but always at night, remember, when the disguise, the scar, the black hair, would more easily deceive the young girl. It was only when he had got her money absolutely in his possession that he became more audacious and saw her in London in broad daylight."

"I have always thought that that scar and the thick, black hair meant a disguise," muttered Mason. "Some people are so clever at making up, and Mr. Lake is a little bald and clean-shaved."

"The change of costume was so easy of execution with that convenient little tool-shed in his own shrubbery, secluded from all eyes and, until recently, fitted with a good lock and key, which have since, very ob-

who so far has escaped the vigilance of the police."

"You may be right," murmured Mason, convinced, as I could see, in spite of himself with the firm logic of Skin o' my Tooth's arguments; "but, as far as I can see, you have not by any means solved our difficulty. It was quite one thing to hunt for a Buckinghamshire yokel, who would be trying to pass a quantity of foreign money and could not speak any language but his own, and quite another to search through the Continent of Europe now for a foreigner, of whose real appearance I presume even your client, his sweetheart, is ignorant."

"You won't have to search through the Continent of Europe, my man," said Skin o' my Tooth, with a jovial laugh. "You just apply—as quickly as you can, too, for the gentleman may slip through your fingers

viously, been removed. Why, nothing in the world could be more easy than for an arch-scoundrel like that man Lake to ostensibly leave for town in the evening, carrying his bag, and, walking through his field, to spend the night in the tool-shed, and emerge therefrom in the very early morning as Prince Sierotka; then to repeat this performance whenever the foreign adventurer had to resume his original part of Mr. Percival Lake, Miss Calvert's stern guardian. Add to this point number two—that the man who played the trick on Miss Calvert must have known all about her financial position and the full terms of her father's will, by which she came of age at eighteen."

"That certainly brings it nearer home to Lake than ever. And your third point, Mr. Mulligan?"

"That this so-called foreigner was supposed to have gone up to London from Swanborough very frequently during the week, when he met Miss Calvert in town nearly every day, and helped her to transfer her English securities into foreign money, and yet no one at the Swanborough railway-station had ever seen him before the night of the murder. Then, he wished to show himself, openly, in the company of the platelayer, so that, when he had murdered Stockton and dressed up his body in his own cast-off disguise, everyone should fancy that they recognised in the mangled remains the personality of the Polish Prince. He did the murder at dead of night, of course, and in the privacy of his own fields; he used vitriol where marks of identification might reveal the platelayer; then he murdered Mrs. Stockton and slipped home quietly to bed. I dare say his wife was an accomplice. Some women are very loyal or very obedient to their husbands. But come along, Muggins," he said, suddenly altering the tone of his voice and turning to me; "we shall miss that 6.30 up to London. It must be nearly that now, and Mason will want to think all this over."

"No, I don't, sir," said Mason firmly. "I am going up to town with you, if you will allow me."

"What for?"

"To report myself and to get a warrant for the arrest of Mr. Percival Lake."

* * * * *

Everyone remembers the arrest of Mr. Percival Lake on a double charge of murder. In his safe at his house in Swanborough were found French and Russian notes amounting in value to about £38,000. Tracked to earth, the scoundrel made but a poor defence. Fortunately for his relations, since he was well connected, he died of sudden heart failure during the subsequent magisterial inquiry, and was never committed for trial.

This all happened three years ago. Miss Calvert is married now, and has evidently forgotten her former passionate love for the mysterious Polish patriot.

SYLVIA'S ROSE.

WHEN Sylvia to her garden goes,
I envy every flower there;
And most of all the favoured rose,
When Sylvia to her garden goes.
It gladly dies because it knows
It first will nestle in her hair.
When Sylvia to her garden goes,
I envy every flower there.

The rose that Sylvia deigns to wear
Is happy in its death,
Though no fresh charm to her can bear
The rose that Sylvia deigns to wear;
It breathes its soul forth from her hair
And mingles with her breath;
The rose that Sylvia deigns to wear
Is happy in its death.

C. A. MITCHELL.

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HIS SECRET!

SHE: I *do* so love art, Mr. Dauber! Now *do* tell me—do you sit down and dream out your pictures, or do you work from inspiration?

PRACTICAL R.A. (wearily): My dear young lady, I work from ten to three.

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

A CLERGYMAN was explaining to his Sunday-school the difference between the Jewish and the Christian festivals. At the close of the lesson, when he asked for the name of any festival peculiar to the Christian Church, he was delighted to see the two "bad boys" of the class hold out their hands. His delight was modified, however, when the first boy volunteered the suggestion, "Bank Holiday"; and when the second, not to be beaten, burst forth with "Carlisle races, sir," he felt that his efforts had not been entirely crowned with success. But to err is human!

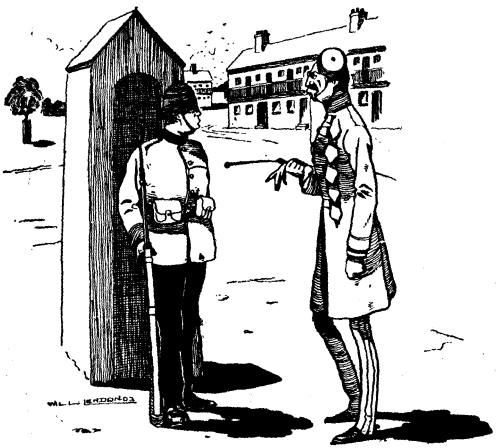
MISTRESS (to new maid): Your former master was rather an invalid, wasn't he, Bridget?

BRIDGET: Shure, an' he was; ivery week he wad retoire to his bed fur a fortnoight!

"You ought to know about Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego," said the teacher; "all their names were read in this morning's service."

"Mebbe their banns *were* put up," was the reply, "but they're not Slocum folk!"

THE country lad is always put down as a "dullard" in every sense of the word, but the following story will prove that such is not always the case, and that sometimes he is exceedingly sharp and witty. The particular lad I am speaking of was one of a family of seven, all brought up on the farm. He was one day driving a lot of young pigs along the road to the sale, when a prim young curate, just down from Oxford, met him at a junction of three roads and interrogated the youth as follows: "Where does this road go to my lad?" To which he got: "Don't go anywhere as I knows on." "Well, where does that road take you to?" asked the curate, pointing up one of the roads. "Don't take yer nowhere as I knows on," replied the lad. The curate scarcely knew what to say, but tried again. "Where does that one take you to?" pointing up the remaining road. "An' that don't take yer nowhere neither—none of 'em goes anywhere—they're always 'ere when I comes this way, and none of 'em ever took me anywhere; but this way leads to Patsley, that way leads to Framley, and that to Byton," replied the lad, as he pointed with his stick in the various directions. The young man of the Cloth felt like kicking the youth, and thought he would administer a lesson to him, so he said: "My lad,



A MATTER OF RECOGNITION.

MAJOR (to sentry, who has failed to salute him): Do you know who I am?
RECRUIT (fresh from the North): Nae; do ye ken me?

who do these pigs belong to?" The lad answered: "The maister." "And who is master of 'em?" asked the curate. The lad giggled as he replied: "Well, sir, I think as how that little sandy 'un with the black ears is, for he's a little beggar to fight." The curate hurried on, saying a lot under his breath about that lad, but thoroughly convinced that he'd got plenty to learn yet.

THE excuses given by small boys for their absence from school, when they have been playing truant, are generally moulded on home duties.

The following is a true instance:—

TEACHER (to a well-known six-year-old offender): Willie Hart, why weren't you at school yesterday?

WILLIE HART (with a saintly look): 'Ad to stay at 'ome to mind the baby, teacher.

This was too much for a neighbour of his, who excitedly called out—

"Teacher! they ain't got no baby at their 'ouse!"

Then Willie took part in a striking tragedy in one act.

AN infant-school head-mistress, expecting a visit from an inspector who was always on the *qui vive* for bad discipline, thinking by timely judicious warning to avoid any complaint, said to her scholars—

"Now, children, when the inspector comes, be very careful to sit quite still and behave properly, because while he is talking to me, and you think he can't see you, he will be looking at you out of the corner of his eye and noticing everything you do."

Here a young hopeful frantically called out—

"Governess! Governess!"

"Yes, Alec Eden."

"Governess! I say, ain't 'e artful?"

Collapse of governess.

THE UNANSWERABLE.

RURAL AGITATOR (to the assembled inhabitants of Dullbro', ten miles from everywhere): Well, my frien's, if the Gov'ment closes the public-'ouse o' Sundays, will they throw open yer museums, yer picksher gall'ries, an' yer libraries?

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THE POINT OF VIEW.

SWEET SEVENTEEN (to Jones, who has come out first ball): What a pity you didn't have the other man to bowl for you! He always manages to hit the bat.

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AN AUTO BUGLE SONG.

A long way after Tennyson.

THE splendour falls on cast-steel walls
Of flying racers grim and gory;
The chauffeur shakes the shining brakes,
And the wild auto leaps in glory.

Blow, bugle, blow;
Set the wild public flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes—
"Dying, dying, dying!"

O hark! O hear! now far, now near,
Then fainter, clearer, farther going—
Beyond the red of maimed and dead
The horns of swelldom faintly blowing!

Blow, bugle, blow
From the wild auto flying,
And answer, echoes, answer—
"Dying, dying, dying!"

Oh, see them fly toward yon sky
And fall on pave and field and river!
Our autos roll o'er each poor soul,
And run for ever and for ever.

Blow, bugle, blow;
Set the doomed people flying—
What if each echoes answer you:
"Dying, dying, dying"?

HOWARD CLARK.

ONE WAY OF HEARING.

MOTHER: Didn't you hear me call, Tommy?
TOMMY: No! You shouted so loud it made me deaf.

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A SUMMER SONG.

FROM THE PICTURE BY ALFRED SEIFERT.

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THE BONDS OF DISCIPLINE.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.*

AS literature, it is beneath contempt. It concerns the endurance, armament, turning-circle, and inner gear of every ship in the British Navy—the whole embellished with profile-plates. The Teuton approaches the matter with pagan thoroughness; the Muscovite runs him close; but the Gaul, ever an artist, breaks enclosure to study the morale, at the present day, of the British sailorman.

In this, I conceive, he is from time to time aided by the zealous amateur, though I find very little in his dispositions to show that he relies on that amateur's hard-won information. There exists—unlike some other publication, it is not bound in lead boards—a report by one "M. de C.," based on the absolutely unadorned performances of one of our well-known *Acolyte* type of cruisers. It contains nothing that did not happen. It covers a period of two days; runs to twenty-seven pages of large type exclusive of appendices; and carries as many exclamation points as the average French novel.

I read it with care, from the adorably finished prologue—it is the disgrace of our Navy that we cannot produce a commissioned officer capable of writing one page of lyric prose—to the eloquent, the joyful, the vindictive end; and my first notion was that I had been cheated. In this sort of book-collecting you will see how entirely the bibliophile lies at the mercy of his agent.

M. de C., I read, opened his campaign by stowing away in one of her boats what time H.M.S. *Archimandrite* lay off Funchal. M. de C. was, always on behalf of his country, a Madeira Portuguese fleeing from the conscription. They discovered him eighty miles at sea and bade him assist the cook. So far, this seemed fairly reasonable. Next day, thanks to his histrionic powers and his ingratiating address, he was promoted to the rank of "supernumerary captain's servant"—"post which," I give his words, "I flatter myself, was created for me alone, and furnished me with opportunities unequalled for a task in which one malapropos word would have been my destruction."

From this point onward, earth and water between them held no marvels like to those M. de C. had "envisaged"—if I translate him correctly. It became clear to me that M. de C. was either a pyramidal liar, or . . .

I was not acquainted with any officer, seaman, or marine in the *Archimandrite;* but instinct told me I could not go far wrong if I took a third-class ticket to Plymouth.

I gathered information on the way from a leading stoker, two seamen-gunners, and an odd hand in a torpedo-factory. They merrily set my feet on the right path, and that led me through the alleys of Devonport to a public-house not fifty yards from the water. We drank with the proprietor, a huge, yellowish man called Tom Wessels; and when my guides had departed, I asked if he could produce any warrant or petty officer of the *Archimandrite.*

"The *Bedlamite*, d'you mean—'er last commission, when they all went crazy?"

"Shouldn't wonder," I replied. "Fetch me a sample, and I'll see."

"You'll excuse me, o' course, but—what d'you want 'im for?"

"I want to make him drunk. I want to make you drunk—if you like. I want to make him drunk here."

"Spoke very 'andsome. I'll do what I can." He went out towards the water that lapped at the foot of the street. I gathered from the pot-boy that he was a person of influence beyond Admirals.

In a few minutes I heard the noise of an advancing crowd, and the voice of Mr. Wessels.

"'E only wants to make you drunk at

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'is expense. Dessay 'e'll stand you all a drink. Come up an' look at 'im. 'E don't bite."

A square man, with remarkable eyes, entered at the head of six large bluejackets. Behind them gathered a contingent of hopeful free-drinkers.

"'E's the only one I could get. Transferred to the *Postulant* six months back. I found 'im quite accidental." Tom beamed.

"I'm in charge o' the cutter. 'Arf our officers are dinin' on the beach. They won't be 'ome till mornin'," said the square man with the remarkable eyes.

"Are you an *Archimandrite*?" I demanded.

"That's me. I was, as you might say."

"'Old on. I'm a *Archimandrite*." A Red Marine with moist eyes tried to climb on the table. "Was you lookin' for a *Bedlamite?* I've—I've been invalided, an' what with that, an' visitin' my family 'ome at Lewes, per'aps I've come late. 'Ave I?"

"You've 'ad all that's good for you," said Tom Wessels, as the Red Marine sat cross-legged on the floor.

"There are those 'oo 'aven't 'ad a thing yet!" cried a voice by the door.

"I will take this *Archimandrite*," I said, "and this Marine. Will you please give the boat's crew a drink now, and another in half an hour if—if Mr.——"

"Pyecroft," said the square man. "Emanuel Pyecroft, second-class petty-officer."

"—Mr. Pyecroft doesn't object?"

"'E don't. Clear out. Goldin', you picket the hill by yourself, throwin' out a skirmishin' line in ample time to let me know when Number One's comin' down from 'is vittles."

The crowd dissolved. We passed into the quiet of the inner bar, the Red Marine zealously leading the way.

"And what do you drink, Mr. Pyecroft?" I said.

"Only water. Warm water, with a little whisky an' sugar an' per'aps a lemon."

"Mine's beer," said the Marine. "It always was."

"Look 'ere, Glass. You take an' go to sleep. The picket'll be comin' for you in a little time, an' per'aps you'll 'ave slep' it off by then. What's your ship, now?"

"'Oo cares?" said the Red Marine magnificently, and shut his eyes.

"That's right," said Mr. Pyecroft. "E's safest where 'e is. An' now—'ere's santy to us all!—what d'you want o' me?"

"I want to read you something."

"Tracts, again!" said the Marine, never opening his eyes. "Well, I'm game. . . . A little more 'ead to it, miss, please."

"'E thinks 'e's drinkin'—lucky beggar!" said Mr. Pyecroft.

"I'm agreeable to be read to. 'Twon't alter my convictions. I may as well tell you before-'and I'm a Plymouth Brother."

He composed his face with the air of one in the dentist's chair, and I began at the third page of "M. de C."

"'*At the moment of asphyxiation, for I had hidden myself under the boat's cover, I heard footsteps upon the superstructure and coughed with empress*'—coughed loudly, Mr. Pyecroft. '*By this time I judged the vessel to be sufficiently far from land. A number of sailors extricated me amid language appropriate to their national brutality. I responded that I named myself Antonio, and that I sought to save myself from the Portuguese conscription.*'"

"Ho!" said Mr. Pyecroft, and the fashion of his countenance changed. Then pensively: "Ther beggar! What might you 'ave in your 'and there?"

"It's the story of Antonio—a stowaway in the *Archimandrite's* cutter. A French spy when he's at home, I fancy. What do *you* know about it?"

"An' I thought it was tracts! An' yet some'ow I didn't." Mr. Pyecroft nodded his head wonderingly. "Our old man was quite right—so was 'Op—so was I. 'Ere, Glass!" He kicked the Marine. "'Ere's our Antonio 'as written a impromptu book! He *was* a spy all right."

The Red Marine turned slightly, speaking with the awful precision of the half-drunk. "'As 'e got anythin' in about my 'orrible death an' execution? Ex*cuse* me, but if I open my eyes, I shan't be well. That's where I'm different from *all* other men."

"What about Glass's execution?" demanded Pyecroft.

"The book's in French," I replied.

"Then it's no good to me."

"Precisely. Now I want you to tell your story just as it happened. I'll check it by this book. Take a cigar. I know about his being dragged out of the cutter. What I want to know is what was the meaning of all the other things, because they're unusual."

"They were," said Mr. Pyecroft with emphasis. "Lookin' back on it as I set here, more an' more I see what a 'ighly unusual affair it was. But it 'appened. It transpired

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in the *Archimandrite*—the ship you can trust. . . . Antonio! Ther beggar!"

"Take your time, Mr. Pyecroft."

In a few moments we came to it thus—

"The old man was displeased. I don't deny he was quite a little displeased. With the mail-boats trottin' into Madeira every twenty minutes, he didn't see why a lop-eared Portugee had to take liberties with a man-o'-war's first cutter. Any'ow, we couldn't turn ship round for 'im. We drew 'im out and took 'im to our Number One. 'Drown 'im,' 'e says. 'Drown 'im before 'e dirties my fine new decks.' But our owner was tender-hearted. 'Take 'im to the galley,' 'e says. 'Boil 'im! Skin 'im! Cook 'im! Cut 'is bloomin' 'air! Take 'is bloomin' number! 'E'll get three months on Cape Town Breakwater for this, any'ow.'

"Retallick, our chief cook, an' a Carth'lic, was the on'y one any way near grateful, bein' short'anded in the galley. 'E annexes the blighter by the left ear an' right foot an' sets 'im to work peelin' potatoes. So then, this Antonio that was avoidin' the conscription——"

"*Sub*scription, you pink-eyed matlow!" said the Marine, with the face of a stone Buddha, and whimpered sadly: "Pye don't see any fun in it at all."

"*Con*scription—come to 'is illegitimate sphere in Her Majesty's Navy, an' it was just then that old 'Op, our Yeomen of Signals, an' a fastidious joker, made remarks to me about 'is 'ands.

"'Those 'ands,' says 'Op, 'properly considered, never done a day's honest labour in their life. Tell me those 'ands belong to a blighted Portugee manual laborist, and I won't call you a liar, but I'll say you an' the Admiralty are pretty much alike in your statements.' 'Op was always a fastidious joker—in his language as much as anything else. 'E pursued 'is investigations with the eye of an 'awk outside the galley. 'E knew better than to advance line-ahead against Retallick, so 'e attacked *ong eshlong*, speakin' his remarks as much as possible into the breach of the starboard four-point-seven, an' 'ummin' to 'imself. Our chief cook 'ated 'ummin'. 'What's the matter of your bowels?' 'e says at last, fistin' out the mess-pork agitated like.

"'Don't mind *me*,' says 'Op. 'I'm only a mildewed buntin'-tosser,' 'e says; 'but speakin' for my mess, I do 'ope,' 'e says,

"'Drown 'im,' 'e says. 'Drown 'im before 'e dirties my fine new decks.'"

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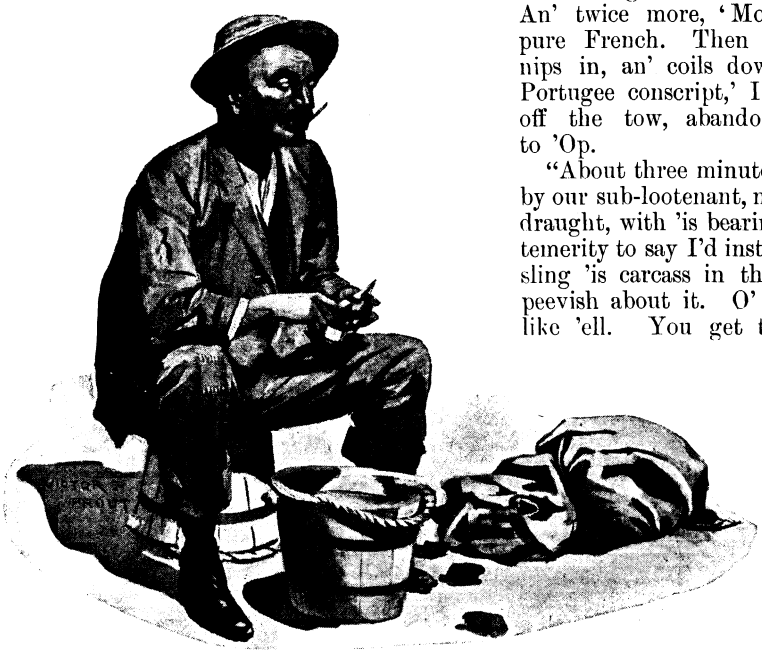
'you ain't goin' to boil your Portugee friend's boots along o' that pork you're smellin' so gay!'

"'Boots! Boots! Boots!' says Retallick, an' 'e run round like a earwig in a alder-stalk. 'Boots in the galley,' 'e says.



"'Those 'ands,' says 'Op, 'properly considered, never done a day's honest labour in their life.'"

'Cook's mate, cast out an' abolish this cutter-cuddlin' abori*gine's* boots.'

"They was hove overboard in quick time, an' that was what 'Op was lyin' to for. As subsequently transpired.

"'Fine Arab arch to that cutter-cuddler's hinstep,' 'e says to me. 'Run your eye over it, Pye,' 'e says. 'Nails all present an' correct,' 'e says. 'Bunion on the little toe, too,' 'e says; 'which comes from wearin' a tight boot. What do *you* think?'

"'Dook in trouble, per'aps,' I says. ''E ain't got the hang of spud-skinnin'.' No more 'e 'ad. 'E was simply cannibalizin' 'em.

"'I want to know what 'e 'as got the 'ang of,' says 'Op, obstructed-like. 'Watch 'im,' he says. 'Those shoulders were foreign-drilled somewhere.'

"When it come to 'Down 'ammicks!' which is our naval way o' goin' to bye-bye, I took particular trouble over Antonio, 'oo 'ad 'is 'ammick 'ove at 'im with general instructions to sling it an' be sugared. In the ensuin' melly I pioneered 'im to the after-'atch, which is a orifice communicatin' with the after-flat an' similar suites of apartments. 'E 'avin' navigated at three-fifths power immejit ahead o' me, *I* wasn't goin' to volunteer any assistance, nor 'e didn't need it.

"'Mong Jew!' says 'e, sniffin' round. An' twice more, 'Mong Jew!'—which is pure French. Then 'e slings 'is 'ammick, nips in, an' coils down. 'Not bad for a Portugee conscript,' I says to myself, casts off the tow, abandons 'im, and reports to 'Op.

"About three minutes later, I'm over'auled by our sub-lootenant, navigatin' under forced draught, with 'is bearin's 'eated. 'E 'ad the temerity to say I'd instructed our Antonio to sling 'is carcass in the alleyway, an' 'e was peevish about it. O' course, I prevaricated like 'ell. You get the 'ang of it in the service. Nevertheless, to oblige Mr. Ducane, I went an' readjusted Antonio. You may not 'ave ascertained that there are two ways o' comin' out of an 'ammick when it's cut down. Antonio came out t'other way—slidin' 'andsome to 'is feet. That showed me two things. First, 'e 'ad been in an 'ammick before, an' next, 'e 'adn't been asleep. Then I reproached 'im for goin' to bed where 'e'd been told to go, instead o' standin' by till someone give 'im entirely contradictory orders. Which is the essence o' naval discipline.

"In the middle o' this argument the gunner protrudes 'is ram bow from 'is cabin, an' brings it all to an 'urried conclusion with some remarks suitable to 'is piebald warrant rank. Navigatin' thence under easy steam, an' leavin' Antonio to re-sling 'is little foreign self, my large flat foot comes in detonatin' contact with a small objec' on the deck. Not 'altin' for the obstacle, nor changin' step, I shuffles it along under the ball of the big toe to the foot o' the 'atch-way, when, lightly stoopin', I catch it in my right 'and and continue my evolutions in rapid time till I eventuates under 'Op's lee.

"It was a small moroccer-bound pocket-book, full of indelible-pencil writin'—in French, for I could plainly discern the

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doodeladays, which is about as far as my education runs.

"'Op fists it open and peruses. 'E'd known an 'arf-caste Frenchwoman pretty intricate before he was married when 'e was trained man on a stinkin' gunboat up the Saigon River. 'E understood a lot o' French —domestic brands chiefly—the kind that isn't in print.

"'Pye,' 'e says to me, 'you're a tattician o' no mean value. I am a trifle shady about the precise bearin' an' import o' this beggar's private log 'ere,' 'e says, 'but it's evidently a case for the owner. You'll 'ave your share o' the credit,' 'e says.

"'Nay—nay, Pauline,' I says. 'You don't catch Emanuel Pyecroft mine-droppin' under any post-captain's bows,' I says, 'in search of honour,' I says. 'I've been there oft.'

"'Well, if you must, you must,' 'e says, takin' me up quick. 'But I'll speak a good word for you, Pye.'

"'You'll shut your mouth, 'Op,' I says, 'or you an' me'll part brass-rags. The owner 'as 'is duties, an' I 'ave mine. We will keep station,' I says, 'nor seek to deviate.'

"'Deviate to blazes!' says 'Op. 'I'm goin' to deviate to the owner's comfortable cabin direct.' So he deviated."

Mr. Pyecroft leaned forward and dealt the Marine a large pattern Navy kick. "'Ere, Glass! You was sentry when 'Op went to the old man—the first time, with Antonio's washin'-book. Tell us what transpired. You're sober. You don't know 'ow sober you are!"

The Marine cautiously raised his head a few inches. As Mr. Pyecroft said, he was sober —after some R.M.L.I. fashion of his own devising. "'Op bounds in like a startled anteloper, carryin' 'is signal-slate at the ready. The old man was settin' down to 'is bountiful platter—not like you an' me, without anythin' more in sight for an 'ole night an' arf a day. Talkin' about food——"

"No! No! No!" cried Pyecroft, kicking again. "What about 'Op?" I thought the Marine's ribs would have snapped, but he merely hiccupped.

"Oh, 'im! 'E 'ad it written all down on 'is little slate—I think—an' 'e shoves it under the old man's nose. 'Shut the door,' says 'Op. 'For 'Eavin's sake, shut the cabin door!' Then the old man must ha' said somethin' 'bout irons. 'I'll put 'em on, sir, in your very presence,' says 'Op, 'only 'ear my prayer,' or—words to that 'fect. . . . It was jus' the same with me, when I called our Sergeant a bladder-bellied, lard-'eaded, perspirin' pension cheater. They on'y put on the charge-sheet 'words to that effect.' Spoiled the 'ole 'fect."

"'Op! 'Op! 'Op! What about 'Op?" thundered Pyecroft.

"'Op? Oh, shame thing. Words t' that 'fect. Door shut. Nushin' more transhpired till 'Op comes out — nose exshtreme angle plungin' fire or—or words 'that effect. Proud's parrot. 'Oh, you prou' old parrot,' I says."

Mr. Glass seemed to slumber again.

"Lord! 'Ow a little moisture disintegrates, don't it? When we 'ad ship's theatricals off Vigo, Glass 'ere played Dick Deadeye to the moral, though of course the lower deck wasn't pleased to see a leatherneck interpretin' a strictly maritime part, as you might say. It's only 'is repartees, which 'e can't contain, that conquers 'im. Shall I resume my narrative?"

Another drink was brought on this hint, and Mr. Pyecroft resumed.

"The essence o' strategy bein' forethought, the essence o' tattics is surprise. Per'aps you didn't know that? My forethought 'avin' secured the initial advantage in attack, it remained for the old man to ladle out the surprise-packets. 'Eavens! What surprises! That night he dines with the wardroom, bein' of the kind—I've told you we were a 'appy ship?—that likes it, and the wardroom liked it too. This ain't common in the service. They 'ad up the new Madeira—awful undisciplined stuff which gives you a cordite mouth next mornin'. They told the mess-men to navigate towards the extreme an' remote 'orizon, an' they abrogated the sentry about fifteen paces out of earshot. Then they 'ad in the Gunner, the Bo'sun, an' the Carpenter, an' stood them large round drinks. It all come out later—wardroom joints bein' lower deck 'ash, as the sayin' is—that Number One stuck to it that 'e couldn't trust the ship for the job. The old man swore 'e could, 'avin' commanded 'er over two years. 'E was right. There wasn't a ship, I don't care in what fleet, could come near the *Archimandrites* when we give our mind to a thing. We 'eld the cruiser big-gun records, the sailing-cutter (fancy-rig) championship, an' the challenge-cup row round the fleet. We 'ad the best nigger-minstrels, the best football an' cricket teams, an' the best squee-jee band of anything that ever pushed in front of a brace o' twizzlin' screws. An' *yet* Number One mistrusted us! 'E said we'd be a

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floatin' 'ell in a week, an' it 'ud take the rest o' the commission to stop our way. They was arguin' it in the wardroom when the bridge reports a light three points off the port bow. We overtakes 'er, switches on our searchlight, an' she discloses 'erself as a collier o' no mean reputation, makin' about seven knots on 'er lawful occasions—to the Cape most like.

"Then the owner—so we 'eard in good time—sprung 'is tattics: all mines together at close interval.

"'Look 'ere, my jokers,' 'e says (I'm givin' the grist of 'is arguments, remember), 'Number One says we can't enlighten this cutter-cuddlin' Gaulish lootenant on the manners an' customs o' the Navy without makin' the ship a market-garden. There's a lot in that,' 'e says, 'specially if we kept it up lavish, till we reached Cape Town. But,' 'e says, 'the appearance o' this strange sail 'as put a totally new aspect on the game. We can run to just one day's amusement for our friend, or else what's the good o' discipline? An' then we can turn 'im over to our presumably short-'anded fellow-subject in the small-coal line out yonder. He'll be pleased,' says the old man, 'an' so will Antonio. M'rover,' 'e says to Number One, 'I'll lay you a dozen o' liquorice an' ink'—it must ha' been that new tawny port—'that I've got a ship I can trust—for one day,' 'e says. 'Wherefore,' 'e says, 'will you 'ave the blighted goodness to reduce speed as requisite for keepin' a proper distance be'ind this providential tramp till further orders?' Now that's what I call tattics.

"The other manœuvres developed next day, strictly in accordance with the plans as laid down in the wardroom, where they sat long an' steady. 'Op whispers to me that Antonio was a Number One spy when 'e was in commission, and a French lootenant when 'e was paid off, so I navigated at three 'undred an' ninety-six revolutions to the galley, never 'avin' kicked a lootenant up to date. I may as well say that I did not manœuvre against 'im as a Frenchman, because I like Frenchmen, but stric'ly on 'is rank an' ratin' in 'is own navy. I inquired after 'is 'ealth from Retallick.

"'Don't ask me,' 'e says, sneerin' be'ind 'is silver spectacles. 'E's promoted to be captain's second supernumerary servant, to be dressed and addressed as such. If 'e does 'is dooties same as he skinned the spuds, *I* ain't for changin' with the old man.'

"In the balmy dawnin' it was give out, all among the 'olystones, by our sub-lootenant, who was a three-way-discharge devil, that all orders after eight bells was to be executed in inverse ratio to the cube o' the velocity. 'The reg'lar routine,' 'e says, 'was arrogated for reasons o' state an' policy, an' any flat-foot who presumed to exhibit surprise, annoyance, or amusement, would be slightly but firmly reproached.' Then the Gunner mops up an' 'eathenish large detail for some hanky-panky in the magazines, an' led 'em off along with our Gunnery Jack, which is to say, our Gunnery Lootenant.

"That put us on the *viva voce*—particularly when we understood 'ow the owner was navigatin' abroad in 'is sword-belt trustin' us like brothers. We shifts into the dress o' the day, an' we musters, *an'* we prays *ong reggle*, an' we carries on anticipatory to bafflin' Antonio.

"Then our Sergeant o' Marines come to me wringin' 'is 'ands an' weepin'. 'E'd been talkin' to the sub-lootenant, an' it looked like as if 'is upper-works were collapsin'.

"'I want a guarantee,' 'e says, wringin' 'is 'ands like this. '*I* 'aven't 'ad sunstroke slave-dhowin' in Tajurrah Bay, an' been compelled to live on quinine an' chlorodyne ever since. *I* don't get the horrors off two glasses o' brown sherry.'

"'What 'ave you got now?' I says.

"'*I* ain't an officer,' 'e says. '*My* sword won't be handed back to me at the end o' the court-martial on account o' my little weaknesses, an' no stain on my character. I'm only a pore beggar of a Red Marine with eighteen years' service, an' why for,' says 'e, wringin' 'is 'ands like this all the time, 'must I chuck away my pension—sub-lootenant or no sub-lootenant? Look at 'em,' 'e says, 'only look at 'em. Marines fallin' in for small-arm drill!'

"The leathernecks was layin' aft at the double, an' a more insanitary set of accidents I never wish to be'old. Most of 'em was in their shirts. They had their trousers on, of course—rolled up nearly to the knee, but what I mean is belts over shirts. Three or four 'ad *our* caps, an' them that 'ad drawn 'elmets wore their chin-straps like Portugee earrings. Oh, yes; an' three of 'em 'ad only one boot! I knew what our bafflin' tattics was goin' to be, but even I was mildly surprised when this 'ole fantasia of Brazee drummers 'alted under the poop, because of an 'ammick in charge of our navigator an' a small but 'ighly efficient landin'-party.

"'Ard astern both screws!' says the navigator. 'Room for the captain's 'ammick!' The captain's servant—Cockburn

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"'Only 'nother case of attempted assassination, sir,' he says."

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'is name was—'ad one end, an' our newly promoted Antonio, in a blue slop-rig, 'ad the other. They slung it from the muzzle of the port poop quick-firer thort-ships to a stanchion. Then the old man flickered up, smokin' a cigarette, an' brought 'is stern to an anchor slow an' oriental.

"'What a blessin' it is, Mr. Ducane,' 'e says to our sub-lootenant, 'to be out o' sight o' the 'ole pack o' blighted admirals! What's an admiral, after all?' 'e says. 'Why, 'e's only a post-captain with the pip, Mr. Ducane. The drill will now proceed. What O! Antonio, *descendez* an' get me a split.'

When Antonio came back with the whisky-an'-soda, 'e was told off to swing the 'ammick in slow time, an' that massacritin' small-arm party went on with their oratorio. The Sergeant 'ad been kindly excused from participatin', an' 'e was jumpin' round on the poop-ladder stretchin' 'is leather neck to see the disgustin' exhibition an' cluckin' like a ash-hoist. A lot of us went on the fore an' aft bridge an' watched 'em like 'Listen to the Band in the Park.' All these evolutions, I may as well tell you, are 'ighly unusual in the Navy. After ten minutes o' muckin' about, Glass ere—pity 'e's so drunk!—says that 'e'd 'ad enough exercise for 'is simple needs an' 'e wants to go 'ome. Mr. Ducane catches 'im a sanakatowzer of a smite over the 'ead with the flat of 'is sword. Down comes Glass's rifle with language to correspond, an' 'e fiddles with the bolt. Up jumps Maclean—'oo was a Gosport 'ighlander—an' lands on Glass's neck, thus bringin' 'im to the deck, fully extended.

"The old man makes a great show o' wakin' up from sweet slumbers. 'Mistah Ducane,' 'e says, 'what is this painful interregnum?' or words to that effect. Ducane takes one step to the front, an' salutes: 'Only 'nother case of attempted assassination, sir,' he says.

"'Is that all?' says the old man, while Maclean sits on Glass's collar-button. 'Take 'im away,' 'e says; ''e knows the penalty.'"

"Ah! I suppose that is the 'invincible *morgue* Britannic in the presence of brutally provoked mutiny,'" I muttered, as I turned over the pages of M. de C.

"Well, Glass, 'e was led off kickin' an' squealin', an' 'ove down the ladder into 'is sergeant's volupshus arms. 'E run Glass forward, an' was all for puttin' 'im in irons as a maniac.

"'Behold my captain in plain sea, at issue with his navigator!'"

"'You refill your waterjacket and cool off!' says Glass, sittin' down rather winded. 'The trouble with you is you 'aven't any imagination.'

"''Aven't I? I've got the remnants of a little poor authority though,' 'e says, lookin' pretty vicious.

"'You 'ave?' says Glass. 'Then for pity's sake 'ave some proper feelin', too. I'm

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goin' to be shot this evenin'. You'll take charge o' the firin'-party.'

"Some'ow or other, that made the Sergeant froth at the mouth. 'E 'ad no more play to 'is intellects than a spit-kid. 'E just took everything as it come. Well, that was about all, I think. Unless you'd care to 'ave me resume my narrative."

We resumed on the old terms, but with rather less hot water. The Marine on the floor breathed evenly, and Mr. Pyecroft nodded.

"I may 'ave omitted to inform you that our Number One took a general row round the situation while the small-arm party was at work, an' o' course 'e supplied the outlines; but the details we coloured by ourselves. These were our tattics to baffle Antonio. It occurs to the Carpenter to 'ave the steam-cutter down for repairs. 'E gets 'is cheero-party together, an' down she comes. You've never seen a steam-cutter let down on the deck, 'ave you? It's not usual, an' she takes a lot o' humourin'. Thus we 'ave the starboard side completely blocked an' the general traffic tricklin' over'ead along the fore-an'-aft bridge. Then Chips gets into 'er an' begins balin' out a mess o' small reckonin's on the deck. Simultaneous, there come up three o' those dirty engine-room objects which we call 'tiffies,' an' a stoker or two with orders to repair 'er steamin' gadgets. *They* get into her an' bale out another young Christmas-treeful of small reckonin's — brass mostly. Simultaneous, it hits the Pusser that 'e'd better serve out mess pork for the poor matlow. These things 'arf shifted Retallick, our Chief Cook, off 'is bed-plate. Yes, you might say they broke 'im wide open. 'E wasn't at all used to 'em.

"Number One tells off five or six prime, able-bodied seamen-gunners to the pork-barrels. You never see pork fisted out of its receptacle, 'ave you? Simultaneous, it hits the Gunner that now's the day an' now's the hour for a non-continuous class in Maxim instruction. So they all gave way together, and the general effect was *non plus ultra*. There was the cutter's innards spread out like a Fratton pawnbroker's shop; there was the 'tiffies' 'ammerin' in the stern of 'er, an' *they* aren't antiseptic; there was the Maxim class in light order among the pork, an' forrard the blacksmith 'ad 'is forge in full blast, makin' 'orse-shoes, I suppose. Well, that accounts for the starboard side. The on'y warrant officer 'oo 'adn't a look in so far was the Bosun. So 'e stated, all out of 'is own 'ead, that Chips's reserve o' wood an' timber, which Chips 'ad stole at our last refit, needed restowin'. It was on the port booms—a young an' 'ealthy forest of it, for Charley Peace wasn't to be named 'longside o' Chips for burglary.

"'All right,' says our Number One. 'You can 'ave the 'ole port watch if you like. 'Ell's 'ell,' 'e says, 'an' when there we must study to improve.'

"Jarvis was our Bosun's name. 'E 'unted up the 'ole of the port watch by 'and, as you might say, callin' 'em by name loud an' lovin', which is not precisely Navy makee-pigeon. They 'ad that timber-loft off the booms an' they dragged it up an' down like so many sweatin' little beavers. But Jarvis was jealous o' Chips an' went round the starboard side to envy at 'im.

"''Tain't enough,' 'e says, when 'e 'ad climbed back. 'Chips 'as got 'is bazaar lookin' like a coal-hulk in a cyclone. We must adop' more drastic measures.' Off 'e goes to Number One an' communicates with 'im. Number One got the old man's leave, on account of our goin' so slow (we were keepin' be'ind the tramp), to fit the ship with a full set of patent supernumerary sails. Four trysails —yes, you might call 'em trysails—was our Admiralty allowance in the un'eard of event of a cruiser breakin' down, but we had our awnin's as well. They was all extricated from the various flats an' 'oles where they was stored, an' at the end o' two hours 'ard work Number One 'e made out eleven sails o' different sorts and sizes. I don't know what exact nature of sail you'd call 'em—pyjama-stun'sles with a touch of Sarah's shimmy, per'aps—but the riggin' of 'em an' all the supplementary details, as you might say, bein' carried on through an' over an' between the cutter an' the forge an' the pork an' cleanin' guns, an' the Maxim class an' the Bosun's barricades *and* the paintwork, was wonderful. There's no other word of it. Wonderful!

"The old man keeps swimmin' up an' down through it all with the faithful Antonio at 'is side, fetchin' 'im numerous splits. 'E 'ad eight that mornin', an' when Antonio was detached to get 'is spy-glass, or 'is gloves, or 'is lily-white 'andkerchief, the old man would waste 'em down a ventilator. Antonio must ha' learned a lot about our Navy thirst."

"He did."

"Ah! Would you kindly mind turnin' to the precise page indicated an' givin' me a *résumé* of 'is tattics?" said Mr. Pyecroft,

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drinking deeply. "I'd like to know ow 'it looked from 'is side o' the deck."

"How will this do?" I said. "'*Once clear off the land, like Voltaire's Habakkuk*——"

"One o' their new commerce-destroyers, I suppose," Mr. Pyecroft interjected.

"'*—each man seemed veritably capable of all—to do according to his will. The boats, dismantled and forlorn, were lowered upon the planking. One cries 'Aid me!' flourishing at the same time the weapons of his business. A dozen launch themselves upon him in the orgasm of zeal misdirected. He beats them off with the howlings of dogs. He has lost a hammer. This ferocious outcry signifies that only. Eight men seek the utensil, colliding on the way with some many others which, seated in the stern of the boat, tear up and scatter upon the planking the ironwork which impeded their brutal efforts. Elsewhere, one detaches from on high wood, canvas, iron bolts, coal-dust—what do I know?*'"

"That's where 'e's comin' the bloomin' *onjenew*. 'E knows a lot, reely."

"'*They descend thundering upon the planking, and the spectacle cannot reproduce itself. In my capacity of valet to the captain, whom I have well and beautifully plied with drink since the rising of the sun (behold me also, Ganymede!) I pass throughout observing, it may be, not a little. They ask orders. There is none to give them. One sits upon the edge of the vessel and chants interminably the lugubrious "Roule Britannia"—to endure how long?*'"

"That was me! On'y 'twas 'A Life on the Ocean Wave'—which I 'ate more than any stinkin' tune I know, 'avin' dragged too many nasty little guns to it. Yes, Number One told me off to that for ten minutes, an' I ain't musical you might say."

"'*Then come marines, half-dressed, seeking vainly through this "tohu-bohu"*' (that's one of his names for the *Archimandrite*, Mr. Pyecroft), '*for a place whence they shall not be dislodged. The captain, heavy with drink, rolls himself from his hammock. He would have his people fire the Maxims. They demand which Maxim. That to him is equal. The breech-lock indispensable is not there. They demand it of one who opens a barrel of pork, for this Navy feeds at all hours. He refers them to the cook, yesterday my master*——'"

"Yes, an' Retallick nearly 'ad a fit. What a truthful an' observin' little Antonio we 'ave!"

"'*It is discovered in the hands of a boy who says, and they do not rebuke him, that he has found it by hazard.*' I'm afraid I haven't translated quite correctly, Mr. Pyecroft, but I've done my best."

"Why, it's beautiful—you ought to be a Frenchman—you ought. You don't want anything o' *me*. You've got it all there."

"Yes, but I like your side of it. For instance. Here's a little thing I can't quite see the end of. Listen! '*Of the domain which Britannia rules by sufferance, my gross captain knew nothing, and his navigator, if possible, less. From the bestial recriminations and the indeterminate chaos of the grand deck, I ascended—always with a whisky-and-soda in my hands—to a scene truly grotesque. Behold my captain in plain sea, at issue with his navigator! A crisis of nerves, due to the enormous quantity of alcohol which he had swallowed up to then, has filled for him the ocean with dangers, imaginary and fantastic. Incapable of judgment, menaced by the phantasms of his brain inflamed, he envisages islands perhaps of the Hesperides beneath his keel—vigias innumerable. He creates shoals sad and far-reaching of the mid-Atlantic!*' What was that, now?"

"Oh, I see! That come after dinner, when our navigator 'ove 'is cap down an' danced on it. Danby was quartermaster. They 'ad a tea-party on the bridge. It was the old man's contribution. Does 'e say anything about the leadsmen?"

"Is this it? '*Overborne by his superior's causeless suspicion, the navigator took off the badjes of his rank and cast them at the feet of my captain and sobbed. A disgusting and maudlin reconciliation followed. The argument renewed itself, each grasping the wheel, crapulous*' (that means drunk, Mr. Pyecroft), '*shouting. It appeared that my captain would chenaler*' (I don't know what that means, Mr. Pyecroft) '*to the Cape. At the end, he placed a sailor with the sound*' (that's the lead, I think) '*in his hand, garnished with suet.*' Was it garnished with suet?"

"He put two leadsmen in the chains, o' course! 'E didn't know that there mightn't be shoals there, 'e said. Morgan went an' armed 'is lead, to enter into the spirit o' the thing. They 'eaved it for twenty minutes, but there wasn't any suet—only tallow, o' course."

"'*Garnished with suet at two thousand metres of profundity. Decidedly the Britannic Navy is well guarded.*' Well, that's all right, Mr. Pyecroft. Would you mind telling me anything else of interest that happened?"

"There was a good deal, one way an' another. I'd like to know what this Antonio thought of our sails."

"He merely says that '*the engines having*

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"The Marines carried the corpse below."

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broken down, an officer extemporised a mournful and useless parody of sails.' Oh, yes! he says that some of them looked like '*bonnets in a needlecase, I think.*'"

"Bonnets in a needlecase! They were stun'sles. That shows the beggar's no sailor. That trick was really the one thing we did. Pho! I thought 'e was a sailorman, an' 'e 'asn't sense enough to see what extemporisin' eleven good an' drawin' sails out o' four trys'les an' a few awnin's means. 'E must 'ave been drunk!"

"Never mind, Mr. Pyecroft. I want to hear about your target-practice, and the execution."

"Oh! We 'ad a special target-practice that afternoon all for Antonio. As I told my crew—me bein' captain of the port-bow quick-firer, though I'm a torpedo man now—it just showed 'ow you can work your gun under any discomforts. A shell—twenty six-inch shells—burstin' inboard couldn't 'ave begun to make the varicose collection o' tit-bits which we 'ad spilled on our deck. It was a lather—a rich, creamy lather!

"We took it very easy—that gun-practice. We done it in a complimentary 'Jenny-'ave-another-cup-o'-tea' style, an' the crews was strictly ordered not to rupture 'emselves with unnecessary exertion. This isn't our 'abit in the Navy when we're *in puris naturalibus*, as you might say. But we wasn't so then. We was impromptu. An' Antonio was busy fetchin' splits for the old man, and the old man was wastin' 'em down the ventilators. There must 'ave been four inches in the bilges, I should think—wardroom whisky-an'-soda.

"Then I thought I might as well bear a hand as look pretty. So I let my bundoop go at fifteen 'undred—sightin' very particular. There was a sort of 'appy little belch like—no more, I give you my word—an' the shell trundled out maybe fifty feet an' dropped into the deep Atlantic.

"'Government powder, sir!' sings out our Gunnery Jack to the bridge, laughin' 'orrid sarcastic; an' then, of course, we all laughs, which we are not encouraged to do *in puris naturalibus*. Then o' course I saw what our Gunnery Jack 'ad been after with 'is subcutaneous details in the magazines all the mornin' watch. He 'ad redooced the charges to a minimum, as you might say. But it made me feel a trifle faint an' sickish, notwithstandin' this spit-in-the-eye business. Every time such transpired, our Gunnery Lootenant would saysomethin' sarcastic about Government stores, an' the old man fair 'owled. 'Op was on the bridge with 'im, an' 'e told me—cause 'e's a physiologist an' reads characters—that Antonio's face was sweatin' with pure joy. 'Op wanted to kick 'im. Does Antonio say anything about that?"

"Not about the kicking, but he is great on the gun-practice, Mr. Pyecroft. He has put all the results into a sort of appendix—a table of shots. He says that the figures will speak more eloquently than words."

"What? Nothin' about the way the crews flinched an' 'opped? Nothin' about the little shells rumblin' out o' the guns so casual?"

"There are a few pages of notes, but they only bear out what you say. He says that these things always happen as soon as one of our ships is out of sight of land. Oh, yes! I've forgotten. He says: '*From the conversation of my captain with his inferiors I gathered that no small proportion of the expense of these nominally efficient cartridges finds itself in his pockets. So much, indeed, was signified by an officer on the deck below, who cried in a high voice: "I hope, sir, you are making something out of it. It is rather monotonous." This insult, so flagrant, albeit well-merited, was received with a smile of drunken bonhommy*'—that's cheerfulness, Mr. Pyecroft. Your glass is empty."

"Resumin' afresh," said Mr. Pyecroft, after an interval, "I may as well say that the target-practice occupied the two hours, and then we 'ad to dig out after the tramp. Then we 'arf an' three-quarters cleaned up the decks an' mucked about as requisite, haulin' down the patent awnin' stun'sles which Number One 'ad made. The old man was a shade doubtful of 'is course, 'cause I 'eard 'im say to Number One: 'You were right. A week o' this would turn the ship into a blighted beanfeast. But,' 'e says pathetic, 'aven't they backed the band noble?'

"'Oh! it's a picnic for them,' says Number One. 'But when do we get rid o' this whisky-peddlin' blighter o' yours, sir?'

"'That's a cheerful way to speak of a viscount,' says the old man. 'E's the bluest blood o' France when 'e's at 'ome.'

"'Which is the precise landfall I wish 'im to make,' says Number One. 'It'll take all 'ands and the Captain of the Head to clean up after 'im.'

"'They won't grudge it,' says the old man. 'Just as soon as it's dusk, we'll overhaul our tramp friend an' waft 'im over.'

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"Then a sno—midshipman—Moorshed

was 'is name—come up an' says somethin' in a low voice. It fetches the old man.

"'You'll oblige me,' 'e says, 'by takin' the wardroom poultry for *that*. I've earmarked every fowl we've shipped at Madeira, so there can't be any possible mistake. M'rover,' 'e says, 'tell 'em if they spill one drop of blood on the blighted deck,' 'e says, 'they'll not be extenuated, but hung.'

"Mr. Moorshed goes forward, lookin' unusual 'appy, even for 'im. The Marines was enjoyin' a committee-meetin' in their own flat.

"After that it fell dark, with just a little streaky, oily light on the sea—an' anythin' more chronic than the *Archimandriie* I'd trouble you to be'old. She looked like a fancy bazaar and a auction-room—yes, she looked like a passenger steamer. We'd picked up our tramp, an' was about four mile be'ind 'er. I noticed the wardroom as a class, you might say, was manœuvrin' *en masse*, an' then come the order to cockbill the yards. We 'adn't any yards except a couple o' signallin' sticks, but we cockbilled 'em. I 'adn't seen that sight, not since thirteen years in the West Indies, when a post-captain died o' yellow jack. It means a sign o' mournin', the yards bein' canted opposite way, to look drunk an' disorderly. They do.

"'An' what might our last giddy-go-round signify?' I asks of 'Op.

"'Good 'Evins!' 'e says, 'are you in the 'abit o' permittin' leathernecks to assassinate lootenants every morning at drill without immejitly 'avin' 'em shot on the foc'sle in the 'orrid crawly-crawly twilight?'"

"'Yes,' I murmured over my dear book, '*the infinitely lugubrious crepuscule. A spectacle of barbarity unparalleled — hideous— cold-blooded, and yet touched with appalling grandeur.*'"

"'Ho! Was that the way Antonio looked at it? That shows 'e 'ad feelin's. To resoom. Without anyone givin' us orders to that effect, we began to creep about an' whisper. Things got stiller an' stiller, till they was as still as—mushrooms! Then the bugler let off the Dead March from the upper bridge. 'E done it to cover the remarks of a cock-bird bein' killed forrard, but it come out paralysin' in its *tout ensemble*. You never 'eard the Dead March on a bugle? Then the pipes went twitterin' for both watches to attend public execution, an' we came up like so many ghosts, the 'ole ship's company. Why, Mucky 'Arcourt, one o' our boys, was that took in, e' give tongue like a beagle-pup, an' was properly kicked down the ladder for so doin'. Well, there we lay—engines stopped, rollin' to the swell, all dark, yards cock-billed, an' that blighted tune yowlin' from the upper bridge. We fell in on the foc'sle—all pressed up against the connin'-tower an' thereabouts, leavin' a large open space by the capstan, where our sailmaker was sittin' sewin' broken

"An' we lay by till she lowered a boat."

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firebars into the foot of an old 'ammick. 'E looked like a corpse, an' Mucky 'ad another fit o' hysterics, an' you could 'ear us breathin' 'ard. It beat anythin' in the theatrical line that even us *Arch'mandrites* 'ad done—an' we was the ship you could trust. Then come the doctor an' lit a red lamp which 'e used for 'is photographic muckin's, an' chocked it on the capstan. That was finally gashly.

"Then come twelve Marines guardin' Glass 'ere. You wouldn't think to see 'im what a gratooitous an' abounding' terror 'e was that evenin'. 'E was in a white shirt 'e'd stole from Cockburn, an' 'is regulation trousers, bare-footed. 'E'd pipe-clayed 'is 'ands an' face an' feet an' as much of 'is chest as the openin of 'is shirt showed. 'E marched under escort with a firm an' undeviatin' step to the capstan, an' came to attention. The old man, reinforced by an extra strong split —'is seventeenth, an' 'e didn't throw that down the ventilator—come up on the bridge an' stood like a image. 'Op, 'oo was with 'im, says that 'e 'eard Antonio's teeth singin' —not chatterin'—singin' like funnel-stays in a typhoon. Yes, a moanin' æolian 'arp, 'Op said.

"'When you are ready, sir, drop your 'andkerchief,' Number One whispers.

"'Good Lord!' said the old man, with a jump. 'Eh! what? What a sight! What a sight!' an' 'e stood drinkin' it in, I suppose, for quite two minutes.

"Glass never says a word. 'E shoved aside an 'andkerchief which the sub-lootenant proffered 'im to bind 'is eyes with—quiet an' collected; an' if we 'adn't been feelin' so very much as we did feel, 'is gestures would 'ave brought down the 'ouse."

"I can't open my eyes, or I'll be sick," said the Marine, with appalling clearness. "I'm pretty far gone—I know it—but there wasn't anyone could 'ave beaten Edwardo Glass, R.M.L.I., that time. Why, I scared myself nearly into the 'orrors. Go on, Pye; Glass is listenin'."

"Then the old man drops 'is 'andkerchief, an' the firin'-party fires like one man. Glass drops forward, twitchin' an' 'eavin', 'orrid natural, into the shotted 'ammick all spread out before 'im, and the firin'-party closes in to guard the remains of the deceased while Sails is stitchin' it up. An' when they lifted that 'ammick it was one wringin' mess o' blood. They on'y expended one wardroom cock-bird, too. Did you know poultry bled that extravagant? *I* never did.

"The old man—so 'Op told me—stayed on the bridge, brought up on a dead centre. Number One was similarly but lesser impressed, but o' course 'is duty was to think of 'is fine white decks an' the blood. 'Arf a mo', sir,' 'e says, when the old man was for leavin'. 'We 'ave to wait for the burial, which I am informed takes place immejit.'

"'It's beyond me,' says the owner. 'There was general instructions for an execution, but I never knew I had such a dependable push of mountebanks aboard,' 'e says. 'I'm all cold up my back, still.'

"The Marines carried the corpse below. Then the bugle give us some more Dead March. Then we 'eard a splash from a bow six-pounder port, an' the bugle struck up a cheerful tune. The 'ole lower deck was complimentin' Glass, 'oo took it very meek. 'E *is* a good actor, for all 'e's a leatherneck.

"'Now,' said the old man, 'we must turn over Antonio. 'E's in what I've 'eard called one perspirin' funk.'

"Of course, I'm tellin' it slow, but it all 'appened much quicker. We run down to our trampo—without o' course informin' Antonio of 'is 'appy destiny—an' inquired of 'er if she 'ad any use for a free gratis stowaway. Oh, yes! she said she'd be 'ighly grateful, but she seemed a shade puzzled at our generosity, as you might put it, an' we lay by till she lowered a boat. Then Antonio—'oo was un'appy—distinctly un-'appy—was politely requested to navigate elsewhere, which I don't think 'e looked for. 'Op was deputed to convey the information, an' 'Op got in one sixteen-inch kick which 'oisted 'im all up the ladder. 'Op ain't really vindictive, an' 'e's fond of the French, especially the women, but 'is chances o' kicking lootenants was same as mine—limited.

"The boat 'adn't more than shoved off before a change, as you might say, came o'er the spirit of our dream. The old man says, like Elphinstone an' Bruce in the Portsmouth election when I was a boy: 'Gentlemen,' 'e says, 'for gentlemen you have shown yourselves to be—from the bottom of my 'eart I thank you. The status an' position of our late lamented shipmate made it obligat' 'e says, 'to take certain steps not quite included in the regulations. An' nobly,' says 'e, 'ave you assisted me. Now,' 'e says, 'you 'old the false and felonious reputation of bein' the smartest ship in the Service. Pigsties,' 'e says, 'is plane trigonometry alongside our present disgustin' state. Efface the effects of this indecent orgy,' 'e says.

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'Jump, you lop-eared, flat-footed, butter-backed-Amalekites! Dig out, you briny-eyed beggars?'"

"Do captains talk like that, Mr. Pyecroft?" I asked.

"I've told you once I on'y give the grist o' 'is arguments. The bosun's mate translates it to the lower deck, as you may put it, and the lower deck springs smartly to attention. It took us 'arf the night 'fore we got 'er anyway shipshape; but by sunrise she was beautiful as ever, an' we resumed. I've thought it over a lot since; yes, an' I've thought a lot of Antonio trimmin' coal in that tramp's bunkers. 'E must 'ave been 'ighly surprised. Wasn't 'e?"

"He was, Mr. Pyecroft," I responded. "But now we're talkin' of it, weren't you all a little surprised?"

"It come as a pleasant relief to the regular routine," said Mr. Pyecroft. "We appreciated it as an easy way o' workin' for your country. But—the old man was right—a week o' similar manœuvres would 'ave knocked our moral double-bottoms clean out. Now, couldn't you oblige with Antonio's account of Glass's execution?"

I obliged for nearly ten minutes. It was at best a feeble rendering of M. de C.'s magnificent prose, through which the soul of the poet, the eye of the mariner, and the heart of the patriot bore magnificent accord. His account of his descent from the side of the "*infamous vessel consecrated to blood*" in the "*vast and gathering dusk of the trembling ocean*" could only be matched by his description of the dishonoured hammock sinking unnoticed through the depths, while above the bugler played music "*of an indefinable brutality.*"

"By the way, what did the bugler play after Glass's funeral?" I asked.

"'Im? Oh! 'e played 'The Strict Q.T.' It's a very old song. We 'ad it in Fratton nearly fifteen years back," said Mr. Pyecroft sleepily.

I stirred the sugar dregs in my glass. Suddenly entered armed men, wet and discourteous, Tom Wessels smiling nervously in the background.

"Where is that—minutely particularised person—Glass?" said the sergeant of the picket.

"'Ere!" The Marine rose to the strictest of attentions. "An' it's no good smellin' of my breath, because I'm strictly an' ruinously sober."

"Oh! An' what may you have been doin' with yourself?"

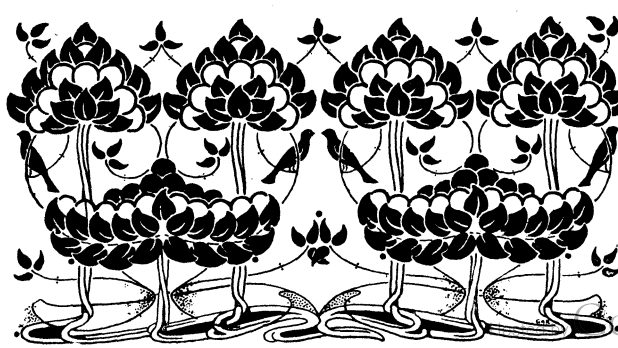
"Listenin' to tracts. You can look! I've 'ad the evenin' of my little life. Lead on to the *Cornucopia's* midmost dunjing cell. There's a crowd of brass-'atted blighters there which will say I've been absent without leaf. Never mind. I forgive 'em before'and. *The* evenin' of my life, an' please don't forget it." Then in a tone of most ingratiating apology to me: "I soaked it all in be'ind my shut eyes. 'Im"—he jerked a contemptuous thumb towards Mr. Pyecroft—"'e's a flat-foot, a indigo-blue matlow. 'E never saw the fun from first to last. A mournful beggar—most depressin'." Private Glass departed, leaning heavily on the escort's arm.

Mr. Pyecroft wrinkled his brows in thought—the profound and far-reaching meditation that follows five glasses of hot whisky-and-water.

"Well, I don't see anything comical—much—except 'ere an' there. Specially about those redooced charges in the guns. Do *you* see anything funny in it?"

There was that in his eye which warned me the night was too wet for argument.

"No, Mr. Pyecroft, I don't," I replied. "It was a beautiful tale, and I thank you very much."



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WHAT SOME GREAT MEN MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY

HARRY FURNISS.

There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

DISRAELI AS ATTORNEY'S CLERK.

WHEN we consider what some great men might have been, we shudder to think what would have been lost had they succeeded in their early avocation. Civil law would not have appreciated Handel as highly as lovers of music do and always will. Rousseau, who wrote "Confessions" and "Emile," would surely have been lost to the world as a cobbler. Hume's "History of Commerce," written in the ledgers of an office, would not have been equal to his "History of England." Smeaton, the great engineer, might never, as an attorney, have risen to the bench. And although our great landscape painter, Turner, might have eventually become the champion barber, his talents would certainly have been thrown away shaving the stubbly chins of drunken sailors down the Thames. It is a strange reflection that this great painter, the first great leader of English water-colour, the painter of "Adonis Departing for the Chase," "Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus," "The Rigi at Sunrise," "The Fighting Téméraire," and other masterpieces, in oil, of which the nation is justly proud, should have remained, in his tastes, uninfluenced by his art, humbler perhaps than those very sailors in the slums of the East End.

What England would have lost had young Disraeli remained a solicitor! The youthful occupant of the dingy office in Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, in 1821, who was bound as clerk to William Stephens, attorney-at-law, may possibly have realised this catastrophe. The words "A day will come!" may have escaped his lips as he carved "B. D." on the deal slope at which he worked, and day-dreamt of his life to come, full of prosperity, brilliancy, and colour. His early love for effect and dress, the hereditary love of colour and show, must have been sorely tried in the miserable City office. It is strange that the office door he so frequently entered in those early days strongly resembles the entrance to the official door he so frequently entered in the later years—No. 10, Downing Street. What a life was lived between the time he left the one door and entered the other! Yet when he left the solicitor's office, it was to become a fashionable novelist. Clever as his books are, no one will dispute the fact that the name of Beaconsfield would not have survived his own day had his reputation depended solely upon his pen.

He published "Contarini Fleming" anonymously, "in order to test the appreciative faculty of the public," having written it with deep thought and feeling. This falling flat, he said: "I was naturally discouraged from further effort," and he resolved to abandon literature and betake himself to politics.

Had the father of John Keats not been killed by a fall from his horse, when his son was nine years old, it is just possible Keats would have followed his grandfather's and father's occupation and kept livery-stables, letting out worn-out hacks at three-and-sixpence an hour, to Cockney sportsmen, in place of unharnessing his poet's imagination.

So from the turf outsprang two steeds jet black,
Each with large dark blue wings upon his back.

It was to his mother he owed the advantage of a good education. He gave no evidence of any taste for poetising, and was apprenticed to a surgeon at Edmonton for five years. After that had expired he walked the London hospitals. "The operations he performed were, in fact, successful; but an overwrought apprehension of doing mischief in this way haunted him continually, so he laid down the knife and took up the pen." To that fact we owe some of the most charming poetry in the English language—

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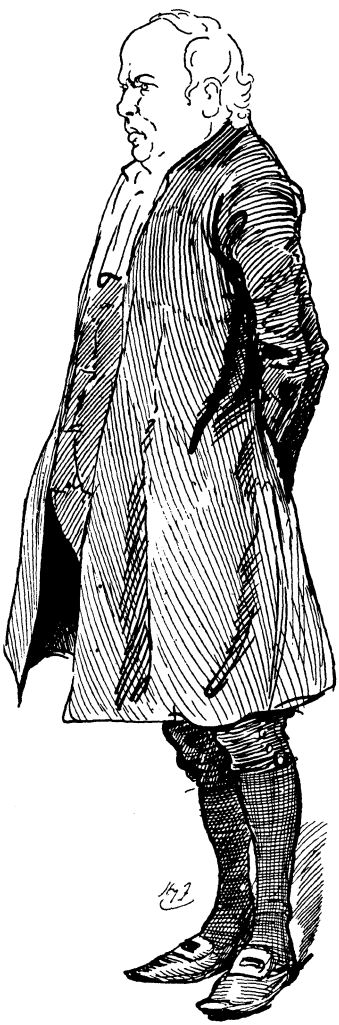
"Endymion," "The Eve of St. Agnes," the unfinished "Hyperion." This delicate genius died at the age of twenty-six, with a request that over his bones should be inscribed—

"HERE LIES ONE WHOSE NAME WAS WRIT IN WATER."

And, as W. M. Rossetti has written: "That is an age-long and shoreless water, which will continue flowing while generation after generation of men, as brothers and lovers, come to contemplate the sacred tomb in Rome, within the shadow of the pyramid of Caius Cestus. They have to step aside a few paces and stand by a still more sacred tomb, which opened in the ensuing year, 1822—that of the wave-worn and world-worn Shelley, the divinest of the demigods."



GOLDSMITH AS SCHOOLMASTER.

I wonder would such lines have been written over the tomb of Surgeon Keats, of Harley Street.

If a man ever lived with all the best and the worst characteristics of a genius combined, Goldsmith was that man. He was born in poverty, the son of a very improvident country parson, "passing rich on forty pounds a year." It was characteristic of the whole family that the less they had to spend, the more prodigally they spent it. Goldsmith was, at the early age of six, "remarkable chiefly for idleness and smallpox." A good, kind, generous uncle eventually sent him to college. He was there remarkable chiefly for extravagance and pawning. The good uncle then paid for his preparation to enter the Church; he sent him to a coach at Lissoy, where he was remarkable for miscellaneous reading and drinking at the "Three Jolly Pigeons." Fifty pounds was found for him to start as a lawyer in London. This venture was chiefly remarkable for his gambling that money away in Dublin, and his disgrace in consequence. He went to Edinburgh, to become a physician; from thence to Leyden. His connection with medicine is remarkable chiefly for his borrowing propensities, and for a sentimental journey started upon with one shirt, one guinea, and one flute. He then became a school-teacher, chiefly remarkable for failure and poverty.

Then, and not till then, his biographers inform us, "commenced his hard struggles with the world."

We all know the subsequent history of "Poor Goldsmith"—of his appeal to Dr. Johnson when he was arrested by his landlady for rent; of the sale, at that moment, of his novel, "The Vicar of Wakefield," to Newberry, for sixty pounds; of the success of his poem, "The Traveller," and the other delightful works which have made his name immortal.

KEATS AS A LIVERY-STABLE KEEPER.

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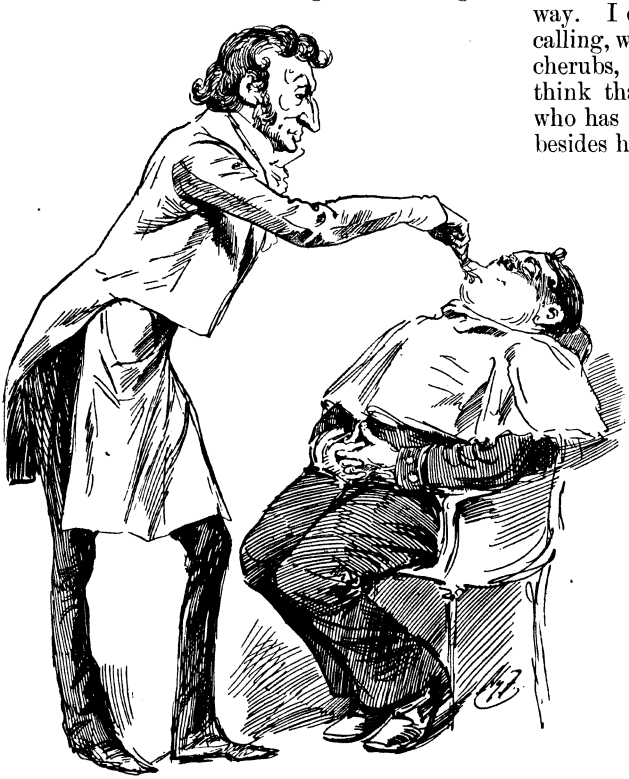
It is clear Goldsmith would never have succeeded in any other walk of life. He was a downright stupid man, wayward, a spendthrift, and, save in his writings, apparently without humour—a typical Irishman in all but the last-named failing. "He was a fool," said a man who knew him. "The right word never came to him. If you gave him back a bad shilling, he would say: 'Why, it's as good a shilling as ever was *born*.' You know he ought to have said *coined*. *Coined*, sir, never entered his head. He was a fool, sir."

Had he been less of a genius, he might have applied himself to one of the various professions his forgiving and generous uncle, the Rev. Thomas Contarine, started him in. An absent-minded parson would have been a calamity. As a lawyer, he would have been the butt of the Bench and the Bar. As a schoolmaster, he might certainly have enjoyed the games and fun of the holiday-time—a qualification for modern masters, but hardly considered one in his day. His childish nature would not have suited a Don.



TURNER AS A BARBER.

By sports like these are all their cares beguiled;
The sports of children satisfy the child.

Goldsmith was the child of impulse to the very last. One cannot picture him as the Vicar of Wakefield, or of any other place. Had he followed his father's calling, should we ever have had "She Stoops to Conquer," or "The Deserted Village," to hand down for the delight of generations to come?

Another man of letters who tried several professions was James Russell Lowell, poet, essayist, and diplomatist. He first thought of being a clergyman, then a lawyer, and afterwards a doctor. *A propos* of the first calling, he wrote: "No man ought to be a minister who has not a special calling that way. I don't mean an old-fashioned special calling, with winged angels and fat-bottomed cherubs, but an inward one. In fact, I think that no man ought to be a minister who has not money enough to support him besides his salary. For the minister of God should not be thinking of his own and children's bread when dispensing the bread of life. I have been led to reflect seriously on the subject since I have thought of going into the Divinity School. Some men were made for peacemakers and others for shoemakers, and if each man follow his nose we shall all come out right at last. If I did not think that I should some day make a great fool of myself and marry (not that I would call *all* men fools who marry), I would enter the school to-morrow. Certain am I that it is not pleasant to work for a living any way; but 'we youth' must live, and verily this 'money' is a very good thing, though on that account we need not fall down and worship it. The very cent on which my eye now rests may have done a great deal of good in its day; perhaps it has made glad the heart of the widow, and put a morsel of bread in the famishing mouths of her children, and perhaps it has created much misery; perhaps some now determined gambler began his career of sin by playing chuck-farthing with that very piece of stamped copper."

So he turned his thoughts to the world of law. This he soon renounced as follows:—

"A very great change has come o'er the spirit of my dream of life. I have renounced the law. I am going to settle down into a business-man at last, after all I have said to the contrary. Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness. I find that I cannot bring myself to like the law, and I am now looking

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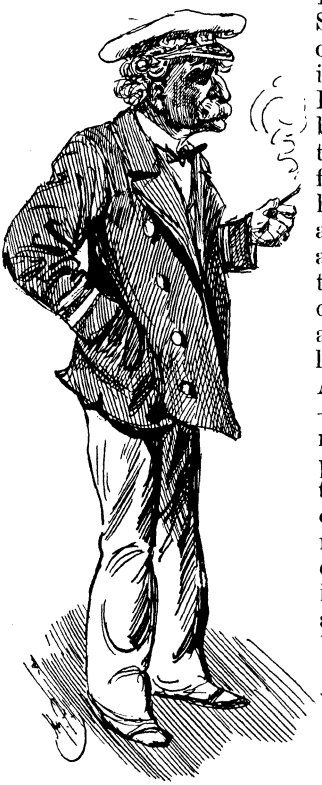
out for a place 'in a store.' You may imagine that all this has not come to pass without a great struggle. I must expect to give up almost all literary pursuits, and instead of making rhymes devote myself to making money. If I thought it possible that I ever could love the law (one can't make a lawyer without it), I wouldn't hesitate a moment; but I am confident that I shall never be able even to be on speaking terms with it. I have been thinking seriously of the ministry, but then I have also thought of medicine, but then—still worse!"

James Russell Lowell was born on George Washington's birthday, 1819. The James represents his English descent, the Lowells having left Bristol for Massachusetts nearly two hundred years before his birth. The Russell represents his Scotch blood, his mother being of Scotch descent. The fact that his father was a cultured clergyman may account for his leaning towards the Church; and law may have entered his head as his grandfather was a judge. It is difficult to say why he thought of medicine—certainly the liking was not hereditary. As a matter of fact, he eventually, like all clever men, developed what was born in him, the natural talent of his mother. She was an exceptional woman, a linguist endowed with a wonderful memory, and devoted to ballads and ancient songs.

LIONEL BROUGH, PUBLISHER.

David Garrick was born at Hereford—where the cider comes from—in the year 1717. His father was an Army man. Garrick, in March, 1736, was entered a member of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn, being intended for the Bar. His earliest biographer states that he (Garrick) found the law too heavy, saturnine, and barren of amusements (how times have not changed!) for his active and more lively disposition. A genius like his—so like the magnetic needle, pointed directly to its proper centre—could not continue circumscribed within the limits of any profession but that to which it was more particularly adapted, for in the year 1740 he quitted the law entirely for the stage.


MARK TWAIN AS A PILOT.

From Garrick the Great to Smith the Small (*nom de théâtre*—anything you like), few members of *the* profession have been born to it or educated for that calling. A great number in latter years have drifted on to the stage after trying other walks in life. This is particularly the case with actresses. In the old days of stock companies, matters were different—training was severe, pay bad, and the social status deplorable. Nowadays, the petted, spoilt children of Society are on the stage. It is all very well for its leaders to read papers at learned societies, make speeches at dinners and at bazaars about the necessary training required, when those same actor-managers will engage a lady they have never seen or heard if they see, by her photograph, that she has a pretty face. I know, as a matter of fact, a lady was offered an

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engagement in a London West End theatre by an actor-manager who had merely seen her photograph.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree was originally in the office of his father—a grain merchant in the City. J. L. Toole started life in a wine merchant's City office. The two great French actors, Coquelin (known as Coquelin Aîné and Coquelin Cadet), were not originally actors. Benoit was a baker at Boulogne, and Ernest was in the service of the Northern Railway Company.

Anyone who saw Mr. Hall Caine's play, "The Eternal City," must have been struck

DU MAURIER AS SURGEON.

by the fine performance of Mr. Lionel Brough. Always a sound, clever comedian, as the Italian revolutionist in that melodrama, he was the one strong and natural character, owing solely to his perfect knowledge of the stage and how to fill it. Since 1864, he has been one of our very best actors, yet this youngest of the famous "Brothers Brough" was originally in the newspaper world. He published the first number of the *Daily Telegraph*, having served his apprenticeship as office-boy at the office of the *Illustrated London News*. While connected with the *Morning Star*, he, as an amateur, acted with other members of the Savage Club, and became, through that accident, at once a professional theatrical star.

The Bar would indeed be the cleverest body of men in the country if all the young men who had been called remained, instead of deserting law for literature. At a guess I should say seventy per cent. of our clever writers were, or are, barristers, from the present Poet Laureate of England, Alfred Austin, to the writer of mottoes for Christmas crackers.

Humorists have, in many cases, begun life in serious occupations. Mark Twain (Samuel Langhorne Clemens), "the greatest humorist of the age," author of "The Jumping Frog," "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," "A Tramp Abroad," wit, *raconteur*, speech-maker, famous all the world over, had he remained at one of his early vocations, would have been a pilot on the Mississippi River.

It is curious to note the number of geniuses, of those already mentioned, who were originally medical students. Oliver Wendell Holmes is perhaps an exception. He did not abandon the medical world when he entered that of literature.

I must add Victorien Sardou, the author of "Fédora," "Théodora," etc., to those who "chucked" the medical. Saved from starvation and death by the kindness of a lady whom he afterwards married, he made his first success at thirty-five.

Sir Conan Doyle is another instance. Had he continued in the medical profession, he might have been now a serious rival to Sir Andrew Critchett, for it was as an eye specialist that he came to London after some years' general practice at Southsea.

Thomas Henry Hall Caine began life as an architect. Just fancy the author of "The Eternal City" superintending the building of wash-houses and working-men's dwellings! Should we ever have read "The Deemster," "The Manxman," or "The Christian"? Should we ever have seen Mr. Hall Caine in photographs, or upon the stage or platform, had he followed his first profession? He has, it must be admitted, succeeded in being exceptionally successful as the architect of his own fortune.

That delightful novelist, Thomas Hardy, was also destined for the architectural profession. For him to have spent his days in building a police-station "Under the Greenwood Tree" "Far From the Madding Crowd," or a group of noble houses in place of writing "A Group of Noble Dames," Wessex cottages in place of "Wessex Tales," a village inn in place of writing "The Three Wayfarers," would have been a loss to the world indeed. His first attempt at

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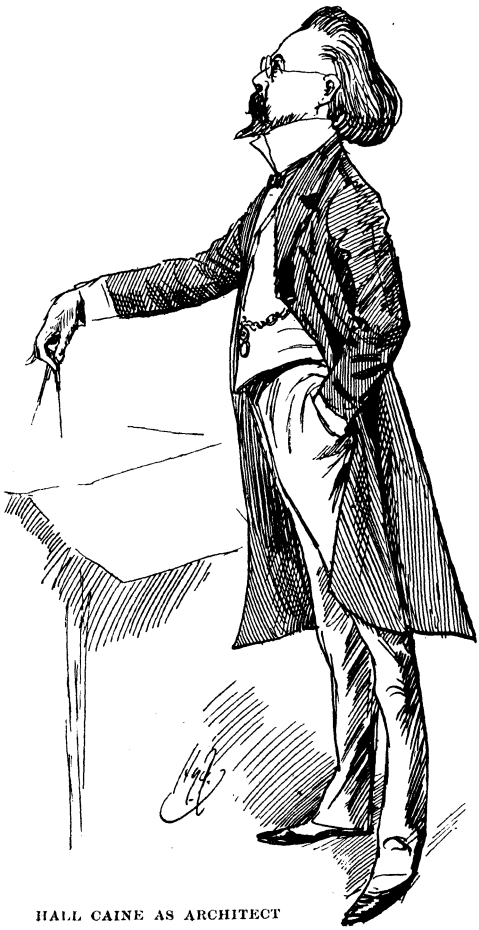
literary work was an essay on "Coloured Brick and Terra-Cotta Architecture," which received a gold medal. I am glad the reward did not turn his head finally to architecture.

It is a strange fact that so few of my own profession—if one may be permitted to call caricaturing a profession—have started life as caricaturists. John Leech and George du Maurier were both in the medical profession. Sir John Tenniel was a serious painter; one of his frescoes decorates the walls of the Houses of Parliament. Charles Keene was at first intended for the law, and afterwards worked in an architect's office. John Gordon Thompson, who first drew for *Punch*, and subsequently was cartoonist for *Fun*, was in the Civil Service. Mr. Linley Sambourne started as an engineer's draughtsman in the office of Messrs. Penn and Sons, of Greenwich. W. Ralston began life as a photographer in Glasgow. His clever work in the *Graphic* and *Punch* is well known and appreciated,

LINLEY SAMBOURNE AS AN ENGINEER'S DRAUGHTSMAN.



HALL CAINE AS ARCHITECT

yet he proved himself the inevitable exception to the rule and returned to photography in Glasgow. Mr. J. Bernard Partridge was first an architect, and afterwards became an actor, as he is still. Mr. Phil May was also an architect before becoming a caricaturist. Mr. F. C. Gould was not originally, he himself modestly declares, intended for an artist, but luckily his bright imagination and extraordinary cleverness and humour forced him from the dull Stock Exchange to brighten our lives by his clever caricatures. In fact, those who limit their work to caricature pure and simple are often happier in their efforts if untrained for correct draughtsmanship. Leech is an instance, and many others could be mentioned; but at the same time, caricaturists are frequently able artists, and their branch of art is one which, unless the artist is extremely limited in his efforts, requires quite as hard study as painting itself. At the same time, aptitude for it must be born in one—you cannot train an artist to be a caricaturist, nor is it possible to train a caricaturist to be a serious artist. The quotation with which I started this brief article is perhaps more applicable to caricaturists than any other:—

There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

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MARY JONES.

By MAX ADELER.*

"WHAT was that matter, Captain Bass, about Mary Jones?" We were sitting in Captain Bass's cat-boat *Lorena*, while the tide drifted us southward in Panasquan Inlet.

My plan had been to go blue-fishing, and so on Tuesday morning I went down upon the accommodation-train on the New Jersey Midland railroad, and got off at Hurryup Junction. There, as everybody knows, a dusty stage with two horses takes travellers twice a day to Bivalve Centre, the queer little village which straddles Hitalick Creek just above the point where it empties into the Inlet.

I had not known Captain Bass, but my friend Whitaker, who keeps his own cat-boat at Bivalve Centre, and knows every good fishing-hole on the New Jersey coast, told me that if I really wanted to catch blue-fish, Bass was the man to command the expedition.

The stage-driver pointed out the Captain's cottage as he helped me down the steps at the rear of the stage and pocketed the fare, and he smiled in an odd way as he showed me the building.

As I came near, I saw a man working in the garden behind the house. He heard my footsteps, and turning his head, he dropped his spade and hurried to the back door, which he opened and slammed violently when he had gone in.

If I had not seen him run towards the building and heard him enter, I should have gone away after knocking at the front door five or six times; but my curiosity was stimulated by such queer behaviour, so I continued knocking.

After a while I heard him coming to the door. He put his hand upon the knob, drew a creaking bolt, turned a key, and the door opened for about one and a half inches.

"What d'you want?" said the voice of Captain Bass, of whose bearded face what might be called only a slice was seen.

I explained to him that I had it upon my mind to try to catch blue-fish on the next tide, and that Whitaker had urged me to come to him for help.

"Is your name Jones?" he asked, still holding the door so that I could see but a corner of his left eye.

I told him my name.

"No relation to any Mary Jones?"

"No."

"Not lookin' fur trouble or nothin'."

"No."

Captain Bass moved his head over, so that he could examine me with his right eye; and then he added another inch to the crack in the doorway.

"Fair an' square now, between man and man, an' you cross your breath to it—you're not a-playin' that Mary Jones business on me? Honest, now?"

When I had convinced him that I was completely innocent of connivance with, or knowledge of, or interest in Mary Jones, Captain Bass swung the door wide open and asked me to step in.

Twenty minutes afterwards we were down at the little wooden pier in the creek, and while I leaped into the *Lorena*, Captain Bass loosened her painter and swung her head around.

The Captain was afraid we should not have wind enough, but we sailed bravely down the creek, and I suppose had gone about two miles up the bay, or inlet, when the wind dropped down and the tide slowly drifted us back again towards the Hitalick.

"What was that matter about Mary Jones, Captain," I asked him, "that worried you so much when I knocked on your door just now?"

The sail was flapping and wabbling in a vain way between the boom and the mast, and while Captain Bass held the tiller and smoked his pipe, I propped my back against the side of the cockpit and put my feet upon the casing of the centre-board.

Captain Bass hesitated and swallowed a couple of times, so that I could see the lump travel down along the line of his Adam's apple. Then he looked at the peak of the mast, cast an eye seaward, passed his hand over his forehead, ported his helm slightly,

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expectorated, and said: "An' you never heard nothin' about it?"

"Never."

"Mr. Whitaker didn't tell you?"

"No."

"Hah! I thought all the folks up in Philadelphia knowed about that thing. You must've been West, I reckon."

"I should be glad to hear about it now," I said. In fact, at that moment I cared more about the Mary Jones case than I did about blue-fish.

"It was this yer way," said Captain Bass, laying down his pipe, letting out one hole in his single suspender, and seating himself on the gunwale, where he could manage the tiller with his knee. "Jes' four weeks ago my wife was called away, of a sudden, you might say; and when she was clean gone and we come back from the funeral, I was kind o' lonesome; so, a-settin' in the upstairs room, I begun a-rummagin', you might say, among her things in the bureau drawer. The fus' thing you know I come acrost a paper all folded up and writ on it the words, 'My Will.'

"Why, man alive, I never suspicioned that Matty had made a will, fur she had no prop'ty that I knowed of; so I opened the will, and—what do you think?—it read somethin' like this:—

"'I hereby give and bequeath my imitation tortoiseshell comb to Ann Martin, my German silver coffee-pot to Jane B. Pennington, and my husband Joseph Bass to Mary Jones.'

"There it was, signed and sealed and writ fair, and witnesses and everything just right. Me and the coffee-pot and the comb all handed around as gifs to her friends.

"What she went an' lef' me to that woman fur, I dunno, fur she always hated Mary Jones wuss'n pizin—that is, if it *was* Mary Jones she meant that lives over the creek there in Bivalve.

"So I set there till well on towards mornin' a-thinkin' about it—just a-thinkin' and a-thinkin'—when, all of a sudden, like, it come to me that Mary Jones might mean one woman and it might mean another. Why, my gracious, man! there's maybe about a million Mary Joneses in this nation, black, white, and yaller; and so the question become interestin' right away—which Mary Jones was to inherit me? You understand, the thing was kind o' open.

"I never knowed nothin' about no law, as you kin guess, so in the mornin' I put Matty's will in my pocket and walked over to Squire Tyson's. He's no reg'lar lawyer, but he's the Squire, and follers the law some, and so I showed him the will and asked him what he thought about it.

"When he come to the name o' Mary Jones, I seen him flinch, but he said nothin'; and so I says: 'That's the widder Jones Matty's give me to, I s'pose; and what I ask you is: Am I obleedged to marry her under that will, or am I not obleedged to marry her?'

"Squire Tyson got a little red in the face, I thought, and pretended fur a minute that he wanted to look out of the back winder; and when I asked him agin, he wheels around and says: 'I'm not a-sayin' you're obleedged and I'm not a-sayin' you're not obleedged. What I want to know,' says he, 'is what the case is wuth to me?'

"It looked to me like he was a-wantin' to gain time to think it over, so I says: 'It might be wuth somethin' to you ef I could break the will; but ef the law passes me right on to Mary Jones helpless, so's I've got to take her, the case is not wuth shucks. I won't pay a cent.'

"So then he takes down a big yaller leather book and pretends to be looking up the facts, but I could see his mind wa'nt on it; for he kep' a-turnin' and a-turnin' the leaves, till after while he says: 'That will's not been registrated, has it? Very well, then, you must have it registrated the very fus' thing, so's to start right and keep along with the law.'

"'Still tryin' to gain time,' I thinks; but, anyhow, I went right over to Tuckahoe in the next train and registrated the will, and there's where I give myself dead away."

"How was that?" I asked.

"Why, when the will was once registrated, anybody could read it; and it was such a queer will that the news got about, an' the fus' thing I knowed, the *Tuckahoe Register* printed the hull document. The next day five men from the city come down, and in the mornin' the Philadelphia papers had the will in, an' a picture they said was me, but Cap Chambers said it was a picture of General Burnside, that he fit under in the war.

"But the wust of it was that they said I was a wealthy shipowner and clammer; that I farmed a cranberry bog, and was one of the Cap'ns of Industry in South Jersey. I never seen such lyin'. I wouldn't take a cranberry bog as a gif', and the *Lorena's* the only craft I own.

"Howsomedever, that very morning after the papers got down, the widder Jones—Mary Ulrich Jones—she comes right over to see me, and pushes into the settin'-room with-

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out even knockin', and sets down in Matty's rockin'-chair. She was a-tryin' to look solemn, but I seen she was a-snickerin' to herself.

"'This yer is strange news to me, Joseph—

"He dropped his spade and hurried to the back door."

very, very strange,' says she, a-fumblin' her handkercher around her nose and eyes. 'It was quite a shock to me. I hadn't really thought o' marryin' agin. Dear Matty! She was always kind an' fond o' givin' things. Is that comb real imitation that she gave Ann Martin? I disremember it. And Jennie gets that lovely coffee-pot, and I git you.'

"'As fur gittin' me, Mrs. Jones,' says I, 'what the law says goes. Ef it says Matty had a right to will me away, you git me. Ef it don't say so, why, maybe we'll see about it.'

"'Jes' so,' says she. 'We must obey the law. I'll be no lawbreaker, and have to go to the penitentiary with stripe clothes on, and live in a cell on bread and water and cold things! Never! And speakin' o' clothes,' says she, 'Matty's always fit me like I was growed fur 'em; and that grey shally's the very thing with my complexion — don't you think so, Joseph?'

"'Mrs. Jones,' says I, 'I'm no 'thority on shallies and complexions.'

"'Mine is brown,' she says; 'but Abrum always said my double chin and my dimples was my charm.' Abrum was her fust. But I was kind o' mad, and so I says: 'I never cared much fur 'em'; and then she said she was afeared it'd grow larger herself, and so she was takin' Swedish movements to reduce it."

"Reduce the dimple?" I asked.

"The double chin. She was takin' the movements from a professor over at Manasaukin. Nine long breaths in the morning, nine in the afternoon, and fourteen at night, with Injun clubs at eleven and seven.

"Then she starts up agin and says she didn't care so much fur marriage, but she was sure Matty'd ha'nt her ef she broke the will. 'She was an angel woman,' she says, 'with good qualities, but I'm bound to say no housekeeper to make a man comfortable.'

"Then she gits up and rubs her finger on the winder-glass, to let on it wa'nt clean, and flicks the dust off the mantelpiece with her handkercher, and pulls the table-cover on straight, and sets down agin, lookin' at the pipe in my hand. Then she says: 'Abrum never smoked in the settin'-room, on account o' my nerves; and I do hope you'll git to love our dog, but I'm bound to tell you he's suspicious of strangers. And ef you are willin', I'll fetch right over, so's you kin finish 'em, the two bottles and part of another bottle of Dr. Balch's Specific, that Abrum was takin' when he died.'

"'Mrs. Jones,' says I, 'we'll put them

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and the dog off until things is more settled about the law.'

"'Mrs. Jones!' says she. 'Now, that's distant! Why not just Mary, so's you'll get used to it? Abrum's pet name was Mazie.'

"I was glad to be rid of her, as you may think; but wuss was a-comin'! Them pictures and lies in the papers set all the Mary Joneses in the country wild. They begun to send in their likenesses when they couldn't come themselves, and I've got three-quarters of a peck of photographs o' women so homely you couldn't cut 'em up fur bait without scarin' the fish. The mail was full of 'em, and the postmaster was obleedged to put another boy on the force. Letters! Bushels of 'em! all claimin' to be from the only real Mary Jones. Came from everywheres; only the fur-away places, like Arizona and the Phillipynes, to hear from.

"But that wa'nt nothin'. The Mary Joneses begun to swarm into Bivalve like a freshet. From Cayuga and Chillicothe and St. Louis and Perkiomen and Skippack and Yonkers and most everywheres. Alec Joy put on two more stages to the Junction. Mary Ann Jones came, and Mary Jane Jones and Mary P. Jones and Mary Musgrove Jones and plain Mary Joneses, till you couldn't count 'em.

"One Mary Jones brought her mother and three trunks and a canary bird, and another carried her golf-set down, and another one broke her spectacles on the train and got off by mistake at Pullalong station, so she footed it over and got to Bivalve at ten o'clock at night, just wore out, and was took ill, and sent fur me to come to the hotel to see her with the doctor. It jes' rained Mary Joneses, you might say, all bound to carry out poor Matty's will and to become partners in the cranberry bog with the Cap'n of Industry.

"Skeered! My life wa'nt safe. So I sent for Cap Chambers, and he brought over the musket he fit with in the war, as I was a-sayin', and I paid him two dollars a day to stand guard out by my front gate and fend 'em off. There he was, a-marchin' up and down with his weepin, and there they was, hangin' over the fence and campin' around on the grass, determined not to quit until they seen the Cap'n of Industry. I was so nervous I couldn't eat, and the postmaster every once in a while sendin' in fresh pictures and fresh letters from all over the rollin' earth, till the house wouldn't hold 'em.

"Two or three times the delegation tried to rush Cap Chambers, but he had nerve, and held 'em off by sweepin' the horizon with his gun.

"In the midst of it he let in our own Mary Ulrich Jones, because he knowed her; and when she was once in the house, lookin' pale and skeered, Cap let another one in—a young thing with gold hair and a lovely smile, who worked on his feelins so's he couldn't say 'No' to her.

"So there we was. Mary Ulrich Jones, of Bivalve, and this other one, who introduced herself as Mary Jones Barlow, of the Eastern Shore of Maryland, and made herself at home right off.

"Then I sent a boy fur Squire Tyson; and when he came, I says: 'Now, Squire, this thing's got to be settled. Let the law take its course, ef you know what the law is. What I want to know is: Must I marry Mary Jones under the will? and ef so, which Mary Jones?'

"Mary Ulrich Jones goes and sets down by the stove, lookin' half mad and half 's if she was goin' to cry, and starin' hard at the widder from Maryland, who comes over and sets clost to me and picks a thread off o' the sleeve of my coat, and puts her white hand on the arm o' my rockin'-chair. She wa'nt goin' to be bluffed—I seen that right off.

"Then Squire Tyson clears his throat and pulls up his collar and says: 'There's two p'ints to this yer case. Fus': Is that will o' Martha Bass's reg'lar? The law says, "Yes." A will gives away prop'ty. Was Joseph Bass prop'ty? Certain and sure. Accordin' to the law, when he married the said Martha Bass, he became bone o' her bone; and ef a woman hain't got a right to give away her own bones, what right has she got? Second,' says he: 'Which Mary Jones was intended by the said Martha Bass in writin' that will? Here we have trouble,' says he. 'I dunno, and you dunno, and nobody dunno. And so what I say is, instead o' fightin' and lawin' about it, s'pos'n we put the said Joseph Bass up and raffle him off, and let all the Mary Joneses take chances?'

"Lookin' out o' the winder while he was a-speakin', you could see the crowd at the fence, and Cap Chambers holdin' his musket at 'ready.'

"So I steps over to the Squire and whispers to him: 'Speakin' about what it is wuth to you, it'll be wuth jes' twenty dollars ef you can fix it betwixt these two and settle it on the Maryland one.'

"Then Squire Tyson clears his throat agin and says: 'The said Joseph Bass says two's enough, and now I propose that these

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yer two candidates plays checkers to decide which one has him.'

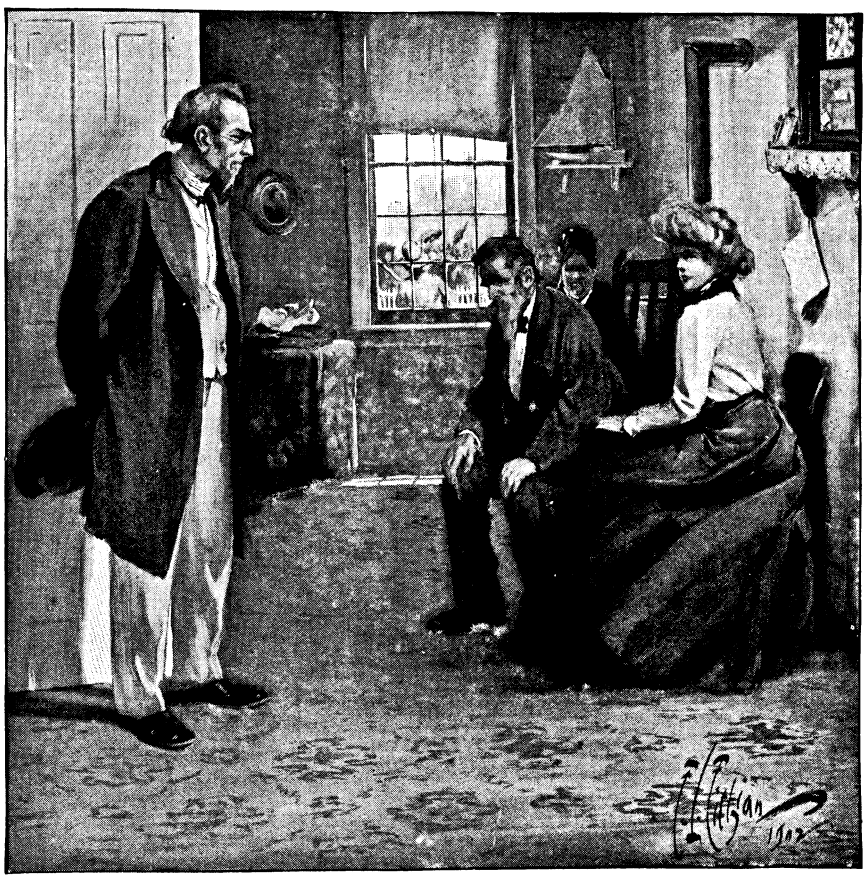
"The Squire knowed Mary Ulrich Jones was drefful weak on checkers.

"So Mary Jones Barlow, from the Eastern Shore of Maryland, says: 'I'd ruther chance it with a spellin' bee,' for likely she was poor at checkers, too, and strong on spellin'.

"But Mary Ulrich Jones, almost a-spittin' fire, says: 'No! I won't raffle, and I won't checker, and I won't spell. I'm 'posed to gamblin' in any form; it's agin the Commandments; and ef ever I start in to break 'em, I'll break 'em fur a man that ain't homely.' Spite agin me, you know, because the Maryland widder was so handsome. 'And her name ain't Jones, anyway,' says Mary Ulrich Jones.

"That made the Squire go over and whisper to her until I seen her get more cheerful; and then the Squire says: 'That Jones difficulty is reg'lated by law. We have yer Mary Ulrich Jones and Mary Jones Barlow, claimants under the will of the said Martha Bass. Now, it's clear,' says he, 'that one claimant started 'riginally as Mary Ulrich and the other started 'riginally as Mary Jones. So ef you take Mary Jones Barlow and resolve her into her 'riginal elements that she had afore she was married, there you have her, Mary Jones. And so ef you take Mary Ulrich Jones and resolve her into *her* 'riginal elements, what do you get? Jes' Mary Ulrich. No Jones there; and so I decide that under the will of the said Martha Bass the said Joseph Bass goes to that woman a-settin' there'—p'intin', you understand, at the Maryland widder.

"Then Mary Ulrich Jones gits up and hooks herself to Squire Tyson's arm and goes right out the door without sayin' 'Good-bye'; although I thought I caught her a-whisperin' to the Squire 'Good riddance!'—which was what I thought.



"'Now, Squire, this thing's got to be settled.'"

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"Squire Tyson told the news to Cap Chambers, and he shouted to the crowd that it was all over. So they scattered fur home, and Cap Chambers shouldered his musket and went over to the blacksmith shop and drawed the load; and there I was, jes' a-settin' there alone with Mary Jones Barlow from the Eastern Shore of Maryland; and I wa'nt mad about it, neither.

"She shook her gold hair and laughed as Mary Jones went out with the Squire, and says: 'I knowed you wouldn't have her.'

"'Never, Mrs. Barlow!' says I.

"'Not Mrs. Barlow! Don't call me that,' says she. 'Call me Dotty. Harry used to.'

"'What Harry?' says I.

"'My first husband,' says she. 'Are you very, very fond o' flowers? He used to love 'em so. And I'm sure you don't know the language of flowers; now, do you? It is so lovely. Daffodils—what's the meaning o' daffodils?'

"'I dunno, ma'am,' says I.

"'Why,' says she, 'they mean "unrequited love." Isn't that just sweet? And pansies? Now guess. "Thoughts of you!" So nice, ain't it? Did anybody ever read your palm?'

"'No, ma'am!' says I.

"Then she reached over and patted my necktie and took hold o' my hand, and that very minute the front winder begun to dance up and down, and the room to go round and round.

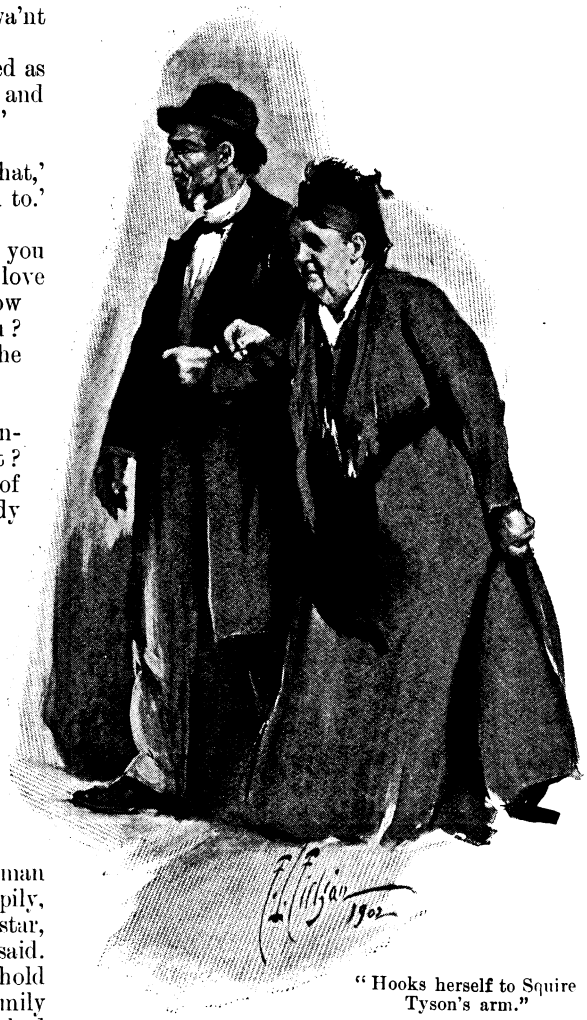
"'Le' me look,' says Mary Jones Barlow, fixin' her eyes on the palm of my hand. 'What do I see here? I see a fair young woman with gold hair whose future is linked with yourn; and I see a dark threat acrost your path from a middle-aged woman with a double chin. But all ends happily, because you were born under a lucky star, when Mars was in applegee,' I think she said.

"So, then, Mary Jones Barlow kep' a hold o' my hand and says: 'Where is the family jewels, Joseph?' And I says: 'I never had no family jewel but Matty.' And then she says: 'I want you to show me your cranberry bog right away, please. I do so love to wander about among the cranberries and pick 'em when the dew is on 'em. Where is it located?'

"So I had to tell her that I had no cranberry bog, and no real estate of any kind but this lot around my house, one hundred and sixty-four feet by seventy-two. 'Cap Chambers,' I says, 'owns the only cranberry bog anywheres about yer.'

"'No family jewels,' she says, lookin' out the winder, 'and no cranberry bog! I've been deceived. But you are a Cap'n of Industry and a wealthy shipowner?' says she, lookin' straight at me till I blinked.

"'No, ma'am,' says I. 'The *Lorena* cat-



"Hooks herself to Squire Tyson's arm."

boat's all the craft I own, and I'm cap'n of nothin' but her.'

"She dropped my hand and looked kind o' sad.

"'And this place is mortgaged for half its value, too,' says I.

"She started for her bonnet, which was a-layin' over on the settin'-room table by the front winder.

"'But what's mortgages where the affections is involved?' says I, for I was worried about her.

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"'H-m-m,' says she. 'Mortgages, cat-boats, cranberry bogs! Well, Mr. Bass, I think I must be goin'. The train starts at 11.36, I think. I've jes' time to ketch it.'

"'And everything's off?' says I—'Matty's will, an' all?'

"'Matty must 'a' been a queer bird,' says she, a-puttin' on her glove and workin' it down with her finger and thumb. 'I never cared for Jersey. The Eastern Shore's good enough for me. Good mornin'!'

"Then she flitted out, and from the winder I seen her climb into Alec Joy's stage and start for Hurryup Junction before I could get my breath. The curious thing was, Cap Chambers got in with her; and to make a long story short, they both come back in the same stage that evenin', and Cap ran over before dark to tell me that he and Mary Jones Barlow was to be married three weeks from Tuesday. The thing that fetched her was that he owned a cranberry bog. Extr'or'nary thing, the yearnin' o' that widder fur a cranberry bog—and so young, too!

"Well, that night, when they was all gone, I got my own supper, and I set there in the settin'-room alone, thinkin' and gettin' lonesomer and lonesomer, and madder and madder at Mary Jones Barlow at the way she played it low down on me. And the more I kep' a-thinkin', the more it seemed to me 's if maybe, after all, Mary Ulrich Jones, of Bivalve Centre, must 'a' been the woman Matty really meant—and she's not such a rag of a woman neither, ef you looked at it right. And then I said to myself that I *could* smoke comfortable in the front yard, and Mary's dog wouldn't be so bad to keep off tramps, and the winder-panes was a leetle cloudy, and Matty's clothes would fit Mary Jones, and it wa'nt playin' fair to Matty jes' to break her will.

"So, in the mornin', I steps over to Squire Tyson's office, and I says to him: 'Squire, there's some p'ints about your law that's not perfeckly straight, now that I think on it.'

"'What's them?' says he, pretty cross.

"'Why,' says I, 'only one o' them women was a real fair and square Mary Jones, and that's the one that lives yer in Bivalve.'

"'Never you mind about no law, or no p'ints o' law,' says he, very sharp. 'You're better at clammin' than at law—or at courtin' either,' he says, with a kind o' wicked laugh.

"'Well, that's the Mary Jones I'm a-goin' to take under the will, anyhow,' says I.

"'I guess not,' says he, a-fumblin' with some papers on his desk, and a-smilin' to himself; 'because Mary and I hev hit it, and we're a-goin' to be married three weeks from Tuesday, along with Cap Chambers—goin' to hev a double weddin'.'

"Supprisin', ain't it, how much wuss a man wants a woman fur a wife when he can't git her?"

Captain Bass stopped and sighed, and I thought his breast heaved, but it may have been a mere movement of his loose shirt-front, for the wind just then sprang up strong out of the south-west, and Captain Bass put the *Lorena* about, and we began to go back towards the fishing-ground.

There was another boat coming towards us; and as she drew near, Captain Bass gave a start, and he said to me softly: "That's Cap Chambers and Mary Jones Barlow over there, now! They're a-goin' down to see his cranberry bog."

As they passed us, Mary Jones Barlow, with her golden hair flying in the wind, threw kisses at us a couple of times. Captain Bass pulled his soft hat down over his eyes and took no notice; but again I saw a lump go down his throat by his Adam's apple, and I'm almost sure I heard him say, under his breath: "Blame them Joneses!"

THE SHRINE.

IN every heart there is one lonely spot,
That Memory revisits,—in her tears,—
Where wander, mute, yet never quite forgot,
The loved of vanished years!

ERNEST NEAL LYON

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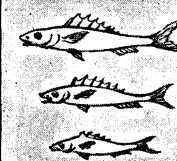
THE SEA MAID



"SEAGULL, SEAGULL, SIT ON THE SAND, IT'S NEVER FINE WEATHER WHILE YOU'RE ON THE LAND!"

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THE POACHER.

By JESSIE POPE.

WE should never have thought of a poacher if we hadn't seen those footprints in the sand. It was our own particular barbel swim—that was the trouble—and we'd had magnificent and consistent sport till there came a day, followed by others, when we never even got a bite. We were exceedingly puzzled, but we knew that the fish were *there*, and every morning before lessons began we rushed off to ground-bait—ah! how we ground-baited! Even now I hate to think of that lob-worm slaughter! —and every afternoon when lessons were over we hurried away to the river, only to return with drooping spirits and an empty basket. It was on one of these occasions, as we were preparing for our dejected walk home, that White Panther's eagle eye caught sight of a strange trail. He dropped with his ear to the ground as if he had been shot, and I—sworn to serve, obey, and imitate—dropped also. Twinges of cramp were just stealing up my muscles when he rose with the remark—

"Too late! But to-morrow the coyote dog will come again, and he shall not return."

"Shall you fight him?" I inquired. He glanced at me with contempt.

"Blitherer!" he said disdainfully. "The White Panther does not fight coyote dogs—he *kills* them!"

I said "Oh!" and followed submissively as he turned on his heel.

White Panther is getting famous nowadays; but when he was a little boy in knickerbockers, I was his only admirer. He realised for me the ideal of both our lives—a haughty Indian chief with pure Mexican blood in his veins, this anomaly being accounted for in the romantic mystery of his birth. Certainly I was an ideal follower, and it was enough for me to share in his sanguinary raids, miraculous escapes, and go with him—how often!—to torture and the death. We lived in an atmosphere of swarthy *caballeros*, wrapped in graceful *serapés* with silver-fringed *calzoneros* and tinkling spurs. Our language was high-flown and mysterious, and our keenest sorrow lay in the fact that we were English born. If we could have discovered the merest hint of even half-breed blood in our veins, the world would have been a different place for us. But no; it was all quite ordinary and commonplace—not a shadow of doubt could be cast upon our origin, and I remember how wide poor Mamma opened her eyes when I hopefully suggested she was not *really* our mother.

So, to the outside world the haughty Indian chief was only a freckle-faced boy in a shabby Norfolk suit, named *Willy*, of all names, while the ladies staying at the house called that dashing *caballero* of his, myself, "an insipid little creature with straw-coloured hair." They would have been astonished if they had known how dreadfully straight the "insipid little creature" could hurl an open knife—the result of much stealthy practice in the barn.

Our disgust, therefore, can be imagined when we found that we had been baffled by a poacher whose footprints were only a little bigger than mine and not so big as the Panther's. We knew those footprints well—it was the short, broad, thick-soled trail of Jem Mather, a coyote dog of the village, who owed the Panther a grudge ever since he had been chased for a mile and then thrashed for discovering this very river camp of ours. I happened to be behind the window curtains when Mrs. Mather came up to the house afterwards, and I heard Mamma answer her complaints with the reproachful cry—

"What, *Willy!* My gentle little Willy! No, Mrs. Mather, my gentle Willy *could* not do such a thing!"—till the outraged matron was herself convinced.

But Jem was equal to us at last, and we carefully matured our plans to score next and to score heavily. First we persuaded Mamma to give us a whole holiday without telling Father; then we went round to the stables, found William, and pressed him into the service. *We* called William our *vaquero*, and he was very proud of the title, but in other quarters there seemed some difficulty in describing his position in the establishment, and I have often heard Father ask in heated tones "why he should be compelled to pay a young idlebones 7*s*. 6*d*. a week for getting into mischief." People sometimes thought that Father meant to be humorous when he said things like that, but they took good care not to make the mistake a second time. At any rate, the young idlebones was

invaluable to us. I fancy he took a real interest in our mysterious stratagems—I'm sure he did in our weekly pocket-money. On the present occasion the Panther promised him fourpence, and I promised him twopence if our plans were successful—he would have sixpence, anyhow, for taking a barrow-load of things down to the river.

It was a clear June morning, with a fresh breeze to fan our hot, excited cheeks, when we started on our enterprise. The Panther carried a lariat and a lasso wound round his body, the former to picket our prisoner with, the latter to recapture him in case he eluded our guard. The weapons he secreted in the belt under his Norfolk jacket, and I remember how the scalping-knife—a disused oyster-opener—kept slipping down into the leg of his knickerbockers. My loose sailor blouse was full to bulkiness. In front was a packet of tea and sugar, loot from the grocery cupboard, and half a tin of condensed milk, which caused me some anxiety, as the warm weather had made it in a very liquid state. A star map went flat against my back, and was quite comfortable when once we had got it in. I also found room for two bullet-moulds, a small spirit-stove, and a bottle of *aguardiente*. *Aguardiente* is the Mexican for wine—in our case it happened to be cold tea, flavoured with brown sugar and lemon juice. It was an excellent drink—at least, we fought all *our* battles on it, and they were anything but bloodless. We were specially anxious to keep out of Father's way, for he not only expected us to be at our lessons, but his suspicions had already been aroused by a recent occurrence. It was on the occasion of one of our raids, two days before, and I was the *vidette* stationed in the shrubbery, with one eye on Tompkins watering the asparagus, and the other on that Apache dog "Knock Knee"—otherwise Dr. Simpson—coming up the drive in his gig. At much personal risk, White Panther had scalped three beetroots—we loved scalping beetroots, it was so realistic—and with the trophies hanging from his belt was squirming along by the vegetable-garden wall, entirely ignorant of Father's presence until he blundered into his legs.

"Well, Willy, and what does *this* mean?" I heard Father exclaim in tones of long-suffering. From White Panther's red and sullen face, I knew he was refusing to explain; and he was right, for Father would never have understood. But he became very angry, and I heard him vociferate after White Panther as he slunk away—

"I'll trouble you to keep out of my garden, sir, if that's all you can do. I'll try and find some means of putting a stop to this wanton destruction. What is the use of me paying my gardeners, with a boy like you about the place?"

But to-day all went well with us; and as we stole round by the house, we heard Father and Mother safely talking together in the morning-room. It was evident that a call of much importance was to be made that afternoon, and Mother was referring the question of her toilet to Father, as she always did, and Father was insisting on the smartest possible both in gown and carriage.

When Mother suggested that, "after all, she may be out," we heard Father say: "No; I believe she goes nowhere at all, though I hope it's possible we may induce her to make an exception in our favour. At any rate, I wish to leave no stone unturned, and to pay her every attention."

It was a fact that Father was the leading man in our part of the county, a fact he always kept well in view; and if we had been less engrossed in our own business, we should certainly have wondered who might be the object of this unusual consideration.

Can I ever forget our river camp, or how lovely and peaceful it looked that day, the sunlight flickering through the branches of the ash-stoles, and picking out brilliant little patches in the still, dark water of the pool? How perfectly happy I felt, as I sank down and began to sift the fine warm sand between my fingers, and quite forgot our desperate undertaking in the delight of being there once more! We loved our river passionately, and every hour spent beside it seemed somehow to make it more part of ourselves. But White Panther called me to his side, where he was unpacking the wheel-barrow that William had brought down for us. There was methylated spirit and a bottle of soda-water, bought in mistake for lemonade, a hammock-chair—for the Chief liked to be luxurious—and a curious assortment of stakes and small poles, and a good-sized piece of garden netting. Indeed, there was no time for dreaming, for we had much work before us. The summer morning wore stealthily away, the passing of the hours only marked by the patches of sunlight moving further across the river, and it must have been after two before we were ready for our visitor. Then we straightened our backs and looked upon our work with silent delight, for our preparations had been extensive and elaborate. The pitfall was a man-trap

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much in vogue with us at that time, and is made, as most people know, by tunnelling the sand as far as possible in various directions, while the hole left for the hand and arm is easily concealed by two or three twigs, some loose leaves, and a thin layer of sand. We had directed our attention principally to the narrow path leading to the pool, while overhead, in the branches of the ash-stoles, White Panther had stretched the garden netting and an ingenious arrangement of stakes and poles, with small weights attached.

The whole thing was worked by a piece of clothes-line under his control, and as the coyote dog tripped and floundered among the pitfalls, the net would drop on his bewildered head and complete his ruin—at least, we hoped it would. I was to be stationed in another ambush with the draw-string in my hand, which, when I jerked tight at a given signal, would not only secure but possibly half-strangle our wretched victim. Silently we swallowed a few mouthfuls of buffalo steak, and with a couple of pulls at the *aguardiente* bottle nerved ourselves for the coming encounter. Silently we donned our mocassins and blacked our eyebrows. White Panther fastened on Father's spurs and distributed the weapons. Then at a signal we parted and noiselessly

"Dr. Simpson coming up the drive in his gig."

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retired to our respective ambushes. From where I crouched I could see, through the veil of leaves, glimpses of the dazzling water, where the river passed from the shade of the trees and left the dark pool for the brilliant sunshine. I wanted so much to be an ideal Indian scout, every nerve tense, and ear and eye on the strain. But somehow, that languid afternoon, things would keep growing far away and distant; the murmur of the gentle river gradually changed to the rush and roar of the wind on the rolling prairie; I saw a moving herd of buffalo on the horizon, while in the foreground a party of painted Redskins hotly pursued a silken-locked *caballero*. I followed his hairbreadth escapes in a sort of drowsy comfort, half conscious that I was guiding the incidents of my dream, when suddenly on the opposite tree-trunk the great green woodpecker tapped thrice. I was instantly on the alert, for it was our alarm note, and I knew the poacher was near. I heard footsteps—I was sure of it—and the sound of someone pushing back branches. My breath came short, and the beating of my heart made me feel sick and choked. The next moment there was a scuffling sound, a quick exclamation, a crash among the branches, and my fingers tightened on the draw-string.

"'I am sorry, madam, that this has happened; but somebody has been poaching our barbel.'"

"Pull!" cried White Panther, and I pulled in the ecstasy of my excitement, and felt a fierce pride in the anguished ejaculations that followed.

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Then the voice of my Chief exclaimed with haughty insolence: "Surrender! You are my prisoner!"

I quitted my ambush and presented myself on the field of action. Surely never had trap acted better—never in our experience before or since has trap acted so well! Something grey was in the net, something that heaved and struggled and answered the challenge in a bluff, hearty voice.

"Right you are; but help me out of this!"

We hurried forward and loosened the cord, and gradually there extricated itself before our astonished gaze a stout, middle-aged lady. She wore an old shooting-skirt, a short, loose jacket, and thick boots. Her hair was ruffled, her hat very much on one side, and I think she had swallowed a good deal of sand.

"Oh!" cried White Panther. "I'm awfully——"

Then he stopped, and his brow darkened, for he caught sight of the rod in her hand and the basket on her back. To be outwitted by a village boy was bad enough, but the discovery that he had been fooled by a woman brought the hot blood to his cheek. He drew himself up and rose proudly to the occasion.

"I am sorry, madam, that this has happened," he said; "but somebody has been poaching our barbel. It was necessary to stop it. If any mistake has been made——"

At this, the lady, who had been trying to get rid of the sand, stopped choking and looked down at us both with a pair of very shrewd blue eyes.

"No mistake," she said — or rather vociferated, her voice was so loud and manly—"quite right. I'm the poacher! I've had some fine sport. Didn't expect it would last. No excuse, except there were the fish and here was my rod."

"I suppose you know you're trespassing?" observed the Panther.

"Trespassing!" she laughed. Such a bluff, hearty, weather-beaten laugh, it was like her face and her dress and everything about her. "Bless you, my friend! I've been trespassing all my life. But I did begin to wonder whom those very fine barbel belonged to."

White Panther looked dignified and said: "To me."

"And you are——?"

"The White Panther!" I exclaimed. It was the only remark I made during the whole interview—I was not a talker in those days—and it slipped out spontaneously. Next moment I saw a quiver go through my Chief's face, and could have bitten out my tongue to recall the tell-tale words. He shrank from derision, but, like the hero that he was, braced himself silently to bear it. It never came. Instead, the poacher bowed gravely, and her blue eyes took note of the mocassins, scalping-knives, and blackened eyebrows without the suspicion of a smile.

"Well," she said, with a cheerful sigh, "I am your prisoner, as you say. I don't want to be inquisitive, but I *should* like to know what you are going to do with me. I suppose it will be a ransom or my life?" She pursed her lips thoughtfully. "I'm sure," she said, "my good people could never raise the ransom, so I suppose it will have to be the other thing. In that case," she added, looking down at her feet, "you might let Trix have the boots—she's badly wanting a pair."

"Madam," replied White Panther—and how I admired him at that moment, he seemed so noble!—"I never kill women. I shall not even wish to detain you if you will give me your word of honour to respect my property in future."

"Couldn't do it!" exclaimed the poacher. "No, Señor Panther, I'm willing to take the consequences, but I never guarantee anything to anybody; and if I did, a woman's word isn't worth that!" She snapped her fingers. "I don't ask for promises, and I don't make 'em. But at the same time, you'll find me a very docile captive. I shan't give you any trouble—that is, if you feed me regularly."

We exchanged uneasy glances. "And now," she added, "I don't know that I mind sitting down, if you've got such a thing as a chair."

We hastened to adjust the hammock-chair, and after carefully examining the supports herself—which, in the light of recent events, was excusable—she lowered herself rather stiffly into its depths.

"Ah! that's nice," she exclaimed in her bluff, hearty way. "I'm told I've got one or two comfortable chairs of my own at home; but with all my young people about, I don't get much chance of trying 'em."

Her praise of the chair seemed to please White Panther.

"Can I offer you any refreshment?" he inquired politely.

"*Well*," she replied, screwing up her face in a whimsical little smile—and for all it was rough and weather-beaten, it was the delicate-featured face of a lady—"I've not only poached your barbel, but I've swallowed

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some of your sand, and I think I *could* do with just a small drink to wash it down."

I turned at once to the camp pantry with my hand on the *aguardiente* bottle, but White Panther stayed me with an imperative gesture.

"What will you take, madam?" he said.

She pursed her lips and looked up at him with her head a little on one side.

"Well," she remarked, "I mustn't stretch the resources of this outpost too far—suppose we say a small whisky-and-soda?"

There was a silence.

"Or, if you haven't soda," she exclaimed, as if an afterthought struck her, "I'll take it plain—just as soon have plain water."

"Madam," replied White Panther with dignity, "we have soda."

He came across to where I stood rooted to the ground.

"Aren't you going to tell her we haven't any whisky?" I whispered, but I saw from his grim-set jaw that he would rather die than confess such a defection to one who had taken the whole thing so seriously. His frenzied glance ranged the stores—mine followed—and both came to a sudden stop at the squat whisky bottle that held our methylated spirit. We faced each other. It had been done before—our acquaintance with prairie literature taught us that. It had been done before, and done without soda. Our glances met furtively—no word was spoken. I turned away and presently heard the sound of a bottle chink against a glass, and then the pop of a soda-water cork.

When White Panther approached the hammock-chair with a tumbler half full of fizzing liquid in his hand, our prisoner certainly looked astonished. She glanced from White Panther to me very curiously, and took the glass from his hand.

"Well. Good fishing!" she said in a cordial voice, and drank it off. I half expected her to die at once, but she only coughed and pulled a big handkerchief out of one of the roomy pockets of her coat and wiped her eyes. Then she looked at us both again, and remarked very gravely—

"That's a fine dry whisky, señor—Mexican brand, I presume. I wish I had got some like it for my boys. I believe it would satisfy them sooner than Scotch."

Then she coughed again — very uproariously this time — behind her handkerchief. I still felt uneasy, and I was much relieved when she lifted her face, to see that her eyes were twinkling.

"Why, this is like old times!" she cried gaily. "Don't think it's my first experience of being taken prisoner. Oh, no! I was over in Arizona in '78—having a prowl round with poor Harry. The freebooters got hold of us—thought we were spies—kept us in their cave best part of a week. Never had such a good time in my life—never!"

"Did you live in a cave?" said White Panther.

"We did. Such a cave, too. Talk about Arabian Nights. Right up on the mountain-side—just a little dark entrance; but I thought I was dreaming when I got inside. Turkey carpets on the floor—silk cushions—grand pianos—electric light—iced champagne—*pâté de*——" She paused and looked keenly at us. We had drawn quite close and were drinking in every word.

"The only drawback I found with the place," she continued carelessly, "was that they *would* leave the nuggets of gold about the floor, and poor Harry (my late husband) being shortsighted, used to keep tripping over them. Why, there's nothing in the world like being out there and seeing things you would never dream of at home. Not but what I was very glad to get home," she added thoughtfully.

"Are you English, then?" asked White Panther, and the question was on my lips too, for she was so different to Mamma and all the ladies we knew.

"Well, I should hope so," she observed drily, and that brief remark went a long way to curing us of our Mayne Reid fancies.

"There's no place like the old place," she continued; "and as I always say, you'll find sportsmen all the world over, but they always came from England to start with. Now just as an instance—a couple of years ago, while I was living with my youngsters out in——"

But our greedy ears never heard where, for at that moment a clear, ringing voice from beyond the trees called out—

"Mummy! Mummy! Where are you?

"Hal—lo!" vociferated our captive in reply. Then she turned to White Panther.

"Señor Panther," she said, "here are some of my people come to find me. I really feel quite flattered—and I suppose I must explain the situation."

I looked at him also, but he avoided our glances and began to kick at a stump of wood in the ground; then he said hurriedly—

"No—don't; and—you're quite welcome to any barbel you like—in future."

"Thank you," she replied heartily, "but I won't touch one of 'em. What's more, I'll send you round a bucket of ground-bait in

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"It was *Father!*"

the morning. I'm pretty sure I owe you some. My own special mixture, so give it a trial.

"Now then, Trix, what do *you* want?" she cried, as a girl came down the path followed by a gentleman who was trying to protect her from the springing branches—a girl with a mischievous, dainty face, fair hair curling up under her tam-o'-shanter, and her lips parted in a surprised little smile. I was used to fashionable ladies up at the house, and at first glance I thought Trix was fashionable, too, but there was a certain untidiness about her. Her dress, if well cut, was certainly well worn, the lace round her throat was a little draggled; but then her face was a picture, and every expression that crossed it was more captivating than the last.

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But when we glanced at the gentleman who was holding back the branches, we became transfixed where we stood—for it was *Father!*

"Why, Mummy," said Trix, "the Everards have called, and Mr. Everard came down with me to look for you."

"That's very charming of Mr. Everard," remarked our prisoner, holding out her hand with a smile. I have never seen Father so deferential and courtly; he bowed over the poacher's hand and was just in the middle of a little speech about the pleasure the meeting gave him, when his eye fell on White Panther.

"*Willy!*" he said, in quite a different voice, "what are you doing here?"

"Why, is that a boy of yours?" demanded the poacher, looking from one to the other with her shrewd blue eyes.

Father gave an uneasy assent.

"Really!" she exclaimed. "And we've been spending the whole afternoon together without knowing it! He's a very fine fellow, Mr. Everard, and I congratulate you."

Father looked extremely perplexed. It was quite unusual for him to look upon Willy as a matter for congratulation.

"I hope they haven't disturbed your fishing," he said. "Miss Trix has been telling me what a good fisherman you are."

"Oh, yes," said Trix, turning to White Panther. "You should see the baskets she's been bringing home lately."

Our prisoner laughed.

"*Your* fishing, I believe, Mr. Everard," she observed.

"No; indeed, no!" cried Father; "*yours*—if you will do me the honour. I hope you've had some fair sport to-day."

"Well, no; the barbel have had a holiday this afternoon, and we've been having a long talk instead," replied our prisoner, while Trix exclaimed reproachfully—

"Oh, Mummy! I believe you've been yarning. You poor things! I know what she is." And she looked at us with a tender pity that was very bewitching. But Father could hardly conceal his annoyance.

"They must have been worrying you," he remarked. "They're an extraordinary couple. I really must apologise for them."

"My dear sir, I beg you won't. I'm the one to apologise for intruding into their own especial domain."

"Ah! and I'm afraid they hardly know how to do the honours at present," said Father rather bitterly.

"Oh! I can assure you they did the honours," replied the stout lady. "They gave me quite a warm welcome and treated me with most unexpected hospitality."

I shuddered, but Father's face suddenly brightened.

"Is that so?" he said. "Well, I am very delighted to hear it; and I must tell you that it was *my* ambition to be the first to entertain you in the neighbourhood, and I am gratified to know that it is my son who has been before me. Still, let me show you that my welcome can be as cordial as his."

"Very good of you, I'm sure," replied the poacher, with a broad smile. "But where's your wife? I mustn't keep her waiting any longer. I suppose your young people would rather stay where they are?"

"I don't understand why they are here at all," remarked Father. "They ought to be at their lessons."

"My friend, they'll learn more lessons outside the schoolroom, days like this. Not only learn 'em, but teach 'em, too," she added, with a twinkle in her eye. "Good-bye, both of you; good-bye. Glad to have met you, and thank you for giving me such a good time. And look here, come and see *me* next week. I've got some fine carp in the pond, and a stack full of rats; and not a man-trap or spring gun on the premises—I'll guarantee that—won't I, Trix?"

"Oh, Mummy!" said Trix, with a resigned air, as she took her by the arm and led her away, "whatever *are* you talking about?" Then looking at us with a bewitching little smile, she added: "She's quite mad—and such a responsibility."

But Father stayed behind a moment. He was smiling very kindly—and put his hand on White Panther's shoulder.

"My boy," he said, "I'm pleased with you. Polite attentions to a stranger are rarely wasted, and in this case they have found you a friend."

Then he joined the others, and as they disappeared among the branches we heard him exclaiming at the state of the path, and assuring his companions he would have it attended to at once.

White Panther threw himself into the hammock-chair, and I sank down beside him and began to sift the sand through my fingers.

"Who *is* she?" I said.

He shook his head moodily.

"Do you think she'll tell?" I asked.

He looked up quickly.

"No, I don't!" was his brief reply, and it was evident that if White Panther had made a friend, the poacher had found an admirer.

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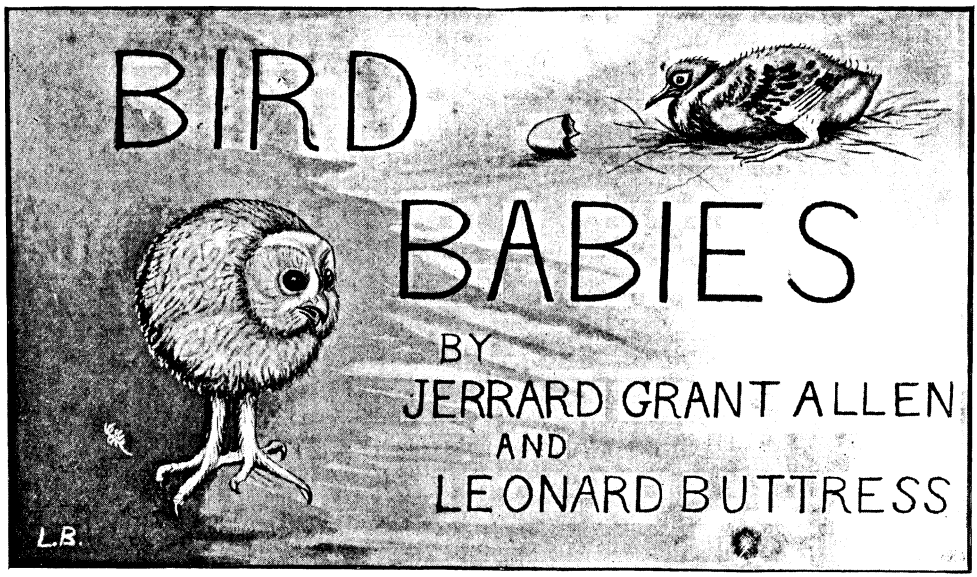

THE casual person, vaguely interested in the beasts and birds around him, is inclined to look upon them as beings entirely different in every respect from the species of animal to which he himself belongs. In taking this attitude, he not only holds a quite erroneous view, but in all probability prevents himself from obtaining the pleasures which a small comparison of animal life with that of human beings would afford him. The truth is that the student of natural history is at every turn confronted with facts about animals which have parallels in human beings—often parallels exact to an almost inconceivable degree; and a knowledge of this fact ought to awaken our interest and sympathy for the dumb creatures around us. In their behaviour when young, "bird babies" reflect many of the habits of their human prototypes, and it is therefore possible that a few facts about them, viewed from an eminently human standpoint, may be of interest to the general reader.

The nurseries in which bird babies are brought up are among the most beautiful objects in Nature. The long-tailed titmouse, for example, provides for its young not only a feather bed softer than that of the most sybaritic of human beings, but even roofs it over with moss and renders it watertight by an internal covering of spider-webs; and would not many poor little children at the East End envy the young ducks revelling in a veritable bed of eiderdown plucked from their mothers' breasts?

The veracious historian is compelled, however, to admit that in bird life, as in our own, there is a submerged tenth whose children have to put up with much discomfort. The hoopoes, for instance, for all their refinement of aspect, generally construct a home from filthy, decaying matter and dung. In China, indeed, they evince a decided preference for holes in coffins, and in at least one case a nest has been found in the chest of a decomposed corpse. Such a case, however, may fortunately be regarded as the exception rather than the rule, for the sanitary conditions of the blind mites of the feathered world are in the great majority of cases exemplary.

As might perhaps be expected, it is in cases where the nest is most elaborate that the chicks are least efficient on their emergence from the shell, while the young of the species which make no nest at all, but lay their eggs on the ground or in promiscuous crannies, usually make their first bow to the world clad in downy pelisses (really singularly like those in which small human babies are often clothed) and able to take the initiative in their daily toddle in search of food.

Birds' nests, as the majority of people are aware, may be found in almost any conceivable situation—on the branches or in the hollow trunks of trees; on the face of cliffs; on the ground; in rabbit burrows; or even occasionally floating on the water!

Not less diversified than the situations

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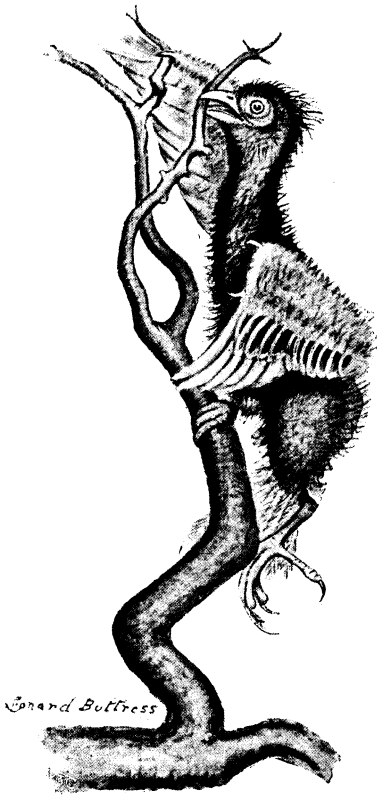
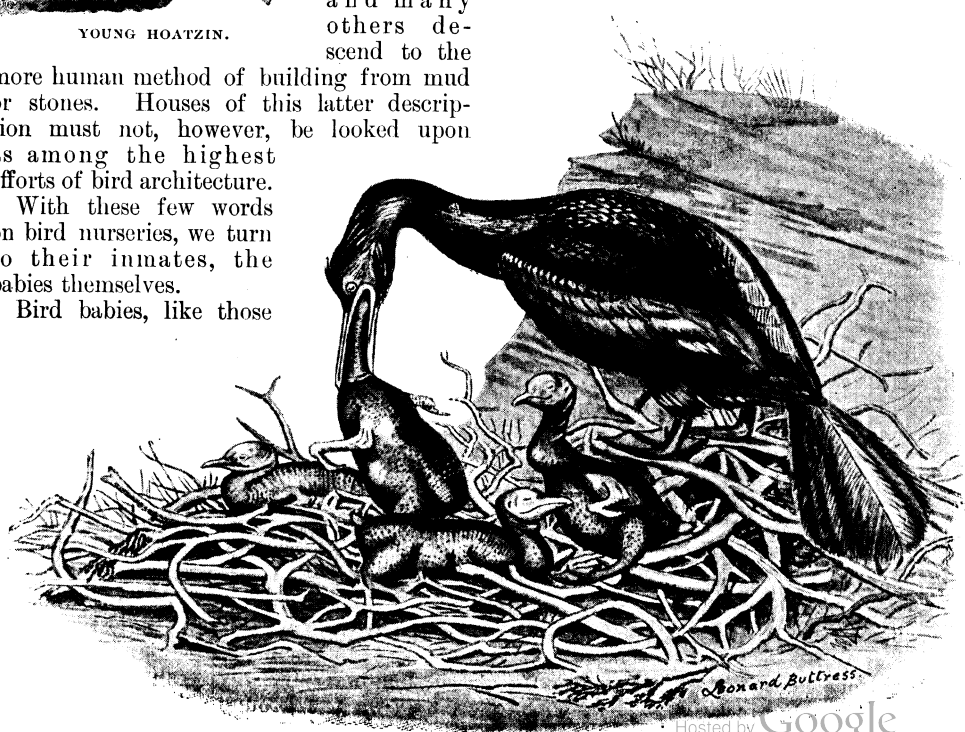


YOUNG HOATZIN.

chosen are the materials of which the birds' nurseries are formed. Vegetable life it is which does duty in most cases, but in some demands are made upon the animal kingdom, as happens, for example, with the kingfisher, which forms a nest entirely of fish-bones. Other aquatic birds make their houses of shells, while swallows, martins, flamingoes, and many others descend to the more human method of building from mud or stones. Houses of this latter description must not, however, be looked upon as among the highest efforts of bird architecture.

With these few words on bird nurseries, we turn to their inmates, the babies themselves.

Bird babies, like those of the human species, though occasionally pretty, are generally (except in the eyes of their indulgent parents) very much the reverse. Sadly in want of clothing, with eyes, appearing for the moment ridiculously like blue goggles, as yet unopened, to say nothing of their mouths, which even the most lenient must account preposterously large, nestlings strike a note of hideousness so unrelieved as to be fascinating. As in the human race, however, even the unattractiveness of babies has its exceptions, and nothing could be prettier than the sight of a new-born chicken, pheasant, or plover. Even in those cases in which the newly born are unattractive, the grotesqueness of their forms soon disappears, and with more elaborate clothes, and eyes opened almost as wide as their expectant mouths, bird babies at this stage are, most of them, beautiful to a greater or less degree. This infantile attractiveness is seldom permanent. We are all familiar with the way boys and girls of our own species pass through a period of gawky awkwardness, and this happens no less among the babes of which we write. Particularly in the case of young plovers, sandpipers, and the like, there comes a time when, with



SHAG FEEDING YOUNG.

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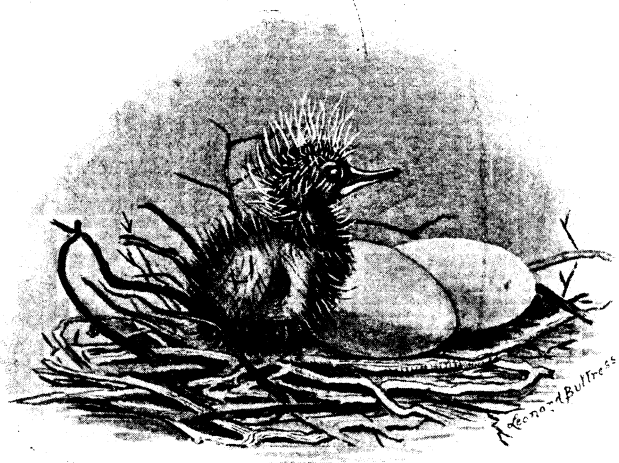
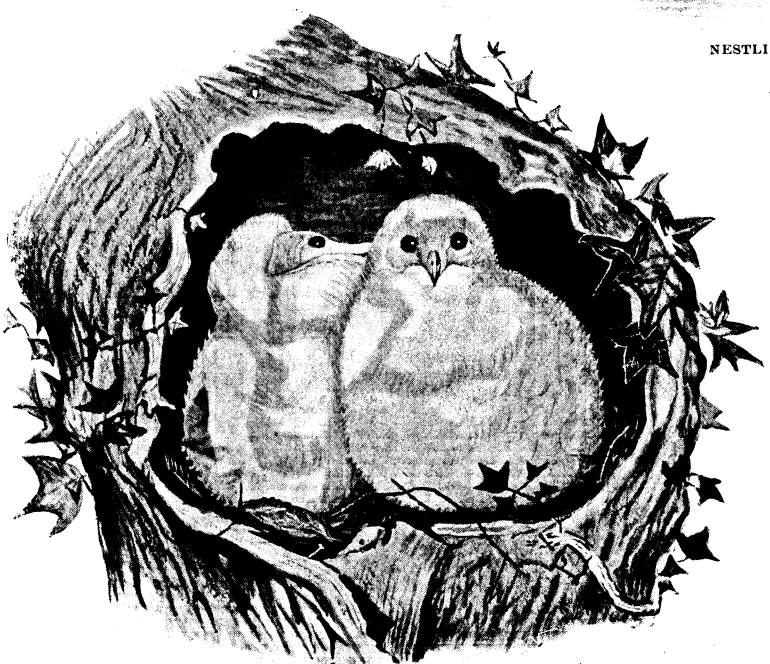
legs too long for the undeveloped wings and tail, the little ones seem inclined to totter about as though outgrowing their strength, and in imminent danger of collapse until the moment arrives when the quills sprout and their normal balance is once more restored.

Hatching successfully accomplished, the first—nay, the only consideration is food. Most bird babies follow in their early days the simple but singularly efficacious plan of opening to the fullest extent their capacious mouths in readiness for the morsel to be dropped in by an assiduous father or mother.



NESTLING HERON.



OWLETS.

There are, however, no small number of cases in which strange and interesting methods of taking nourishment are resorted to.

Take, for example, the case of a bird well known in this country—the pigeon. Most people with any interest in bird life have heard of the so-called "pigeon's milk!" but not all are aware that this consists of a secretion which the old bird injects into the youngster's throat, after thrusting her bill into its mouth.

Among cormorants and shag we get the reverse proceeding, as with these birds it is the baby which pushes its bill as far down the parent's gullet as its outstretched wings will permit, and obtains in this manner the (to it) dainty morsels of half-macerated fish which the old bird has recently eaten. Our illustration depicts a young shag in the very

YOUNG PEREGRINE.

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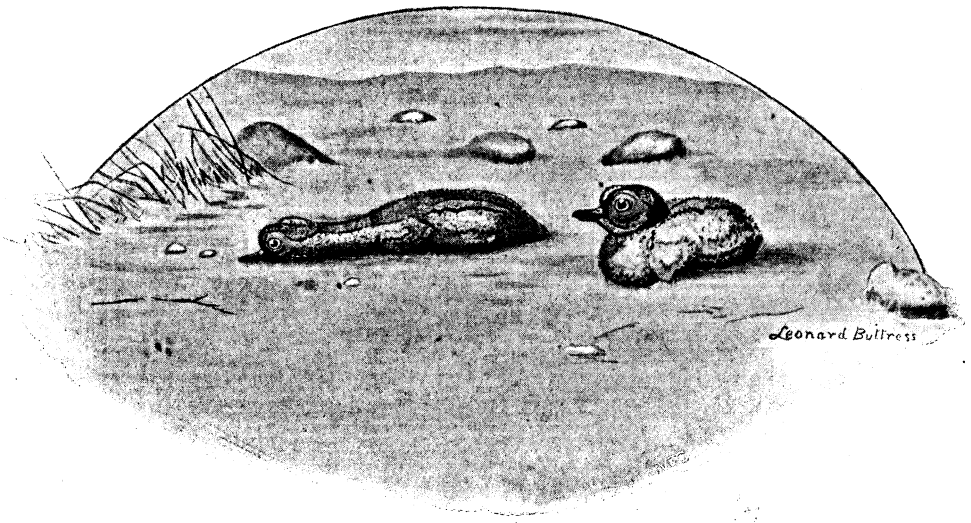

YOUNG STONE CURLEWS.

act of dining, while around the epicurean youngster are grouped anxiously expectant brothers and sisters (in expression curiously like a popular comedian) awaiting their turn. These infant birds are certainly among the most grotesque to be found, devoid as they are of any pretence of downy covering, and with skin of a kind of purple-black hue.

The pelican is another bird which feeds its young from its own dinner, and does not, as is so often depicted in ecclesiastical heraldry, revivify its offspring with blood from its own breast. Opening wide its mouth, it lets the youngsters take their fill of fish from its enormous pouch.

Photo by] [C. Reid, Wishaw.

YOUNG CHAFFINCHES.

At first, of course, bird babies, like the human variety, are entirely confined to the house; but after a short time they will occasionally venture out of the nest to meet their parents bringing in food, and this is especially the case with those species whose house is on the ground.

Another of our illustrations portrays one of the most interesting birds known to science—the hoatzin. Indigenous to South America, this precocious youngster has made itself famous by the arboreal feats which it performs while yet at a very tender age. On the "thumb" and "forefinger" of the young hoatzin's wing appear tiny claws; and armed with these, the little creature crawls out of its nest and clambers about the boughs of trees, using them as hands, by means of which it hooks itself along. The progress, indeed, exactly corresponds to the early pedestrian efforts of the human baby, whose first perambulations are made with the assistance of friendly chairs and other furniture. These little claws of the hoatzin are only used in infancy, dropping off as soon as the power of flight has been attained. The chief interest of the species, however, attaches to the fact that it is one of the most primitive forms of bird now in existence, and affords an important link with the ancestry of the fowl of to-day. Originally, as is generally known, birds were evolved from the lizard family, and the hoatzin forms a comparatively early step in the progression from reptile to bird. Even when its wings are full grown, so imperfect are they that no upward soaring can be

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YOUNG THRUSHES.

Two photographs by Charles Reid, Wishaw.

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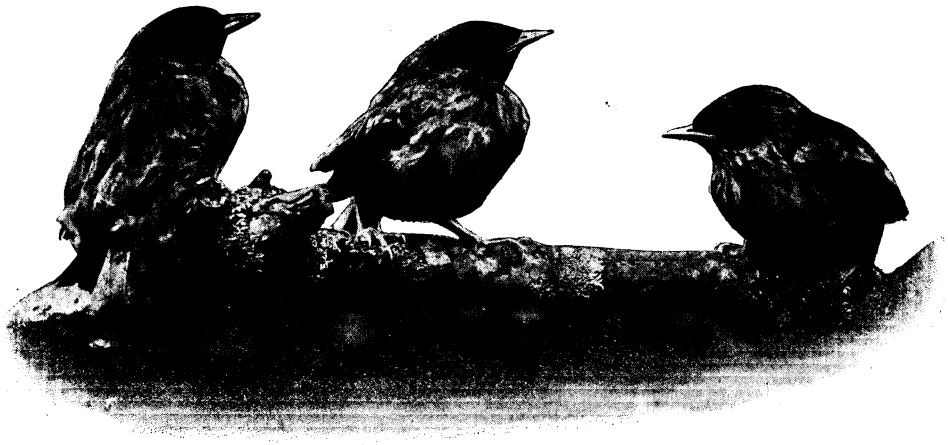

Photo by] [*C. Reid, Wishaw.*

YOUTHFUL YELLOW-HAMMERS.

negotiated, and their only use is in making short flights from a higher to a lower branch, while the ease with which the hoatzin climbs affords another indication of its proximity to the lizard tribe. Before leaving the subject, it may be remarked that claws such as those mentioned are found in many birds *before hatching*, but that the hoatzin's is the only case in which they afford any practical help.

The look of discomfort, combined with some temper, which is depicted on the countenance of the baby heron possibly emphasises his likeness to an Indian chieftain, suggested in the first instance by the peculiar white feathers of the top-knot. Perhaps his troubled face results from the natural discomfort of his surroundings, for, half-grown, young, newly hatched nestlings and eggs are often to be found in one and the same nest; and eggs, however warm they may be, must be uncomfortable bedfellows. Certainly the nestling heron looks a quaint and somewhat pathetic picture as he sits there almost lost amid the huge structure of sticks which forms his home.

The pure white down which encases young eagles and falcons gives to their heads a quite venerable appearance. Indeed, so much is this the case that, sitting on the edge of rock, the nestling peregrine reminds one forcibly of the pictures one sees of St. Simeon Stylites seated on his pillar.

Young owlets, on the other hand, first

Photo by] [*C. Reid, Wishaw.*

A BOUGH OF BLACKBIRDS.

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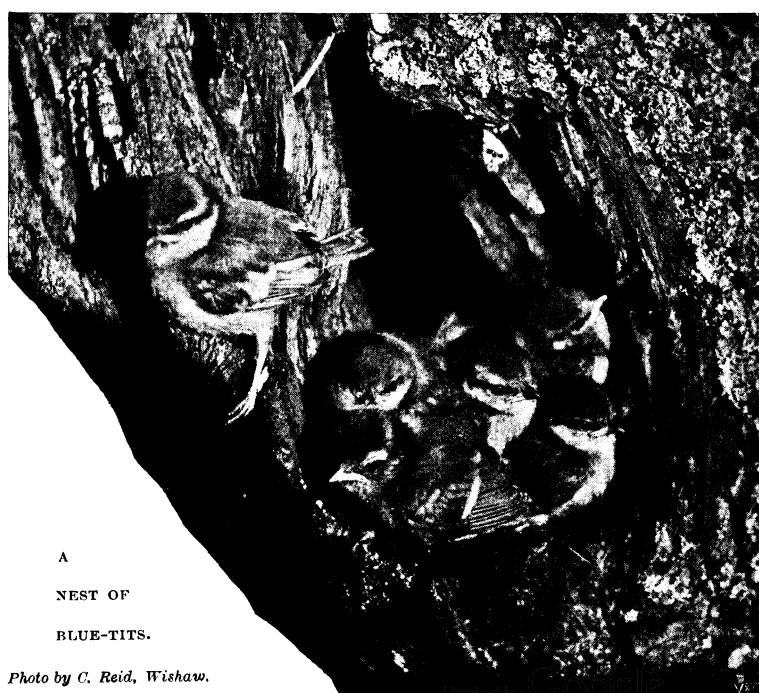
BLUE-TITS LEAVING THE NEST.

Photo by C. Reid, Wishaw.

cousins to the peregrine though they be, have an air of being well groomed and cared for. So completely are they wrapped up that the white owlets look very like large, round powder-puffs, and are quite without the old-fashioned and scraggy appearance of their relations. But for all their soft looks, they are plucky and pugnacious youngsters, and an incautious hand inserted into their gloomy retreat will call forth a chorus of threatening hisses, bill-snappings, and peculiar snoring noises. Moreover, if they can bark, they are not without a companion bite, and the intruder who has the temerity to insist after such a reception will frequently be met by the little ones turning on their backs and fighting thus for dear life with their long, sharp claws.

It is not all bird babies, however, who have such warlike dispositions, and the young of those parents who are themselves of a timid nature, or unable personally to protect their offspring from marauders, frequently adopt very different tactics. Their plumage is, in many cases, so beautifully adapted to the surrounding vegetation, earth, or stones, as to be practically indiscernible so long as the chick remains still. Indeed, the aviary is able to afford examples of protective resemblance at least as perfect as that demonstrated by beast or fish. Hereditary instinct it is which teaches the baby that this protective coloration is its best safeguard, and it is not slow to put its advantage into practice.

The example of this chosen for illustration is the case of the stone curlew. The tiny chick, just emerged from its shell, will, at the



A NEST OF BLUE-TITS.

Photo by C. Reid, Wishaw.

approach of some real or supposed danger, flatten its little, sand-coloured body against the sandy ground, stretch out its neck to the fullest extent, and lie there motionless and almost indistinguishable from the stones around it, until all sign of danger is past. Unless, in fact, he chances to catch sight of the beady, yellow eye, the man will be a keen observer indeed who detects anything different in that little heap from others on the surrounding waste.

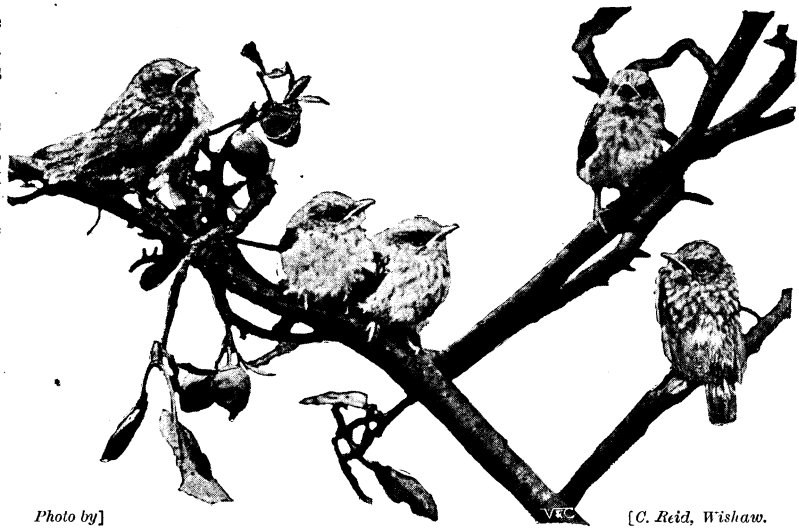


Photo by] [*C. Reid, Wishaw.*

SPOTTED FLY-CATCHERS.

In all Nature there is, perhaps nothing more wonderful than these instinctive promptings which seem in animals to do so much to make up for their want of reasoning powers. In the case of the bird babies of which we have been speaking, it is their whole life. This it is which prompts the mothers to sit on the eggs till the tiny mites emerge from them, and this it is which prompts these same mothers to go in search of food for their young.

The very confined situations and cramped quarters in which some baby birds spend their early days are very remarkable. The six young blue-tits fill up their nest-hole fairly well, but six is much below the average for these prolific little birds. Where are the others of the family? Perhaps being sat upon by their brothers and sisters, and out of sight. Eight, ten, and even twelve is not an unusual number.

Even six young birds blessed with insatiable appetites keep both parents busy from "early morn to dewy eve" collecting grubs and caterpillars; for the young of the majority of birds are fed in infancy on insect food; even the seed-eating birds are no exception, and the sparrow may claim to be a useful member of society while rearing its family, inasmuch as at that time—and it must be remembered that the sparrow rears a good many broods in the year—it feeds its young on grubs.

It is perfectly astonishing to see the rapidity with which small birds, warblers and others, will collect a beakful of insects for their young broods, and the amount of such food the ever-hungry nestlings will devour. The result is shown in their extraordinary rate of growth and rapid development.

Young chaffinches and hawfinches are curiously hairy when in the nest, and present a very extraordinary appearance before they don their first feather suits.

Flight is a perfectly natural gift to birds; they require no lessons from their parents, but as soon as their wing feathers are sufficiently grown they fly as a matter of course.

The young of the raptores certainly want practice, not in flight, but in dexterity and quickness in turning, to enable them to catch their prey; and the young of this class of birds are accordingly accompanied by their parents after they leave the nest until they have acquired this dexterity. The young of the insectivorous birds are earlier able to get their own living, and therefore this parental care is not so much needed.

And so at length comes the time, like that in the mortal household, when the youngsters must make their own way in the world. Until at last those birds which, on the approach of winter, must exchange the land of their birth for summer shores, set out on their long voyage; and, most wonderful of all, in making their first flight across the trackless ocean, it is not the tried fathers of families who lead the van in this migration, but the inexperienced youngsters who first set out, frequently preceding their parents by many weeks.

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STRONG MAC.

By S. R. CROCKETT.*

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS.—The story opened in the schoolhouse of Lowran. The Ploughing Match Day had been a holiday since the beginning of time; but Donald Gracie, the schoolmaster, had on this occasion denied the request of his scholars. A riot provoked the Dominie into striking the biggest youth in the school, Muckle Sandy, who retorted by knocking the schoolmaster down. Dora Gracie, the schoolmaster's daughter, with the aid of "Strong Mac," one of the bigger boys, proceeded to teach the school. The Dominie himself comes of distinguished stock, but has fallen on evil days through his fatal craving for drink. Strong Mac wins the "Single-handed" cup in the ploughing match. Charlotte Webster, in love with Strong Mac, is alarmed lest in her pique at his preference for Adora Gracie she has betrayed him as a poacher into the hands of the Laird's gamekeepers. The real fact, however, was that an incriminating pheasant in Mac's bag had been taken from his shoulders by a boyish devotee of Mac's, known as Daid the Deil, who was wounded by a shot from the keeper's gun, Strong Mac himself being released as blameless. The injury to the boy fired Sharon McCulloch, the father of Mac, a dour enemy of the great landlord from reasons of ancient wrong, to establish afresh a right of way "to kirk and market" through recently locked gates on the Laird's estate. Further developments showed the repulse of the Laird's attentions by Adora, and the revealing to the former that Strong Mac is probably his more favoured rival. Jock Fairies and Sandy Ewan are also suitors to Adora, and Sandy Ewan plots with one Crob McRobb to have Mac accused of sheep-stealing; and as Mac and Adora loiter homewards from a party, Mac is arrested. While Mac is awaiting trial, Sandy Ewan renews his suit to Adora; and when again rejected, vows to be revenged. On the day of the annual Presbyterial Examination, he plies the weak Dominie with drink, so that the Members of the Presbytery are kept waiting, and eventually defied by the drunken old man, who is thereupon dismissed from his post and left homeless and disgraced. Unexpectedly set free by the Lord Advocate's decision, Strong Mac learns from Sidney Latimer of what has befallen Adora and her father, and soon afterwards the murdered body of Sandy Ewan is found by the roadside; and while he halts between a suspicion that Mac is guilty and the desire to spare the lover of Adora, the young Laird of Lowran is himself attacked and kidnapped, and Mac and his father are arrested for his supposed assassination. Subsequent events illustrated the homelessness of Adora and her disgraced parent until taken care of by the old maid Aline McQuhirr, and the devotion to Mac of the boy Daid the Deil, who returns from a mysterious absence, maimed by the cutting out of his tongue. The boy presently recovers sufficiently to warn Adora in writing that "Laird Latimer is no deid. They pressed him for a man to fecht on the King's ships, thinking he was some ither body. But he got aff, and has gone to fecht Bony, because ye wadna hae him—the truth as sure as daith.—David McRobb." And Adora decides that she must go herself to Spain—to the armies. It is the sole means of preserving the McCullochs, and of preventing Sidney Latimer from being the cause, through his own sullen tempers, of the death of two innocent men.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE "FORTUNE'S QUEEN."

THAT long serrated line of indigo blue, flecked with touches of remote white, was the coast of Spain. Adora looked at it with a heart that struggled to be brave. She had done this for what—for whom? The little household gods of the schoolhouse, hitherto stored in Cairn Edward, had passed into the possession of others that she might come hither. She had left her father a burden on Aline. An additional loan (Adora thought of it with shame) had been obtained from the farmer of Gairie through Aline's mediation. All these things weighed on the heart of the young girl beyond even the thought of the strange country and the warring unknown peoples among whom she was soon to find herself.

On Adam McQuhirr's part there had been great willingness to lend, even to give, with the sole stipulation that his wife should not be told of his generosity.

"It wasna her that brocht the siller into the hoose, and it winna hurt her no to ken how it gangs oot!" was Adam's view of the matter.

But his kindness had gone further. Most opportunely he remembered that when a laddie he had "shorn on the next rig" along with a callant who had afterwards taken to the sea. "And they tells me," he added, "that he's up to the neck in the Portugal traffic. It's maistly the Oporto wine, ye ken, that the Government are sae keen to hae fowk drink nowadays; and, fegs! if there's a drappie gaun, Ebie Sinclair is fell sure to be in the thick o't!"

So after many backs and forths of letter-writing unkindly to the farmer's stiff fingers, Adam McQuhirr had set Adora on board Captain Ebenezer Sinclair's ship at Port Glasgow. As it happened, he had business at Falkirk—a debt to collect, as he asserted, for "some twal' score o' as guid hoggets as ever gaed to tryst or market. And 'gin the man be na at Falkirk on the Monday, he is sure to be i' the Grassmarket o' Edinburgh on the Wednesday!"

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At any rate, it was obviously an easy thing for Adam to see Adora on board the *Fortune's Queen* as she lay off Port Glasgow, ready to spread her wings for flight, along with other twenty sail, escorted by three of His Majesty's war-frigates as a convoy, and their destination, as at present announced, the mouth of the Tagus.

Ebenezer Sinclair proved to be a gruff, bearded man whose vocabulary of Galloway Scots had taken on no other sea-change except a slight flavour of the Tail of the Bank. He received Adora without enthusiasm—indeed, with a certain daunting severity.

"Ye are a daft lassie," he said, glowering at her under his eyebrows, "to gang sae far for ony man, and into siccan a country. But—I kenned your faither afore ye; and onything that Captain Ebenezer Sinclair can do for ye shall no be found wantin'."

Once on deck, he called Adora to him, as he stood conning the ship down the narrow muddy river, and in the interval of proclaiming Anathema Maranatha upon all sailormen, he gave her sundry counsels of utility.

"I'm a rough man, lassie," he said. "Ye will often hae to excuse my ill-scrapit tongue; but, ye see, thae waistrils gathered off the seeven seas wadna understand ony ither kind o' talk. But it will be as weel for ye to say, 'gin onybody speers, that Ebenezer Sinclair, o' Port Glasgow, is your uncle, and that as ye are on his business, he will answer ony questions that folk hae to ask. An' when ye win to the airmy, haud nae talk wi' this yin or that, neither wi' sergeants' cane nor cockit hat, but gang straight to my Lord Wellington himsel'. An' when ye meet on wi' him, says you to him: 'My lord, I am a decent Scots lass, the niece o' Captain Ebenezer Sinclair, o' Port Glasgow, that has dune an obleegement or twa for your Lordship in his time, and naething said aboot it.' Dinna be feared o' his crooked neb an' his grand ways. Haud till him, and aye keep mindin' him o' your Uncle Ebenezer. Then oot wi' your askin', lassie—an' the Lord be mercifu' to ye! For me, I wuss I had been a younger man, to hae a lass come that far for the sake o' me. No but what I hae seen the day—aye, and let it slip awa' frae me like a slack-handed villain! And noo I am ower auld for ony young thing to gang to the doorstep for the sake o' my auld cankered veesage, wrinkled and wizened up like a year-auld tawtie!"

So, as Adora stood on the deck of the *Fortune's Queen*, of Port Glasgow, it was as niece of the captain and owner of that stout brig that she made her passage. She had a Spanish grammar and dictionary constantly in her hand, and she laboured hard at the language, enlarging the scanty vocabulary which Sharon McCulloch had taught her during those summer evenings, in the intervals of his tales of the old-time Free Trade, and his explanation of the nicks on the handle of the Leonese knife.

Besides the master, there were two young officers on board, the first and second mates, both hailing "oot o' the Clyde." John White, the first mate, was a tall blonde son of Anak, with a sort of gentle perspiration always breaking over him, which, as a matter of course, caused the crew to dub him Sweatin' Jock. The other, Edgar Hillowton, was a stoutish, thick-set little man, with a tremendous voice, and a fist like the Day of Judgment. So that if the crew had any nickname for him, they confined it strictly to the forecastle.

A well-found ship was the *Fortune's Queen*. There was no lack of sound viand or excellent water on board, nor was the "auld man" at all stingy with a drop of grog upon occasion. But it was a working ship. If any A.B. did not do the whole duty of man aboard ship, he heard about it unto demonstration, and the next time was apt to do it on the run.

Adora thought it was beautiful to see the fine swift war-frigates working the convoy like shepherds' dogs, bringing up the laggards, restraining the clean-heeled, and, as often as a clump of sails showed suspect above the horizon, forming up for defence, the black muzzles of the guns showing at the port-holes, ready to fight to the death for the commerce committed to them. Verily, as our great enemy said in 1813, we were a nation of shopkeepers—only the shopkeepers could fight and did fight for their shops, and, above all, for the right of the highway of the sea upon which to bring home their wares.

The coast of Spain was steel-grey and ragged in the distance, when there shot out towards the convoy a swift Basque schooner, crusted to the masthead with the salt Biscay spray. The three British frigates instantly closed in. There ensued a going and coming of messages, hot consultations, and in an hour the direction of the whole convoy was changed. San Sebastian had been taken with infinite fury and shame. The port of Bilbao was in British hands, and my Lord Wellington was calling up every soldier and every pound of provend and ounce of

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ammunition for his dash across the Pyrenees into France.

Among others, the *Fortune's Queen* received orders to cross the bar of the Nervion, and disload her cargo at the quays of the port of Bilbao.

Through the white breaking surf the ship of Captain Ebenezer Sinclair took her way to her new destination. The narrow Nervion, with the straight quays of Bilbao on either side, seemed, after the leaping surges of Biscay, no more than an ugly ditch.

But on the other hand, and rising tier above tier up the hillside, Adora saw the white houses of the town of many sieges, and the wooded heights that stand about it. She heard the speech of the chill disdainful Basque folk, proud of their *fueros* and their unknown ancient descent. Mixed with them were the soldiers of a dozen nationalities—British, Spanish, Portuguese, Brazilians, Hanoverians, Swiss. A clamour of voices, a swarm of men, not a woman to be seen anywhere. Such was Adora's first impression of Spain from the ship's deck.

The captain of the *Fortune's Queen* was abundantly fitted to hold his own in such a scene. Never had the virtues of Galwegian vocabulary added to the powers of vituperation acquired along the water-front of fifty ports stood the stout mariner in better stead. He sent Adora down to his cabin and saw to the closing of the portholes. Then he went on deck and expressed his opinions with a sober joyous freedom.

"It's as weel Mr. McPhail, o' St. Cuthbert's, disna hear me, or I wad hae sma' chance o' the next eldership when I get hame," he confided to Jock White, his first mate, who stood by his side with a pistol in each pocket. "But, faith! this is nae place to be askin' a blessin' afore meat in! The strong hand, the primed pistol, and the braid aith—them's the jockies that will bring ye safe hame to your wife and sma' family. An' after that, ye can gang to the kirk three times ilka Sabbath to square the account, 'gin it happens that your conscience checks ye."

And it is to be feared that in 1813, these were largely the moral principles of the Scot abroad. They have altered since, of course.

Now, Captain Ebenezer was a stout and valiant sailor, and he had kept the type of his farming stock intact through years of sea-spray and wind-tan. Also his heart, unknown to itself, had grown warm for his girl passenger. He knew the peril of her journey, the wild places into which she must venture, and in especial he heard with terror and shame the unspeakable details of the sack of San Sebastian, the deepest disgrace with which the British Army has ever been attainted. Small wonder, then, that he feared for Adora, and he resolved that he, a countryman and a bachelor, without a soul to mourn for him, or the bond of tie domestic, should undertake the girl's task while she remained by the vessel, or if that could not content her, he would accompany Adora on her quest.

The next evening after supper he opened out his plan.

"Lassie," he said, "I am an auld carle, but like an aik tree in the plantin', gye an' sturdy aboot the girth. I will never tak ony maiden's e'e for my beauty, though some that I ken o' micht do waur than draw up wi' the auld sailorman, into a snug bit anchorage wi' white stanes aboot the door, and gravelled walks, and maybe a painted figurehead or twa set up aneath the flagstaff. But, lassie, that's neither here nor there; an' we'll e'en let that flee stick to the waa'!"

The captain of the *Fortune's Queen* rested his eyes a moment or two a little sadly on Adora, who sat with her slender pocket-book open before her. The captain had been changing ten of her scant store of English guineas into Spanish dollars, which now sat squatly before her in a canvas bag. Certainly Ebenezer Sinclair, of the good ship *Fortune's Queen*, had not made money by the exchange.

"Aweel, lassie," he continued, seeing she did not answer, "we'll say nae mair aboot that. Auld Captain Ebenezer made his bed lang syne, and noo them that he wad tak winna hae him, and them that wad tak him he wadna hae at a bargain. But, lassie, ye can look in the glass, and if ever on your travels ye come across onybody that micht pass for your born sister, you juist send word to the auld captain, and fegs! Ebenezer Sinclair will brush himsel' up, and pit on his Sunday coat, an' syne aff to try his luck!"

Adora smiled, but still said nothing. There was a little pile of dollars laid in a place by themselves, which seemed to belong to nobody. These were the covenanted pieces for Adora's passage-money, presently in dispute between them.

"Na, na," said the captain; "na, na, lass. Your bite and your sup are neither here nor there. And faith! if ye count a' the repairs ye hae made in my wardrobe—no to gie the thing a mair intimate name—faith! I'm thinkin' the balance micht well be on the ither side! When I cam frae the Tail o' the Bank, I declare I had never a hale clout to sit me doon on; and now I micht dance

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the Heelant fling afore the Queen hersel'—God bless her!—and never be shamed. Siller, na faith! If there's ony siller gangin', it's Captain Ebenezer Sinclair that will hae to pay the piper."

"But, captain," said Adora, with genuine distress in her voice, "it was agreed between us. Mr. McQuhirr, of the Gairie, told me himself that the charge for my passage was exceedingly reasonable; and, indeed, take it you must."

And she pushed the little pile of pieces towards the old sailor, who looked at the dollars as if each might be expected to bite. Then he shook his head still more emphatically.

"Na, na, lassockie," he said. "Captain Ebenezer has no come to that o't yet, that he wad tak the hard-won siller o' a Lowran lass, who hae comed to a foreign land to save a lad frae the wuddy (gallows). And mair nor that, hearken you to me, mistress, ye are gangin' to nae misleared airmy by yoursel'—Captain Ebenezer Sinclair couldna sleep sound in his bunk for thinkin' o't. The ship is braw and safe wi' Sweatin' Jock White there and Lang-airmed Hillowton to look after her, no to speak o' thae deevils o' artillerymen up there on the hillside, wi' their pieces primed to the muzzle. Na, na! Gallowa' is Gallowa'; and it shall never be said that a Gallowa' man let a Gallowa' lass gang her lane into sic a deil's byke o' wickedness as the camp o' the allied armies. Guid's truth, no!"

And though Adora strove valiantly to carry out alone what she had imagined alone, the sturdy sober determination of the veteran was too much for her. And when she left the gate of Bilbao with a pass from the Governor, the stout sailor-like figure of Captain Ebenezer Sinclair marched at the right hand of her mule.

In vain in that land of cavaliers had she besought him to ride also.

"It's no for me at my time o' life to be temptin' Providence on ony beast's riggin'!" was all his answer. And so he trudged along stoutly, with a complete pirate's armament at his belt, entirely careless of the amusement the convoy caused to the entire garrison of Bilbao.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ENEMY'S COUNTRY.

LUCKILY for the little cavalcade which went forth from the gate of Bilbao, on the side which looks along the hill-foreheads towards San Sebastian, they came across many parties taking their way north-eastward with stores for the troops, arms and armament for headquarters. Among these were several transport officers who had been long in Spain and who knew Captain Ebenezer well. To them the master of ships frankly explained himself.

"Noo, hearken," he said, "ye ken Eben Sinclair frae Gallowa'; or if ye dinna, it's time ye did. His word is as guid as his aith, though whiles no juist sae convincing amang sailorfolk. Weel, here is Eben cut adrift frae his ship and wi' a bonny bit craft in tow. Noo, it's nae use speakin' to thae haythen folk. Them I'll shoot at the first word, 'gin yin o' them meddles the lass. But as for you, ye are bauld birkies and understand a guid Scots tongue. Noo, the lass is no for you, nor for your like. She's my ain sister's dochter, 'gin it behoves ye to ken, and she is gaun to find a certain Captain Sidney Latimer, that was last heard o' here in the King's airmies. So her and me are gangin' to my Lord Wellington to get news o' the lad. And if ony man, be he French or English, Scot, Irisher or black Don Dumbolino, sets a finger on the lass that's kin to Ebenezer Sinclair, he will find himsel' shot oot o' hand, and then if he's no deid, my friend wi' the crookit nose will forthwith order him to be hanged for a warnin' to a' blackguards! That's a'!"

* * * * *

The headquarters of Lord Wellington's armies was presently at the village of Estella, a tumble of white houses with rickety green sun-shutters, streets of alternate mud and ankle-deep dust, white as flour, a village that scrambled and struggled up a grey hillside in the heart of the Pyrenees. By its position Estella forms a natural stronghold, and all war commanders have striven for its possession, from the earliest guerillas who withstood the Roman arms, to the last Carlists who tried hard to put life into the bleaching bones of a dead cause.

But Estella was many long leagues across the mountains, the way thither perilous with desperate unfed men, who cared not in what way, or from whose military train, their bellies were filled.

The last months of Wellington's sojourn in Spain were marked by the growing brigandage of the country populations, and by the stern methods of oppression which in turn caused the Spaniards of the north-west

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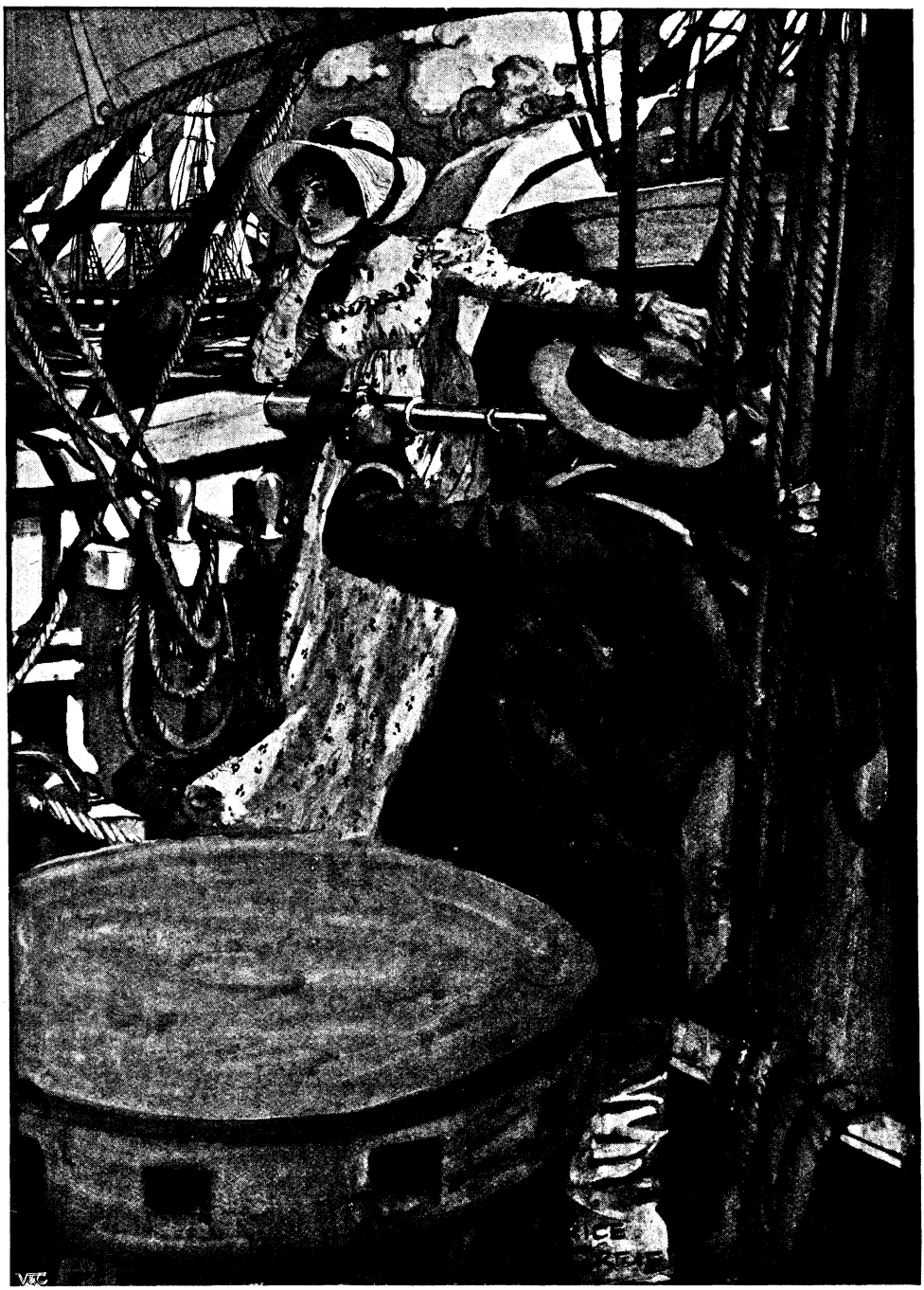

"On board the *Fortune's Queen*."

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to hate the British troops more bitterly than the French themselves.

Nor was this wholly the fault of the Spaniards. From the first they had lacked generals—and, indeed, officers of any rank—in whom they could have confidence. Their large armies never had any commissariat worthy of the name. Their troops in the field were never fed save by partaking with British soldiers, never paid except out of the British army chests; above all, if they were caught plundering while near the provost-marshals of "El Grân' Lor'," they were promptly and remorselessly hanged.

Moreover, it was no wonder if the sack of San Sebastian rankled in the hearts of such men, and if, hungry and desperate, with winter closing in upon them, these starving bands flung themselves fiercely upon Wellington's rear, and cut off his details and provision-trains as if he had been in an enemy's country.

Towards evening on the third day after leaving Bilbao, the small convoy of fourteen mules, with an equal number of muleteers, the four British transport officers, and our two voyagers arrived at the little hill village of Hernani. Indeed, it was hardly a village—a "farm-town" rather, as they would say in Scotland, which denotes a large farmhouse with outbuildings. Yet Hernani was almost like a fortress, its walls loopholed and ready for defence, the cluster of huts for herdsmen and labourers well away from the main buildings, while at the end of the little street was a *venta*, or public-house of the commonest sort, the immemorial haunt of brigands and broken men of all sorts.

No caution was used by the four British officers—all of them sergeants of commissariat, except one warrant-officer on loan from a frigate. They cared nothing for the muleteers, speaking to them as to so many dogs, and treating their silent resentment as so much sulkiness to be exorcised with blows and curses.

The chamber of their first lodging at Hernani was the common room of the *venta*. But the British sergeants, loudly swearing that the place was not good enough for an English dog-kennel (which was true enough), made bold to demand quarters of the owner of the farm, Don Juan Hernani, recently returned to his patrimony after a prolonged expulsion during the French occupation.

The night was already falling rapidly, and at these altitudes the cold began to bite keenly. The sergeants hammered on the door with the butts of their guns and shouted impatiently for the inmates to open. At last, with infinite creaking of bolts and jingling of chains, the great door was opened, and a tall stoop-shouldered old man stood before them, a lantern in his hand.

"What might it happen to your honours to require at the door of this poor house?" said the man, with the utmost formal politeness.

The four sergeants were about to brush past him with a rough word, after the manner of their kind. But Adora, who had not forgotten certain lessons in Spanish character which the ex-smuggler Sharon McCulloch had given her along with the Leonese knife, went forward and, taking the old man's hand, kissed it, saying in her pretty broken child's Spanish: "We ask only your hospitality for the night."

The old man instantly took his lantern in the other hand and offered his arm to Adora.

"Your Ladyship's house is at your service," he said. "Permit an old man to attend you to your chamber!"

So it came about that for that night Adora was lodged as a grandee of the first class, while in the wide kitchen or house-place, the three sergeants, the warrant-officer, and Captain Ebenezer waited upon themselves. Don Juan Hernani occupied only two or three rooms of his large house. The rest had been completely gutted by the attentions of its last occupants, the soldiers of the Duke of Dalmatia. But nevertheless, the old Spaniard proved himself an epicure after his kind. His herdsmen had brought him game from the hills in celebration of his return, and he prepared and cooked it in little *casseroles* in a tiny kitchen attached to the larger sitting-room by a short passage. As he finished the preparation of each dish, he would transfer all the choicest portions to Adora's plate, putting up himself with a crust of bread soaked in gravy, and sending all the rest down to his guests in the kitchen. Adora and her friend Captain Ebenezer did their best to mediate between the sensitive exigencies of Spanish *politesse* and the rough-and-tumble of soldiers, whom years of campaigning had accustomed to take the gifts of the gods without either "Prithee" or "By your leave."

Meanwhile there were the fourteen muleteers. All day long they had been taking words and blows with a dangerous quietude. It now occurred to one of the Englishmen that they had better see how the Spaniards were spending their time.

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"The brutes will get drunk, ten to one!" said Sergeant Taddy, who hailed from the leafy lanes and brambly hedges of Essex, where such methods of spending the evening are not uncommon. "Anyway, they will never be ready for the morning work unless we stir them up a bit. A little kicking never does a Don any harm!"

It was by such methods that the British soldier in Spain has left a name and fame most unsavoury in the country he delivered; so that to-day the general sympathy is more with the Frenchman, who oppressed and enslaved, than with the Briton, who shed his blood to deliver. Which thing shows the advantage of personal good manners even in warfare.

Now, Ebenezer Sinclair, like a cautious old ship's captain, had insisted upon arrival that the ammunition and valuable lading of the mules should be placed within the farm-buildings of Hernani, and, therefore, out of reach of the muleteers and their allies—without, that is, passing through the house of Don Juan, or breaking down the strongly barred gate of the *alqueria*. It was to this thoughtful naval prevision that the party now owed its safety. For hardly had Sergeant Taddy and his friend Warrant-officer Oswald passed outside the door than a bullet whistled from the direction of the *venta* and flattened itself on the carved work of the lintel close to his ear.

"Back into cover!" cried the sergeant. "To your muskets, boys! There's fun forward!"

For though they were ready enough to plunder when they had the chance, as well as prone to abuse the Spaniards for "bally-banded scaramouches," these soldiers of the great Peninsular commander were never so well pleased as when there was prospect of a fight.

"Can you load muskets?" they asked Adora, when they were back again in the kitchen.

"No; but I can teach her!" answered Captain Ebenezer promptly before the girl had time to speak.

"Well, go ahead, then, captain; there are plenty in that rack over the mantelpiece. And keep an eye on the old Don," said Sergeant Taddy. "Blow out his brains if he tries any of his Dago tricks on true-born Britons!"

But Don Juan Hernani went calmly about the washing up of his dishes, doing it finically, rubbing the plates, breathing on and polishing the glasses, even examining them critically with one eye closed, and so on till he was satisfied.

Stray shots went off without. There were loud cries and shrill screams. The Englishmen looked at one another a little grimly and sniffed the burnt powder.

"I think if these are only our muleteers," said Taddy to the warrant-officer, Oswald, "the business will not be a long one."

"If, by the grace of God, my particular rascal has come to try and steal my saddle-bags, which are the property of His Majesty's Government," cried Sergeant Taddy, "I shall have great pleasure in putting a bullet through him! I never saw a face and figure better fitted for being set up between a wall and a firing-party."

The cries took on more distinctness. The shouters seemed to be quite near the doors of the *alqueria*.

"San Sebastian!" "Come out and die, robbers and murderers!" "Dogs of English! Remember San Sebastian and come out!"

"That we will!" said Sergeant Taddy, priming his musket. His pair of pistols lay ready on the table before him. "If you refuse a Spaniard's invitation, he knifes you, so they say. If you accept, you die of the grub he gives you."

"See here," said Oswald, the warrant-officer, to Captain Ebenezer, "none of us can speak their beastly lingo. Just you ask the old fellow over there which is the way to a window or a balcony that will overlook his front door, will you? Tell him he is to come himself—to go in front, too. And by Heaven! if he gives us away—well, there will be a good Government pistol within two inches of his ear!"

All this while, Don Juan was calmly proceeding with his after-dinner work of washing up. Adora and the captain went to him together, and then, by pooling their scanty store of Spanish, finally made him understand the request of the four English soldiers.

"These outside there are but sons of dogs!" he said, jerking his elbow towards the door; "they will not venture here. They know Don Juan Hernani!"

"That may be," said Captain Ebenezer in English; "but these four gentlemen in the kitchen are somewhat hasty in their manner. You see, Señor Don, they are in charge of a considerable amount of military stores, and if they lose so much as a musket or a pound of powder, it will be the worse for them!"

"The worse for some other folk first!"

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growled the warrant-officer, Oswald, who had come to the door. "Do tell the old cockatoo to hurry up. We can't keep these noisy donkey-prickers waiting all night!"

Adora managed to convey the substance, though not the form, of these observations to their host, who, hanging his towel over his arm to give it the benefit of the drying night air, led the way up a stone staircase in the angle of the wall.

Adora ascended along with the five men, chiefly that she might not be left alone in the great empty *salon*. In a few minutes they came out on a stone parapet, roughly made by joining two parallel walls together with broad flag stones. The space was about four feet wide, and ran along the whole length of the front of the square of buildings constituting the *alqueria* of Hernani.

"Don't let the rascals glimpse us!" whispered the warrant-officer. "I claim first pot-shot."

But the old Don was already some way along the battlements, his white hair flying in the wind. In the dim light of the pine knots and pitch torches that had been lighted below, they could see twenty or thirty men trying to force the great door which led into the arcaded courtyard where the mule-loads had been placed.

The old Spaniard ran towards them along the battlement, waving his towel as if he had been chasing flies out of a room.

"Go away!" he cried in the country speech. "Go away quickly. I am Don Juan Hernani, and I desire that my guests' property should be respected."

"Come down and help us, Don Juan!" they cried up to him. "Your father would have helped us. Ay, or your son Don Pedro, either, who is with his *partida* in the mountains. These four English are of the men who sacked San Sebastian. We will do the same, and worse, to them. Open the doors to us, or we will burn your farmhouse about your ears for a traitor and a spy!"

"Burn and welcome!" cried Don Juan, with unexpected spirit; "but while I live you shall not steal so much as an ounce of salt from the guests of my house of Hernani!"

A volley of musketry from the Englishmen put a sharp end to the colloquy. They had stolen along under cover of the battlements, and now fired directly down on the group who, with a battering-ram made of the trunk of a fir tree, were endeavouring to burst in the great door.

"That shook the rascals!" cried the warrant-officer. "Give them another while they are on the quake! Quick, the pistols! They are near enough for that!"

And leaning over the walls, the four shot their pistols point-blank into the cluster of struggling men beneath them. Adora could see many wounded, who limped away into shelter, while others lay on the ground motionless. Fierce yells and shouts filled the air. This time the noise seemed to come from all around the square of the *alqueria*. Also, from the farther end, which was sheltered from sight, a red unsteady light began to rise, pulsing against the volumes of rolling smoke which the breeze carried towards them over the dark quadrangle of buildings.

"They have fired the cattle fodder!" cried Don Juan, clasping his hands. "It is all that the Frenchmen left. Between English thieves, French thieves, and one's own countrymen, the sooner a poor old man is quiet in the grave, the happier for him! And I have not had time to hide my glass and silver, either!"

And with that he was hurrying away towards the ground floor.

"Stop him!" cried Sergeant Taddy. "Old Gracias-á-Dios is going to open the gates to that howling crew. Stop him, or by Heaven, sir! I'll stop him myself as quick as wink, with a bullet in the back! Stop there, I say, Señor Don!"

Something in the soldier's tone, even more than Adora's warning cry, caused Don Juan to turn back in time to prevent Sergeant Taddy from carrying out his threat.

"Captain Sinclair," said the warrant-officer, "here are a pair of good Navy pistols. They are all we can spare you, but you have plenty of muskets and ammunition of your own. We leave you here in charge of the main door. We must go and examine the other side, where the villains are trying to fire the buildings. Do not fail to shoot anyone who tries to enter there. You see the door. If they bother you there, wait till they are within a yard of it, and then even a sailor can't miss. If you lean far enough over, you can put the muzzle to the rascal's ear, and have the Papist in purgatory in two shakes of a cat's nine tails!"

In a few moments the long parapeted southern wall of the *alqueria* was deserted save for Adora and Captain Ebenezer, who, with his own armoury and the pair of pistols which he had confided to Adora, stood watching the great gate which the *partida* of

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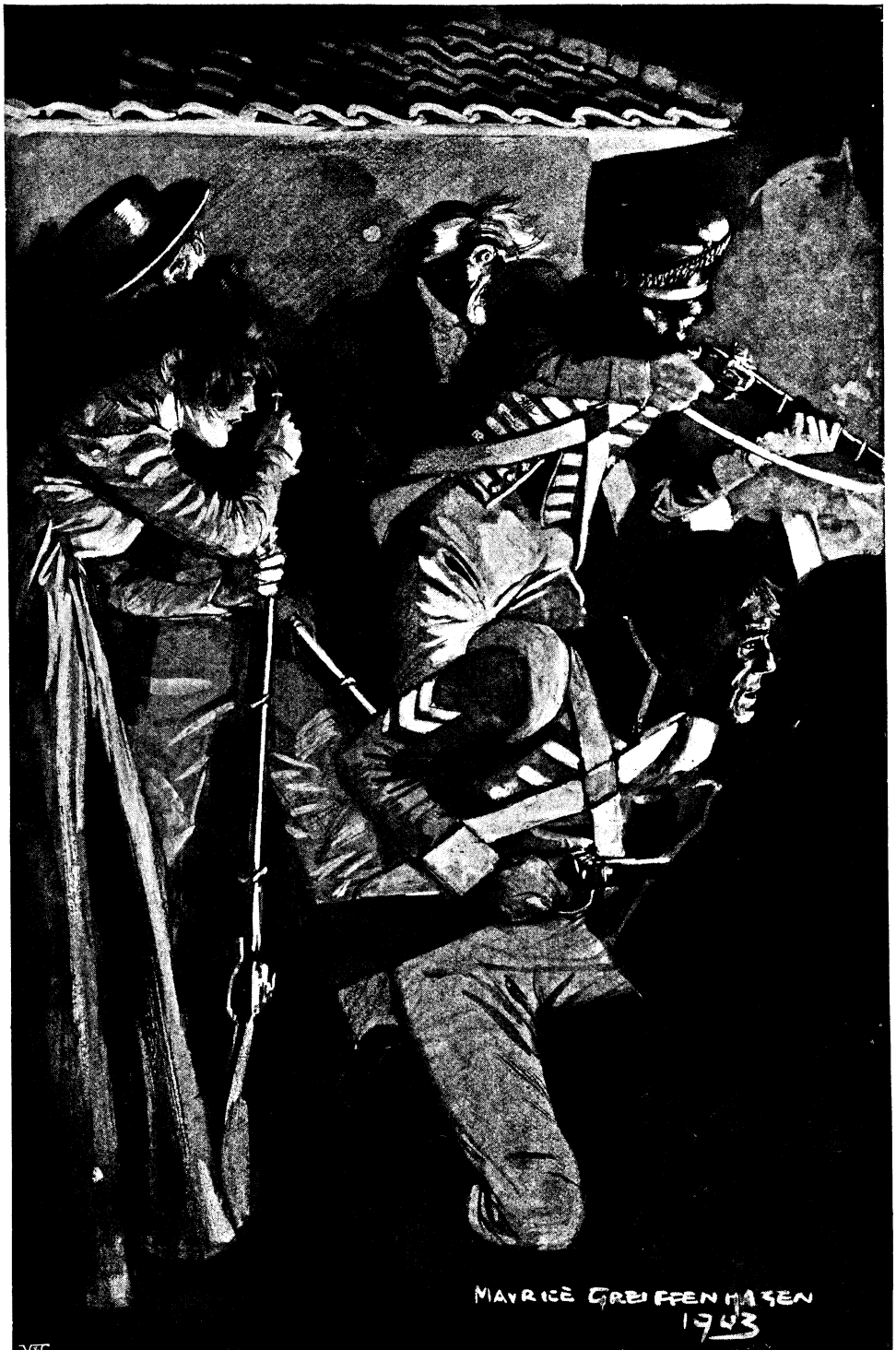

"A volley of musketry from the Englishmen put a sharp end to the colloquy."

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muleteers and brigands had vainly tried to force.

Beneath, faintly visible, could be seen the pine trunk which had been used as a battering-ram. A man was lying behind it as if wounded. It was very dark, but along the ground there lay a mild phosphorescent mist which rendered objects faintly visible. In a little while it seemed to Captain Sinclair that the man behind the tree-trunk had moved. He had been quite at the lower end. Now he was half-way up and nearer to the door by at least a couple of yards.

"Adora," said the old man softly, "is that man lying still?"

Adora looked intently. Her younger eyes could make out details more clearly.

"He is moving," she answered at last, "and he is holding something dark in his hand as well."

"Keep away from the door," shouted Captain Ebenezer suddenly, "or I fire!"

The man hastily threw something in the direction of the great door, and at the same moment the captain's piece cracked. The man broke into a run towards the woods, but presently stumbled and fell on his face. The projectile which he had launched at the door struck it heavily, rebounded a little, and lay between the bottom of the door and the tree trunk. From this last a spark of light crawled slowly towards it.

"That is a slow-match," said the old man; "and I am nothing of a shot, or I could cut the line."

"Give me the musket," said Adora; "I will try. I can see better than you, and the distance is not great."

She aimed in the centre between the dark mass of the bomb and the creeping wink of light.

She fired once, apparently without result. Then she leaned as far over as she dared and fired a second musket. The spark crawled on for some time, but in the midst, with a little bluish jet of flame, suddenly went out. Adora had cut the train of the slow-match and, for the time being, saved the door from being blown in.

Meantime the light from the distant northern front of Hernani loomed up brighter, the lurid smoke bellied out, more lurid than before, while shoutings and cries of pain came to their ears from that direction. Ever and anon they could see, out against the glare, the figures of the four defenders of Hernani as they leaned over and fired in defence of their commissariat loads.

"This is poor work," said Captain Ebenezer, setting his musket against the wall. "If I had not got my orders, I would be over yonder, where at least there's something doing."

But the fire died down. There was less and less crackling of musketry. The shouting seemed further off. Captain Ebenezer lit his pipe with a flint and steel, crouching meanwhile behind the parapet of the roof. Not even Adora's sharp young eyes could see a sign of an enemy on their side of the *alqueria*.

Suddenly from the darkness of the wood in front came an astonishing burst of flame, against which the entire quadrangle of building stood out bright as day. A roar deafened their ears, and part of the wall by the gate crumbled and fell forward on the abandoned battering-ram and the dead men, with a rush of shattered stone and lime.

"Merciful Heavens!" cried the captain, "all our throats are as good as cut! They have got a cannon somewhere. That is an eight-pounder, at the least!"

Once more the cannon spoke, and then with a rush up came the four valiant defenders—the warrant-officer touched in the arm by a chance bullet, but having tied a handkerchief about the place, making nothing more of it.

"All up," they said, "unless we can find some underground place in which to hold out till morning, Some of our fellows may hear us and turn up. The fools are making enough row to be heard twenty miles off!"

The gun went off again, the ball striking the gate full this time, crashing and splintering it into small fragments of wood and twisted iron. Still the fear of the growing light and of these five inevitable British muskets, which they knew were waiting for them, held back the *partida* from making a final rush.

But at the longest it could not last long. Men were to be seen creeping nearer under cover of trees and bushes, waiting at all the angles of the *alqueria*, and lying thick in the ditches below the cattle-sheds.

Crash! The last fragments of the gate were down this time. The brigands renewed their loud shouts.

"San Sebastian!" "San Sebastian!" "Death to the English!" they cried.

But at the very moment when they were clear of the wood, a storm of bullets from behind lashed their rear. They fled this way and that, the swift horses of four companies of British cavalry fiercely riding

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them down. Swords flashed and were dulled in the fast-coming dawn. The little cannon was captured, and just as the morning broke clear, a young officer rode up to the gateway of Hernani. He leaped his horse over the *débris* of the planking and so made his way fearlessly into the courtyard of Hernani.

"What's up here?" he cried, for the moment seeing no one.

At the first glance, Adora had precipitated herself towards him. She ran down the stairs and, without knowing how, found herself clasping Sidney Latimer round the neck, with the tears streaming from her eyes.

"Oh, thank God!" she cried, "thank God—I have found you—in time!"

And she was not even conscious that the young man, struck to the heart by this greatest marvel of earth, had stooped and kissed her with the kiss of possession.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE LATIMER TEMPER.

ADORA awoke from a brief period of unconsciousness to find herself the centre of a deeply interested group. She was still in Sidney Latimer's arms, and that young man seemed to have no intention of letting her go. The troopers of "El Gran' Lor'" tried to look uninterested, or grinned broadly—according to their upbringing. There was even a serene smile of content in the eyes of the stout sea-captain. His part was played. He had brought this dainty craft to port. Responsibility was lifted from his shoulders. The true pilot had come on board.

Instantly, with one quick nervous motion, Adora removed herself out of Sidney Latimer's arms; but she was not comfortable. Slowly and surely out of the lifting mists there came to her the hot consciousness that she had been kissed. Yes, in sight of all these men; this other consciousness also—that she had not resented it. Indeed, how could she? And it was too late now, at any rate.

She put her hand against Sidney Latimer's breast, as if to push him from her.

"No, no, you must not. You do not understand," she stammered, the words coming pell-mell. "I have much to say to you. I have come all this way to find you—to tell you——"

The young man's arms went about her again.

"You make me happy," he said. "Ah! if only I had known!"

"That is it, that is it!" she moaned. "You do not know. You will not understand, and—I cannot speak to you before all these."

"No, of course you cannot," cried Sidney Latimer with joyous alacrity. "How stupid I am! Let us go in. I understand that there is a convoy belonging to Lord Wellington's army here. General Barnard sent me out to seek it—to bring it in. Little did I think when I started—ah! how little!—what was waiting for me—seeking me—how precious a thing I should bring back!"

And he gazed tenderly at Adora, with such a face of radiance that the girl was for the time being borne away. She let him press her hand, saying all the while to herself: "This is not the time to speak! This is not the time!"

So guess ye how fast the *bruit* ran about the companies, busily unsaddling their horses, or gingerly watering them after their long ride: how that their captain's sweetheart had come all the way to find him—out of Scotland, they said. And they were all glad, for the young friend of General Barnard had not shared the fate of most military favourites—he was liked by his comrades and adored by his men. He was rich, too, they said, and a girl's hard heart had driven him to the wars. Well, most of them could say something like that; but this, at least, was new.

With the breaking of the day and the arrival of the detachment sent to bring in the ammunition-convoy, the *partidas* had vanished like blown smoke among the mountains. The sun had risen, and only the patient mules, the empty *venta*, and the dead brigands about the quadrangle of the farm buildings gave evidence of the struggle of the night.

Don Juan Hernani was as calmly courteous as if an attack upon his *alqueria* with cannon, and the arrival of a cavalry relief in the dawn, had been every-day events.

He had already given directions for the transport of the dead men to their homes. They were laid out temporarily in the orchard; and as Don Juan looked at each, he took his cigarette out of his mouth and crossed himself, muttering the while: "God be merciful to him! He belonged to an excellent family!"

Or, as the case might be, and without any religious sign, he said aloud: "The devil hath gotten a sore bargain this day, for no ranker *raterillo* ever chewed slug behind a stone wall than thou, O unblessed one!"

Meantime Adora and Sidney Latimer have been waiting.

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Down in the court was Don Juan, going from group to group, deploring that he had so little to offer the cavaliers of My Lord Wellington's army. But these accursed French—Soult's men! His friends the English would understand. The thieves had hardly left as much as would fodder a mouse over the winter in all his barns. Nevertheless, the camp fires were lighted, and with a fresh-killed lamb from the hills, and old pressed wine from some secret vats, untapped by the French troopers, the gentlemen cavaliers and their companions did none so ill. Indeed, they thought themselves in clover after the half-rations of the bleak hilltops around Estella, where, as the saying went, the Portuguese dug for pig-nuts, and the Irish ate them, all the while cursing their benefactors for *dagos* because they could not find them potatoes.

Adora knew that a difficult task awaited her in the great upper room where she had dined in solitary state the night before, with the Don fluttering to and fro with his dainty cakes and made dishes, while His Britannic Majesty's Commissariat sergeants fumed below over their snail patties and sparrows' legs. The good captain kept careful watch that the first meeting of the lovers should not be overlooked nor their privacy broken in upon.

Strange as it might seem, Adora's eyes dropped before the smiling gladness she saw in those of Sidney Latimer. Of course, he thought what any man would think in the circumstances. It seemed a hard thing to begin to undeceive him. Yet she must. He had kissed her once, and that must be done with for ever. Yet what if he were to refuse her request—refuse to return to Scotland with her? She might indeed return thither, and, with good Captain Ebenezer to back her, swear that with the eyes of flesh she had seen Sidney Latimer. But from a person as suspect as she, that might advantage Roy McCulloch but little. For Adora knew that she was looked upon by the legal authorities as being the cause of the quarrel.

They stood awhile gazing at one another uncertainly. Then it was Sidney Latimer who spoke first.

"You love me?" he began, in a low questioning voice, looking at her with sudden shyness.

Adora shook her head sadly.

"You mistake," she said.

"Then why are you here?" he asked, the colour fading from his face. "Have you not come to find me? I thought——"

"Yes," she said, looking away to avoid his eyes, "I came to meet you. I came to find you, but not for the reason you think. I have much to tell you. Sit down and listen. I ask you to grant me a hearing, if you have any feeling for the old time."

Sidney Latimer sat down. He unhooked his sword because it fretted him, and threw it with a jangle upon the table. Adora's eyes followed it. "Well," she thought, "at least if I hurt him, he will have something else to turn to. A soldier easily consoles himself, so they say."

She reached out her hand towards him. He did not take it.

"I must know first," he said, "to whom that hand belongs. Is it mine?"

"It is my own," said Adora quietly. "It belongs to no man."

"Then you are not married?"

"No."

"Nor yet engaged to marry any man?"

"No."

His eyes looked the further question his lips did not utter.

The girl apprehended and answered it.

"I am here to ask you to come back with me, to save a man's life. Two men's lives. *They are accused of your murder!*"

"Of my murder?" The look on Sidney Latimer's face was one of genuine astonishment. "How can that be? I have written repeatedly to my mother. All that she had to do was to produce my letters, dated from the camp of General Wellington."

The marvel was now as swiftly transferred to Adora's face.

Had Sidney Latimer's mother kept back the letters? At the first blush it seemed like it. But no. She remembered the countenance of the woman who had cursed her on the road through the Cleuch of Pluckamin. That was not the face of a woman who knew that her son was in safety.

"Then," said Adora, "this much is certain. Your mother has not received those letters, for two men are to be tried at Drumfern Spring Sessions for your murder."

"And who are these men?" asked Sidney Latimer, looking steadily upon the ground. For indeed he knew already.

"Sharon McCulloch and his son Roy," said the girl. And she supported his gaze almost defiantly, knowing that it was fixed upon her with meaning.

After this ensued a long time of silence before either of them spoke.

Adora knew what the young man was thinking. He knew that Adora knew. But he gave his thought words all the same.

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"Found herself clasping Sidney Latimer round the neck."

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"And you have come to Spain for this?" he said, with slow strong emphasis. "You ask me to leave my profession to return home with you only to save Roy McCulloch's life?"

It was Adora Gracie who this time looked straight at the young soldier.

"That is why I have come," she said. "For that and for no other reason."

The face of Sidney Latimer glowed hotly. Then the fire faded, till it grew grey and pallid. He compressed his lips sternly. The Latimer temper was showing.

"And suppose I refuse?" He shot the words out brusquely.

"You will not refuse," said Adora, with that same look as before, firm and straight and confident, which always found its way to his heart. "I know you better."

He jumped up, went hastily to the window, then two or three times paced the whole length of the chamber.

"Yes!" he cried. "Yes! that is just it! You know that I will not refuse. I have to play up to what you think of me. And you make me better than I am. Better than I want to be. Adora Gracie, I could kill the man—the man who took you from me! Yes, kill him with my own hands! Yet you would make me—you ask me to go home to save this very man from the gallows he has twice merited! I will not go!"

He flung out his hands with a sudden fierce gesture of defiance.

"I tell you I would not go a mile to save Roy McCulloch, that you might marry him! He can swing for me—that is all I have to say!"

Adora's glance never shifted or weakened. She looked him squarely in the eye.

"Yes," she said tranquilly, "you will come back—not because I am going to marry Roy McCulloch, nor because I am not going to marry Roy McCulloch, but because it is your duty as a man to save two innocent men from the gallows. I expect it of you. I have come here to ask you."

Adora smiled at him for the first time since they had begun to talk together.

"Ah!" cried Sidney Latimer, bitterly restive, "you think that a smile pays for all! I will not go!"

But Adora still held him with her eyes. The right that was in the girl's heart mastered the selfishness in his. A certain fearless *élan* of manner made it difficult for a man to refuse Adora anything. Sidney Latimer knew that he was conquered and at length he yielded.

"Well, I will go," he said; "and if I ask you nothing in return, it is only because I know you have nothing to give me that I would care to accept."

Even then the bright directness of the girl's gaze answered neither "Yea" nor "Nay."

"When I have anything to say of love to you or to another man, I will say it," she said. "Now I only ask you to do justly for your own sake, that the guilt of innocent blood be not upon your hands."

The fierce Latimer blood swung loose as a gate on crazy hinges.

"I tell you if all the McCullochs from Dan to Beersheba were hanged as high as ever Haman was, it would not lose me one night's sleep!" he cried. "Nevertheless I will go, because you ask me! That is how I take it. So pray understand that any nobility of sentiment is entirely on your side."

Adora laughed, and at the ripple of sound something heavy and threatening seemed to pass away from their colloquy. The old captain bustled in as at a signal.

"Well, now," he said, "have you young folk no arranged your affairs yet?"

Whereupon, with one breath, they reassured him. And he shook his head with mock severity as he pointed out Sidney Latimer's blushes.

"It's aye the woman that's the brazen face at sic times and seasons," he declared. For Captain Ebenezer had seen the kiss, when for a long moment Adora lay unconscious in the young officer's arms. And after that, had an angel from heaven come down to declare that these two were not lovers, the sea-captain would have told him that he lied in his throat. Nay, more sacred still, he would have put the fact of their plighted troth in the ship's log, so prone are people to see what they expect to see.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE PROPHETIC UTTERANCES OF CAPTAIN EBENEZER SINCLAIR.

It was some time before even the goodwill of General Barnard, and the necessities of the case, duly reported in the highest quarters, smoothed Sidney Latimer's way out of the victorious allied army, now watching at the threshold of France. But it was done; and when the good ship *Fortune's Queen* sailed from Bilbao, she carried with her Adora Gracie and the

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captive of her bow and spear—the ex-commander of horse, Sidney Latimer.

The old captain was more pleased with himself than ever. The pair had kept their secret. And the unflagging zeal with which the shipmaster removed Sweatin' Jock White and Hillowton of the Long Arm out of the way of possible lovers' conferences was worthy of more success than the manœuvre obtained.

Indeed, even in the snug cabin of the *Fortune's Queen*, with the lamp swinging aloft and throwing strange bars of light and shadow athwart the wall and roof as the brig turned and swayed in the Biscay surges, the pair found strangely little to say to each other. Sidney Latimer held himself bitterly wronged in that, without hope of any reward to himself, he must go back to set free a successful rival, who, if he were, indeed, innocent of one murder, was as certainly guilty of another. Not only so, but he must not speak of what he knew to Adora. Honour forbade him. He could not tell her what he had seen and heard on the evening when Roy McCulloch had been released from prison, or how his rival had started for the house of the murdered man only an hour or two before the deed, with threats of vengeance on his lips.

No. His mouth was closed by the girl's very confidence in him. He must go back to save the life of a guilty man! And for what? In order that that man might rob him of all that had become most precious to him. Sidney Latimer brooded upon the thought. He was not of the Adora stamp, to whom the doing of one noble action for its own sake would afford satisfaction for years. His selfishness was of the more blatant, masculine kind, though perhaps not more really selfish. It was no satisfaction, so Sidney told himself, to go back all the way to Scotland to do this thing. Any pleasure he got out of it was of the dour national sort—

"I said I would do it, and I will!"

Nor can it be said that Sidney Latimer showed to better advantage when the *Fortune's Queen* began to near home. A worse man would have managed to give a better impression of himself to a woman he loved. Yet no man could have treated Adora with more courtesy and reserve in the difficult position in which the girl had placed herself. And this was all the more to Latimer's credit because he was of the class set apart—in the land of Scots, a Brahman twice born, the thread upon his forehead, lord of lands and heritages, patron of parochial cures of souls. Adora was the outcast daughter of an outcast father. Yet Sidney Latimer treated her as though she had been the descendant of a hundred earls. A young girl, she had gone to a far land to seek him, to ask a great service of him for the sake of another. Yet, after the first outbreak of temper, he acted as if the sacrifice of his prospects had been the merest matter-of-course courtesy.

When they talked at all, it was chiefly concerning how his letters, of which he had written a good many, had not reached his mother. Difficulties of service, the accident of camp and transport were urged. But, truth to tell, neither of them believed much in their own arguments, though the suspicions which underlay them were wide as the poles asunder.

Like a man, and knowing his mother's jealous nature, Sidney suspected Mrs. Latimer. As to Adora—but the time was not yet ripe to state plainly what Adora suspected.

The winds in the Bay were contrary, as their manner is; and as each ship, however fast, had to wait for the slowest of her convoy, it was the day of long passages. Thus it came about that it wanted but three days to the date of the opening of the Drumfern Sessions when the *Fortune's Queen* made her way up to the quay of Port Glasgow and set the captain and his two passengers safe ashore.

Captain Ebenezer's eyes were still tight shut as to the relations which existed between Adora and Sidney Latimer. These had received a rude shock when first he knew of Sidney's quality, and he had promptly subjected that young man to the straightest of cross-examinations as to his position and intentions with regard to Adora—a catechism which, considering the circumstances, was submitted to with very creditable outward good humour, but with much internal restlessness.

The result, however, was satisfactory so far as Captain Ebenezer was concerned.

"The laddie's a guid laddie an' means weel by the lass," he confided to Sweatin' Jock White, who, being taciturn, was his confidant; "maistways, he's no like a laird ava'—no ava'. For the lairds o' Scotland are either wild asses o' the desert, roarin' bulls o' Bashan, wi' a' their strength in their tails, or else fushionless as frosted turnips in a thaw, pokin' their noses here after auld Druid stanes and there after Roman camps. But this yin's amaist as sensible as if he had been a' his life a decent grocer, or even

'prenticed in his youth to the seafarin' like you and me, Sweatin' Jock."

* * * * *

The captain was pleased with his success as a diplomatist. In his own view he, and he alone, had assured Adora's position as Lady of Lowran. He said as much to Jock White.

"You wi' your heid half doon the companion-way listenin', an' me for a face-to-face witness—certes, gin we canna haud him tilt, my name's no Ebenezer Sinclair. Young birkies wi' landed estates o' their ain are no to lippen to wi' a guid-looking lass."

"It's my opinion that this particular lass will no be the waur o' the braw landed gentleman, or ony ither gentleman," said Sweatin' Jock drily. "Na, she'll send them aff with a flee in their lug, estate or no estate."

And it is quite possible Jock had his own reasons for knowing.

"Noo," said the captain, when at last the three stood together on the solid stones of the Port Glasgow quay, "understand, I'm gaun to see ye hame—baith the twa o' ye! It's no befittin' for a young pair to be gallivantin' the country as if they were on the road to Gretna. Na, na; when ye gang into Lowran, it maun be wi' the minister's blessing on your heads, and sax horses in front of ye, wi' a postillion on ilka yin. And, faith! auld daft Ebenezer Sinclair wad scatter half the profits o' a cruise to the Lowran bairns 'gin he could see the sicht."

So they posted down to Drumfern, with the captain in jubilant spirits. He had organised the festival games at Lowran, and even settled where the bonfires were to blaze, by the time the party had reached Sanquhar. And as they passed Thornhill, he was deep in the architecture of the new house which Sidney Latimer was to build on his estate.

"It maun be on the Fairy knowe, there's nae doot aboot that," he said with immense earnestness of manner, marking the site and ground-plan on the back of a receipt for dock dues with the remains of a stubby pencil, the light twinkling all the time in his small grey eyes, sunk deep in the puckers of forty years among the salt sea winds.

"The way o't is this," he cried. "The Muckle Hoose o' Lowran is a' weel an' weel eneuch. But it will simply no do for twa young folk. Deed, and it's me that should ken, for mony's the time I hae carried the letters to your ain grandfather, Maister Latimer—and a deevil o' a man he was, asking your grace for lettin' oot the word aboot yin that's blood-kin to ye. But it was for that verra reason it was laid on me to speer at ye sae carefully—ye ken what you an' me had the bit palaver aboot. But at ony rate, on the Fairy knowe the new Hoose o' Lowran is to stand. Dod, sir, but I'm pleased ye agree wi' me. The auld yin did weel eneuch for a bachelor man wi' twa auld wives to mix his grog and see that he gaed to his bed in time o' nicht. But to be plain wi' ye, the Auld Hoose is no in the proper situation for a man wi' a young family. An' your Honour kens it will tak some while for them to grow up—wi' a pond afore the door for the laddies to be for ever faain' into an' frichtin' their mither oot o' her reason, thinkin' them drooning; whilk is, of coorse, a moral impossibeelity, for to my kennin' Lowran Big Hoose pond is no mair than three feet deep, if that. But, a' the same, sae muckle water afore the door is nane healthy. For grown folk it is little maitter, but for bairns, be they never sae sturdy on their legs——"

At this point Sidney Latimer, after vehement attempts to change the current of the captain's meditations, took the extreme measure of pleading a sudden faintness, and asking leave to go outside in order to sit with the driver.

Whereupon Adora, thus basely deserted, was willy-nilly instructed upon the conduct of married life and the upbringing of a young family, and listened to wisdom from the lips of a bachelor sailorman, who had left home at fourteen and never seen a boy since, except when springing responsive at a rope's end!

This year the spring had come early over all the Scottish southland. The leaves on the hedgerows, the buds on the ash trees, were ushering themselves calmly and temperately into a snell, dry, airy world of abundant, but not intemperate, sunshine. They were, indeed, in no particular haste to be born. On the whole, they were more comfortable where they were, with their overcoats lapped about their ears; but business was business, and must be attended to by all things Scottish.

So it was the first gay flush of this lowland spring—the yellow time which brings a certain untranslatable gladness into young hearts was upon the land — whin-spikes surging along the banksides and the lemon-yellow of the broom laughing up from every cleuch like the provocation of a spoilt country beauty.

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There are, perhaps, times more beautiful in Scotland—the rich summer abundance of green woods and full-fed waters, the autumn ling spreading league on purple league; but nothing touches the heart of the country-bred boy like the first yellow of the primrose and of the daffodil, of the prickly gorse and the tall lady-broom, and, above all, that first thrilling rush barefoot over the grass of the meadow-lands. Something tricksome and flaunting doubtless there is about this garish gold; but, nevertheless, the contrast with the rich dark breadths of ploughland and the chill unsmiling grey of the mountain sides makes the yellow time of broom-flourish and whin-bloom the gladdest in all the year.

After passing through miles of this brave canary-coloured wood, it was at Thornhill that the first whisper of what was before them reached the trio in the post-chaise. There was a halt of a few minutes at the change-house near to Morton Kirk, and Sidney Latimer, strolling somewhat apart, heard two men call to each other across the road, both of them weary with the do-nothing of a village afternoon.

"They'll hae gotten their sentence by noo, eh, Robin?" said one.

To which, in due course, Robin replied, equally glad to have a topic upon which something new might be said: "Ay, Gib, ye're speakin'! They'll ken the day an' hour o' their latter end by this time, and that's mair nor ony o' us can tell!"

In an instant Sidney Latimer was upon them.

"Of whom do you speak, men?" he cried—"not of the Drumfern Assizes, surely? They do not open till Monday."

"Maybes no," answered the man who had been called Robin, "since your Honour seems to ken sae weel aboot them. But onyway, the judges' procession was yesterday morning, for my ain een saw it. And the twa Galloway men were to be tried for their lives this verra day—McGuillams, or McCullochs, or McCardles—some o' thae auld cut-throat, covenantin', west-country names!"

The young Laird ran back quickly to the inn and told Adora what he had heard.

"I am going to get a horse," he said, "and ride to Drumfern as hard as I can."

"I will come with you," she said, taking his arm.

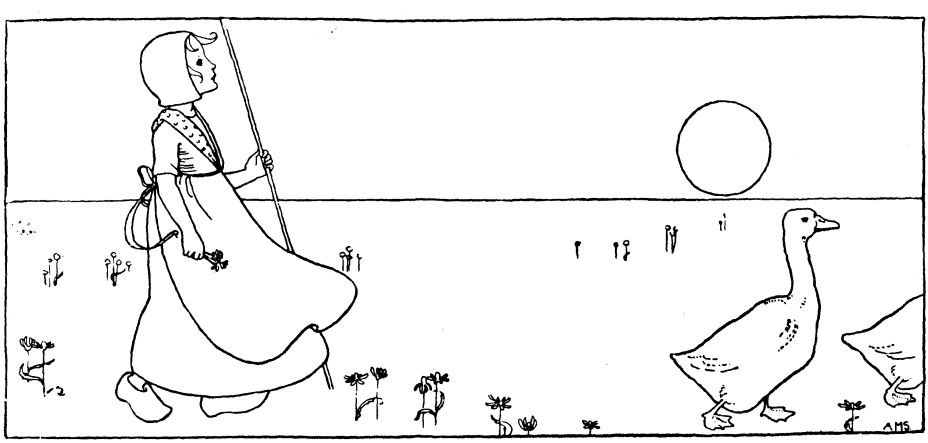
"No," said Sidney Latimer. "I have a work to do. I will do it alone."

She looked long at him, but this time his eye did not falter or shrink. It was as steady as her own.

"You may trust me," he said.

And five minutes afterwards Sidney Latimer was galloping down the valley of the Nith as fast as whip-leather and spur-prick could send his hired hack towards the court where Sharon and Roy McCulloch were being tried for his own murder.

(*To be continued.*)



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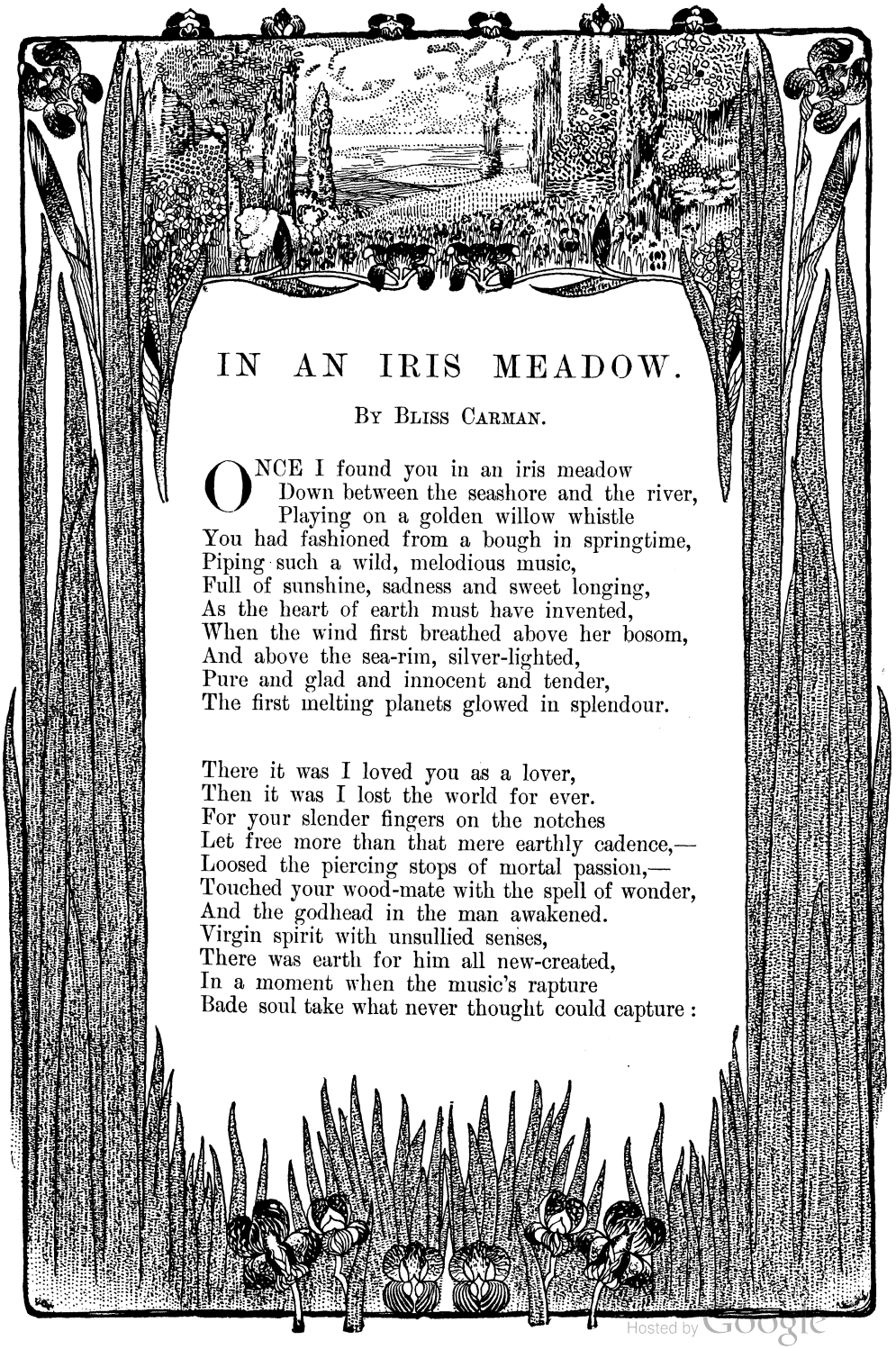

IN AN IRIS MEADOW.

By Bliss Carman.

ONCE I found you in an iris meadow
Down between the seashore and the river,
Playing on a golden willow whistle
You had fashioned from a bough in springtime,
Piping such a wild, melodious music,
Full of sunshine, sadness and sweet longing,
As the heart of earth must have invented,
When the wind first breathed above her bosom,
And above the sea-rim, silver-lighted,
Pure and glad and innocent and tender,
The first melting planets glowed in splendour.

There it was I loved you as a lover,
Then it was I lost the world for ever.
For your slender fingers on the notches
Let free more than that mere earthly cadence,—
Loosed the piercing stops of mortal passion,—
Touched your wood-mate with the spell of wonder,
And the godhead in the man awakened.
Virgin spirit with unsullied senses,
There was earth for him all new-created,
In a moment when the music's rapture
Bade soul take what never thought could capture:

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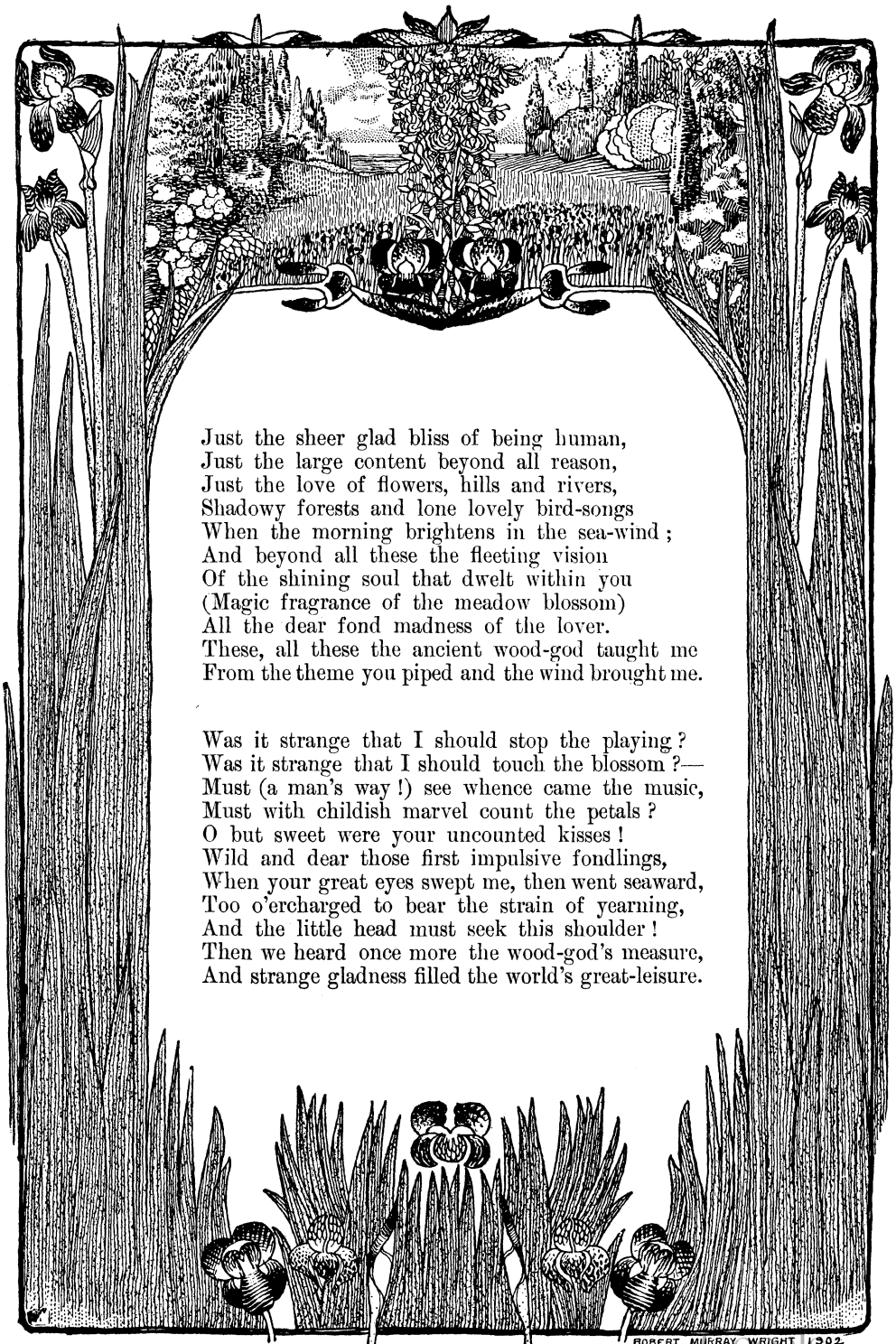

Just the sheer glad bliss of being human,
Just the large content beyond all reason,
Just the love of flowers, hills and rivers,
Shadowy forests and lone lovely bird-songs
When the morning brightens in the sea-wind ;
And beyond all these the fleeting vision
Of the shining soul that dwelt within you
(Magic fragrance of the meadow blossom)
All the dear fond madness of the lover.
These, all these the ancient wood-god taught me
From the theme you piped and the wind brought me.

Was it strange that I should stop the playing ?
Was it strange that I should touch the blossom ?—
Must (a man's way !) see whence came the music,
Must with childish marvel count the petals ?
O but sweet were your uncounted kisses !
Wild and dear those first impulsive fondlings,
When your great eyes swept me, then went seaward,
Too o'ercharged to bear the strain of yearning,
And the little head must seek this shoulder !
Then we heard once more the wood-god's measure,
And strange gladness filled the world's great-leisure.

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THE MAKING OF A MANDOLINE.

By R. J. Power Berrey.

Photographs by C. Pilkington.

FROM time immemorial Continentally manufactured musical instruments have been much sought after, and have been highly prized when obtained, as well as highly priced when sold.

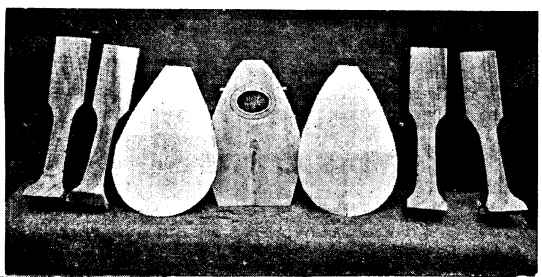
With stringed instruments this has been more especially the case, and until the last five or six years Italian-made mandolines have held undisputed sway in England.

Now, however, a change has come over this state of things, and gradually English-made mandolines have won first place in the race for quality of tone, make, and finish, and their Italian rivals have been forced into the background.

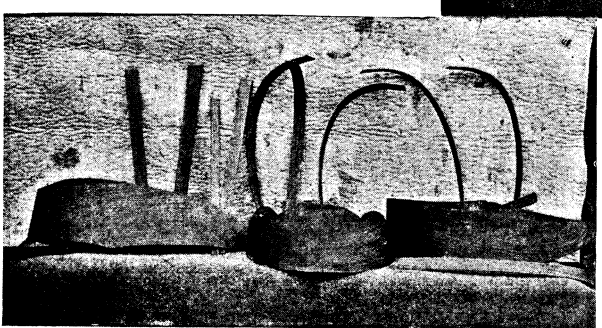
The difficulty of obtaining a really good instrument at a reasonable price is mainly responsible for this, and now it is safe to say that English-made mandolines are known in most English-speaking quarters of the world.

Like most important undertakings, the establishment of a mandoline factory commenced in a very small way indeed. Included in a small band of enthusiastic players, who were always grumbling because their instruments were not so melodious as they might be, was Mr. J. G. Winder, a musician who has been playing various instruments from his boyhood, and who for some years had been manufacturing banjos and other similar instruments.

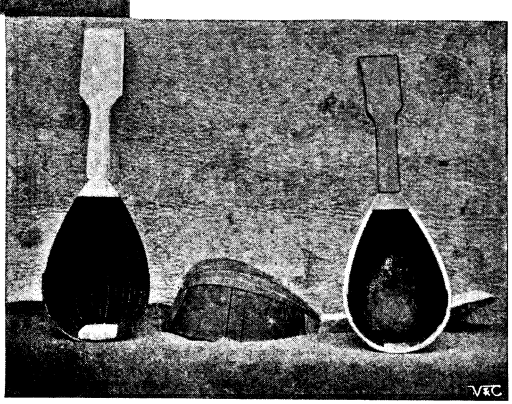
The continual complaints encouraged Mr. Winder to try his hand at making a mandoline, and after first striking out a new line for himself and inventing a shape easy to fashion, Mr. Winder, after many difficulties had been overcome, succeeded in "building" a mandoline of which the tone was excellent. It was not good enough, however; but once the initial battle had been fought, the rest was comparatively easy work. In succeeding attempts the many mistakes were gradually rectified; various parts of the instrument were improved upon, and in a few short months Mr. Winder turned out a beautiful instrument which succeeded beyond his most roseate dreams.



"Necks" and "tables."



Rosewood ribs.



On the mould in the centre is shown the back of a mandoline partly completed.

FIRST STEPS IN THE MANUFACTURE OF THE MANDOLINE.

Its tone was all that could be desired, and when other players heard it they were eager to get one, and so the mandoline factory, which I had the privilege of visiting the other day, soon became an accomplished fact.

STRENGTHENING THE BACK AND FITTING "TABLES."

The factory is in Kentish Town Road, and the amount of work carried on inside it is simply wonderful, for everything included in the manufacture of a mandoline is done there—from the cutting up of logs of wood to the making of the strings.

The wood used consists of rosewood for the back and Swiss pine for the belly, or "table," as it is known in the trade, and the same for the "neck," or finger-board. The Swiss pine, by the way, really comes from Bohemia. The rosewood reaches the factory in big logs, and leaves it forming the backs of mandolines.

The logs are first split up into a "veneer" of about one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness, and this is further cut up into ribs about sixteen inches long, about half an inch wide at the middle, and tapering to both ends. The back of each mandoline is formed of a number of these ribs, varying from twenty to thirty, and in between each is placed a much smaller rib of holly-wood, celluloid, or silver, as fancy suggests, which really forms the seam of the ribs.

This is done on an iron mould, into which the roughly hewn neck has been fastened, and as each rib is bent into shape and put on the mould it is firmly glued into place.

When this has been done, and various supporting pieces have been fixed just below the ribs upon which the table rests, the mould is taken away and the glue-pot comes into requisition again. It is freely used until the inside of the ribs becomes one mass of glue, after which a lining of cloth is put inside the instrument to ensure the secure binding together of the whole of the ribs.

POLISHING.

Then comes the strengthening process. Various pieces of seasoned wood are laid in along the top, and these, in addition to giving the mandoline greater solidity, if one may use that expression, also help to support the table, which, by the way, is made

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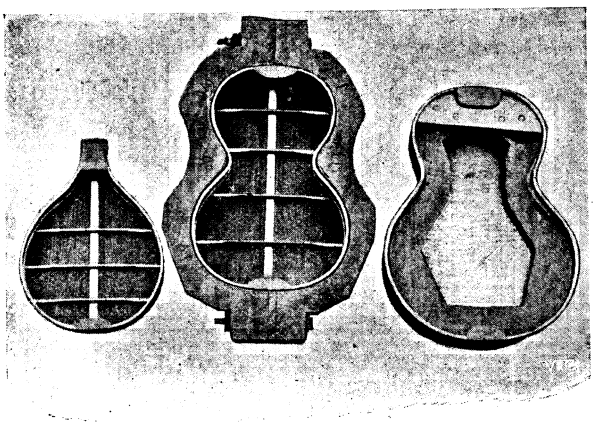
from two pieces of wood so beautifully joined that the seam cannot be seen. This is perhaps the most difficult part of the work. An ornamental lining and the maker's name, together with the number of the mandoline,



THE INTERIOR MECHANISM OF A GUITAR.

are then put inside, after which the table is put on, and the side and back pieces holding this in place are glued into position.

Next the finger-board, consisting of a thick piece of ebony, is fixed on the "neck," and afterwards the most important process in the whole manufacture is entered upon.

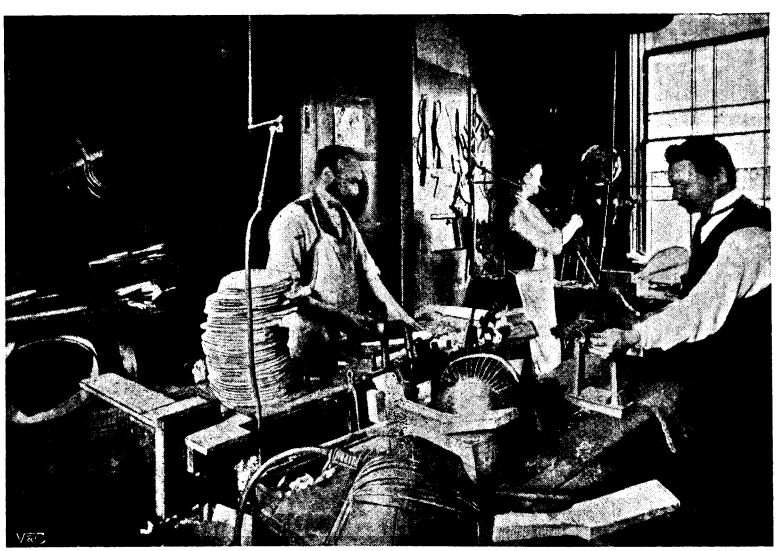
This is the fixing of the "frets"—the strips of German silver running horizontally on the finger-board which denote and mark the various notes. Grooves are cut at set distances, and so much care has to be taken in the cutting that a hair's-breadth makes all the difference between a true and a false note. On this work Mr. Winder specially prides himself, and no instrument with a false note ever leaves his place. Into these grooves the "frets" are fastened, and then these have to be levelled, filed, and rounded off, whilst the "neck," from being an unlovely piece of wood, quickly becomes a graceful, shapely adjunct to the body of the mandoline.

This practically finishes the rough stages of the work, and what may be termed fine work is alone left to be done.

The sound hole in the centre of the table is next pierced, and then a piece of tortoiseshell is cut and placed to form a frame, and extended to the side so as to protect the table from the effects of the plectrum when, later on, the mandoline is being played upon. This, by the way, is only one of the many improvements introduced by Mr. Winder, and has proved exceedingly popular, more especially with those players who when performing habitually scratched the table with the plectrum.

Next the head of the instrument receives attention, and the machine arrangement for tuning the strings is fitted, whilst a veneer of rosewood or some other fancy wood is added to the neck.

After this the inlaying is proceeded with, pieces of pearl and tortoiseshell being let in on the finger-board and round the sides of



MR. WINDER TESTING THE "FRETS" OF THE COMPLETED INSTRUMENT.

the table, the instrument being handed to the polisher when this work has been completed. Under the hands of this workman the mandoline soon assumes a handsome appearance, and when it leaves him it is practically finished. All that remains, in-

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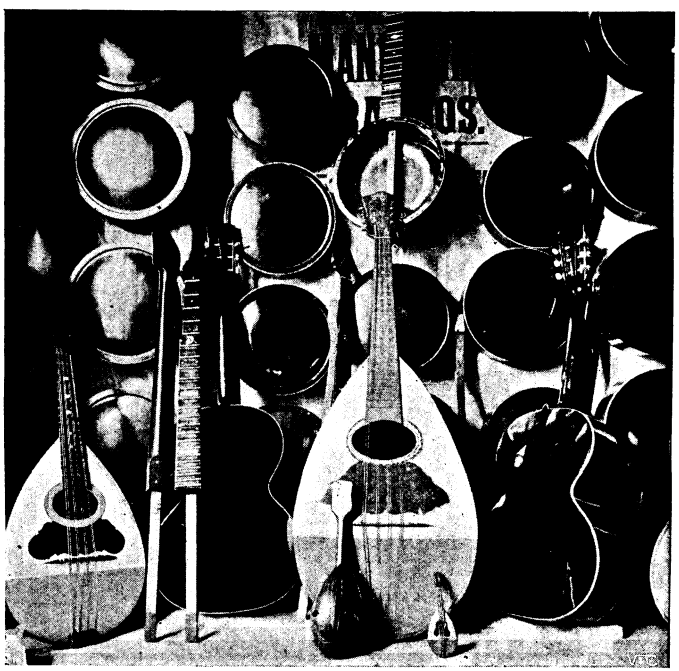
deed, is the fixing of the bridges over which the strings pass, and the putting on of the tailpiece and the strings.

Now every "fret" is tested, in order to ascertain if the tone of each note is absolutely correct. If the mandoline "fills the bill" in this particular, and the general tone of the instrument is up to the high average Mr. Winder has set for his mandolines, it is then ready for sale.

I have only given a slight idea of the work entailed in the making of mandolines, but the difficulties which Mr. Winder had to overcome when he first commenced their manufacture were enormous.

He knew very little about the technical portion of the work, and had to put his theories into practice. His experiments were numerous, but, as has been mentioned above, after the first mandoline had been made, the work was greatly simplified, for then Mr. Winder had some data to work upon.



A CORNER IN THE FACTORY, SHOWING COMPLETED MANDOLINES AND GUITARS AND PARTS OF ZITHER BANJOS.

Players, who knew the value of good instruments, flooded Mr. Winder with orders, and the factory was in a few months in full swing, the workmen employed being foreigners who had been brought up to the business. These, however, although excellent workmen in their own way, could not be relied upon to turn out absolutely perfect work, and as one little defect spoils the whole instrument, Mr. Winder was now and again in the depths of despair.

English workmen who knew the work were not to be obtained, for, as a fact, very few, if any, then existed; and, taking the bull by the horns, Mr. Winder cast about and found an English workman here and another there—men thoroughly acquainted with their own trades, one a cabinet maker and another a joiner—whom he speedily taught the art of mandoline making.

Thus Mr. Winder obtained a competent staff of men, who, taking an interest in the work placed before them, set themselves the task of becoming perfectly acquainted with every little detail. Really the men are a little band of enthusiasts, who take so great a pride in their work that they have learned all about other makers' mandolines, and can almost deliver a lecture on the subject. They can speak oracularly of the various models on the market—there being many, good, bad, and indifferent—and can point out what they consider the defects and wherein these defects can be remedied.

Certain it is that Mr. Winder has now developed a new industry in this country—a rarity in these days when every week the newspapers point out that some country or other has encroached upon the preserves of Great Britain and is taking orders for goods in the manufacture of which this country has always been looked upon as pre-eminent—and it is quite refreshing to find that someone has taken up a business for which other countries have always been famous, and, by reason of the excellence of the work turned out of the factory, is proving more than a formidable competitor with Continental makers.

Mr. Winder does not confine his attention to mandolines. He also manufactures banjos, banjeaurines, guitarras, and the ordinary guitar, whilst he has also experi-

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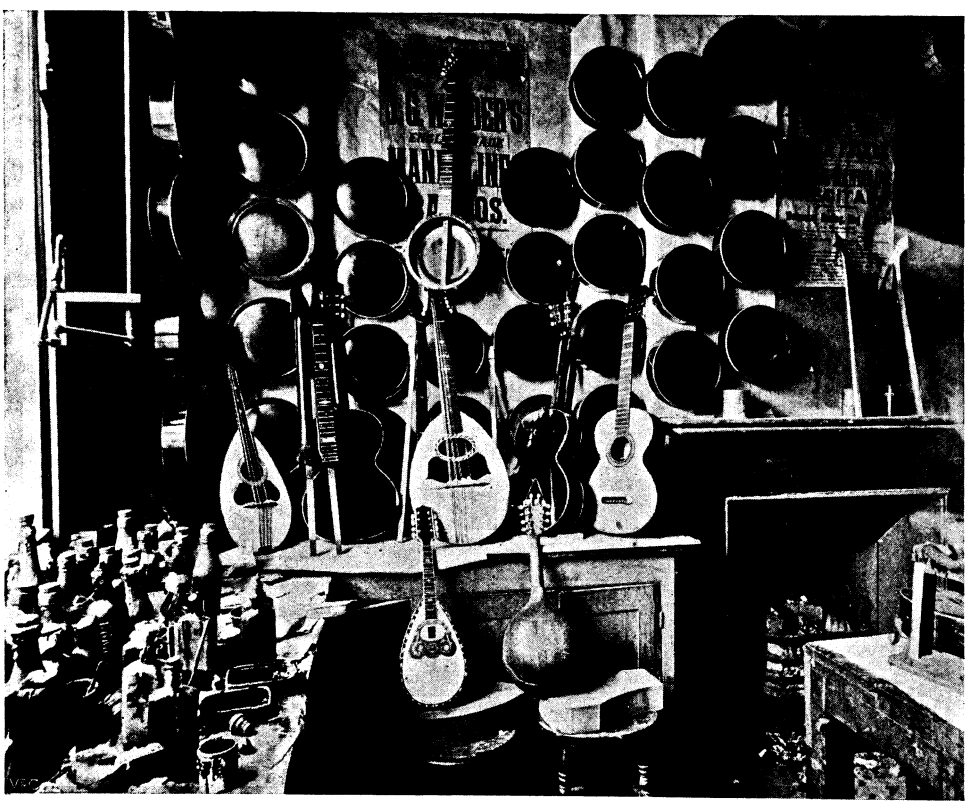
mented with violins, and has turned out a very fine double bass. One mandoline, shown partly finished in the photographs on page 308, was being made as a specimen of English work. The body, which is fluted, and not flat as in the ordinary instrument, is made of ebony in place of the rosewood, the seams being strips of silver, whilst the table and finger-board are one mass of pearl, silver, and tortoiseshell inlaid in most delicate and artistic patterns. Last year the prize presented to the head of the mandoline class, at the Guildhall School of Music, was one of Mr. Winder's instruments.

As the mandoline is gaining in popularity daily, the sale of the instrument increases, and it is pleasant to know that in this particular musical industry the Old Country has commenced to oust foreigners from the position in which they have held undisputed sway right up to the past year or two.



MANDOLINES OF DIFFERENT SHAPES AND SIZES.

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THE STORY OF A PUNCTURE.

By CLARKE LITTLE,

Author of "Outlaws."

THE conversation had been strictly confined to petrol for the whole of the evening, till someone, *à propos* of nothing at all, suddenly went off at a tangent on electric cars.

Gray's wonderful non-stop run of two hundred miles, on a car that turned the scale, accumulators and all, at something less than 15 cwt., was fresh in our memories, and for a time the *pros* and *cons* of electricity as a possible rival to petrol were eagerly discussed.

"Gray is a clever fellow," Hamlyn remarked, with the air of a man who has made an astonishing discovery, "but the last man in the world one would suspect of being a practical engineer. Do you know that he is a leading light of the Society of Psychical Research, an antiquary, and all that sort of thing? Just imagine the mind that can evolve such a car as Gray's having room for ghosts as well."

We all admitted the incongruity of such companionship in the average mind. But Gray had a mind beyond the average.

"And the worst of it is," Hamlyn continued, "he has brought me round to his way of thinking. I hardly dare go out on my car for fear of quite inadvertently doing something that may set an army of ghosts haunting me."

The eloquent pause which followed this startling declaration of faith had the desired result. Hamlyn could tell a good story, and it was evident that he had one to tell. In answer to a dozen eager questions he gave us the history of his conversion.

"About a week before Gray was officially timed," Hamlyn commenced, "he told me that he had built a small electric car that would run for two hundred miles on one charge.

"Of course, I didn't believe him, and I told him so. He just smiled, and said that he had been on the point of asking me to accompany him on a private trial; but if I wasn't interested, he wouldn't bother me.

"Next morning at six o'clock I was at Gray's house at Hampstead, and there was the car standing outside—a little thing, about the size of a 4½-h.p. voiturette, with the accumulators hidden under the seat.

"Gray was ready, so was the car, and away we went without a moment's tinkering.

"'Where to?' I asked, as we glided along the North road at a comfortable twenty miles an hour.

"'York, Carlisle, Edinburgh,' he answered, 'as far as we can run on one charge.'

"All that day we travelled splendidly, with only two stops of half an hour each—one for breakfast and one for lunch. Along the clear, straight stretches of deserted highway Gray let her go at anything up to forty miles an hour. Through straggling villages, over bad bits, and past places supposed to be dangerous, for a variety of reasons, we travelled decorously. We were in luck that day, for whenever we did happen to spot a constable, we were jogging along at a steady and irreproachable eight.

"It was striking six o'clock as we passed through York, and not bolt, nut, or wire had we touched.

"'How much further?' I asked as we left the city behind us.

"'On to the end,' said Gray; 'there's another fifty in her yet.'

"For another twenty miles the car skimmed along like a bird, but bad roads were telling. Gray's fifty miles were reduced to twenty.

"Even on that we might possibly have run into some town where we could have recharged the accumulators; but at the bottom of the very next hill a loose piece brought the record run for an electric car to a sudden end.

"We came out of that loose piece with a back tyre as flat as a pancake.

"A pair of pliers soon removed the cause of the evil—a rusty old nail, thin as the blade of a knife, twisted like a corkscrew and jagged like a saw.

"With an exclamation of disgust I threw

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it from me. Gray picked it up and examined it carefully.

"'A horseshoe nail,' he said slowly. 'A hundred years old at least—two, perhaps.

"'Hamlyn,' he continued, calmly sitting down by the roadside, 'has it ever occurred to you that these old nails, for which our modern tyres possess so curious an attraction, are interesting links with the past—historic relics, perhaps? Now, take this particular one, dropped in this very spot perhaps more than a century ago. Who knows what tragedy or weighty matter of state may not have turned upon its loss? Do you remember these lines?—

"'For want of a nail the shoe was lost,
For want of a shoe the horse was lost,
For want of a horse the rider was lost,
For want of a rider the battle was lost.'

"I did remember having seen the lines, or something like them, in a work on tactics when I was at Sandhurst. They seemed strangely inappropriate just then, the finding of the nail being the cause of our trouble.

"'Pitch the beastly thing in the brook, where it can do no more mischief,' I cried impatiently, 'and let us see what we can do to repair the tyre.'

"Half an hour's work in the waning light carried us on for another mile, when the tyre went down again with an ominous sigh.

"Our second stop was within fifty yards of a house, the first we had seen for five miles. More fortunate still, a dilapidated, groaning sign-board declared it to be an inn, by name 'The Runaways.'

"Mine host of 'The Runaways' looked surprised at our application for quarters, and evidently regarded the car with consternation. Being assured that it could neither blow up nor set the inn on fire, he consented to shelter it in an empty coach-house, the key of which Gray pocketed, after we had carefully repaired the tyre and made every possible preparation for the morrow.

"Some men would have been annoyed at such an end to a good day's run. Not so Gray. He declared that nothing could have been more fortunate. Had we finished up in a town, the car would have attracted the undesirable attention of a repairer, or an enthusiastic amateur at some hotel. Here we had the precious secret safe in our own keeping. Next he became enthusiastic concerning our romantic surroundings—meaning raftered ceilings, awkward corners, and break-neck staircases in all sorts of unexpected places. Finally he took the brute of a nail out of the paper in which he had wrapped it and began to moralise.

"Human endurance has its limits; and as I didn't want to hurt Gray's feelings, I suggested going to bed, though I wasn't tired.

"Amongst other elements of romance enjoyed by 'The Runaways,' was a striking lack of ventilation. I opened my window as wide as it would go, sat down by it, and smoked.

"The moon rose and shone over miles of rolling fell unmarked by sign of habitation. Not a sound came from the house or without. The silence of the grave seemed to have fallen on the whole world. So depressing did I find that silence that I determined to get into bed, sleepy or not.

"My hand went into my pocket to find a match to light a candle, and closed on something strange. By the light of the moon I saw that the something was Gray's nail. How it came to be in my pocket I could not think.

"As I held the nail and wondered, a distant sound caught my ear. Far away, on the road we had travelled that day, a horse was galloping furiously. Rapidly it approached, and I noticed something else. One of its shoes was loose. A matter of vital importance only could justify such haste under such conditions.

"Soon horse and rider were in view—a splendid grey struggling gallantly onward, painfully lame though it was in one of the hind legs, and on its back such a rider as one sees only in a picture or on the stage—a facsimile of Dick Turpin just as he used to appear at Hengler's, three-cornered hat, long coat, top-boots, pistols and all, except the mask.

"Without dismounting, he thundered on the door of the inn with the butt of his whip. In answer to loud and repeated blows there appeared, not the landlord or any of the people I had seen about the inn, but a man and boy in quaint, old-world attire.

"A hurried conversation followed. What was said, I do not know; but without hearing a word, I understood all. Fresh horses must be had at once for a carriage now approaching the inn.

"The old man protested and the rider threatened, then man and boy disappeared. Soon they returned, each leading a raw-boned, speedy-looking animal.

"All eyes turned expectantly down the moonlit road, whence came the distant clatter

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"'These old nails are interesting links with the past.'"

of wheel and hoof. Through the rolling cloud of dust that shrouded it raced an open chaise. Fierce shout and pitiless whip urged the two jaded horses into one final effort.

"Within the chaise, half-sitting, half-standing, with backward glance glued to the road, was a woman; by her side, a man who held her hand and pointed to the inn. Soon the cause of such desperate haste and the girl's agitation appeared.

"Close upon the track of the chaise, and gaining rapidly upon it, followed a four-horsed coach. Postillion and driver urged their powerful team forward with voice, whip, and spur. Half out of the window of the swaying vehicle leaned a man, shouting and gesticulating savagely.

"That the distracted girl was gowned after the fashion of Cinderella at the ball, and as beautiful, or that her companion, who leaped from the chaise to assist with horse and harness, was, like the group of men he joined, attired in the style of our great-grandfathers, I scarcely noted. An all-

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absorbing interest in the race left room for neither admiration nor wonder.

"The last trace is fastened and the last buckle adjusted. A bag of uncounted gold changes hands, hostlers scatter right and left, and the chaise is off.

"But ere the straining pair can break into a gallop, the leaders of the coach are all but over the chaise, so furious is their unchecked pace.

"Skilfully the outrider turns his leader to the off-side, brings his wheelers into line with the chaise, passes it, and throws panting team and lumbering coach across the road!

"Scarce have the vehicles stopped when from each springs a man, hatred in his eyes and naked sword in hand. The girl would throw herself upon one, but is held back by the people of the inn.

"Thrust and parry bewilder the eye of the beholder for one breathless moment; then the younger of the combatants goes down, a sword driven to the hilt through his heart. An agonised scream from the struggling girl breaks the deathlike silence which falls on combatants and gaping spectators.

"At sound of that soul-harrowing cry something slipped from my fingers and fell with a rattle on the window-sill. With that strange curiosity concerning trivialities, which one so often displays in moments of severe mental tension, I felt for the fallen article and held it up to the moon.

"It was the nail which had indirectly driven us to the shelter of the lonely inn!

"Again my eyes turned to the tragedy beneath my window. In the one short instant of distraction every trace of it had vanished. Only the hard white road and endless panorama of moonlit fell met my bewildered gaze.

"Had I really witnessed the extraordinary midnight scene, or merely dreamt it? The question was still unanswered as I dressed a few hours later. Reason assured me that I had been painfully wide awake at the time, and in full possession of unfuddled faculties. Supposing the tragedy to have been enacted under the windows of the inn, others must have been spectators, or at least hearers, for noise enough to awaken the Seven Sleepers had accompanied its development.

"Cautiously I tackled Gray at breakfast. 'Had he slept well?'

"'Not too well; he never did in a strange bed.'

"'Heard anything in the night?'

"'No. Had I?'

"With marked attention he listened whilst I told my story, and before I was half way through with it I saw that he believed every word of it.

"'Hamlyn!' he said reproachfully, when I had finished, 'you selfish beggar! Why didn't you call me? I've lost the chance of a lifetime!'

"'But do you believe I really saw these things last night?' I cried.

"'Yes, I do believe it,' was the confident reply.

"'Then how do you account for it?'

"'They were re-embodied spirits—ghosts, if you prefer the commoner appellation.'

"'Is such a thing possible?' I asked in awe. 'What were they doing here?'

"'I think I can give you an explanation,' Gray answered. 'Perhaps not quite convincing to the sceptic mind; still, one which should be convincing to a man who has seen what you tell me you have seen. Now, I'm going to have a word with the landlord; don't you speak to him.'

"In answer to a request for the bill, mine host appeared with it.

"'Fine old romantic place this of yours,' said Gray. 'Any ghosts?'

"'No, sir, I never heard tell of no ghosts,' was the reply, uttered with just a suspicion of contempt.

"'Curious name, "The Runaways,"' Gray continued.

"'Yes, it's a queer sort of name for an inn,' the landlord assented, with a passing gleam of interest. 'I have heard tell that a young fellow that was running away with a young woman was caught here, and that's how the house got its name. But there, I can't say. It was afore my time, and I've been here, man and boy, come Michaelmas, thirty years.'

"Further particulars of the romantic episode the landlord could not give. Evidently nothing which had ever happened before his time had the smallest interest for him.

"'Old numskull!' Gray muttered impatiently, as the door closed behind him. 'If he possessed a grain of intelligence, he might have supplied the missing link to one of the most circumstantial accounts of materialisation ever recorded.'

"'Now, Gray, the explanation!' I cried.

"'Well, that is not far to seek,' he commenced, after a pause occupied in lighting a pipe. 'You assure me that you actually held the nail in your hand during the whole time that you were a spectator of the scene

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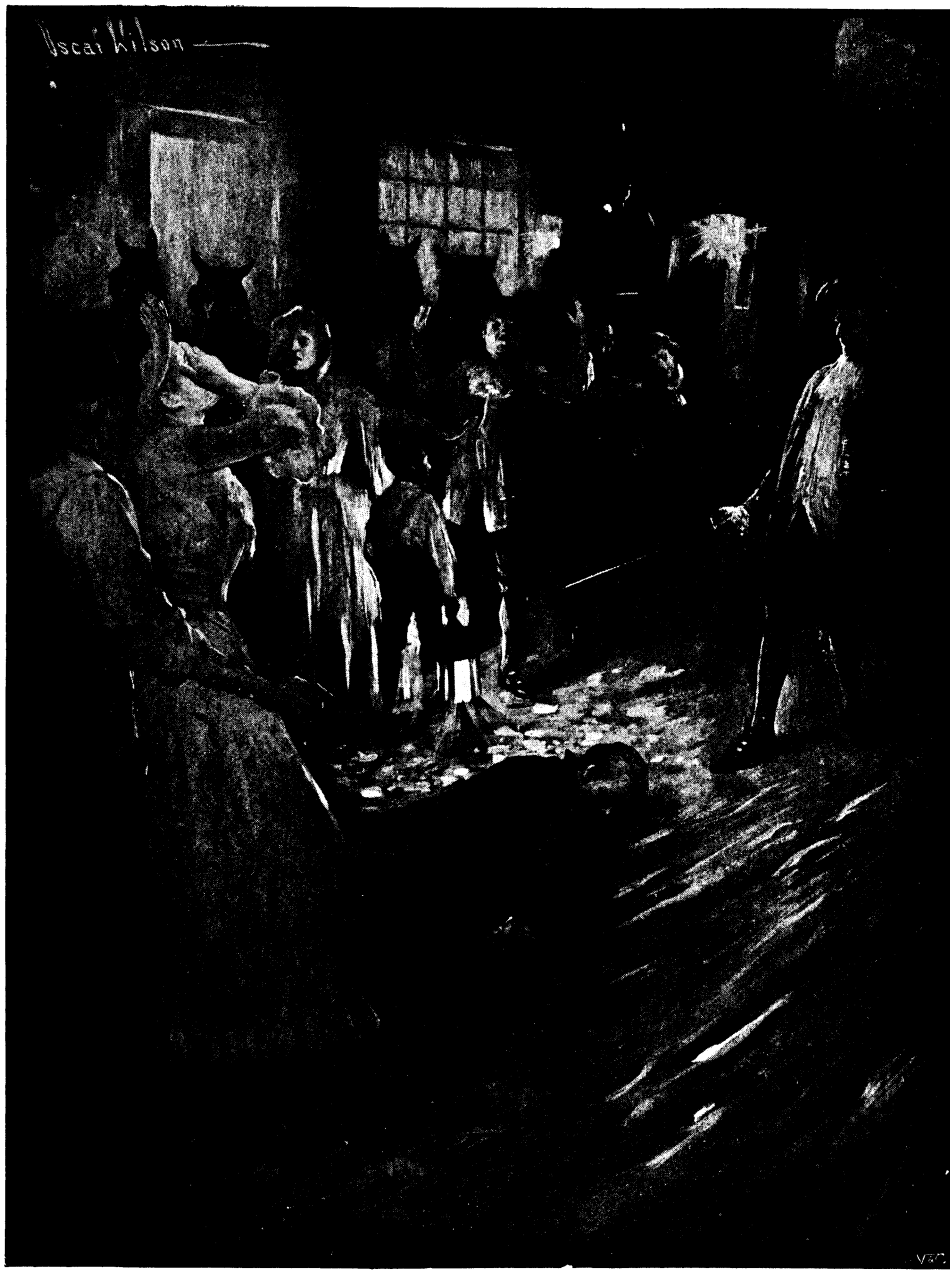

"The younger of the combatants goes down, a sword driven to the hilt through his heart."

you have so vividly described. I should say that there is very little doubt as to the nail being one lost from the shoe of the postillion's horse, possibly a century ago. Now, note how everything turns on that nail. The runaway couple were no doubt off to Gretna Green. They are pursued, and a horse goes lame. As a last resource the postillion is despatched in advance on the lame horse, in the hope of securing a fresh team. He succeeds; but, as you saw last night, too late. The runaways are overtaken by the girl's brother or lover, and the tragedy which gives the house its name is enacted.'

"'But,' I objected, 'why did I alone see and hear all that?'

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"'A sequence of favourable circumstances brought that about. In the first place, you were on the scene of the tragedy. You held the nail, on which so much depended, in your hand. Without knowing it, your thoughts no doubt reverted to my remarks anent its possible history. Some subtle connection between your mind and the mind of one of the spirits enabled all to materialise. You were unwittingly, for the time being, a medium, clairvoyant and clairaudient. The moment you dropped the nail you lost your power. If you are still unconvinced, we will stay here and try some further experiments in this little-understood subject to-night.'

"Right or wrong, I declined to test Gray's theory further.

"Half an hour later we were on our way back to York, husbanding our scant supply of electricity, pushing up the many hills encountered, and leaving the car to run down, impelled by the momentum of its own weight.

"Next day we ran south on a full charge, Gray carrying the nail, the possession of which evidently afforded him greater satisfaction than the marvellous running of his car.

"He intends to revisit 'The Runaways,' and give the nail a lengthy opportunity of exercising its interesting but uncomfortable powers, before bringing the matter of my experience before the notice of the Society of Psychical Research—an expedition on which I have absolutely refused to accompany him."

A SONG.

MY heart is empty, empty,
Swept clear of love and pain.
I'll hie me to the Lilac,
I'll woo the Rose again.
I'll wander in the Starlight,
And lie among the Leaves,
And dream to the Night-raindrops
That beat about the eaves.

My heart is empty, empty,
Swept clear of love, and You,
Who stole me from my Lilacs,
Stole Stars and Lilies, too.
You stilled the Sighing Forests,
You broke the Wind's control,
And I forgot the Sunsets
When You were in my soul.

My heart is empty, empty,
It holds no more of You.
Oh, enter, Winds and Sunsets,
Starlight and Rose and Dew.
Ah, Faithful Ones forgiving,
You bend to me once more,
Though you have guessed the secret
That hides in my heart's core.

LOUISE MACK.

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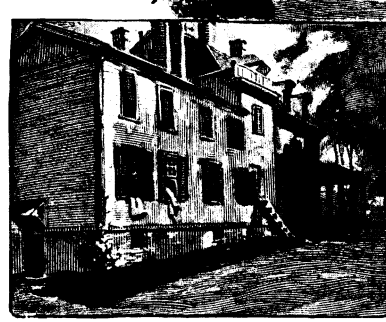
THE MONEY KINGS OF THE MODERN WORLD.

By W. T. Stead.*

III.—MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

THE last time I saw Mr. Pierpont Morgan was in St. Paul's Cathedral. It was at the funeral service of Cecil Rhodes. Mr. Morgan had arrived in London only the previous day, and I hardly expected that he would be able to be present to pay the last tribute of respect to his great predecessor. There he was, however, sitting in the most conspicuous stall in the choir, and looking down upon the sea of faces which filled every nook and corner of the vast cathedral. As Edward VII. attended as chief mourner the obsequies of Queen Victoria, so Mr. Pierpont Morgan was properly conspicuous when the last solemn rites were paid to the African Colossus. Cecil Rhodes was dead, and Pierpont Morgan reigned in his stead.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan, unlike many of the money kings of the present day, was born in the purple. He was the son of a famous banker, in the line of financial succession, an heir-apparent from his birth, whereas most of the money kings, like Cecil Rhodes, have forced their way to the front ranks from the outside, as American Presidents have made their way from log cabin to White House. Physically Mr. Morgan bears some resemblance to Mr. Rhodes, in that both were men above the average stature and of commanding physique. But there the resemblance ceased. Pierpont Morgan, although sixty-five years of age, is a man of physical vigour and robust vitality. Cecil Rhodes died of heart disease before he reached his fiftieth year. If Mr. Morgan, like Mr. Rhodes, had died before he had completed his half-century, his name would long ago have been forgotten. Before then he was merely a banker in a good way of business, intelligent, trustworthy, with a wide range of interests outside Wall Street. But that was all. His present commanding position in the world was achieved after he had passed his sixtieth year. In this he differs from most of his countrymen, whose signal victories have often been achieved at an age when a European considers that his career is only beginning.



FRONT AND REAR VIEWS OF THE OLD MORGAN HOMESTEAD IN HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT, WHERE J. PIERPONT MORGAN LIVED AS A BOY.

Drawn from photographs copyrighted by F. U. Adams.

The Achievements of the Great Amalgamator.

Mr. Rhodes's great financial reputation arose from his skill in amalgamating the various diamond companies which now form the colossal trust known as the De Beers Consolidated Mines. Mr. Pierpont Morgan has consolidated nearly every kind of business in the world, excepting the mining for

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diamonds, in which he has up to the present shown little interest.

But whereas Mr. Rhodes used his financial amalgamations chiefly, if not solely, for the purpose of acquiring political power, Mr. Pierpont Morgan, like the proverbial cobbler, sticks to his last. His domain is in the world of business. His operations necessarily involve political questions, but indirectly. We have as yet no indication that the American money king, when he has consolidated his financial position, will use it as a throne from which to influence the policy of nations. Mr. Rhodes for many years was regarded, even by his intimate associates, as a mere financier and millionaire. It was only those in his intimate confidence who were aware of the far-reaching designs which he cherished in the inner recesses of his secret mind. It may be the same with Mr. Pierpont Morgan, who may yet carry out on a vaster scale projects which, although based on finance, will be distinctly political. This, however, is merely a speculation. No such horrifying idea has yet dawned on the sluggish imagination of the Englishman. He is quite sufficiently scared already by the spectre of Pierpont Morgan as the master of the financial resources of the world. If he were seriously to contemplate the idea of Mr. Morgan following in Mr. Rhodes's footsteps and using his wealth for political ends, his existence would become a waking nightmare. Even as it is, Mr. Morgan is regarded in the Old World as the uncrowned king of America. His personality overshadows even that of the masterful occupant of the White House, and it struck no one with surprise that Mr. Roosevelt did not succeed in bringing about a settlement of the coal strike until Mr. Morgan intervened and, by inducing the operators to consent to arbitration, saved the Atlantic seaboard from the imminent horrors of a coal famine in the depths of winter.

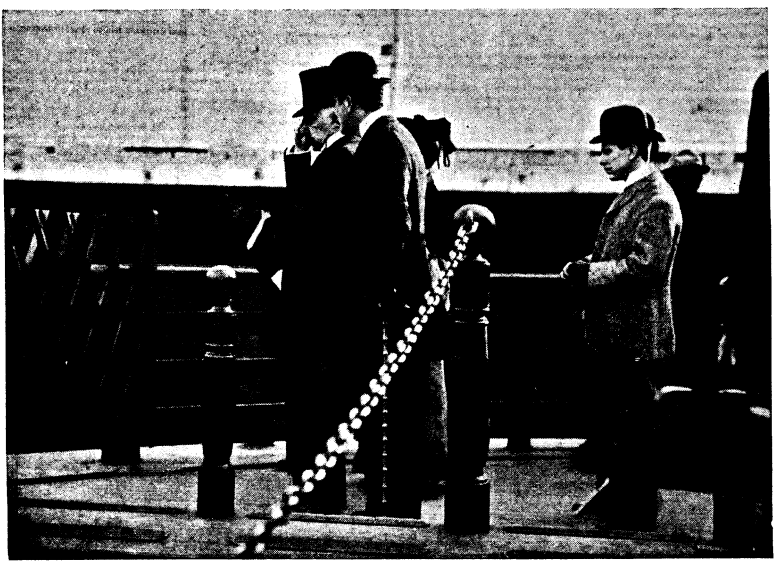

Photo by] [*G. G. Bain, New York.*

MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN AND HIS BODYGUARD RETURNING FROM THE CONFERENCE AT WASHINGTON ABOUT THE COAL STRIKE.

Mr. Rhodes, it used to be said, thinks in continents. But his successor, it might be said with equal justice, seems to meditate in hemispheres. Mr. Rhodes was the Colossus of Africa; Mr. Pierpont Morgan is the Colossus of two worlds. With the right foot planted in Wall Street, the left in Capel Court, he bestrides the Atlantic and prepares for the economic conquest of the world. Such is, at least, the vision of Mr. Morgan which affrights and fascinates the imagination of dwellers on one side of the Atlantic.

Last summer Mr. Gates declared that Mr. Morgan was but in his infancy, and that what he has done is nothing to what he means to do. His schemes, according to Mr. Gates, embrace the entire world. Whether this be so or not, Mr. Morgan has realised sufficient of his schemes to satisfy the ambition of a financial Napoleon. It is not the place here to enter with detail into the great financial combinations by which he has dazzled everybody. The financial assistance he has rendered from time to time to the American Government does not differ materially from that which the Rothschilds have rendered to other Governments. His fame broadly rests upon three great achievements. The first was the great amalgamation

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Photo by] [*G. G. Bain, New York.*

MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

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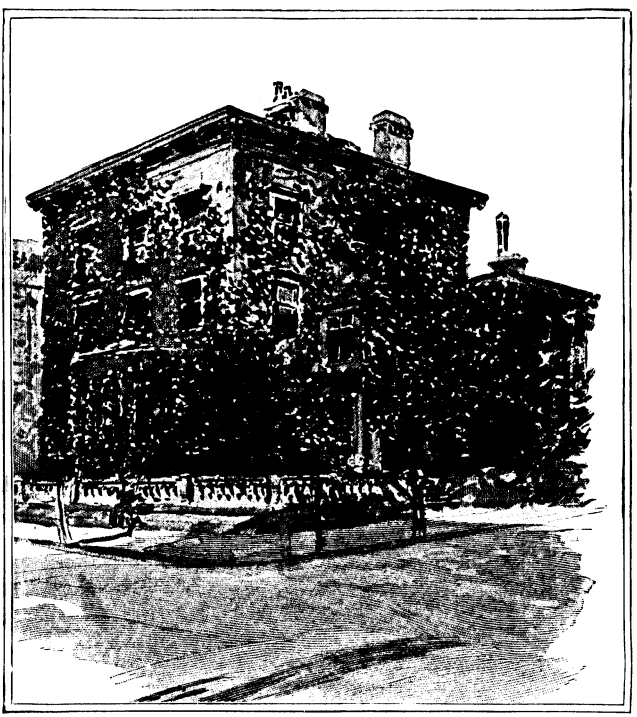
of the railroads, the second the great combination known as the Steel Trust, and the third, and by far the most sensational from the European point of view, is the great combination of the Atlantic steamship lines. Around these three great "things done" in the career of the great amalgamator there are crowded an infinity of minor undertakings, any one of which would have made the fortune of an ordinary man, but which constitute a mere background of detail important only as showing up in broader relief the great achievements of his life. I shall not trouble the readers of this sketch with elaborate statistics as to the number of pounds controlled by this or that combination which Mr. Morgan has brought into being. If, as I have said, Mr. Morgan meditates in hemispheres, the figures of his financial operations need to be stated in figures which are usually reserved for describing the distances between the fixed stars.

Morgan's Nine-Billion-Dollar Kingdom.

People talk a great deal about millions, but none of us realises what is a million, much less a billion. Even the possessor of a million has but a vague realisation of the amount of his investments. To attempt a catalogue of all the enterprises which Mr. Morgan has touched with his Midas finger would occupy all the space of this article, and the only effect of a rapid summary of all the capital of the various trusts and combinations with which Mr. Morgan has been concerned would be to confuse the mind by a vast jumble of figures. What with millions here and millions there, and billions round the corner, the reader feels as bewildered as Alice in Wonderland. He is hopelessly lost. He acquires only a vague sense of vast resources all centring in Mr. Morgan's office in Wall Street and stretching out to infinity. Suffice it to say that, according to the statement current at the time when Mr. Morgan intervened to settle the coal strike, the associated capital of the enterprises with which he was connected in one shape or another was stated to have mounted up to £1,800,000,000, a sum which is easily written down on paper, but whose full meaning transcends the human imagination. To invert Mr. Carlyle's phrase concerning the man who owns sixpence being the master of the world to the length of that sixpence, Mr. Morgan's monarchy and mastery may be measured by the £1,800,000,000 over which he exercises more or less control. That may be regarded as the limit of his kingdom.



MR. MORGAN'S CITY RESIDENCE, CORNER OF MADISON AVENUE AND THIRTY-SIXTH STREET.

From the water colour sketch by Otto Bacher.

It is not generally believed that Mr. Morgan is himself a very rich man, when compared with such a Crœsus as Mr. Rockefeller. As one of his friends declares, if he is allowed to boss the show, he does not care who gets the money—a statement that is true only with limitations. That he is a multi-millionaire in his own right is, of course, admitted; but the millions over which Mr. Morgan has the right of ownership are as nothing compared with the millions he is able to influence by the ascendancy which he has obtained over the imagination of mankind, and the confidence with which he is regarded by the millionaires of

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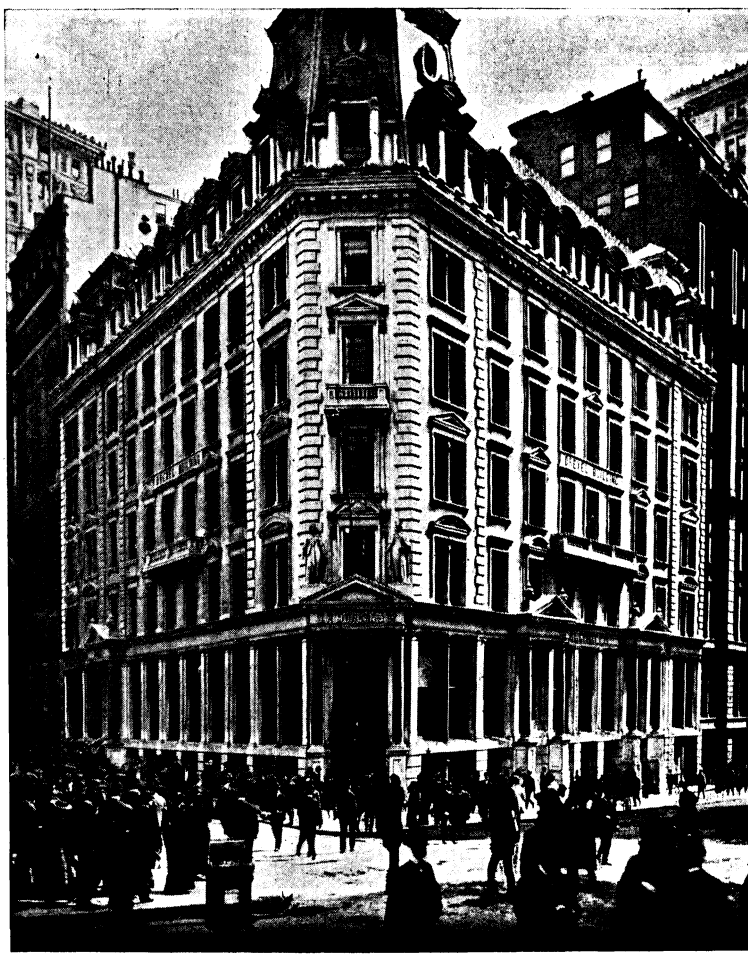
London and New York. Just as the German Emperor is king over the comparatively small area of Prussia, but possesses more or less sovereign rights over the wider area of the German Empire, and is able by virtue of his alliances to control the whole naval and military resources of Austria-Hungary and Italy, so Mr. Morgan, from the nucleus of his own fortune as a banker, exercises over other fortunes power in very much the same way as that wielded by the German Emperor in varying degrees over different provinces.



THE EXTERIOR OF MR. MORGAN'S NEW YORK OFFICES, AT THE CORNER OF WALL STREET AND BROAD STREET.

A COMPARISON WITH THE GERMAN KAISER.

If the position of Mr. Morgan resembles that of the German Emperor in the varying degrees of control which he exercises in the one case over territory and in the other case over capital, there is also considerable similarity between the two men. Yet, if current report may be believed, the Kaiser was considerably disappointed in Mr. Morgan, owing to his lack of interest and total indifference to such a phenomenon as the growth of modern Socialism.

"Try as I could," the Kaiser is reported to have said, "his conversation failed to reveal to me that he had any clear comprehension of the vast harmonies and conflicts of the commercial universe. I was amazed to find him not well informed regarding the historical and philosophical development of nations. His political economy leaves him unconcerned regarding Socialism, which undoubtedly will soon constitute the most stupendous question everywhere. Mr. Morgan confessed that he had never been sufficiently interested to study into exactly what Socialism means."

Although the Kaiser has fêted Mr. Morgan almost as a brother monarch, he has always regarded him somewhat askance. Some two or three years ago, meeting a party of French tourists in Norway, the Kaiser expressed grave misgivings as to the impalpable, unassailable power which Mr. Morgan might exercise in the control of the mercantile marine of the world. Mr. Morgan's exploit in securing the lion's share of the trans-Atlantic shipping was not calculated to diminish the uneasiness with which he is watched by his contemporary sovereign.

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The old saying of Frederick the Great that there could be no war between England and Prussia, because it was impossible for a lion and a whale to fight, as they are creatures of different elements, may be applied to this case, for it is still more impossible for the Kaiser, with his millions of trained soldiers, to fight Mr. Morgan, who dwells in the empyrean of finance. The men are quite sufficiently akin in temperament to understand each other. Both are distinctively men of the century, vibrating in keenest sympathy with all the excitements and sensations of their time. Both are active and energetic, constantly in evidence, touching life at a thousand points. The Kaiser is always making speeches, and Mr. Morgan makes none, but both live continually in the glare of publicity. The fierce light which beats upon a throne in Europe is nothing to the light of publicity which the American newspaper throws upon the master of many millions. The Kaiser is ambitious, and his ambitions point, like those of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, to the acquisition of power upon the sea. But it is probable that the older man entertains vaster schemes than any of those in which the Kaiser dares to indulge. The Continental monarchies are confined within their rigid limits, and the range of their activity for good or for evil is necessarily very circumscribed. In the world of finance the money king knows no frontiers. He can roam at will over the whole planet.

But therein, in the absence of limitation, is the great temptation which may yet lure Mr. Morgan, as it has lured others, to destruction. When Verestchagin exhibited his pictures of the retreat from Moscow, at Berlin, the Kaiser is said to have remarked to the artist, after going through his gallery: "And yet, notwithstanding this, men dream of universal empire!" Therein the Kaiser put his finger upon one of the sins which most easily beset human beings when from any cause they are exalted above their fellows. Swelled head was the malady to which both Napoleon and Cecil Rhodes succumbed. Happy will be Pierpont Morgan if he escapes from the delusion which has been the ruin of all world-conquerors. Mr. Rockefeller is credited or debited with having made the remark that "Mr. Morgan had bitten off more than he could chew," and financiers, like empires, may perish of indigestion.

At present, however, the star of Mr. Pierpont Morgan appears to be in the ascendant. As a millionaire friend of his remarked: "Mr. Morgan's friends are more numerous than man ever had before. He makes money for them all"—which is, indeed, a very solid foundation for friendship, gratitude, and loyalty. Looked at from that distance which lends enchantment to the view, Mr. Morgan appears in a much more attractive light than some of his great compeers in the world of finance. He has striven for peace, for the consolidation of mutual interests which were endangered by ruinous rivalry. He has never been a wrecker, but has evolved from the wreckage of warring interests a great and prosperous combination which so far has never deceived its shareholders or oppressed the public. 'Tis excellent to have a giant's strength, but tyrannous to use it like a giant, and so far Mr. Morgan has not been tyrannous. Temptation, however, is always present with power. Absolute sovereignty has usually depraved its possessors, and it is difficult to contemplate with serene complacency the ascent of any human being to a position in which his will or caprice may be the ruin of millions of his fellow-men, who would neither have chance of remedy nor hope of appeal.

A Good Instance of the Morgan Method.

To observers in England, Mr. Morgan's attitude in business affairs is as eminently reasonable and conciliatory as his personal manners are brusque, if not rough. His dealings with the British Government with regard to the Atlantic traffic supply admirable illustrations of what may be called the Morgan method. He first secured his position so as to be ready for war or peace with the companies that were left out of the great combine. Then, finding that the British Government was disposed to back up his rivals, he promptly hauled down the signal for battle and entered into an arrangement with Great Britain with which both parties profess themselves to be entirely satisfied. He had previously disarmed the opposition of the German Emperor by the arrangement which he made with the two great German steamship companies. If Mr. Morgan were to die now, it is possible that a future historian might idealise him into the great peacemaker of his time, the man who, like a more fortunate Falkland, was continually "ingeminating peace." His great maxim to unite in order to conquer, and its related saying that competition is criminal which deprives shareholders of their divi-

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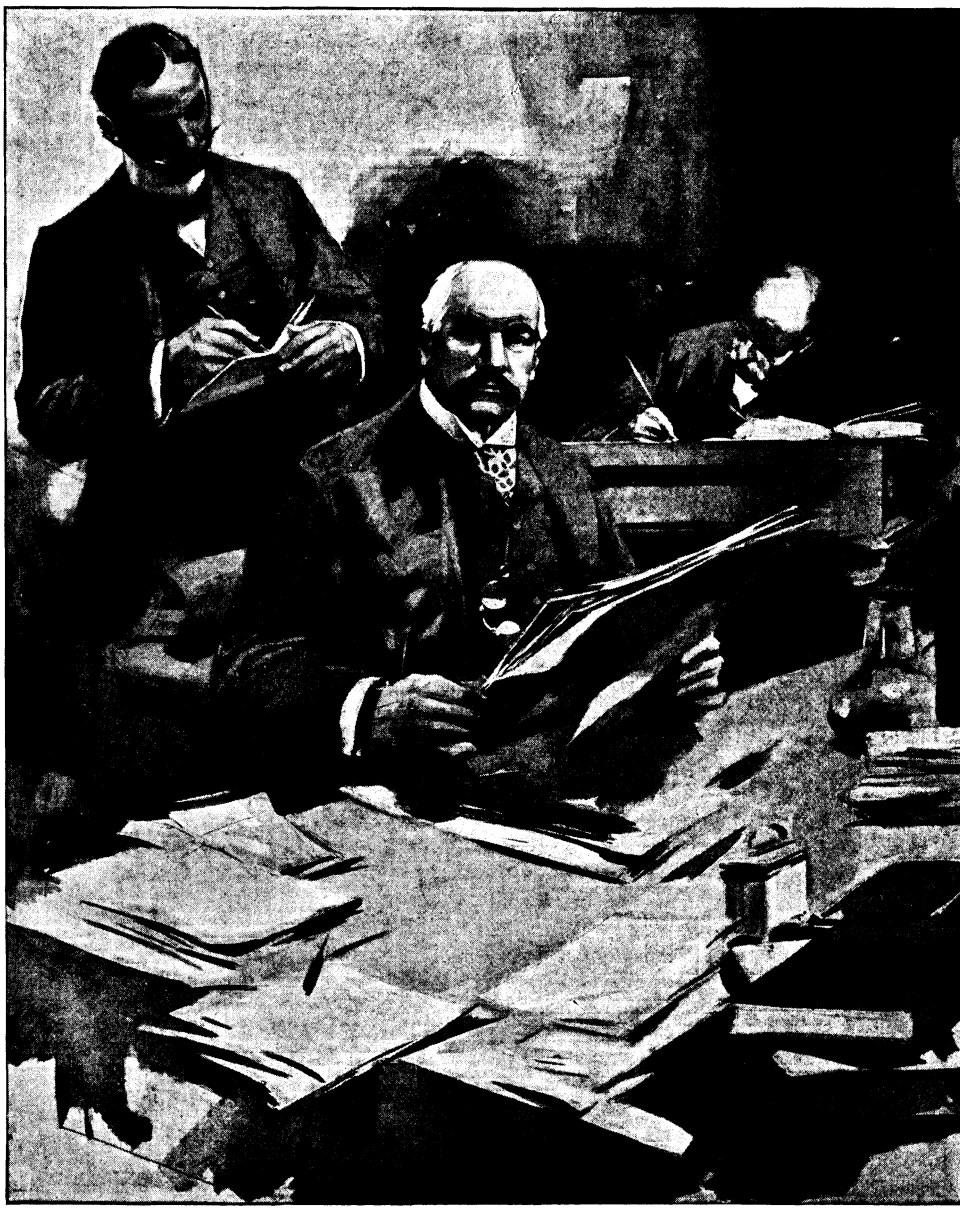

MR. PIERPONT MORGAN IN HIS OFFICE, AT THE CORNER OF WALL STREET AND BROAD STREET, NEW YORK.

dends, might lead him after a time to be regarded as the John the Baptist of a new and happier era, in which co-operation will take the place of opposition, and the social millennium will dawn upon the world.

That Mr. Morgan sees himself in this light is very much to be doubted. He is a shrewd business man, a banker who saw the capital of his friends and customers wasted by a policy of cut-throat competition on the part of the various industrial concerns in which they were engaged. In order to check this, he came forward as the advocate of the principle of combination and co-operation, and so far he has unquestionably achieved a great success. He was the first banker who, leaving his counting-house, went to his clients and, instead of merely consenting to receive and invest their money, suggested to them methods by which they could employ

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it to better advantage than they were doing. It was he who approached Mr. Carnegie and induced him to make the deal which led to the foundations of the great Steel Trust. He has been described as a glorified commission agent, the greatest in the world, who is constantly on the look-out for business, not for the sake of money so much as for the joy of action and the consciousness of power.

Mr. Morgan is distinctly a survival of the old-time Americans. He is said to be a thorough-going American of the newest school, believing in the Americanisation of the world, but he is almost as much European in his culture as American. Though he was born in 1837, in Connecticut, he finished his university career in Germany. He went into business about the same time as Lincoln was elected to the Presidency of the United States, and soon established his reputation as a man of great intelligence and financial ability. Ten years later he became a member of the firm of Drexel, Morgan and Co. In 1878, Drexel dropped out, and Mr. Morgan became head of the firm of J. P. Morgan and Co., in London and New York. Although he has handled almost every kind of business, and is solidly interested in all manner of undertakings all over the world, he has stuck to his own profession. He is a banker and a commission agent. He is at the head of railroads, steamship companies, and all manner of enterprises, but he is personally concerned with the management of none. In England he has not yet made any appearance in the political arena, and no one knows what view he takes of the questions which divide English parties. In the United States his only effective intervention, so far as it was visible, arose when he used his influence, and used it decisively, in favour of the gold standard. This, however, might be regarded as a legitimate exercise of money power in politics, the financier employing his resources in order to secure the defeat of a party which threatened to depreciate the value of his securities. This principle, however, might carry a man very far.

MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN.
Pencil sketch by W. R. Leigh.

The Legitimate Direction of his Ambition.

In foreign politics and international relations Mr. Morgan has not yet loomed before the world as one of the new Great Powers which must be reckoned with in the redistribution of territory and the making of war. Various rumours are current as to his intentions in South America, and his interests in the Trans-Andean Railway which is to connect Valparaiso with Buenos Ayres may lead him to take as keen an interest in South American politics as Mr. Rhodes took in the politics of South Africa. This, however, is doubtful, for South America can never be more than a mere subsidiary interest in the vast sum of Mr. Morgan's enterprises. But if money kings are subject to the same laws as those which govern other sovereigns, nothing will be more easy than for him to find himself involved in a dispute in some outlying region in which he has only a minor interest. This might compel him to use all his resources to vindicate his position, though the game might not be worth the candle.

The great political *rôle* which seems reserved for Mr. Morgan, if he lives and his star does not begin to wane, would seem to be the promotion of a great combine between the British Empire and the American Republic. Very few men are better placed than he for undoing the results of the folly of George III. Mr. Morgan has already taken in hand the financial annexation of the Old Country. He is behind the great Electrical Trust which is endeavouring to control the street railways of Great Britain, and for that end is waging war against the development of municipal socialism. He aspires to supply London with quick transit, and is believed, probably without reason, to be behind a great movement for transforming the Upper Thames into a gigantic dock. As he bought up the British steamships, and then entered into an arrangement with the British Government for the joint working of the remaining vessels, so he may go on buying up controlling interests in British and Colonial railways until at last he is in a position to

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compel the Governments at London and Washington to enter into a combination corresponding in the political sphere with those which he has already engineered in the world of finance. A combine of the whole English-speaking world would be an enterprise worthy even of the American Napoleon.

It is a curious illustration of the extent to which the personality and achievements of Mr. Morgan dominate the English imagination, that the English papers some time ago published a curious story to the effect that Mr. Morgan, who is well known as a devout member of the Episcopalian Church, was meditating schemes of Christian reunion on a scale which would dwarf all the puny efforts that have heretofore been made in that direction. Being himself a very liberal-minded man, he has never concealed his admiration for the work of the Roman Catholic Church as a factor making for morality and progress. It was said that he did not see why there should not be a great Christian Combine, in which the Pope on the one hand and all the Protestant Churches on the other might form a trust for the Christianising of the world. I do not suppose that Mr. Morgan ever entertained such a scheme; but to the shrewd, practical business instincts of the American financier the formation of such a trust would seem to be inevitable if the Christian Churches were as keen for salvation of souls as business men are for dividends.

Unlike many money kings who atrophy all their faculties by their exclusive concentration upon the pursuit of money, Mr. Morgan has always been, and remains to this day, a very human man. He enjoys the material pleasures of life and plunges eagerly into all manner of pursuits. Whether he is breeding fancy dogs at his famous kennels, taking the collection on Sunday, sitting among the bishops in conference of the American Episcopal Church, entertaining Sir Thomas Lipton after the defeat of *Shamrock* as Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, buying pictures, on which he is said to have spent £1,000,000 this year, or whether he is cruising all alone on his yacht, the *Corsair*, he is intensely alive. "I have seen Mr. Morgan many times," said a friend, "under all sorts of circumstances and in many varying moods, but I never saw him calm. He is always more or less excited about something, and always tremendously in earnest about whatever he may happen to be doing."

Considering Mr. Morgan's qualifications for the great part which he is playing in the world, it must be admitted, even by himself, that he has one fatal defect. The man who aspires to be the great Amalgamator of the world, and who has set himself to establish dominion over all the great industrial and financial interests of the planet, ought not to be sixty-five years of age. His expectation of life is too short to justify the belief that he will be able to consolidate the dominion to which he is believed to aspire. Supposing Mr. Morgan were to die—who would succeed? The Rothschilds founded a dynasty, but the Rothschilds of to-day bear little resemblance to the shrewd and energetic founder of the family. Sufficient, however, to the day is the evil thereof; and while Mr. Morgan lives, we must well make the most of him, and after he is gone remember him with respect, possibly with gratitude, as a man of supreme financial genius, who used his talents for the purpose of avoiding strife and of promoting peace, and whose fame is not sullied by a resort to any of the methods by which some of his contemporaries built up their great fortunes on the ruin of their fellow-citizens.

NOTE.—*The Editor greatly regrets that through an oversight no acknowledgment was made of the ownership of the very picturesque photographs reproduced in the April Number of the* WINDSOR MAGAZINE *as illustrations to an article entitled "Loch Lomond in Summer and Winter." The letterpress should have ascribed the illustrations to Mr. William Gilchrist, of Alexandria, N.B., whose artistic handiwork they are, and the Editor is greatly obliged to Mr. Gilchrist for his kind permission for their reproduction as valuable illustrations to Mr. Strang's article.*

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JENNY.

By BENJAMIN COXE STEVENSON.*

YEARS ago, in what people of careless speech might call the backwoods of Indiana, but what deserves as rich a term as our language will afford, there lived a respectable farmer and his family, consisting of a wife and one son, a young man about twenty-one years of age. There was a daughter at one time in the family, but she had married and left it a few years before. Mr. Morgan had given her—or, rather, her husband—eighty acres of land at her marriage, the young man's father built them the house, and both together gave them stock and implements enough to start housekeeping and farming with. The young woman was married at nineteen, but this is not an immature age under the circumstances. Girls there began to have *beaux* at fifteen or sixteen, and were actually "courted" at seventeen and eighteen. In this simple state of society, enough worldly experience to enable one to be the head of a family was acquired early in life. The young wife needed to know how to cook, sew, make soap, and such things; the husband to plough, use an axe, and make hay. These things were learned early, not on account of their simplicity, but because children began to work early. Little girls made bread at twelve and thirteen, boys were hands in the harvest-field at fourteen and fifteen. This society was as beautiful in its simplicity, compared to the artificial and forced life of cities, as the wild flower is compared to her hothouse degenerates.

Although George Morgan was two years younger than his sister, he became possessed with the desire to marry soon after she left the home. Her happiness in a cheap little house, and everything her own, so affected him that he wanted to try it himself. But this was not the only thing that produced his desire; there was a slender girl, with a pale face, living about two miles away that helped. Jenny was just the girl to fill a simple heart and call out the sympathy that is the foundation of love. She was tall, with dark brown, tired eyes that told of the hard life she had led and of sorrows she had had. Her father was a lazy good-for-nothing and a drunkard. Her eldest brother, who had been little better, had died with consumption when she was fifteen. She and her mother nursed him through his lingering illness. He had hardly been buried when her mother was taken sick with the same disease, and died about a year afterwards. This left her with a younger sister and a little brother to take charge of, and her father more inclined to drink than ever.

Although George wanted to marry the girl so much, he felt that his father would not let him. Mr. Morgan had no use for an improvident man, especially a man that would drink liquor; and, besides, he had had some personal trouble with Wiggins. George knew this, and he also knew that his father was most unforgiving. Consequently for several years he was tossed backward and forward between his desire to marry and fear of not getting his father's consent. He was continually waiting for a more propitious time.

One winter, the young girl caught a deep cold that lasted until spring. A bright red spot appeared in each of her pale cheeks, and her eyes looked deeper and sadder than ever. Strange to say—or perhaps it is not—George wanted to marry then more than ever; but this sickness he knew would only add more force to his father's opposition. In the country at that time medical service was poor and exposure great, and often whole families died of consumption, one person after another, and it was rightly a source of fear. It was always spoken of as *the* consumption by the country people, as though it were a being.

But spring came, and with it the return of the girl's health; and in the middle of the summer, when she was apparently well, George determined that it was the time to have the matter out with his father, one way or the other. He told Jenny one Sunday afternoon that he was going to try to get his father's consent, but she begged him not to. She knew everything was against their marriage, and feared the test. She knew her inabilities, and shrank from having them held in George's face. But George was determined, and with sadness she saw him depart

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for home. She knew that the next time they met they would be happier or sadder.

George drove home slowly, his high-headed bay mare stepping along lightly, barely knocking up the dust. The first thing a young man in the country does, when he reaches what he thinks is maturity, is to become the owner of a driving horse and a buggy. This is as essential to the simple country society as a dress suit is to that of the city. No young man is equipped without it. Buggy-riding is their principal amusement in the summer. That is where the courting is done. Every Sunday afternoon each young man, his buggy clean and his horse sleek and reined as high as Nature will allow, goes to see his "best girl," and, if the weather is good, takes her for a drive. The horses may be reined too high, but it is Sunday, and the driver has on his best and most uncomfortable clothes, so that the horse ought to stand it. If a horse only knew how important it was to dash up in style to the hitching-post in front of the white-painted, green-blind, two-storeyed house, he would not complain. If he only knew that the Sunday-washed, clean-waisted boy seen making a dash from the gate to the house as he came down the road was running to say: "Hyere he comes," and that the agitation of the curtain in the front window was caused by a young lady peeping, he would hold his head up until the check-rein was as slack as a jumping-rein.

"Jenny was just the girl to fill a simple heart."

George turned in at the gate in front of his father's well-built barn. He loosened his horse's rein and patted her neck.

"Jenny, my beauty," he said, "now you can let her down."

The mare drew a deep breath and stretched her nose out near the ground. George opened the gate, and she walked through and stopped. He put the horse in the barn

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and then backed the buggy into a shed at one end.

At the house he found his father sitting in the shade of a tree, his coat off, and his clean white shirt showing creases from the ironing. The old gentleman was not troubled with a collar; he seldom wore so useless an article of clothing, and certainly not on a warm summer afternoon. Several chairs were sitting around near him, showing there had been visitors earlier in the afternoon.

"Well, which one have you been to see to-day, George?" asked Mr. Morgan good-humouredly.

"My best one," George answered evasively.

"You don't look very enthusiastic. I guess you found her other fellow there." Mr. Morgan's quick eye detected the worried look in George's face.

"No, there wasn't anyone else there."

George was in no humour to be joked, and especially on a subject so close to what was vital to him. He was primed for something more serious, but, knowing that his father's frivolous mood was closer to an explosion than a quiet one, saw this was not the time to act.

"Is ma in the house?" he asked.

"Yes, some'eres; but you don't want to be running off; stay and tell me about her."

George found his mother in the kitchen setting their cold Sunday supper. It consisted of a part of a chicken, and a part of a pie, and a part of a loaf, and a part of everything they had had for dinner. He watched her silently. She asked him to get some water, and then to bring in some wood to get breakfast with. Mrs. Morgan saw that something was on his mind, but she waited for him to take his own time to tell it. He knew that getting his mother's consent would be the smallest of his difficulties, but he wanted her advice. He also knew that the prospect of a quarrel between him and his father would worry her, and he dreaded to tell her.

"Mother," he said at last, "I've got something I want to talk to you about. I don't expect you will like it very much, but it's important to me." He paused, hardly knowing what to say, and then stumbled on. "It's about—do you think father will give me a start like Anna? I'm getting along now—I want to settle down."

"You are young yet, George." She thought he meant only to work for himself. "You're well enough at home, aren't you?"

"I know; but I would like to have a piece of land of my own and be working for myself."

"But your pa needs you, and I need you, George. Your pa's getting along in years, and who'll do things for me if you leave? Who'll bring in the stove wood for me? If I had another boy or girl—but you are all I have got."

George traced the figures on the red table-cloth with a fork. He saw she did not guess what he wanted to say, and he shrank from telling her. If she could only guess, it would be easier.

"Ma, I can't stay here always. Don't you—don't you think I'll ever want to get married?"

"Yes, you will want to be getting married some time, but you don't want to be thinking about that yet. I don't believe in children getting married too young; Anna married too young. Your pa and I were not married until he was thirty-five and I was twenty-two. That's young enough——" and she rambled off, getting farther and farther away from George's case, until he became desperate. "Why," she said, finishing, "they had no more business getting married than you would, and you oughtn't to be thinking about anything like that for years yet."

This was poor encouragement, but he felt that he must have the truth out before things got worse. "That's just what I wanted to talk about," he said with a gulp. "I—I *do* want to get married." He did not dare look at his mother, but continued tracing the figures.

Her voice almost failed her. "George, you don't!" But she saw by his actions that he was in earnest. "You are too young, George. You oughtn't to be thinking about it yet."

"No, I am not, mother. I've got a team of horses of my own; an' if father will give me a piece of land, I could get along."

The mother looked at him and shook her head sadly.

"The sooner I start for myself, the better start I'll have." He spoke with a crude resemblance to logic. "Pa did not own a piece of land until he was thirty-two or three, and he has made a good deal of money since then; if he had have got a start earlier, wouldn't he have had more time to make more?"

Mrs. Morgan knew there was a flaw in this reasoning, but she could not tell exactly what it was.

"Who is it you want to marry?" she asked.

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"This peaceful scene set George to dreaming."

George hesitated; here was the real difficulty.

"W'y, it's—I and Jenny want to get married. I know that pa don't like Bill Wiggins, but Jenny takes after her mother."

"She's an invalid."

"No, she isn't. She's well now."

"She was sick all last winter, and they say she got's the consumption." George flinched at this bald statement.

"No, she hasn't," he said. "She had a bad cold last winter, but she has got over it now.

"She's all right now," he repeated, for his mother did not speak immediately.

"George," she said at last, the tears rising in her eyes—"George, I must be plain with you. It is a mother's right and a mother's duty to speak the truth and advise, no matter how unpleasant it is, and I must do it now. It's the time in your life when you want advice if you ever do, and no one will ever give you as sincere advice as your mother." She choked with emotion, but after a moment conquered it and went on: "You've come to the turning-point in the road. You've been wandering through the fields up to now; but now you've come to the place where you must choose the road, and there is no more wandering. You've come to it a little sooner than I hoped you would, because it needs all the judgment a boy can give—and his mother, too—not to make a mistake. A wife can make a man or ruin him, and you can't be too careful. She can be a helpmate or she can be a burden. I've seen women that would bear good men down like a millstone around their necks. I've seen——"

"But Jenny isn't like that," broke in George. "You've seen how she worked to take care of her brother and mother when they were sick. She's faithful and——"

"Yes, I know; but, George, a girl with the best principles and the best disposition can sometimes be a burden. Ill health is the greatest load anyone can carry."

"But Jenny's health is all right," George said peevishly.

"It is now, but there is consumption in the family, and—and—I want to be plain, George—she's as surely got the first symptoms of it as anybody. I *can't* see you burden yourself without telling you the truth. Life's hard enough anyway, and enough of an uphill job when things go the best; but

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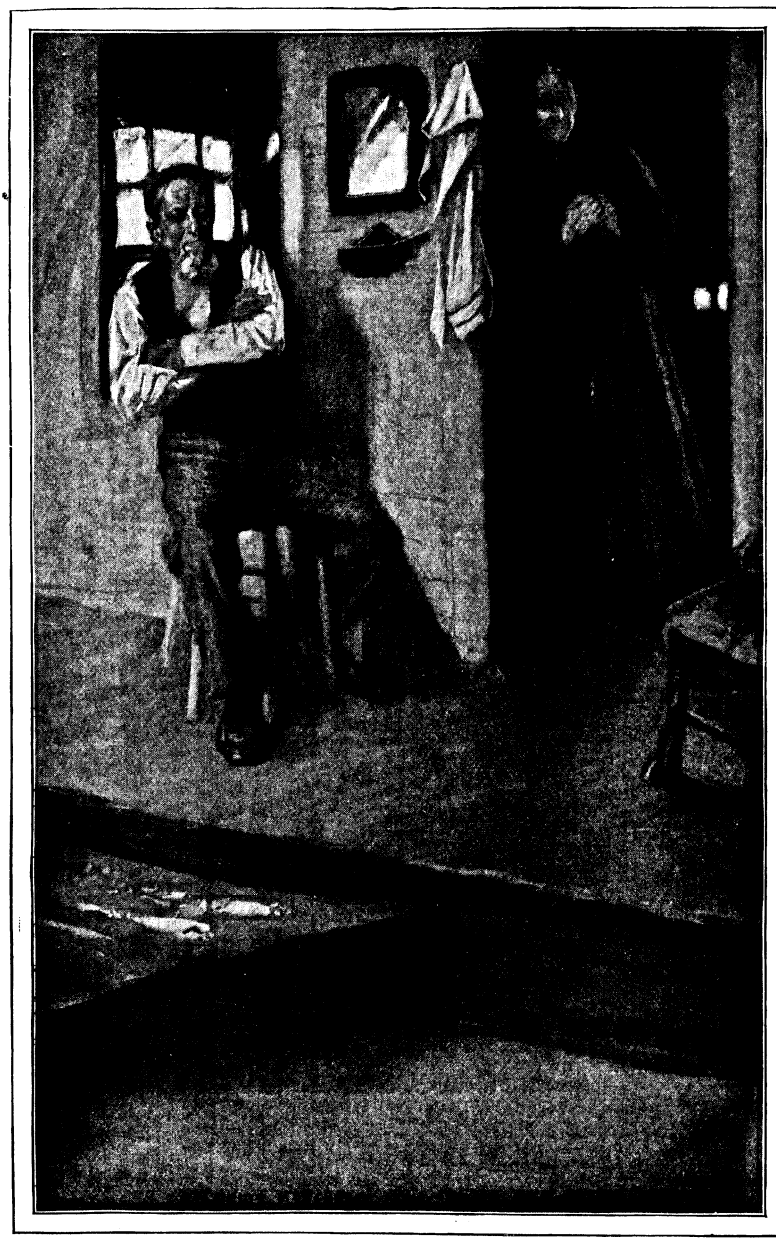
if a burden is a little more than one can bear, there is nothing to do but to fall down under it. Nobody except your Maker loves you better than your mother, and nobody will give you sincerer advice than Him. Look into your heart and see what He says, and follow the dictates you find there. I may be wrong, I am only giving you such advice as my poor light shows; but what He says will be right. He never advises anyone wrong. People sometimes misjudge what He says, but it is their fault; and sometimes they wilfully disobey."

"Mother, I don't think I am wilfully disobeying. I think from that standpoint it is all right. Jenny's had a hard time, and it seems to me that it is right to do something for her. If I can help her any, wouldn't it be right?"

George's logic was odd, but it led in the direction he wanted to go, and that made him sincere in it.

"You can't marry everybody that's had a hard time and that you want to help. You want to look out for yourself some. You have rights of your own that you are bound to respect. You mustn't load yourself down because you want to help someone."

Mrs. Morgan reasoned with him from every standpoint, using many simple inconsistencies, and he as often shifted his point of defence until he had battered down, to his own satisfaction, all her arguments. She had to give up, but she was not convinced.



"Tears ran down her cheeks, and her heart seemed about to break."

"I am afraid it is not the best thing, my son; but if you won't give it up, I'll give my consent and do all I can to help you along if you can get your father's. But,

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George, don't quarrel with your father. If you see he is getting mad, don't say any more. It won't do any good—you can't force him. He is a mighty stiff man."

Mrs. Morgan finished putting the cold victuals on the table and called her husband. The supper was eaten in silence. Mr. Morgan tried to joke George about the girls; that was a part of his regular Sunday pastime; but this day he met with little encouragement and soon quit it. George showed strong signs of displeasure, and Mrs. Morgan became very nervous. Mr. Morgan's quick eye saw that something was coming, and he waited for it. But the young man was not ready; he wanted to wait until his mother was not by.

After supper there were chores to do, and George made a partial change of his clothes and did them. He fed and watered the horses, and turned the bawling cows and calves together, for the Morgans were too religious to milk or do any unnecessary work on Sunday. He leaned against a fence and watched the calves greedily suck their mothers' milk. White foam dripped from their mouths and fell to the ground. The cows blinked their eyes contentedly, now and then laying their heads around caressingly against their little ones. One little fellow's mother had so large a supper that he could not drink it all; he would stop and gasp for awhile and then go at it again with determination. But at last he had to give it up. He stood with his legs spread apart, his head stuck forward, his tongue hanging out, a perfect picture of delightful misery, while his mother licked his hair into beautiful roaches.

This peaceful scene set George to dreaming. "What if this was all mine," he said to himself—"this my barn and these my cows and calves? And suppose Jenny and I were married, and now she would come out here and lean over the fence and watch the calves? And we'd talk about which ones we would keep for our own milch cows and which we'd sell. And suppose she never had any sign of consumption and was as strong as any woman? Suppose father, when I go to ask him, would say: 'Well, George, I was just thinking about that; I am getting old, and would like to take it easy, my son; and I will let you and Jenny take things and run them'? And he'd say: 'I've always hated the Wigginses; they are a mean, low-down set, but Jenny isn't to blame for that, and I'll fix you up right.' And suppose I'd take the place and run it, and make more money out of it than pa ever had; and he would say——" But here he saw a cow trying to take her calf through the gate into the pasture, and his reverie was interrupted.

When George was brought to himself, his position seemed sadder than it had before. He thought it over as he mechanically separated the cows from the calves. He was an abused, oppressed, down-trodden individual. His father expected him to work and slave all his life for *him*. He called up numerous times that he and his father had disagreed on matters about the farm, and his (George's) opinion had proved right. This very year, spring had come early, and he had advised not to plant their corn as early as others were doing; but his father had insisted on it, and the corn was frozen off to the ground. His father evidently wanted to keep him at home just to use him. He thoroughly convinced himself that he was being treated unfairly, and when he got through his work, he was fully determined to strike for liberty.

George's vehemence was caused by a subtle consciousness of his impotency and the hopelessness of his case. When he got to the house, his father was smoking a pipe on the porch. Inside the house, but out of sight, his mother was waiting, nervously anticipating an outburst. She had learned long ago that Mr. Morgan's will must be the law of those around him, and she also perceived in her son a good deal of her husband's disposition. And now that George was going to ask his father to let him marry a daughter of Bill Wiggins, she knew there would be a scene.

George's heart failed him when the time came, and he put off saying anything from moment to moment. All the fine speeches and arguments he imagined he would use had left him, or else seemed absurd. He thought if he could get started he would be all right, but he could not concentrate enough force at one time to begin. The light faded, and he began to think he would never be able to say anything, but by some supreme effort he said in a queer voice—

"Father, I'd like to talk to you a little."

"All right, my son, talk on," his father said blandly.

"Well, I—I think you might set a farm aside for me. I'd like to settle down for myself. I don't think you treat me right," he exclaimed, remembering one of his mental arguments.

He paused for a moment, and his father's silence went like a cold wave up his back;

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but he knew that he must go on, and, if possible, get angry, or he would lose what little courage he had.

"You gave Anna a farm when she was only nineteen, and I am twenty-one. I don't see why you can't start me. I've some horses and a cow already, and some money that I could buy some tools with—I don't see why you can't start me. I don't think you treat me right." He paused again in confusion.

"Go on," said Mr. Morgan, after a moment's silence.

"Well, I don't see why you can't start me," he repeated helplessly. "You might do something for me."

"I could, I suppose," said Mr. Morgan slowly. "But aren't you doing well enough where you are? You've got a good home. Isn't that something? I let you farm on the shares, and you make something that way. Isn't that something? You feed your stock on my hay instead of your own. Isn't that something? You want me to give you a farm, so that you can work on your own hook, do you? Do you think you asked for it in the right way?" He warmed up a little as he talked. "Perhaps your mother's cooking isn't good enough for you. Perhaps you would like to get someone else that would make you cakes of dough. If I should give you a farm, maybe you would get that sickly Wiggins girl to cook for you. I hear you are running around there a good deal. That is a nice crowd to run with."

George gained some courage in the shape of anger as his father talked, and it came to a head at the cruel remark about Jenny.

"Well, that's my business, I guess. I have to live my life—you don't. If I choose to marry a sickly girl, I don't see what that has to do with you treating me as a father should. Because I may want to marry someone that you would not, you think I haven't got any sense."

"Young man, you are just being roped in by those people; they think I've got money, and they want to get rid of the girl. She is simply a burden to them, and it is hard enough for them to make a living anyway. They just get around you and are trying to get you to take her off their hands. It is all very grand for you to talk about it being your business, but it is *my* business, too. It is every man's business to look after his children when they can't look out for themselves. You would not be able to pay her doctor's bills, to say nothing about making a living for her—maybe for the whole Wiggins family. Dr. Boyd says she has the consumption, sure."

The old man paused in his tirade, and George jumped up and cried out in his desperation—

"I don't care what the doctor's bills come to, and I don't care what you do for me, I'll marry where and who I please! If you don't intend to do anything for me, I had as well know it and quit you first as last. You seem to have a spite at me for some reason or other—I don't know what I've done—I guess my principal fault is that I am so much like you!" He almost screamed out the last words.

"Now, look here, young man, storming is entirely unnecessary." Mr. Morgan's voice seemed to have settled down in his throat. "I don't know where you learn such language. You certainly don't learn it at home, nor from your mother's people, nor mine. You have been associating too much with your friends the Wigginses; and if you continue to talk that way, I shall advise you to go to them and stay. Do you hear that?—to go to them and stay!" The old man's voice was lower than usual, but the words were very distinct.

"Well, I'd rather live there," cried George, "where I am treated like a man, than live here and be treated like a dog!"

Mr. Morgan rose out of his chair, and his voice trembled with anger.

"Now go!" he cried. "I tell you, go! Get out of this house, and don't you come back! I never want to see your face again!"

The young man walked off the porch muttering something that his father did not hear, and disappeared in the darkness.

In the greater darkness just inside the door of the house stood a sad listener to this quarrel. Tears ran down her cheeks, and her heart seemed about to break, but she did not dare come out and try to pacify the angry men. When her son left, she went silently away, for fear her husband should come in and find her there. She did not care to meet him until she found out what she ought to do. She went to a bedroom that was only used for company, and there sat on the side of the bed. Her mind was in confusion. She could not form a single clear thought. She only knew that her husband and son had quarrelled, and that her son had been driven away from home. She also had a vague idea that something must be done, and done soon. But *what* must be done? On *that* her mind would offer no suggestion.

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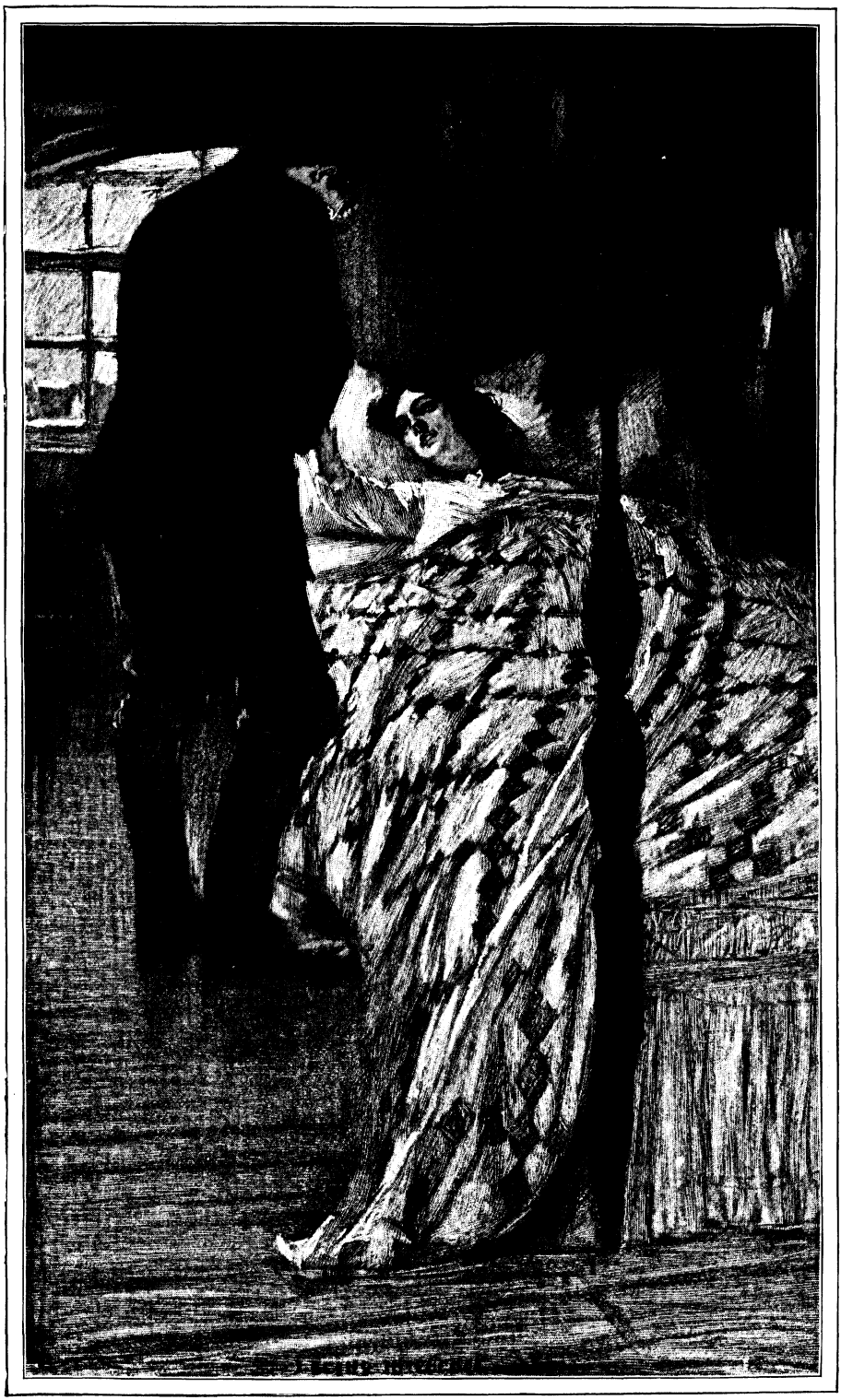

"'She looked so happy.'"

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"Oh, God!" she whispered, "what can I do to save them from this great sorrow they have brought upon themselves?"

She slid down upon her poor, cracking knees and buried her face in the covers on the bed. Then she poured forth her sorrows to the only Being she knew who could fully sympathise with her. She begged God to tell her what she ought to do. She asked that her son be taught more duty to his father, and to appreciate how kind his father had been to him already, and that her husband be made more gentle and kind to his son. She asked Him to reconcile them to each other and bind them closer together than they were before. With her tears and her prayer the bitterness of her sorrow somewhat spent itself; and when she arose from her knees, she felt that her prayer would be answered.

When George left the house, he went to the barn. He had no definite object in going there, but went mechanically. It was the natural goal for him in his stupefied condition. His anger had gone, but there had not come in the place of it either sorrow or regret; in fact, complete comprehension had not come. He knew that he had been ordered away from home, but he did not connect that with his not being there in the future; it did not seem that it would be separating him from his mother—or even his father, for that matter. He merely followed mechanically the literal meaning of his father's words by going as far as the barn.

He sat down on a pile of lumber at the end of the building. Behind his back a horse delved in a manger for his hay and sneezed the dust from his nose every moment. The night was very dark; perfect blackness began at arm's length. The light of the lightning from some distant storm could be seen playing low on the horizon. Frogs in a pond a quarter of a mile away kept up a dreary concert.

But George noticed none of this; he sat in a stupor, looking towards the invisible ground. He did not wonder where he would spend the night; he had not yet realised the situation. How long he sat in this way he did not know, but rain began falling, and he moved under the shelter of a shed and sat on a sill. The rain poured down for a few minutes and then stopped as suddenly as it began. Soon after it stopped, George heard his mother calling him in a doubtful voice from the other corner of the barn. There was that timidity in it that a voice usually has when its owner has doubts of being heard. She was afraid that he had gone away on his horse before she got there.

"George!" she repeated a little louder.

"Yes'm," he answered.

"Where are you?"

"Here," was his absurd reply.

She went in the direction of the voice.

"George, I have come to get you to go back to the house. Your father says for you to."

"Well, I guess I have stood it long enough. I don't see that it is anybody's business who I marry."

"Oh, George! we are all interested in you and want to see you do well."

"Then you side with pa," he said sullenly.

"Oh, no, I don't. I think he is wrong to speak so harshly. He ought to talk with you and advise you if he thinks you are wrong, but he oughtn't to be so harsh." She paused for a moment, and as he did not answer, she went on: "Jenny is an awfully nice girl, but pa thinks she would be a burden to you, because she has got the—because she is sick so much. He doesn't like the Wigginses, but he wouldn't refuse if Jenny was well and strong. A wife can be a great help to a man, or a great load."

"The load 'uld be on me, and nobody else," George almost sobbed. As his mother talked, the hopelessness and sadness of his position came to him.

"I know," she went on; "but you don't know how much we are interested in you. You can't imagine how much a father and mother love their children and want them to do well. When you were a little baby, and lay in your cradle, I thought that I loved you so much that I could not love you more; but I love you more now than I did then. You are a man and feel like a man; but you are little to us yet, and we want to guide and advise you just the same. We've had experience and know the hardships of life, and we would like to give our knowledge to you and save you as much sorrow and pain as we can."

She paused, and George said huskily: "You aren't saving me much sorrow."

"But, George, we may be. Things might be worse. You are young yet, and so is Jenny. She may get well, and then you can get married. But I wouldn't say anything more about it now; let it drop for awhile."

With more coaxing and encouragement she succeeded in influencing him, and the two went to the house together. They found Mr. Morgan reading a paper. The father's

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and son's eyes met in a half-defiant and half-embarrassed look. The young man sat in the back of the room, while the father continued reading. Neither wanted to make any advances; each wanted to feel that the other was doing the bending. George soon went to his room, and the others retired not long after him.

The next morning, relations were still constrained; but they were easier, and became more and more so, until at the end of a week the two men were back in their old position as far as appearances went.

The autumn work went on as usual about the farm, and no further reference was made to marriage nor to the Wigginses. George did his work as well as before, but at times he was moody. Sometimes he was so much so, especially during the first of each week, that Mrs. Morgan feared another outbreak. She knew that he went to see Jenny as often as usual, but he never said anything about her. They heard of her from other sources, and usually that she was getting worse.

"She clung to his hand as he dropped into a chair."

* * * * *

It was on one pleasant day in December, about four o'clock, that the small Wiggins boy came down the road towards the Morgans' house. He stopped at the gate leading into the yard and peeped through the fence cautiously, as though he were about to enter a lot full of wild bulls. When he was satisfied that it was safe, he tried to open the gate, but the fastening was not like the ones used on his father's farm, and he could not do it. He worked at it thoughtfully for a while, then took another look at the house between the bars. He concluded that the house was not coming to him, and that he must get on the other side of the fence to go to it. He took an envelope out of his pocket, poked it through a crack in the fence, then got down on his hands and knees and crawled under the gate. He looked at the house again, evidently feeling that he had burnt the bridge behind him when he was attacking the enemy, instead of when he was retreating. But he had his instructions, and was going to get a reward when he got home, so he picked up the envelope, put it in his pocket, and proceeded. He went round to the back door, opened it, and looked in. Mrs. Morgan was in the kitchen getting supper, and hearing the door open looked round. There stood staring at her a small boy that she did not remember having seen before.

"Howdy do?" she said pleasantly to him.

"Howdy?" the answer came back.

"Won't you come in?" she asked him.

"Where's George?" was his reply.

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"He hasn't got home yet. Do you want to see him?"

"Yessum."

"Well, you will have to come in and wait until he comes. He'll be here in a little bit, I think."

The child came in and sat down in the chair she pointed to.

"What do you want to see George about?" she asked, thinking she would open a conversation with him.

"Oh, nothin'," he answered.

"Where do you live?" she then asked him.

"Over yonder," with a jerk of his head in no particular direction.

She did not seem to be learning much, but she was not discouraged. She brought him a cooky, and asked: "What's your name?"

"Charley Wiggins."

"Oh!" she exclaimed. Then the conversation dropped, such as it was, and she continued getting supper, while he sat and watched her with wide-open eyes. Supper was almost ready when George came in. Seeing the small boy sitting behind the stove, he exclaimed: "Hello, Charley! What you doin' here?"

Charley said: "Oh, nothin'," handed him the letter, and went out of the back door without any sort of a farewell. He had evidently had it drilled into him that the Morgans in general were a bad lot of people.

George opened the note, read it, and went out of the door after Charley, but he was far up the road, hurrying home to get his reward. Seeing there was little hope of overhauling him, George went to the barn and began saddling his horse. His mother came out and, standing in the stable-door with her apron twisted around her head, asked what the matter was.

"I'm going to the Wigginses'; she's worse."

"You must come in and get some supper before you go. It's all ready," said Mrs. Morgan.

"I'm not hungry and I haven't time," he said shortly.

He seldom spoke rudely to her, and she knew that he must be greatly worried.

"You won't be gone long, will you?" she asked.

"I don't know," he said. "Here, read this; I must hurry," and he handed her the letter. The air was chilly, and she hurried to the house before she looked into it; then she read: "DEAR GEORGE,—The doctor says that Jenny cannot live through the night. Please come quick.—LIZZIE."

For a long time Mrs. Morgan sat still, thinking of her unhappy son and her poor neighbours. Tears of sympathy ran down her cheeks. At last, with a sigh, she went into another room and told her husband where George had gone and on what occasion. After supper the evening was passed in silence. Mr. Morgan went to bed as early as usual, but his wife sat up waiting for George to come home and to give him his supper. But he had not returned at ten o'clock, and she went to bed with a heavy heart. She was awakened often in the night by horses galloping along the road, but none of them stopped at their gate. Next morning, when she got up, she went to George's room to see if he had come home in the night; but the bed had not been slept in and there were no signs of his return. She got breakfast while her husband did George's morning work. She delayed calling her husband to breakfast as long as possible, but at last she despaired of George's coming, and they ate. They had barely finished their silent meal when they saw George leading his horse to the barn. After he had fed her, he came slowly to the house. When he came in, his mother took his hand and looked into his eyes without saying anything. He returned the look in a dazed sort of a way for a short time, then burst into tears and turned away. She clung to his hand as he dropped into a chair and hid his face in his other arm on the table. She moved a few dishes out of his way and whispered her sympathy into his ear, for she knew what had happened. With his face muffled in his left arm, he sobbed out his sorrow rather than talked.

"Oh, I'm a miserable wretch! She thought I did not want to marry her. I was ashamed to tell her that I put it off because pa objected. She thought I didn't want to."

"And last night she said," he went on: "'George, *I'm* going to postpone it this time.' I told her then that pa made me. She looked so happy. She said: 'Tell your pa that I'm sorry he didn't like me.' She said: 'Tell him that I won't bother him any more.' She was easy at the last and didn't suffer any. She said she would be happy where she was going, for she would have a new body, and wouldn't be sick there, and that when pa sees her in heaven, he will not object to our marrying there."

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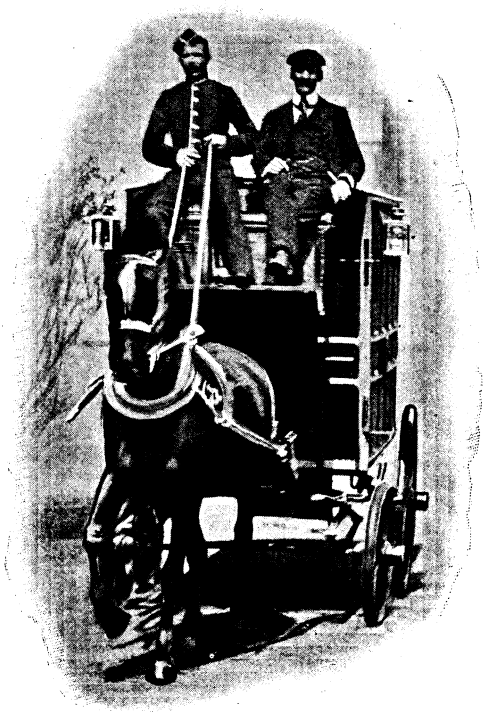
MUNICIPAL AMBULANCE WORK.

By P. HEYWOOD HADFIELD.

RISING above the din of the wheeled traffic on the paved streets, there sounds a long-drawn, shrill whistle. Instantly the carter flies to his horse's head and brings the great cotton-loaded float to a halt; with a suddenness that jars the passengers, the drivers of the electric cars apply their emergency brakes; the policeman on point duty rushes from his island of safety to hurry some dazed old lady to the side walk; the hurrying crowd on the pavement stops and looks round. Someone says: "The fire engines!" "'Tain't the engines; it's the ambulinx," answers the small gutter-snipe, learned in the sights and sounds of the street.

A lane has almost instantaneously opened in the crowded street, and through it comes, dashing at a smart trot, one of Liverpool's ambulance carriages. It is a handsome box on wheels, resplendent in bright varnish; on the panels are emblazoned the City Arms; at each side, windows of ground glass frame a broad red cross and arouse the curiosity of the crowd as to the horrors that may be within. On the high driving-box, in neat blue uniform and jaunty forage-cap, sits a constable driver of the mounted police force.



"THE AMBULANCE IS TURNED OUT AND DRIVES OFF IN ANSWER TO A CALL."

In a few seconds the carriage has swung round the corner, with an attendant crowd of boys, hungry for the pleasure of an accident, vainly running in its wake.

It may be that a man has been badly mangled by machinery, or only that some woman has had a slight fainting fit. But the telephone has "called," and the ambulance must get there as quickly as possible: in a very few minutes the sufferer will have reached the hospital.

Most of our great cities, London included, have until recently been entirely dependent for ambulance aid on private charitable effort. Even now, properly equipped horse-ambulances are few, and recourse has still to be had to the old-fashioned hand-litter, with its slow and gruesome procession to the nearest hospital.

There can be little doubt that it should be as much the duty of the State or municipality to assist the accidentally injured, and the victims of sudden illness, as it is to save life and property in the emergency of fire. While large sums of money are devoted by our municipalities to the preservation of property, the preservation of life attracts but little official attention and assistance.

In this respect, London—the City of the Universe—has most reason to be ashamed of itself. The powers that be have been content to allow their citizens to be dependent on the more or less chance assistance, by necessarily slow methods, of various uncentralised volunteer associations. These semi-private associations have done a grand work, but the time has now arrived for their duties to be adopted and extended by the properly constituted authorities.

In matters of health, sanitation, and general safeguarding, it is now recognised that County Councils, Town Councils, and suchlike bodies stand *in loco parentis* to their constituents. In most Continental and

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American towns this has been fully realised; so the object of this article is to show, to some extent, what has already been done towards effective ambulance service in a few of these cities, and what has been already accomplished at home.

In our police forces we have in every city and town a "first line" of ambulance service; for most constables are trained in "first aid," and all of them may be made efficient. We have also established magnificently staffed and equipped hospitals to act as the "base." The bridge between is either lacking or inadequate, so we shall chiefly deal with the methods by which this gap can be made good through the establishment of a rapidly called system of rapid transport from the "field" to the "base." First and foremost, as being a service which has proved itself successful, and as being the first of its kind to be instituted in Great Britain, we shall deal *in extenso* with the horse-ambulance service of the Liverpool Corporation. No better example of "what to do and how to do it" can be found even in the more pretentious and more expensive sister services of New York or Paris.

"IT HAS ARRIVED AT THE SPOT, AND IS WAITING—SURROUNDED BY A CROWD—WHILE THE SURGEON EXAMINES THE PATIENT."

Years ago the Corporation of Liverpool decided that the succour of persons injured in the streets, and their rapid removal in proper vehicles to hospital, was a matter calling for their attention. With the co-operation of the authorities of the several hospitals, Captain Nott-Bower, at that time Head Constable of Liverpool, drew up the scheme which has now successfully stood the test of practical experience.

The city provides the ambulance carriages and horses, and stations them, with policeman drivers, at the hospitals. On their part the hospital committees undertake to provide the necessary stable accommodation and to send out a doctor in medical charge of the carriage.

Each hospital has its appointed "sphere of influence." The city is divided up into four districts. Should an accident occur in District A, anyone can telephone either to Hospital A or to the police-station. Ambulance A, on receipt of the call, will turn out like a fire-engine, and will reach the scene of the accident as fast as a good horse can trot. Arrived there, the doctor will step out and examine the "case"; he may find that the first-aid already rendered by the policeman on the spot is sufficient, or, if necessary, he has everything ready to his hand for more pretentious treatment. One of the two stretchers is lifted out, and the patient is rapidly placed in the carriage; in a very short time he is admitted and under treatment at the hospital.

The hospital ambulances are on duty from 9 till 6 every day, and on Saturdays up to 11 p.m. For the night service there are two ambulances stationed at the central police-station and at an outlying fire-police-station. The same hospital areas are observed—that is, a patient picked up by the night ambulance in District A will be conveyed to Hospital A; or if in District B, to Hospital B.

So it is no wonder that the hard-worked house-surgeon, dragged out of his bed in the small hours, does not love the night ambulance.

The only unsatisfactory feature, but one of very rare occurrence, is the false or trivial call. There is no time to inquire into the *bona-fides* of every telephone message, but it is annoying to find, after a rapid drive of a mile or more, that there is no case, or that the unfortunate person supposed to be at death's door has either taken up his bed and walked, or is merely drunk.

The hospitals acting with the city in the ambulance service are the Royal Infirmary, the Royal Southern, the Northern, and the Stanley. At each of them the ambulances have proved a great success.

Another very valuable service now rendered possible is the comfortable conveyance of poor people seriously ill from their homes to hospital. Removal which if carried out

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by a cab would be dangerous to life is rendered absolutely safe in the perfectly equipped vehicles which are now at the service of the poor. In this respect the poor are better off than the rich, for the

"THE CASE IS UP AN ENTRY; A GROUP OF SPECTATORS WATCH THE DOCTOR AS HE APPLIES THE SPLINTS; WHEN ALL IS READY"—

benefits of this branch of the service cannot be obtained by those well-to-do.

The following are some of the regulations for the "employment of a police ambulance standing at a hospital":—

"The ambulance is provided for the conveyance of persons suffering from injuries, accidental or otherwise, or of persons taken ill in the street within the district assigned to the hospital. In going to or returning from a call, the ambulance will be driven at a smart trot; but the ambulance-surgeon may, upon his own responsibility, direct it to proceed at a faster pace. All cases are to be taken to the hospital of the district in which they are taken up, unless the surgeon considers they are more suitable for treatment at a private house, or at the workhouse hospital, or for the custody of the police.

"The ambulance is not intended for the conveyance of medical cases to or from a hospital, but when the house-surgeon is of opinion that a patient can be moved safely only in an ambulance, and, further, is not in a position to pay for a private ambulance, he may order the patient to be conveyed.

"The ambulance is not to be sent out of its district unless it is ordered to attend by the Head Constable, in consequence of the ambulance of the other district being engaged, or in the case of an accident with which one ambulance cannot cope."

Before the present ideal centralised system was inaugurated, great assistance was afforded to the accidentally injured by both the Northern and the Royal Southern Hospitals. These two institutions are situated on the line of the great docks—the field most fruitful of accidents—and at each, thanks to private charity, a horse-ambulance was maintained. Had it not been for the example of the good work done by these semi-private ambulances, it is probable that the present more thorough system would never have been arranged.

It may well be imagined that many curious experiences, and many a peep into the curiosities of human nature, fall to the lot of the ambulance-surgeon. To him, accustomed to such things, the gruesome hunger of the crowd for horrors is an un-understandable mystery. At the least

"THE POLICEMEN TAKE UP THE STRETCHER AND CARRY IT TO THE AMBULANCE CARRIAGE."

breath of an accident a crowd collects from nowhere; not only the street lounger, but even the industrious man and woman, the educated lady and gentleman will forsake all, to jostle and crowd round the sufferer

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in the centre. If they but see the back of the policeman, they are thrilled with morbid pleasure; if they are lucky enough to get an instant's view of a mangled limb, they go away satisfied as after a good dinner.

So great is the anxiety to be "in at the death" that sedate men will run at the ambulance tailboard, and boys, unless prevented by the forcible application of a wooden splint to their equally wooden heads, will secure an insecure seat on the carriage steps. Usually, when the "case" is reached, first-aid has been applied; if by one of the police, it will have been well done, for the Liverpool

"THE AMBULANCE ARRIVES AT THE HOSPITAL, AND THE STRETCHER IS LIFTED OUT BY THE PORTERS"—

police are excellently trained as first-aid men in both what to do and, more important still, in what not to do. If an amateur has been at work, it is almost certain that the aid has taken the form of brandy—in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the one thing likely to do harm.

There can be no doubt in the mind of an independent observer that a considerable proportion of those carried in ambulances get there, either directly or indirectly, through the abuse of drink. Either their own bad habits have been the cause of injury, or they have been the victims of the drunken violence of others. Unfortunately, as the symptoms of alcoholic poisoning are not always easily distinguishable from those of more severe conditions, the ambulance is often called to some drunken brute whose destination should more properly be the lock-up than the hospital. Attendance on a drunken savage who has fallen and perhaps badly cut his head is not pleasant, especially when he exhibits great objection to his wound being dressed, and endeavours to smash up all—the doctor included—within his reach.

Saturday, of course, is the busy time in "drunks"; an hour or so after closing time the black bottles carried home have done their work, and brought the mad fury of drink to proper fighting form. Monday morning also is a busy time for the ambulance; the workman who has been on a week-end spree reaches his work in a fuddled condition, is stupid and careless, and so gets foul of machinery.

Attempted suicides give plenty of work. Most of these cases could be described as due to temporary insanity from abuse of drink. Many are the result of a violent temper and a desire to spite a husband or wife—on the principle of cutting off the nose to spite the face. Others have not been attempted seriously, the desire being to frighten and terrorise another party—occasionally there is miscalculation, and what is intended as only trivial self-injury becomes serious or even fatal. Then there are the poisoning cases—most suicidal, some accidental. Carbolic acid is, of course, the most common agent used. That the sale of this deadly poison is so little under restriction has been a scandal for years, but one now partially removed. If carbolic drinkers could only foresee the agony they are bound to endure before they either recover, perhaps permanently injured, or die a miserable death, they would be content with their present ills rather than fly to those the acid will provide.

But there are many sad stories behind attempted suicides. In some cases one is tempted to think that success in their wishes would have been the happiest and most peaceful ending. It is pathetic to see the care with which many a poor fellow—who has dropped in the social scale either through ill luck or, more frequently, his own fault—will try and keep the disgrace of his act from falling on his relations and friends.

Another character well known to the ambulance-surgeon is the malingerer. The gentleman who is skilled in the "epileptic fake" does not like the new arrangement.

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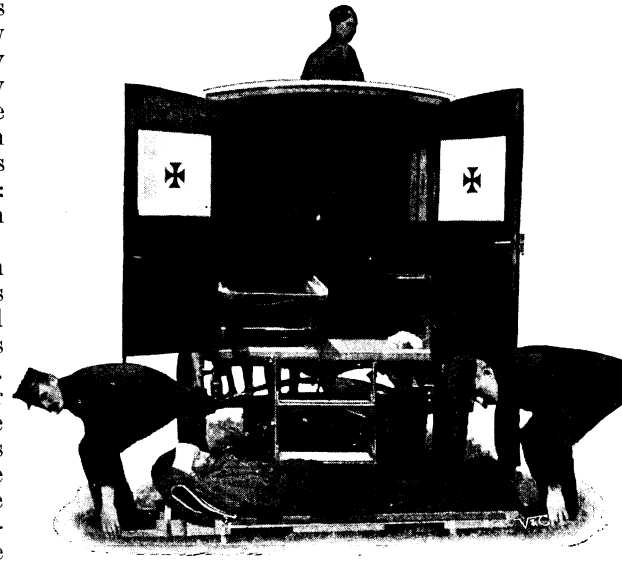
Formerly he collected sixpences from a sympathetic crowd; now he is all too rapidly assisted by the ambulance and the summary removal from his mouth of the tasty morsel of soap he has been chewing. Chronic malingerers soon get known at the hospitals: their symptoms do not meet with the treatment they expect.

A young lady, commonly known—to the police and house-surgeons—as "Rosie," is a most confirmed sample with an annoying fondness for riding in the ambulance. Before she gets taken ill, her symptoms vary. She will make sure that a policeman who does not know her is near, so that the ambulance may be sent for. The appointment of a new house-surgeon is the signal for the reappearance of Rosie at his hospital; but he is usually forewarned, and the young lady—rapidly convalescent and vigorous in language—is shown out amidst awful threats of writing to the papers, the secretary, and those of high degree. She has cried "Wolf!" so often that the probability is that were she at death's door, she would be treated with laughter only.

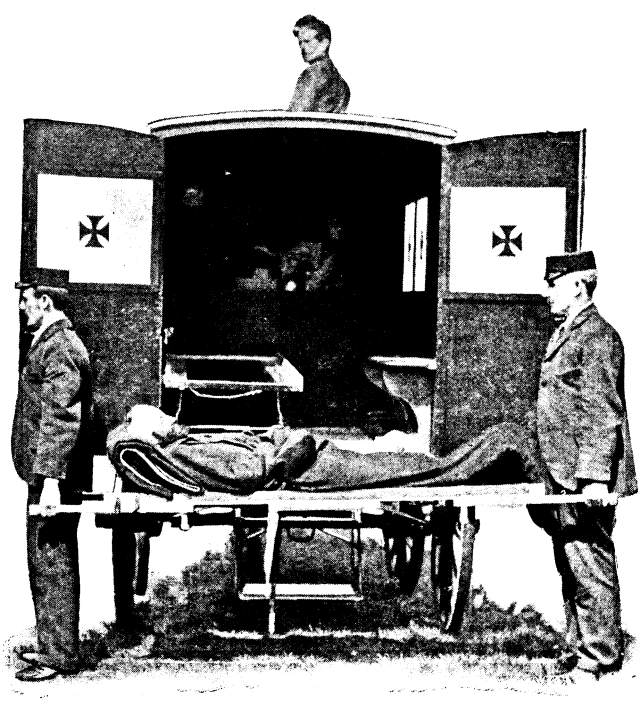


"RESTED ON THE GROUND FOR A MOMENT"—

Active service with a city ambulance is not as dangerous as "at the front," but it has its risks. Driving rapidly through crowded streets, over rough and slippery ground, trusting largely in the whistle to clear the road, is not a particularly safe amusement.

But the drivers are skilled, and accidents do not often occur. There has been one very serious accident in which the vehicle was completely smashed up by a bolting horse, and most of the occupants were more or less injured. Unfortunately the death of the driver made it impossible to ascertain the real cause of the accident.

The photographs published with this article give a complete pictorial history of an ambulance case in Liverpool. One photograph shows the front of the carriage; the harness is suspended over the shafts ready to be instantaneously dropped on the horse's back. Another shows the interior of the carriage; on the left are the two stretchers wheeled into position on the fixed frames—the upper of which is capable of hinging down to the lower level. At the back is the cupboard in which the bandages, dressings, and medicines



"TAKEN UP AGAIN AND CARRIED TO THE WARD"—

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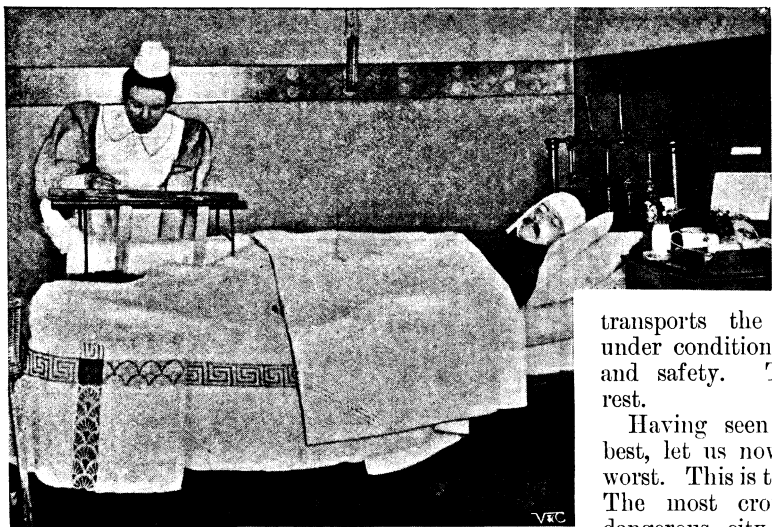

WHERE, AFTER HIS INJURIES HAVE BEEN ATTENDED TO, HE IS SAFELY IN BED UNDER THE CARE OF A NURSE.

are kept. On the right is a varied collection of splints and a seat for the doctor. Thus two patients can be carried—at a pinch a third could be accommodated on the floor. Other pictures, taken on active service, show the history of a "call":—

1. The ambulance is turned out and drives off in answer to a call.

2. It has arrived at the spot, and is waiting—surrounded by a crowd—while the surgeon examines the patient.

3. The case is up an entry; a group of spectators watch the doctor as he applies the splints; when all is ready—

4. The policemen take up the stretcher and carry it to the ambulance carriage.

5. The ambulance arrives at the hospital, and the stretcher is lifted out by the porters;

6. Rested on the ground for a moment;

7. Taken up again and carried to the ward, where the sufferer at once receives attention at the hands of the house-surgeon.

In 8 we see the patient with splints applied and head bandaged, comfortably abed in a bright ward, receiving the attentions of a trained nurse, and his condition is "As well as can be expected under the circumstances."

Put briefly, the conditions in Liverpool are these:—

The police force, as "the man always on the spot," is the first line of assistance. A constable, not being in general a fussy person, when dealing with an accident, will send for the ambulance most expeditiously, and then in his *rôle* of trained first-aid man will do what is advisable in immediate attention. A payment of 2*s.* 6*d.* allowed for such *effective* help acts as a powerful inducement to each constable to make himself efficient. The ambulance, with its surgeon, rapidly transports the patient to hospital under conditions of absolute comfort and safety. The hospitals do the rest.

Having seen the example of the best, let us now look at that of the worst. This is to be found in London. The most crowded city, the most dangerous city, the most prolific of accidents, and the most wealthy, has no official provision at all for taking its injured to hospital. The means of transport at present available are:—

1. By police-stretcher—*after* it has been laboriously trundled from the nearest station.

2. By the stretchers of either the Bischoffsheim or the St. John Ambulance Associations. These have also to be fetched at great loss of time, and, like the police-stretchers, are slow and uncomfortable means of transport.

3. By casual conveyance—*i.e.*, carts and cabs. There can be no better proof of the inefficiency of the hand-stretchers than the fact that seventy per cent. of accident cases arrive at hospital in cabs and carts—the most undesirable conveyances to be found. The slow and painful passage in a jolting cart is a terrible one for the injured, while the makeshift accommodation will very likely increase the severity of the injury. Many a "simple" fracture has been converted into a "compound" (that is, the broken bone forced through the flesh) owing to the narrow quarters of a London "growler" or hansom.

Dr. Perry, superintendent of Guy's Hospital, says: "It is very painful to watch the arrival of accidents at hospitals under the present system." Dr. Danford Thomas, who as coroner had special knowledge, said London has practically no ambulance service for accidents and other cases, and that much important time is lost. It is true that a few horse-ambulances can be obtained in London, but only when previously ordered and paid for.

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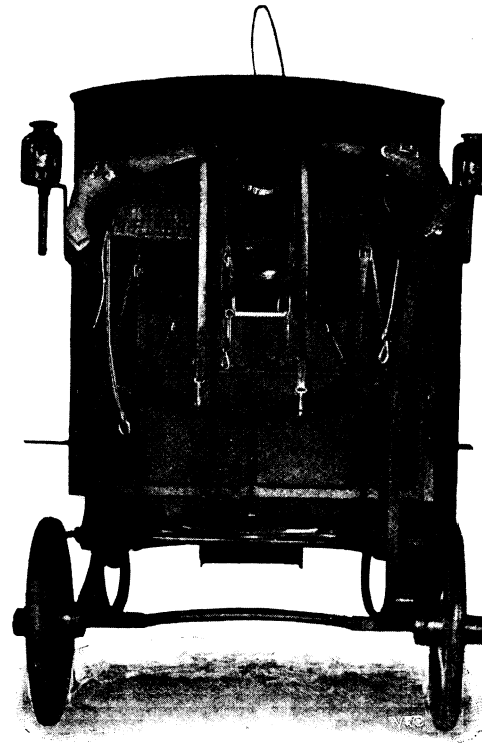
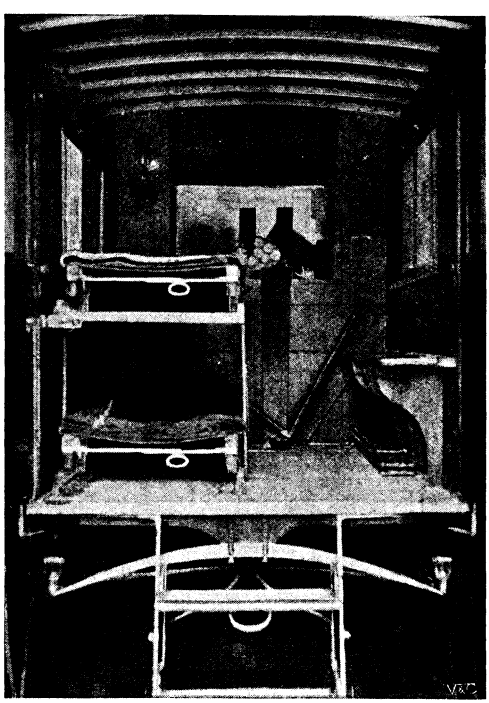
It is not the writer's purpose to belittle in any way the admirable help afforded by the two semi-private organisations of ambulance aid which already exist. The St. John Ambulance Association do a magnificent work in training first-aid men and women. They are the instructors of the police in first aid, and, as we have already seen, it is on the police that every service must rely for "field" work. They also supply litters and medical stores at some twenty-five separate stations, at three of which paid trained officials are maintained. On occasions of great public functions—times of great public danger—the Association calls up its volunteers and puts into the field, on a military-like footing, a regular field medical service corps.

The Bischoffsheim Association was organised in 1890, and is chiefly maintained at the expense of Mr. Bischoffsheim. It maintains litters and stores at twenty-five separate stations, but it does not maintain a trained staff. Its appliances are at the disposal of anyone willing and capable of using them. Excellent services, both of these, in their own sphere, but neither supplying the required facilities for rapid and safe transit under centralised official control. Fortunately there are signs that



"READY FOR A CALL." ONE OF THE LIVERPOOL AMBULANCES STANDING WITH HARNESS READY TO BE DROPPED ON THE HORSE'S BACK.



A LIVERPOOL AMBULANCE. THE INTERIOR, WITH ITS TWO REMOVABLE STRETCHERS.

both the County and City of London are beginning to realise that this matter is within their province. In spite of the difficulties of divided control and of the vastness of London, there must surely be a way to follow—possibly on the same lines—the example of Liverpool. In their present Commissioner of Police, the City has in Captain Nott-Bower the advantage of the advice and assistance of the originator and organiser of the Liverpool system.

Turning to the provinces, we find that of the thirty-two places designated "large towns," sixteen have at disposal some sort of horse-ambulance service. Birkenhead, Oldham, Bradford, Bolton, Burnley, Dublin, and Sheffield make use of their fire brigade organisation, the remainder have their service under police control. In Belfast, the fire brigade turns out a pair-horse ambulance carriage with a trained attendant; in a recent year, 868 calls were responded to.

Like Liverpool, Manchester has placed its ambulance service under police control. It has only been organised a short time, but Manchester already owns four carriages, which are housed at a central station, and

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other outlying stations are to be further supplied. The policeman driver is a first-aid man, and he is the only attendant carried; he has to rely on the general public to take charge of his horse while he attends to the patient—not a very desirable arrangement. Private persons can obtain the use of an ambulance within the city boundaries on a small payment.

Birmingham makes a great point of ambulance teaching for its policemen. At present eighty-six per cent. of the force hold certificates of the St. John Ambulance Association. In future, all members of the force are to be specially instructed by the police-surgeons, and will also have a yearly revision. Fourteen hand-ambulances are stationed at different points, and a horse-ambulance is kept ready at the central station for emergency calls. The carriage is also available for the conveyance of the sick from their homes, at a small fee, which is, however, not collected from the very poor.

ONE OF LIVERPOOL'S AMBULANCE CARRIAGES.

Most of the great foreign cities have most elaborate systems of ambulance and transport; in fact, one must pity the poor ratepayer who has to pay the bill. Space will not permit of many cities being included in this article, but Paris demands attention.

Paris possesses, united under one control, the "Ambulances Municipales" and the "Ambulances Urbaines." The former chiefly convey the sick, whether their illness be of an infectious nature or not; the latter are used mainly for accidents, and are not allowed to deal with infectious cases.

In 1887, Dr. Nachtel, in connection with the St. Louis Hospital, inaugurated the "Ambulances Urbaines," his example being followed two years later by the town instituting the municipal ambulances. In 1895, the two services were united under the control of the Prefecture of Paris. They have now twenty-five carriages always on duty, housed at different points. Besides coach-house and stabling, each building has accommodation for the telephonist and caretaker, with living-rooms for the coachmen and for the *interne*—or, as we know him, the senior medical student—who is in medical charge. On receiving a call, the telephonist sounds an alarm, and the ambulance is away in a very short space of time. The telephonist keeps the central office informed of all movements, so the director there knows at any time when and where ambulances are available. A most careful record is kept of each call. The *interne*, on reaching a case, will, if necessary, apply antiseptic dressings, and then transport it either to the most suitable hospital or to the patient's home, as he thinks fit. The police and public can call the ambulance either by the general telephone or from one of thirty private telephone-stations. In 1899, these services conveyed 4,384 cases of accident, 15,295 of non-infective illness, and 13,160 of infectious diseases, which, with others, made a total of 35,440 calls.

New York, as one might expect, has a very up-to-date system. It is primarily under the control of the police so far as accidents are concerned. Altogether there are twenty-three ambulance carriages stationed at the several hospitals—at those under the control of the Department of Charities and Corrections (State Hospitals) and at the "General" Hospitals (*i.e.*, those not entirely maintained by the city government). The services of an ambulance are requisitioned through the most expeditious route from the nearest hospital, and it at once turns out with a medical man. The patient is disposed of at the discretion of the ambulance doctor—either to hospital or to his home. Advantage is also taken of the ambulances when expeditious medical opinion and treatment is required at a police-station, and an ambulance will also gratuitously transport the sick to hospital on a physician's order that its services are required for a patient who is too

THE HORSE-AMBULANCE OF THE BIRMINGHAM CITY POLICE.

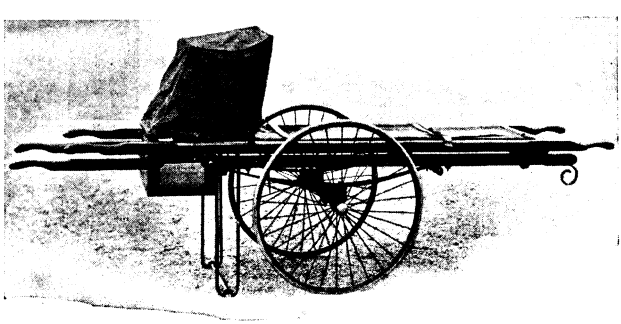
poor to pay. The service, of course, is a day and night one.

In Vienna, all "life-saving" is in the hands of the Volunteer Humane Society. They have a volunteer fire brigade of 400 men, and 200 boatmen are enrolled for life-saving on the water. Their ambulance department has a volunteer corps of 220 medical men, with 100 ambulance assistants. The department controls twenty ambulance carriages, which are always accompanied by a medical man. There are fourteen salaried surgeons, with sixty medical students; a sufficient number of these are at the various stations day and night. With the exception of infectious diseases, all sorts of cases are attended—in 1900, the number reached the large total of 15,400. This is probably the only service which possesses a fully equipped ambulance railway-carriage; this is held ready to proceed to the scene of any big accident. Unlike most other services, the organisation is quite distinct from the police.

It will not be a hard matter for the reader, on the facts of this article, to decide that there is an urgent need in all cities for properly organised ambulance help, and there can be little doubt that the system found successful in Liverpool is the one to be imitated.

In the police forces we have everywhere a ready-made, ideal, and economical organisation—always on the spot for first-aid, with the means of communication which makes rapid transport possible, and, above all, one whose members are ready and willing to do the work. Provincial cities have already taken the matter in hand, but London, which should be in the forefront, has not even fallen in with the rearguard.

Pity the poor Londoner who breaks his leg—the long wait while someone runs to find and fetch a hand-stretcher; the slow and painful progress on an uncomfortable vehicle to hospital, surrounded by a curious, jostling, offensive crowd of hooligans and larrikins. Surely the long-suffering ratepayer will not grudge the fractional payment which will be his share towards the abolition of all such misery.



THE HAND-AMBULANCE CARRIAGE OF THE BIRMINGHAM CITY POLICE.

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"SKIN O' MY TOOTH":

HIS MEMOIRS, BY HIS CONFIDENTIAL CLERK.

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

THE BARONESS ORCZY.*

III.—THE CASE OF MAJOR GIBSON.

I HAVE always wondered why Skin o' my Tooth was so unpopular in his own profession. He had very few friends among his colleagues, but those he had were certainly very staunch. I have heard it said that his ways were "unprofessional"; certain it is that he avoided actual litigation for his clients whenever that was possible —I suppose that *would* be called unprofessional.

Personally, I never met a man of such varying moods. Over that Swanborough murder case he was alert, uncanny, and irritatingly active; over Major Gibson's case he always looked as if he were going to sleep, and as if any trashy French novel were more interesting than the honour of his client.

Now, I remember when Major Gibson first called upon him and told him his story, I thought to myself: "Here's the prettiest kettle of fish that ever Skin o' my Tooth had placed before him." He was a good-looking man, this Major Gibson; but the day he called at the office he looked as white as a ghost. He began by saying that unless Mr. Mulligan would help him, he had made all arrangements for committing suicide.

I could see that he did not quite know how to begin — Skin o' my Tooth did not evidently come up to the imaginary portrait the gallant Major's imagination had drawn for himself. I must say that my esteemed chief looked particularly fat, pink, and inane that morning.

"I always like to hear the story from the beginning," he said, as he quietly—without asking his client's leave—lighted a huge German long-stemmed pipe. For a moment I thought that the Major was going to make an ass of himself and leave the room, and go and commit suicide, sooner than tell his tale to an ill-mannered Irish lawyer; but he was in a tight hole, and he kept his temper.

"About a month ago," he began at last very abruptly, "I was staying at Belcher Hall, Mr. Everard's place in Rutlandshire. There was a good deal of gambling going on there in the evenings—— I am not a rich man; I disapprove—on principle—of playing games of hazard; nevertheless, I played and lost one night——"

"Dates, please, wherever possible," interrupted Skin o' my Tooth quietly.

"October 18th, 1901," said Major Gibson, whilst I, knowing what would be expected of me presently, made as rapid shorthand notes as my imperfect training would allow. "At about 11 p.m. I at last left the baccarat-table at Belcher Hall, with my last possible cheque on my current account drawn to bearer, and promissory notes amounting to close on £8,000 in the hands of various gentlemen, my fellow-guests in the hospitable mansion of Belcher Hall. I must say that Everard was exceedingly nice to me later on in the billiard-room, when we had a smoke and a drink together. I was a fool, and mistook his kind words for genuine sympathy; I admitted to him that I had lost a great deal more than I could possibly afford, and that there was nothing for it but I must exchange into some Indian regiment, and put off my proposed marriage until I had in some measure retrieved my heavy losses, or if the lady were unwilling to wait, to give her back her word and her liberty. I think Everard must have understood how hard this would be to me. Only a month ago I had become engaged to his wife's niece, Miss Marion Sutcliffe, to whom I was passionately attached. I am not a young man, and I do not

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fall in and out of love as quickly as some of my contemporaries."

He broke off abruptly; evidently the subject of Miss Marion was still a sore one.

"How long did the interview last—with Mr. Everard, I mean?" asked Skin o' my Tooth quietly.

"At twelve o'clock precisely I left him, intending to go to bed; but as I knew that I should find it very difficult to get to sleep, I strolled into the library, a beautiful room on the ground floor, with deep-mullioned windows. I meant to get a book and then to retire to my bedroom. I remember that the room was quite dark when I went in, as the heavy curtains had been drawn closely across the deep window-recesses. As I did not know where and how to switch on the electric light, I went up to one of the windows, meaning to draw the curtains aside and to let a flood of moonlight into the room. But the garden looked so fine and poetic, and I felt so moody and wretched, that, quite contrary to my usual habits, I sat down in one of the deep window-seats and stared out, mooning, thinking of nothing in particular, into the garden before me. How long I remained there, I cannot tell you. Certain it is that suddenly I became aware that someone was in the library besides myself. I had not heard the door open or shut, and I did not know who the someone was. I only inferred that it was a lady, for I could hear the rustle of a silk gown against the parquet floor as she, in her turn, went up to one of the windows."

Major Gibson paused a moment here, giving me time for the space of thirty seconds at least to stretch out my cramped muscles. Skin o' my Tooth had not said a word; he was looking down at the meerschaum bowl of his long-stemmed pipe, whilst a coy and gentle smile played round the fat corners of his mouth. Major Gibson passed his hand across his forehead once or twice; I know that he was cursing himself for the fool he had been at 1 a.m. on the memorable night of October 18th, 1901.

"I can assure you," he said at last, "that nothing in particular crossed my mind when I heard the rustle of that silk dress, and certainly the next moment I should have made my presence known to the midnight wanderer; but just then I happened to have my head turned towards the garden, and to have caught sight of the figure of a man cautiously making his way towards the library windows, whilst keeping as much as possible within the shadow of the trees. A second later I had heard a gentle whistle, the window furthest from the one in which I was sitting was opened, then shut, and I realised that the most discreet and prudent thing I could now do was to keep as quiet as I possibly could for the present, and if I were detected later on, to feign a deep and uninterrupted sleep."

"Discreet and prudent," commented Skin o' my Tooth, with a smile. "It is strange how we all differ in the meaning of those two words."

"I am wise, too, now, after the event," retorted Major Gibson a little impatiently. "At the time I did not think I was doing the slightest harm either to myself or to the two who were having this clandestine meeting at this extraordinary hour. Remember, the room was quite dark; the man, whoever he was, had evidently slipped through the window, and no one had drawn the curtains. I heard some hurried whispers, then the man spoke impatiently. 'Have you brought them, anyway?' What the lady replied, I could not hear, but it was evidently satisfactory, for he said quite loudly: 'That's all right—let's have a look.' I remember, it struck me at the time that the midnight interview did not seem particularly tender. It came very soon to an end, too. Curiosity is supposed to be a feminine vice, but I can assure you that at that moment I was positively devoured with curiosity as to who the lady was who could thus risk the whole edifice of her social position for the sake of some individual who was evidently unscrupulous and obviously was none too tender. I again heard the rustle of the dress: the lady was returning to her own room, leaving the man to find his way out alone. I put one finger on the curtain, hoping to catch a glimpse of her, but I only saw the shimmer of a green silk train, as a ray of moonbeam caught it, when she glided out of the room.

"I remembered all the ladies who were staying in the house; I had seen them in the drawing-room before that miserable baccarat party. I remembered, too, that Mrs. Everard, our beautiful hostess, who is very fair, wore a magnificent green satin gown. I also remembered that Marion—my Marion—Mrs. Everard's niece, had looked bewitching in a clinging green frock with a long train. Of course, Marion was out of the question—you will understand that, won't you?—the very thought was preposterous; but Mrs. Everard, my friend's wife, young, pretty—I assure you

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my head was in a whirl. I had not moved. I had forgotten the man, until a flood of brilliant light startled me from my dream. I pushed aside the curtains. Immediately beneath one of the electric light brackets, which he had evidently just switched on, a man was standing with his back to me; he was examining intently something which he held in his hand. My instinct was to knock him down then and there, like the foul thief he was; but I suppose I must have made a noise when I crossed the room, for he turned before I could reach him. I then saw what he held in his hand. It was the necklet of pearls and diamonds which I had before now seen round Mrs. Everard's neck.

"'He was examining intently something which he held in his hand.'"

"I really don't think," continued Major Gibson after another little pause, "that I can tell you exactly what happened after that. All I can remember is that I had him on the floor, and that I would have killed him if he had not at last reluctantly given me back that necklet."

"It did not strike you that it might be best to ring for some of the servants, and to give him in charge like the thief he was?" asked Skin o' my Tooth after a while, during which he was contemplating the unfortunate Major through his half-closed lids.

"I thought of it for a moment—but——"

"But you did not do it?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because he swore to make a scandal if I denounced him. I had not *seen* the woman, and I was not *sure;* but there on the floor, close to the door, was a bunch of pink roses which I had given to Marion a few hours ago."

"I see," said Skin o' my Tooth, with a smile. There was silence in the room for a time, whilst I had a chance of cracking my knuckles, which were horribly stiff and cramped.

"I think I can guess what happened after that," said Skin o' my Tooth, at last taking the pipe out of his mouth. The Major did not reply, and he went on: "You sent the thief about his business, and you yourself were discovered five minutes later with that necklet in your hand, unable or unwilling to give an account as to how you had come by it."

Major Gibson nodded moodily.

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"I met Everard just outside the library. He caught sight of the necklet in my hand, even before he had recovered from his surprise at finding me there at that hour. He asked me for an explanation. I could give him none—that is to say, I gave him one as near to the truth as I dared, which he, of course, disbelieved. I gave him back the necklet, and he told me at what hour I could get a train back to town. He was supposed to be a friend of mine, but he thought me guilty. You see, he knew how heavily I had lost at cards. I had myself told him that I was sore pressed for money, and might have to break off my engagement, and even leave for India——"

"Will you tell me what lie—I mean explanation—you *did* give Mr. Everard?" interrupted Skin o' my Tooth quietly.

"I told him that on going into the library late at night, to fetch a book, I had found a man there with Mrs. Everard's necklace in his hand. That I succeeded in getting the necklace from him, but that he, in his turn, succeeded in getting away through the window."

"He naturally asked you why you did not raise an alarm?"

"He did."

"And also whether you would recognise the supposed thief if you saw him again? Quite so. Your replies not being very lucid, he drew his own conclusions. But forgive my interrupting you. You have not quite finished, I think?"

"I haven't much more to tell you. It appears that the ladies went up to their rooms soon after twelve, the men staying down in the billiard-room, to smoke. But at last everyone retired, and Everard himself was about to do the same, when his wife—fully dressed still—met him on the stairs, with the news that one of her most valuable necklaces had been stolen. She was putting away the jewels which she had just been wearing, when she noticed that one of the cases was empty. Everard persuaded her to go back to her room, and he himself started on a tour of inspection round the house."

"And met you?"

"And met me, as you say."

"Then is that all you have to tell me?"

"That is all. Everard was up in time to see me before I left in the morning—he and Lord Combermury, the colonel of my regiment. Both tried to persuade me to confess, and promised as an inducement, that if I made a clean breast of it to them, and agreed to exchange into some Native regiment and to break off my engagement with Miss Sutcliffe, the whole matter should be hushed up."

"And you promised——?"

"I promised nothing."

"The result being——?"

"That the scandal has gone the round of the town. I have been requested to hand in my papers, and in my clubs it has been strongly hinted to me that I should be turned out unless I succeeded in clearing my character."

"And so far you have not attempted to mention the lady's name?"

"Would I not be branded as a worse blackguard than before, for slandering a woman in order to try and save my own skin? And I was not *sure*, remember. I did not *know* who the lady was."

"Have you any conviction now?"

The Major hesitated a moment, then he said quietly—

"No."

II.

THERE was silence in the room for a long time after that. The Major was staring moodily into the fire, and Skin o' my Tooth was puffing away at his old German pipe, smiling gently to himself. Presently he began to hum a tune, and he looked so coy, and fat, and comfortable, no wonder he jarred upon the unfortunate Major's nerves.

"Well, sir?" said the latter at last very irritably.

Skin o' my Tooth smothered a yawn.

"I was waiting," he said.

"What for?"

"To hear what you are going to do."

Here the Major swore vigorously.

"Do you think I should be here now," he said, "if I knew? The few friends I have got left advise a slander action, and I have come to consult you, as someone has told me that you were the ablest man in London in cases of this sort."

"That 'someone' no doubt said to you that you had a jolly bad case, and required an unscrupulous devil like Patrick Mulligan to pull you through," remarked Skin o' my Tooth drily.

I could see from the deep red on the Major's bronzed cheek that my esteemed employer had guessed right.

Skin o' my Tooth settled himself within the depths of his large, shabby, leather armchair. He smothered another yawn with an attempt at politeness. He looked, in fact, as if he were getting very tired of the whole thing, and longed to get back to his

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favourite French novel, the yellow paper cover of which was even now protruding from one of the pockets of his ill-fitting coat.

"A slander action in this case would be a very ticklish matter," he said at last. "Mr. Everard, against whom, I suppose, you would enter it, would plead justification, and you must own that the circumstances of the case are decidedly in his favour. He finds you in a very ambiguous position, and the explanations you give are terribly lame. You might get 'damages one farthing,' which would do you more harm than good, and effectually kill the last shreds of reputation you have got left. But there is one thing, of course, which can put you right, and that is a confession from the lady."

"Impossible!"

"Why?"

"Is it likely?"

"I think so. You have come to me for advice. It is the only one I can give. Some of my more eminent colleagues would no doubt suggest an action. But these same eminent gentlemen will tell you that Patrick Mulligan has no reputation to mar. His ways are tortuous, his means unscrupulous. Perhaps they are right. Are you willing to adopt these ways and means and follow my advice unreservedly? You will scrape through this hole by the skin of your teeth, I tell you, but I will pledge the evil reputation I *have* got that we'll obtain a confession from the unknown lady."

"It would have to be a public one now, I am afraid, to do me any good."

"It will be sufficient. I give you my—— No! I won't give you my word; it wouldn't be much good to you; but ask the most disreputable character in the London slums when Skin o' my Tooth has said 'I'll do it,' whether he is the man to break his word."

No wonder the Major looked a new man. I have seen many a poor chap look like that when once they have had a square talk with Skin o' my Tooth. By Gosh! but he knows how to carry conviction with him; when he talks to a client or to the jury, it's all the same—they run after him like a pack of sheep.

"And now, my dear Major," he concluded, "which day will it be convenient for you to meet Mr. Everard?"

"Meet Everard?" gasped the Major. "I wouldn't care to——"

"Sir," said Skin o' my Tooth, with his gentle smile, "just now I used the word 'unreservedly.' I will not move in this matter unless I possess your entire confidence."

The Major hesitated no longer. Skin o' my Tooth was his last straw.

"You do what you think best," he said doggedly; "but Everard will refuse."

"Wednesday next, shall we say, at 3 p.m.? That will suit you? Muggins, make a note of that."

"Everard will refuse," repeated the Major.

"I think not," said Skin o' my Tooth, with a smile. "Have I your permission to proceed?"

"As you will."

"And you place yourself *unreservedly* in my hands?"

For one brief second the Major hesitated, while his sharp, clear, honest eyes scanned quickly the fat, unwieldy figure huddled up in the armchair, the sleepy eyes with their drooping lids, the ill-fitting, shiny black coat, with that yellow-backed French novel protruding from its pocket.

Skin o' my Tooth sat there, with that coy smile of his playing round the corners of his mouth.

Then the Major, with a sudden, frank gesture, put out his hand and said firmly: "Without reserve."

"Muggins, show the Major out," said my chief, with sudden, obvious alacrity.

When I came back—having shown Major Gibson downstairs—I found Skin o' my Tooth absorbed in his French novel. I waited for awhile; then, as he did not speak, I asked at last: "What am I to do now, sir?"

"Nothing, my boy, nothing," he said airily. "Confine yourself to not being an ass for the rest of the afternoon; that will always be something accomplished. In the meanwhile, you can hand me down 'Burke's Landed Gentry' from that shelf."

I gave him the book he wanted.

Then he added: "By the way, Muggins, copy out your notes on a sheet of parchment and engross them neatly. We may require them in that form later on."

III.

Mr. Everard, strange to say, was willing enough to meet Major Gibson and his solicitor, and talk the matter over amicably if possible. I fancy he is a decent enough sort of man, and was only too ready to see the end of this unfortunate business; moreover, I don't suppose that he, either, cared to take his chances of defending a slander action. If by any chance Major Gibson did succeed in making his case good, he would

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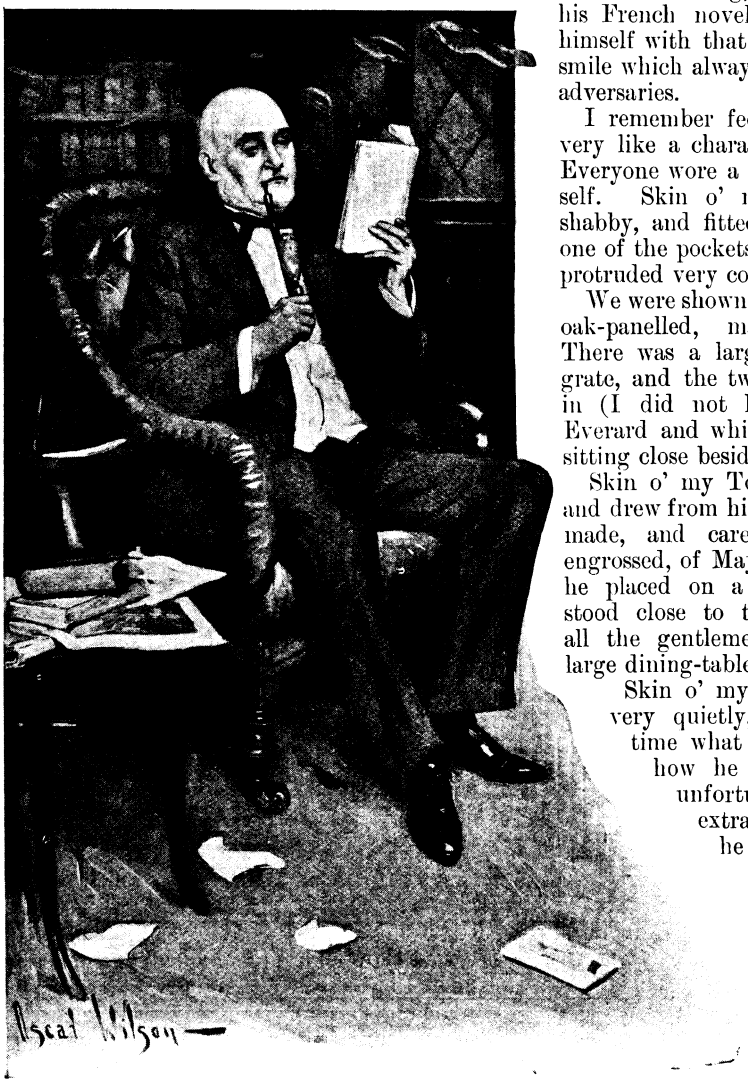
get such thundering damages as even Mr. Everard—rich as he was—would not care to pay. It was finally arranged that Major Gibson, accompanied by Mr. Patrick Mulligan and myself, should be at Mr. Everard's house in Park Lane on Wednesday at 3.30 p.m. Of course, Mr. Everard's solicitor would be present; also Lord Combermury, and—by the special request of Major Gibson, as represented by Mr. Mulligan—Mrs. Everard and Miss Marion Sutcliffe.

I had not the least idea, of course, what Skin o' my Tooth was up to, but the whole of that morning, while he was reading his French novel, I saw him smile to himself with that funny, coy, and gentle smile which always meant mischief to his adversaries.



"I found Skin o' my Tooth absorbed in his French novel."

I remember feeling at that interview very like a character in a French play. Everyone wore a frock-coat—except myself. Skin o' my Tooth's was very shabby, and fitted him badly, and from one of the pockets a yellow-backed book protruded very conspicuously.

We were shown into a fine dining-room, oak-panelled, magnificently furnished. There was a large fire in the big open grate, and the two ladies, when we came in (I did not know which was Mrs. Everard and which Miss Sutcliffe), were sitting close beside it.

Skin o' my Tooth put down his hat and drew from his pocket the notes I had made, and carefully copied out and engrossed, of Major Gibson's case. This he placed on a little side-table which stood close to the mantelpiece. Then all the gentlemen sat down round the large dining-table, and the fun began.

Skin o' my Tooth started talking very quietly, I wondering all the time what he was driving at, and how he hoped to benefit the unfortunate Major by this extraordinary comedy; but he went on talking, and I must confess that never in my life had I heard such a fine string of lies so magnificently uttered.

"I must thank you, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "for so kindly acceding to my client's request. He felt, as I do—as you will, I am sure—that nothing could be more deplorable than the dragging of this unfortunate affair before the public. Major Gibson has been—quite involuntarily, I feel confident, but still grossly—maligned. I will ask you, gentlemen, not to interrupt me just now; you can have your fling at us later on; for the present you must allow me to state positively that Major Gibson is not only absolutely innocent of the ugly charge of theft proffered against him, but is even now the victim of a code of honour as chivalrous as it is misdirected."

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Skin o' my Tooth then, with perfect suavity, started a highly coloured account of the incidents in the library at Belcher Hall, as related to him by Major Gibson. The moonlit garden, the dark room, the rustle of the silk skirt, the clandestine meeting. Of the half-dozen people there present, every one of them—except myself—did their best to try and stop him, to sneer at him; ejaculations, muttered in a whisper, broke out from every side. The ladies looked indescribably shocked and witheringly contemptuous. Mr. Everard looked ready to knock Skin o' my Tooth down, and his legal adviser talked of "extraordinary allegations," of "slander," and "thumping damages." But Skin o' my Tooth sailed serenely on. When the interruptions became too loud, he shouted louder, and that was all.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "when you have quite done calling me a liar, I can get on all right. I don't blame you. I don't even mind telling you that I called Major Gibson a liar myself when I first heard his tale. You see, he kept telling me that he had no proof, no witnesses to corroborate what he had said. Now, I am not one for believing that there is ever a truth without *any* proof; and when my client left me, I said to myself there must be some proof, some witness somewhere. Major Gibson did not recognise the lady. Good! But in that large house and grounds of Belcher Hall, full to overflowing with visitors and servants, someone—I cared not who—*must* have seen that unknown woman in the green gown, or that man; some trace somewhere would be left of her passage or his, some sign, some indication, whether traced by man or by Fate."

Gradually, as he spoke, I noticed that the attitude of his hearers had become considerably modified. There were no interruptions now, no whispered comments. Mr. Everard and the legal gentleman hung upon my chief's words. The Major himself looked as if suddenly a bright vista of hope had been opened before him. As for the ladies, one looked pale and breathless, while the other, leaning back in her chair, kept up that air of dignified hauteur which some English ladies know how to wear when certain matters which they deem objectionable are discussed before them. In fact, when Skin o' my Tooth paused for a moment and began fumbling in his pockets as if in search of something, this same haughty lady said quietly: "Do you not think, Archibald, that in view of the matters which—er—Mr.—er—Mulligan sees fit to discuss here, I and my niece had better go?"

"I beg a thousand pardons," said Skin o' my Tooth urbanely. "I have finished, I assure you. Please do not go. The matter will interest you both. Have I your permission to proceed? Many thanks. It is not necessary, I think, for me to dwell here upon the ways and means I employed on behalf of my client. You may imagine that I left no stone unturned."

I was literally gasping, I can tell you. I am a pretty good liar myself on occasions. I would not enjoy Skin o' my Tooth's confidence if I were not. But I had to humbly confess to myself that in face of Skin o' my Tooth's last assertion with regard to those stones, which to my certain knowledge were made of paper and were all yellow-backed, I was only a bungling botcher. But what I could not make out was what all his fumbling in his coat-pockets meant. I thought that he was looking for the notes, which I had written out so neatly, and which he had placed on the little side-table close to the mantelpiece. Not a bit of it. When I made a movement to get them for him, he looked at me, and I understood that I had better sit still and wait.

"I am quite sure," continued Skin o' my Tooth, after a dramatic little pause, during which I noticed that his whole bulky figure seemed as it were to crouch ready for a spring, "that you will understand what a glorious day it was for me and for my client, Major Gibson, when at last my strenuous efforts were crowned with success. No, ladies and gentlemen! I was *not* mistaken. In that densely populated, magnificent mansion I had unearthed a man who, on that memorable night, was present near enough to the library of Belcher Hall to see the mysterious lady in the green gown give Mrs. Everard's necklace to an unknown thief. This man saw the whole scene from beginning to end. Reasons which I will explain to you presently, but which seemed paramount to him, forced him to silence, until I compelled him to speak. He saw and would know again the man who, like a thief in the night, bullied, then robbed, the woman who was fool enough to ruin her reputation for his sake; he heard the whispered conversation, saw the necklace pass from her hand to his; he recognised the mysterious lady in the green gown, and picked up, after she left, something which had belonged to her, which he holds still——"

Skin o' my Tooth was surpassing himself.

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"Mrs. Everard, as quick as lightning, had seized the notes and thrown them into the fire."

All of us there felt as if electricity filled the air. I am sure I was shaking with excitement from head to foot; both Major Gibson and Mr. Everard were as pale as death, and I thought one of the ladies was about to faint. The other, whom I now knew was Mrs. Everard, had risen from her chair; she was now standing close to the little side-table, almost immediately behind Skin o' my Tooth, who, suddenly dropping his voice and lolling placidly in his chair, said with a gentle smile, in perfectly matter-of-fact tones—

"Unfortunately, misfortune has dogged my steps, or rather those of my poor client. The witness I had so carefully unearthed died a couple of days ago most unexpectedly."

I wondered if I were mistaken, but I certainly thought that I heard a very obvious

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sigh of relief from somewhere. Certain it is that the spell of excitement under which we all had lain was broken, and one or two ironical comments came from that end of the table where Mr. Everard sat with his legal adviser.

But I knew that Skin o' my Tooth had something up his sleeve. I knew that smile of his.

"However, before the man died, I had succeeded in persuading him to swear an affidavit stating all that he had seen. This affidavit I have brought with me to-day, and——"

Then I knew what he had been driving at all along. He was on the alert, and so was I. In the midst of his neatly told lie, he stopped and pointed to my notes, which were lying on the side-table quite close to the chimney.

"Give me that affidavit, Muggins, my boy," he said.

But before I could reach them, before even anyone else had realised what she was doing, Mrs. Everard, as quick as lightning, had seized the notes and thrown them into the fire, while she turned on Skin o' my Tooth and said defiantly—

"At any rate, that woman's name will now remain a secret for ever."

Then I understood. I cared nothing about burning my fingers, but I did want to rescue the remaining fragments of my notes, as I knew they would be wanted.

Mrs. Everard was glaring at old Skin o' my Tooth as if she were a hungry tigress. If looks could kill, my esteemed employer would have been a dead man then. As it was, he smiled placidly, and taking the fragments of half-burnt paper from me, he quietly smoothed them out and placed them on the table before Mr. Everard; then he once more turned towards the angry lady.

"My dear lady," he said very gently, "I feel that I have behaved towards you absolutely like the cad my eminent colleague here present no doubt will call me. Just at this moment I know that you hate me for the odious comedy I had devised in order to extort an unwilling confession from you. Yes, my dear lady, a comedy and a confession. I don't think that I am the only man here present who knows that the Hon. Thornby Oakhurst, your brother, is the grave thorn in a distinguished family's flesh. That with somewhat impulsive thoughtlessness you tried to be of material assistance to him at a time that he was actually flying from the police and unbeknown to your husband, is only natural. That in trying to shield him and your own family honour, you allowed an innocent man to suffer so severely, is only what, under the same circumstances, most of your sex would have done. Let me in my turn confess to you, and to Mr. Everard, to whom I must also offer my humblest apologies, that the only witness present on that fateful night was Major Gibson himself, and that the affidavit which you hoped to destroy consisted of my clerk's notes of the facts taken under my unfortunate client's dictation. There is no woman's name mentioned throughout its few pages, but I think you will admit yourself that in trying to burn that document, you yourself with your dainty hand have plainly written your own."

It is wonderful with what dignity Skin o' my Tooth can speak when he likes. Mr. Everard looked as if he had some difficulty in standing straight. He did not look at his wife, and she did not attempt to speak. What would be the outcome of this extraordinary scene, I could not conjecture. Evidently Skin o' my Tooth was satisfied, for without another word he bowed to everyone, and, with Major Gibson, left the room, followed by my humble self. As I passed out of the door, I gave a final look round at the actors whom we had left on the stage. Mr. Everard had gone up to his wife, who had fallen sobbing into a chair. Miss Sutcliffe was kneeling beside her, trying to comfort her, and Lord Combermury and the solicitor looked as if they wished themselves safely out of the way.

* * * * *

I must say Mr. Everard behaved very well in the matter; both he and Lord Combermury made it their business to see that no shadow of a stain remained on Major Gibson's reputation, though Mrs. Everard's name has, of course, never been mentioned.

It all happened more than a year and a half ago, and everyone has, of course, heard of Colonel Gibson's gallant defence of Elands Drift, with his handful of men. He was married to Miss Sutcliffe about a month ago, and Mr. and Mrs. Everard gave a magnificent reception in their fine house in Park Lane in honour of the bride and bridegroom.

I suppose there was supper served in the room in which we had sat on that day.

Skin o' my Tooth was not asked to the wedding or to the reception. He would not have gone, anyhow.

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THE LOCAL ORACLE.

"I don't 'old with this 'ere talk about the trade of the Hempire a-goin' to hatoms. Whoy, I've sold more cider this year than ever I done!"

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

WHAT I THINK ABOUT GIRLS.

By "Tommy."

A MONOLOGUE.

Edited by Gilbert Stanhope.

I NEVER did think much of girls—never! Either they are lanky and leggy things, and think they can play games just as well as boys, or else they are flirty and silly, and think one ought to be always making love to them. Love, indeed! Such rot! Well, I don't mind telling you that last term, when I caught Stewart Mi. writing a love-letter to his Cousin Grace, I gave him the jolliest thrashing he'd had in his life. The cheek of him! *Stewart Mi.*, who had only come out of the prep. the year before, and wasn't even in the junior footer team, he to be presuming to write love-letters! Besides, we'd allowed him to join our Brotherhood—our grand, mysterious Society that some chaps would give their ears to be allowed to join, only we don't allow it to become too cheap—the "Brotherhood of the Gory Hand"—and one of the vows we have to take is not to let ourselves be mixed up in any nonsense with women. We are all to be either detectives, or pirates, or discoverers of unknown countries when we grow up, and in any of those noble professions one is sure to come to grief if one doesn't steer clear of the women.

No, I never did think much of girls; and after the episode I am about to narrate—doesn't that sound grand and "booky"?—after the episode I am about to narrate, you may bet your bottom dollar I think less of them than ever.

But it really did seem as if Marjorie Verschoyle were more decent than most of them. She was older, for one thing—quite grown up; and she could talk quite sensibly—for a girl—about cricket and hockey and golf, and other things that are really worth talking about, and she saw me bring a gun into the garden without shrinking back and crying out: "Oh! do take care! Are you sure it isn't loaded?"

So I wasn't quite so stiff and stand-offish with her as I am with most girls—on principle—and I explained to her one or two things about the University sports that she had got a little muddled with, and she tried her very best to understand, and wasn't really so stupid, for a girl.

So I really liked to talk to her, and you may imagine how disgusted I was when I came upon her one evening in the garden with that solemn ass, Leonard Ashwell, and I do believe he was talking poetry about the moonlight, faugh!

As I came near, I saw Marjorie's Aunt Henrietta coming down from the house to look for her. Marjorie Verschoyle called out to me quite eagerly to ask what score the Australians had made in

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THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE.

"So you absolutely refuse to pay my dressmaker's bill?"
"Yes, absolutely."
"Well—I shall have to—I shall have to change my dressmaker."

their second innings. No doubt she was tired to death of Shelley and the moonlight, and glad to have a little sensible conversation for a change.

"Oh! it's Master Braddon," said Aunt Henrietta. (Meanwhile Ashwell had sneaked off down the shrubbery). "I am so short-sighted, but I really thought——"

"*Mr.* Braddon is giving me a most interesting account of the cricket match," said Marjorie. *She* knows what is due to a fellow who is in the First Eleven, and will, if the mathematical master is not too beastly prejudiced, be in the Upper Fifth next term.

We had quite a good talk; she seemed to want to get the taste of Ashwell's poetry and moonlight out of her mouth; but half an hour after, when I strolled down the garden to have a surreptitious cigar, blessed if he wasn't at it again! looking at her as sentimentally as—as a cat at a saucer of cream! But there wasn't much sentiment after I joined them, you bet!

Then that Ashwell began trying to make friends with me—asked me into his room to have a quiet smoke, and so on. I suppose he saw that Miss Verschoyle thought no end of me, and so he wanted to get on my right side. But I'm not so easily fooled.

Miss Verschoyle was quite interested to hear that I had been in his rooms, and asked me heaps of questions about the furniture and ornaments, and especially about the photographs.

"Was there one of Miss Disart?" she asked. Miss Disart was a girl who was staying at our house, too—a handsome girl, but not my style, who was making a dead set at Leonard Ashwell.

"No," I told her, "there wasn't one of Miss Disart, but there was a portrait on his writing-table that he was always gazing at when he thought I wasn't looking."

"What—what was it like?" she asked.

"Well, I think it was an actress," I said. (She quite shuddered.) "She had a star in her hair, and stars on her dress, and a great deal of bare shoulder."

Miss Verschoyle blushed. Fancy blushing because I talked of an actress's bare shoulder! But I like girls to be simple, don't you? For us men it's different, but a girl can't be too simple for me.

"And you're sure there isn't one of Miss Disart?" she asked again.

"Sure," I said. "I've got one of her, though, if you want to see one. Her brother is in Watson's House—that's mine, you know—and he swopped it with a lot of other rubbish for my old camera."

THE LAW OF CHANGE.

LADY CUSTOMER: I suppose you miss your husband very much, Mrs. Smith?
WIDOWED SHOPKEEPER: Well, mum, it did seem a bit strange at first, to go in the shop and find something in the till.

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"Look here," said Marjorie confidentially, "I wish you would offer to give it him in exchange for the—for the actress, you know. I should like just to know what he would say."

"By Jove! I will," I cried; "but I'm sure he's too far gone on that actress——" She actually blushed again.

* * * * *

Next time I saw her, she said: "Well, what success?"

"It is just as I expected," I said; "he would not hear of parting with that photograph."

And then she was nicer to me than ever. And she would hardly speak to Leonard Ashwell that day and the next. And he seemed quite low-spirited about it.

And in the evening I heard him trying to persuade her to come with him down to the lake. She seemed hesitating, so I just whispered to her as I happened to pass: "Remember the actress!"

She looked at me and smiled. "Thank you, Tommy, I will."

Just then her Aunt Henrietta came out. "Where are you going, Marjorie?" She was always following Marjorie about and noticing whom she was talking with.

"I was going down to the lake," said Marjorie. "Mr. Braddon will take care of me, won't you, Mr. Braddon?"

Of course I walked off with her, leaving Leonard Ashwell standing there, and jolly well serve him right!

But we had hardly got to the lake when Marjorie began to shiver, and asked me to fetch her a shawl from the house.

Well, of course, I had to go and fetch it; and when I came back, she didn't seem to need a shawl, not much, for Leonard Ashwell's arms were round her, and she had her head on his shoulder.

As you may imagine, I was speechless with disgust. And then he actually had the audacity to kiss her before me and to say: "Congratulate us, Tommy. You've been our best friend all through."

As if I wanted to be a friend to a pair of spoony lunatics!

And the actress? Well, it turned out to be a photograph of Marjorie herself in fancy dress, and flattered out of all recognition.

And if a girl who once seemed to have some glimmerings of sense in her can make such a fool of herself as that, can you wonder that I think less of the sex than ever?

A TERRIBLE THREAT.

DRIVER OF SMART MOTOR CAR (to boorish occupant of caravan, who ignores a request for room to pass): Now, if you don't pull aside immediately, I'll—I'll run you down!

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"SUPPLICATION."

FROM A PAINTING BY HENRY RYLAND, R.I.

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"The squirrel went off in large, free loopy-leps."

THE TABU TALE.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.*

THE most important thing about Tegumai Bopsulai and his dear daughter, Taffimai Metallumai, was the Tabus of Tegumai, which were all Bopsulai.

Listen and attend, and remember, O Best Beloved; because *we* know all about Tabus, you and I.

When Taffimai Metallumai (but you can still call her Taffy) went out into the woods hunting with Tegumai, she never kept still. She kept very unstill. She danced among dead leaves, she did. She snapped dry branches off, she did. She slid down banks and pits, she did—quarries and pits of sand, she did. She splashed through swamps and bogs, she did; and she made a horrible noise.

So all the animals that they hunted—squirrels, beavers, otters, badgers, and deer, and the rabbits—knew when Taffy and her Daddy were coming, and 'mediately ran away.

Then Taffy said: "I'm awfully sorry, Daddy, dear."

Then Tegumai said: "What's the use of being sorry? The squirrels have gone, and the beavers have dived, the deer have jumped, and the rabbits are deep in their buries. *You* ought to be beaten, O Daughter of Tegumai, and I would, too, if I didn't happen to love you." Just then he saw a squirrel kinking and prinking round the trunk of an ash-tree, and he said: "H'sh! There's our lunch, Taffy, if you only keep quiet."

Taffy said: "Where? Where? Show me! Show!" She said it in a raspy-gaspy whisper that would have frightened a steam-cow, and she skittered about in the bracken, being a 'citable child; and the squirrel flicked his tail and went off in large, free loopy-leps to about the middle of Sussex before he ever stopped.

Tegumai was severely angry. He stood quite still, making up his mind whether it would be better to boil Taffy, or skin Taffy, or tattoo Taffy, or cut her hair, or to send her to bed for one night without being kissed; and while he was thinking, the Head Chief of the Tribe of Tegumai came through the woods in all his eagle-feathers.

He was the Head Chief of the High and the Low and the Middle Medicine for the whole Tribe of Tegumai, and he and Taffy were rather friends.

He said to Tegumai: "What is the matter, O Chiefest of Bopsulai? You look angry."

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"I *am* angry," said Tegumai, and he told the Head Chief all about Taffy's very unstillness in the woods; and about the way she frightened the game; and about her falling into swamps because she would look behind her when she ran; and about her falling out of trees because she wouldn't take good hold on both sides of her; and about her getting her legs all greeny with duckweed from ponds and places, and bringing it splashing into the cave.

The Head Chief shook his head till the eagle-feathers and the little shells on his forehead rattled, and then he said: "Well, well! I'll see about it later. I wanted to talk to you, O Tegumai, on serious business."

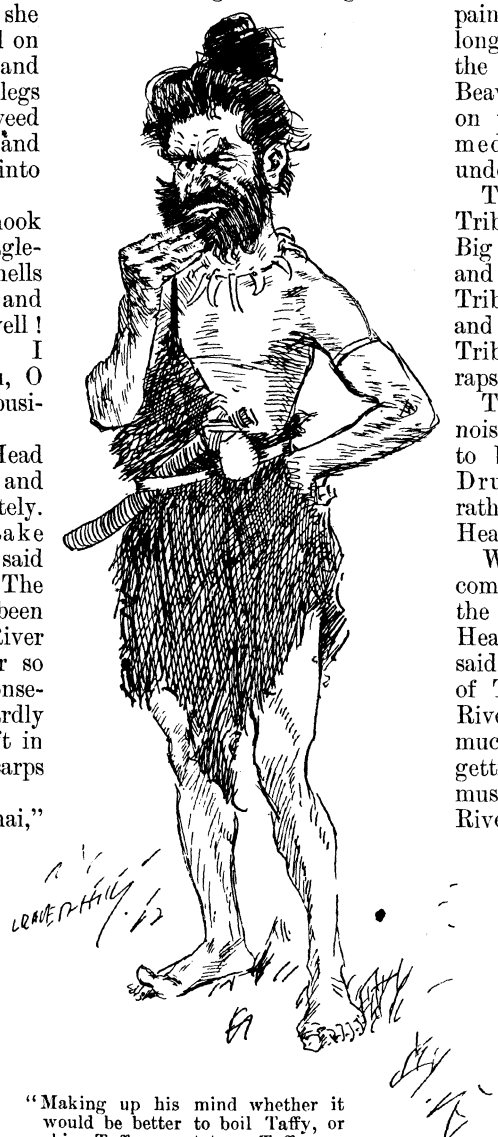
"Talk away, O Head Chief," said Tegumai; and they both sat down politely.

"Observe and take notice, O Tegumai," said the Head Chief. "The Tribe of Tegumai have been fishing the Wagai River ever so long and ever so much too much. 'Consequence is, there's hardly any carp of any size left in it, and even the little carps are going away."

"Quite so, O Tegumai," said the Head Chief. "What do you think of putting the Big Tribal Tabu on it, to stop everyone from fishing there for six months?"

"That's a good plan, O Head Chief," said Tegumai. "But what will the consequence be if any of our people break the tabu?"

"'Consequence will be, O Tegumai," said the Head Chief, "that we will make them understand it with sticks and stinging-nettles and dobs of mud; and if *that* doesn't teach them, we'll draw fine, freehand, tribal patterns on their backs with the cutty edges of mussel-shells. Come along with me, O Tegumai, and we will proclaim the Tribal Tabu on the Wagai River."



"Making up his mind whether it would be better to boil Taffy, or skin Taffy, or tattoo Taffy, or cut her hair."

Then they went up to the Head Priest's head house, where all the Tribal Magic of Tegumai belonged; and they brought out the Big Tribal Tabu-pole, made of wood painted red, twelve feet long and a foot thick, with the image of the Tribal Beaver of Tegumai carved on top, and all the tribal medicine-marks carved underneath.

Then they called the Tribe of Tegumai with the Big Tribal Horn that roars and blores, and the Middle Tribal Conch that squeaks and squawks, and the Little Tribal Drum that taps and raps.

They made a lovely noise, and Taffy was allowed to beat the Little Tribal Drum, because she was rather friends with the Head Chief.

When all the Tribe had come together in front of the Head Chief's house, the Head Chief stood up and said and sang: "O Tribe of Tegumai! The Wagai River has been fished too much, and the carp fish are getting frightened. Nobody must fish in the Wagai River for six months. It is tabu both sides and the middle; on all islands and mud-banks. It is tabu to bring a fishing-spear nearer than ten man-strides to the bank of the river. It is tabu, it is tabu, it is most specially tabu, O Tribe of Tegumai! It is tabu for this month and next month and next month and next month and next month and next month. Now go and put up the Tabu-pole by the river, and don't let anybody pretend that they haven't understood!"

Then the Tribe of Tegumai shouted, and put up the Tabu-pole by the banks of the Wagai River, and swiftly they ran down

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"'It is tabu, it is tabu, it is most specially tabu!'"

both banks (half the Tribe on one side and half on the other), and chased away all the small boys who hadn't attended the meeting because they were looking for crayfish in the river; and then they all praised the Head Chief and Tegumai Bopsulai.

Tegumai went home after this, but Taffy stayed with the Head Chief, because they were rather friends. She was very much surprised. She had never seen a tabu put on anything before, and she said to the Head Chief: "What does tabu mean prezactly?"

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The Head Chief said: "Tabu doesn't mean anything till you break it, O Only Daughter of Tegumai; but when you break it, it means sticks and stinging-nettles and fine, freehand, tribal patterns drawn on your back with the cutty edges of mussel-shells."

Then Taffy said: "Could I have a tabu of my own—a little small tabu to play with?"

Then the Head Chief said: "I'll give you a little tabu of your own, just because you made up that picture writing which will one day grow into the A B C." (You remember how Taffy and Tegumai made up the alphabet? That was why she and the Head Chief were rather friends.)

He took off one of his magic necklaces—he had twenty-two of them—and it was made of bits of pink coral, and he said: "If you put this necklace on anything that belongs to you your own self, no one can touch that thing until you take the necklace off. It will only work inside your own cave; and if you have left anything of yours lying about where you shouldn't, the tabu won't work till you have put that thing back in its proper place."

"Thank you very much indeed," said Taffy. "Now, what d'you truly s'pose it will do to my Daddy?"

"I'm not quite sure," said the Head Priest. "He may throw himself down on the floor and shout, or he may have cramps, or he may just flop, or he may take Three Sorrowful Steps and say sorrowful words, and then you can pull his hair three times if you like."

"And what will it do to my Mummy?" said Taffy.

"There aren't any tabus on people's Mummies," said the Head Chief.

"Why?" said Taffy.

"Because if there were tabus on people's Mummies, people's Mummies could put tabus on breakfasts, and dinners, and teas, and that would be very bad for the Tribe. Long and long ago the Tribe decided not to have tabus on people's Mummies anywhere—for anything."

"Well," said Taffy, "do you know if my Daddy has any tabus of his own that will work on me—s'posin' I broke them by accident?"

"You don't mean to say," said the Head Chief, "that your Daddy has never put any tabus on you yet?"

"No," said Taffy; "he only says 'Don't,' and gets angry."

"Ah! I suppose he thought you were a kiddy," said the Head Chief. "Now, if you show him that you've a real tabu of your own, I shouldn't be surprised if he put several real tabus on you."

"Thank you," said Taffy; "but I have a little garden of my very own outside the cave, and if you don't mind I should like you to make this tabu-necklace work so that if I hang it up on a wild-rose bush in front of the garden, and people go inside, they won't be able to come out till they have said they are sorry."

"Oh, certainly, certainly," said the Head Chief. "Of course you can tabu your own garden."

"Thank you," said Taffy; "and now I will go home and see if this tabu truly works."

When she got back to the cave, it was nearly time for dinner; and when she came to the door, Teshumai Tewindrow, her dear Mummy, instead of saying: "Where have you been, Taffy?" said: "O Daughter of Tegumai! come in and eat," same as if she had been a grown-up person. That was because she saw a tabu-necklace on Taffy's neck.

Her Daddy was sitting in front of the fire waiting for dinner, and he said the very same thing, and Taffy felt *most* important.

She looked all round the cave to see that her own things (her private mendy-bag of otter-skin, with the shark's teeth and the bone needles and the deer-sinew thread, her mud-shoes of birch-bark, her spear and her throwing-stick and her lunch-basket) were all in their proper places, and then she slipped off her tabu-necklace quite quickly and hung it over the handle of the little wooden water-bucket that she used to draw water with.

Then her Mummy said to Tegumai, her Daddy, quite accidental: "O Tegumai! won't you get us some fresh drinking-water for dinner?"

"Certainly," said Tegumai, and he jumped up and lifted Taffy's bucket with the tabu-necklace on it. Next minute he fell down flat on the floor and shouted; then he curled himself up and rolled round the cave; then he stood up and flopped several times.

"My dear," said Teshumai Tewindrow, "it looks to me as if you had rather broken somebody's tabu somehow. Does it hurt?"

"Horribly," said Tegumai. He took Three Sorrowful Steps and put his head on one side, and shouted: "I broke tabu! I broke tabu! I broke tabu!"

"Taffy, dear, that must be your tabu," said Teshumai Tewindrow. "You'd better

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pull his hair three times, or he will have to go on shouting till evening; and you know what Daddy is like when he once begins."

Tegumai stooped down, and Taffy pulled his hair three times times; and he wiped his face, and said: "My Tribal Word! That's a dreadful strong tabu of yours, Taffy. Where did you get it from?"

"The Head Chief gave it me. He told

"He took off one of his magic necklaces."

me you'd have cramps and flops if you broke it," said Taffy.

"He was quite right. But he didn't tell you anything about sign-tabus, did he?"

"No," said Taffy. "He said that if I showed you I had a real tabu of my own, you'd most likely put some real tabus on me."

"Quite right, my only daughter dear," said Tegumai. "I'll give you some tabus that will simply a-maze you—stinging-nettle-tabus, sign-tabus, black and white tabus—dozens of tabus. Now attend to me. Do you knows what this means?"

Tegumai skiffled his forefinger in the air snaky-fashion. "That's tabu on wriggling when you're eating your dinner. It is an important tabu, and if you break it you'll have cramps—same as I did—or else I'll have to tattoo you all over."

Taffy sat quite still at dinner, and then Tegumai held up his right hand in front of him, the fingers close together. "That's the Still Tabu, Taffy. Whenever I do that, you must stop *as* you are whatever you're doing. If you are sewing, you must stop with the needle half-way through the deerskin. If you're walking, you stop on one foot. If you're climbing, you stop on one branch. You don't move until you see me go like this."

Tegumai put up his right hand and waved it in front of his face two or three times. "That's the sign for Carry On. You can go on with whatever you are doing when you see *that*."

"Aren't there any necklaces for that tabu?" said Taffy.

"Yes. There is a red and black necklace, of course, but how can I come tramping through the fern to give you a Still-tabu-necklace every time I see a deer or a rabbit and want you to keep still?" said Tegumai. "I thought you were a better hunter than that. Why, I might have to shoot an arrow over your head the minute after I had put Still Tabu on you."

"But how would I know what you were shooting at?" said Taffy.

"Watch my hand," said Tegumai. "You know the three little jumps a deer gives before he starts to run off—like this?" He looped his forefinger three times in the air, and Taffy nodded. "When you see me do that, you'll know we've found a deer. A little jiggle of the forefinger means rabbit."

"Yes. They run like that," said Taffy," and jiggled her forefinger the same way.

"Squirrel's a long, climby-up twist in the air. Like this."

"Same as squirrels kinking round trees. *I* see," said Taffy.

"Otter's a long, smooth, straight wave in the air—like this."

"Same as otters swimming in a pool. *I* see," said Taffy.

"And beaver's just as if I was smacking somebody with my open hand."

"Same as beavers' tails smacking on the water when they are frightened. *I* see."

"Those aren't tabus. Those are just signs to show you what I am hunting. The Still Tabu is *the* thing you must watch, because it's a big tabu."

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"I can put the Still Tabu on, too," said Teshumai Tewindrow, who was sewing deer-skins together. "I can put it on you, Taffy, when you get too rowdy going to bed."

"What happens if I break it?" said Taffy.

"You can't break a tabu except by accident."

"But s'pose I *did*," said Taffy.

"You'd lose your own tabu-necklace. You'd have to take it back to the Head Chief, and you'd just be called Taffy again, and not Daughter of Tegumai. Or perhaps we'd change your name to Tabumai Skellum-zulai—the Bad Thing, who can't Keep a Tabu, and very likely you wouldn't be kissed for a day and night."

"Umm!" said Taffy. "I don't think tabus are fun at all."

"Well, take your tabu-necklace back to the Head Chief, and say you want to be a kiddy again, O Only Daughter of Tegumai!" said her Daddy.

"No," said Taffy. "Tell me more about tabus. Can't I have some more of my own—my very own—strong tabus that give people Tribal Fits?"

"No," said her Daddy. "You aren't old enough to be allowed to give people Tribal Fits. That pink necklace will do quite well."

"Then tell me more about tabus," said Taffy.

"But I am sleepy, daughter dear. I'll just put tabu on anyone talking to me till the sun gets behind that hill, and we'll go out in the evening and see if we can catch rabbits. Ask Mummy about the other tabus. It's a great comfort that you are a tabu-girl, because now I shan't have to tell you anything more than once."

Taffy talked quietly to her Mummy till the sun was in the right position. Then she waked Tegumai, and they got all their hunting things ready and went out into the woods. But just as she passed her little garden outside the cave, Taffy took off her tabu-necklace and hung it on a wild rose. The garden border was only marked with white stones, but she called the rose the real gate into it, and all the Tribe knew it.

"They crossed the Wagai River on a fallen tree."

"Who do you s'pose you'll catch?" said Tegumai.

"Wait and see till we come back," said Taffy. "The Head Chief said that anyone who breaks that tabu will have to stay in my garden till I let him out."

They went along through the woods and crossed the Wagai River on a fallen tree, and they climbed up to the top of a big bare hill where there were plenty of rabbits in the fern.

"Remember you're a tabu-girl now," said Tegumai, when Taffy began to skitter about and ask questions instead of hunting for

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rabbits; and he made the Still Tabu sign, and Taffy stopped as if she had been all turned into solid stone. She was stooping to tie up a shoestring, and she stayed still with her hand on the string (*We* know that kind of tabu, don't we, Best Beloved?), only she looked hard at her Daddy, which you always must do when the Still Tabu is on. Presently, when he had walked a long way off, he turned round and made the Carry On sign. So she walked forward quietly through the bracken, always looking at her Daddy, and a rabbit jumped up in front of her. She was just going to throw her stick when she saw Tegumai make the Still Tabu sign, and she stopped with her mouth half open and her throwing-stick in her hand. The rabbit ran towards Tegumai, and Tegumai caught it. Then he came across the fern and kissed her and said: "*That* is what I call a superior girl-daughter. It's some pleasure to hunt with you now, Taffy."

A little while afterwards, a rabbit jumped up where Tegumai could not see it, but Taffy could, and she knew it was coming towards her if Tegumai did not frighten it; so she held up her hand, made the Rabbit Sign (so as he should know that she wasn't in fun), and she put the Still Tabu on her own Daddy! She did—indeed she did, Best Beloved!

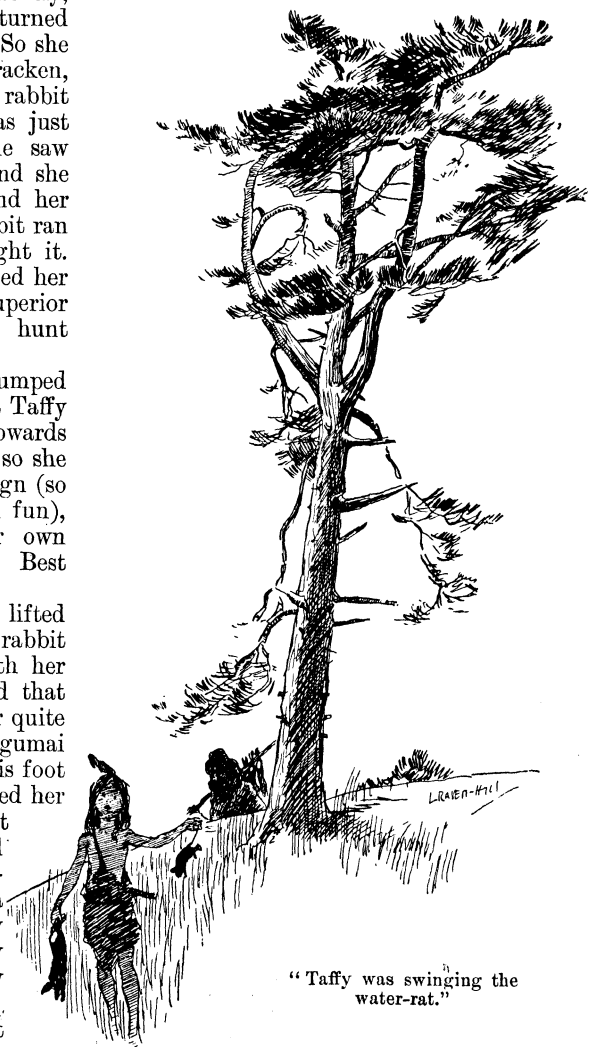
Tegumai stopped with one foot half lifted to climb over an old tree-trunk. The rabbit ran past Taffy, and Taffy killed it with her throwing-stick; but she was so excited that she forgot to take off the Still Tabu for quite two minutes, and all that time Tegumai stood on one leg, not daring to put his foot down. Then he crossed over and kissed her and threw her up in the air, and put her on his shoulder and danced and said: "My Tribal Word and Testimony! This is what *I* call having a daughter that *is* a daughter, O Only Daughter of Tegumai!" And Taffy was most tremensely and wonderhugely pleased.

It was almost dark when they went home. They had five rabbits and two squirrels, as well as a water-rat. Taffy wanted the water-rat's skin for a shell-purse. (People had to kill water-rats in those days because they couldn't buy purses, but *we* know that water-rats are just as much tabu, these particular days, for you and me as anything else that is alive.)

"I think I've kept you out a little too late," said Tegumai, when they were near home, "and Mummy won't be pleased with us. Run home, Taffy! You can see the cave-fire from here."

Taffy ran along, and that very minute Tegumai heard something crackle in the bushes, and a big, lean, grey wolf jumped out and began to trot quietly after Taffy.

Now, all the Tegumai people hated wolves



"Taffy was swinging the water-rat."

and killed them whenever they could, and Tegumai had never seen one so close to his cave before.

He hurried after Taffy, but the wolf had heard him and jumped back into the bushes. Those wolves were afraid of grown-ups, but they used to try to catch the children of the Tribe. Taffy was swinging the water-rat and singing to herself—her Daddy had taken off all tabus—so she didn't notice anything.

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There was a little meadow close to the cave, and by the mouth of the cave Taffy saw a tall man standing in her rose-garden, but it was too dark to make out properly.

"I do believe my tabu-necklace has truly caught somebody," she said, and she was just running up to look when she heard her Daddy say: "Still, Taffy! Still Tabu till I take it off!"

She stopped where she was—the water-rat in one hand and the throwing-stick in the other—only turning her head towards her Daddy to be ready for the Carry On sign.

It was the longest Still Tabu she had had put upon her all that day. Tegumai had stepped back close to the wood and was holding his stone throwing-hatchet in one hand, and with the other he was making the Still Tabu sign.

Then she thought she saw something black creeping sideways at her across the grass. It came nearer and nearer, then it moved back a little and then crawled closer.

Then she heard her Daddy's stone throwing-hatchet whirr past her shoulder just like a partridge, and at the same time another hatchet whirred out from her rose garden; and there was a howl, and a big grey wolf lay kicking on the grass, quite dead.

Then Tegumai picked her up and kissed her seven times and said: "My Tribal Word and Tegumai Testimony, Taffy, but you *are* a daughter to be proud of! Did you know what it was?"

"I'm not sure," said Taffy, "but I think I guessed it was a wolf. I knew you wouldn't let it hurt me."

"Good girl," said Tegumai, and he stooped over the wolf and picked up both hatchets. "Why, here's the Head Chief's hatchet!" he said, and he held up the Head Chief's magic throwing-hatchet, with the big green stone head.

"Yes," said the Head Chief from inside Taffy's rose garden, "and I'd be very much obliged if you would bring it back to me. I came to see you this afternoon when you were out, and I accidentally stepped into Taffy's garden before I saw her tabu-necklace on the rose tree. So, of course, I had to wait till Taffy came back to let me out."

Then the Head Chief in all his feathers and shells took the Three Sorrowful Steps with his head on one side, and said: "I broke tabu! I broke tabu! I broke tabu!" and bowed solemnly and statelily before Taffy, till his tall eagle-head feathers nearly touched the ground, and he said and sang: "O Daughter of Tegumai, I saw everything that happened. You are a true tabu-girl; I am very pleased at you. At first I wasn't pleased, because I had to wait in your garden since six o'clock, and I know you only put tabu on your garden for fun."

"No, not fun," said Taffy. "I truly wanted to see if my tabu would catch anybody; but I didn't know that a little tabu like mine would work on a big Head Chief like you, O Head Chief."

"I told you it worked. I gave it you myself," said the Head Chief. "Of course it would work. But I don't mind. I want to tell you, Taffy, my dear, that I wouldn't have minded staying in your garden from twelve o'clock instead of only six o'clock, to see how beautifully you kept that last Still Tabu that your Daddy put on you. I give you my Chiefly Word, Taffy, that a great many men in the Tribe wouldn't have kept that tabu as you kept it, with that wolf crawling up to you across the grass."

"What are you going to do with the wolf-skin, O Head Chief?" said Tegumai, because any animal that the Head Chief threw his hatchet at belonged to the Head Chief by the Tribal Custom of Tegumai.

"I am going to give it to Taffy, of course, for a winter cloak, and I'll make her a magic necklace of her very own out of the teeth and claws," said the Head Chief; "and I am going to have the story of Taffy and the Still Tabu carved in wood on the Tribal Tabu-pole, so that all the girl daughters of the Tribe can see and know and remember and understand."

Then they all three went into the cave, and Teshumai Tewindrow gave them a most beautiful supper, and the Head Chief took off his eagle-head feathers and all his necklaces; and when it was time for Taffy to go to bed in her own little cave, Tegumai and the Head Chief came in to say good-night, and they romped all round the cave, and dragged Taffy over the floor on a deer-skin (same as some people are dragged about on a hearthrug), and they finished up by throwing the otter-skin cushions about and knocking down a lot of old spears and fishing-rods that were hung on the walls. At last things grew so rowdy that Teshumai Tewindrow came in and said: "Still! Still Tabu on every one of you! How do you ever expect that child to go to sleep?" And they said the really good-night and Taffy went to sleep.

After that, what happened? Oh, Taffy learned all the tabus just like some people we know. She learned the White Shark

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Tabu, which made her eat up her dinner instead of playing with it (and that goes with a green and white necklace, you know); she learned the Grown-Up Tabu, which prevented her from talking when Neolithic ladies came to call (and, you know, a blue and white necklace went with that); she learned the Owl Tabu, which prevented her staring at strangers (and a black and blue necklace went with that); she learned the Open Hand Tabu (and we know a white necklace went with that), which prevented her snapping and snarling when people borrowed things that belonged to her; and she learned five other tabus. But the chief thing she learned, and the one that she never broke, not even by accident, was the Still Tabu. That was why she was taken everywhere that her Daddy went.

LOVE IN DISGUISE.

I MOURNED beneath the willow tree,
And shrouded came a nymph to me,
And slid her hand in mine.
Her boldness I did much upbraid,
And said: "Begone, thou wanton maid;
I seek no love of thine!

"Nor do I hope to wake again
My heart all stricken with disdain,
And drive it forth to woo.
No! No! Forlorn I sit and sigh,
And call on Death to let me die,
Since Phyllis is untrue."

"Ah!" cried the maid, "why, therefore, chide,
Since I indeed am fitted bride
For one so pale and wan?"
She held me in a close embrace,
Nor could I see her hidden face
And still I cried: "Begone!"

"If thou art Love, thy labour's vain;
I hold thy boldness in disdain,
I care no more to woo.
But be thou Death, for whom I cry,
Thy lover then indeed am I,
Since Phyllis is untrue."

"Oh! I am Love," she whispered low,
"And fain I too with Death would go;
My lover cold is he,
Who bids me fly the trysting-place."
She raised the veil from off her face—
My Phyllis smiled on me!

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.

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THE MONEY KINGS OF THE MODERN WORLD.

By W. T. Stead.*

No IV.—BARON SHIBUSAWA OF JAPAN.

IN the preceding articles I have sketched in outline the salient features of the careers of the most notable Money Kings of the Modern World. I have now to describe one who, in some respects, is more remarkable than any of those who have preceded him in this series.

Baron Shibusawa, of Japan, although not much of a millionaire—much less a multi-millionaire save in Japanese *yen*, of which ten go to a pound sterling—combines in his own person many of the distinctive characteristics of the monarchs of the financial world. He is neither a king crowned, like Leopold, nor a *roi fainéant*, like most of the English millionaires. He reminds us a little of the founder of the Rothschild dynasty by his courage, initiative, and enterprise; of Cecil Rhodes by his vast dreams of Japanese extension; of Pierpont Morgan by his skill in the promoting and amalgamating of great commercial corporations, and of M. Witte by the astuteness with which he conceals political designs behind the extension of financial facilities. And, over and above all these traits of character common to the greatest of his compeers, the Japanese Baron has distinctions as well marked and as remarkable as the characteristics which distinguish the Land of the Rising Sun from the countries of the western world.

BARON E. SHIBUSAWA.

From a portrait woven in Japanese silk on the machines in the Kyoto Mills.

Japan, the island home of the romance and the mystery of the East, has often set the world in amazement since she condescended to enter the lists of modern civilisation. But who could have anticipated that out of the ranks of the two-sworded Samurai, who forty years ago guarded the ancient home of a jealous and exclusive feudalism, there would spring a man who, at the beginning of the twentieth century, would be generally recognised as one of the best, if not actually the supreme incarnation of financial genius, of business enterprise, and of commercial expansion?

Baron Shibusawa the Morgan of the East.

In a recent conversation with an eminent American banker, I was fortunate enough to secure a rapid sketch of the money kings of the United States. What he said was somewhat on this wise: "We have no kings in the United States, but only a plutocratic aristocracy. It is a modern feudal system. The Republic is portioned out between great interests, which have superseded the district as the unit of sovereignty. In England in the Middle Ages you had your duke, who, from his feudal castle, exercised all but regal authority over the whole countryside. He levied tax and toll upon his vassals, he administered justice, raised armies, and ruled and reigned as the earthly Providence—or the diabolical scourge—of the countryside. We have the same kind of thing in America, only the basis of the power of plutocratic

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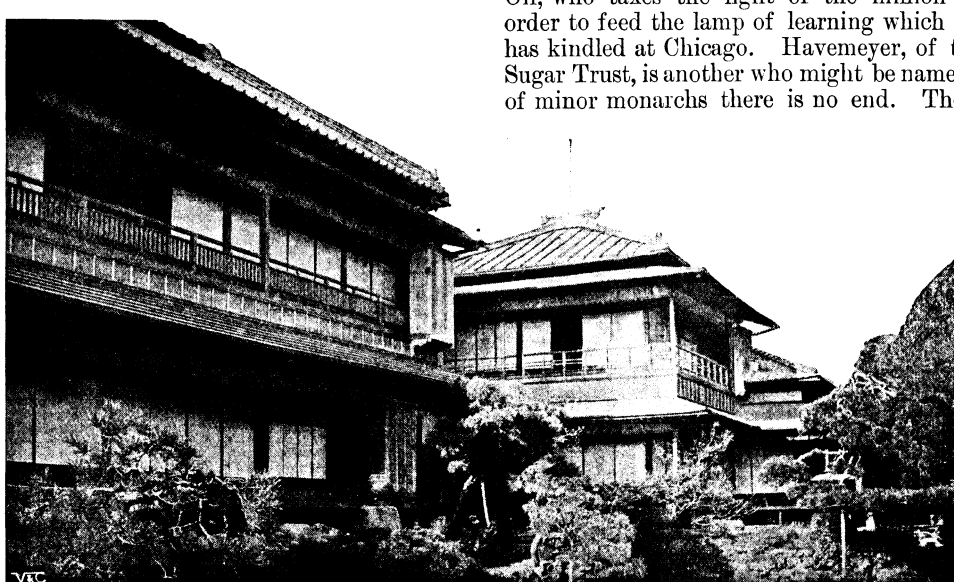
BARON SHIBUSAWA'S OFFICE IN TOKYO.

feudalism is not territorial, but financial. There are, for instance, the railway kings. They require nearly 200,000 miles of metalled way. Each of their vast satrapies represents the conglomeration of innumerable smaller lines. Each of these lords of the metalled way makes alliances, levies war, invades territories, and reigns with despotic sway over a standing army of hundreds and thousands of able-bodied men. There are Pierpont Morgan and J. J. Hill at the head of one great confederacy. There are the Colossi, Rockefeller and Vanderbilt, each with his own domain. There are Harriman and Cassatt and Gould and Moore, each with a distinct realm within which his will is law. What is the authority of a Senator or even of a President compared with the sovereignty of these men within their own peculiar domain? Then there are the great banking kings: Stillman and George Baker; the iron kings, of whom the most conspicuous, Andrew Carnegie, has just vacated the throne. Greatest of all is Rockefeller, of the Standard Oil, who taxes the light of the million in order to feed the lamp of learning which he has kindled at Chicago. Havemeyer, of the Sugar Trust, is another who might be named; of minor monarchs there is no end. These



BARON SHIBUSAWA'S HOME IN TOKYO.

men are the rulers of the Republic to-day, or if not of the Republic, at least of so many citizens of the Republic that what they say goes."

Imagine a newly developed country in which, owing to the exceptional circumstances of its late awakening, it was possible for one man to concentrate in his own person all the authority and influence of all the railway kings, of the shipping rings, of the great industrial undertakings, so that he could be described as being at once the Vanderbilt, the Rockefeller, the Pierpont Morgan, and the Carnegie of Japan, and you can form some idea of the position of Baron Shibusawa. It is, of course, quite true that his operations are on a smaller scale. The total mileage of all the Japanese railways does not reach one-fiftieth of the mileage of the railways of the United States. There were at the close of the century under four thousand miles of railway in Japan, which would be a mere siding to the gigantic system of the Vanderbilts. But it is all there is of railways in Japan, and in the formation of the private companies which constructed most of these Japanese lines no man was so influential as Shibusawa. On the sea, Japan makes a better showing. Long before Pierpont Morgan conceived his great Atlantic combine, Shibusawa had created the great Japanese Mail Steamship Company, the fifth largest steamship company in the world, whose seventy steamers carry the Japanese flag over all the seven seas, and earn a good dividend for the stockholders who have invested two and a half million pounds on the faith of Shibusawa's financial genius.

In everything relating to the industrial development of modern Japan he has taken and still takes a prominent part. It must sometimes seem to Baron Shibusawa, as he passes through the country, as if he were the creator of its prosperity. He is connected in one way or another with over one hundred and thirty companies, and is president or director of between thirty and forty of the largest companies in Japan.

The Captain of a Score of Industries.

A visitor to the Baron's beautiful gardens and house on the outskirts of Tokyo once asked him why he did not endeavour to remove some large paper-mills which disfigured the view from his windows, and change the course of the railway track which passed the foot of the hill on which his house stands. He replied that it would be difficult for him to complain, since he was president both of the mills and of the railway. Of banks the Baron has promoted numbers.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

Besides the First National Bank, there are the Bank of Japan, the Yokohama Specie Bank, the Japan Industrial Bank, and the Crédit Mobilier of Japan. Of miscellaneous companies, he has started and supported scores for gas-making, electric-lighting, shipbuilding, weaving, spinning, hemp and rope manufacturing. His companies own collieries, build railways, make bricks and cement, manufacture hats and fertiliser, refine sugar, dredge harbours, and manage stud-farms.

His career is as interesting as his achievements are prodigious. He is only sixty-two years of age, and his activity spans the whole period of the Japanese revival. I met him last summer in London and was much impressed by his youthful vigour and keen intelligence. Yet he was already in his teens when the American Commodore Perry first burst open the door by which Japan had shut herself out from the rest of the world. He was born in 1840, at a place forty-five miles from Tokyo, where his family had for generations been engaged in farming pursuits, to which they added the culture of silkworms and the manufacture of indigo. Shibusawa was educated at home, and as a boy he is said to have shown little indication of the future bent of his genius. Like other boys, he was noted for a fondness for fiction,

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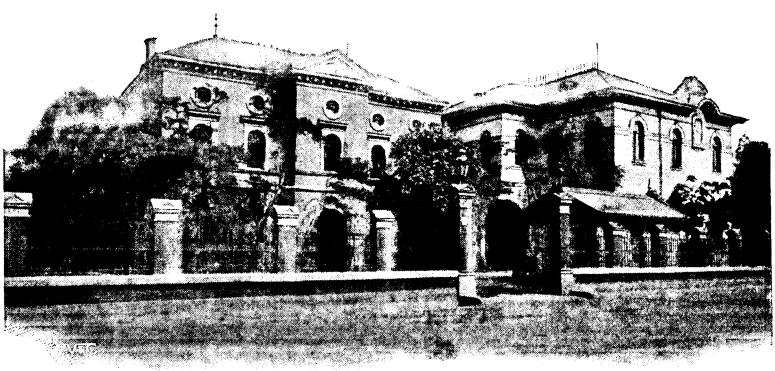
a taste which, being carefully developed, led him to the reading of history and the study of Chinese classics. When he grew towards manhood, he practised fencing; and when he was old enough to swear allegiance to one of the feudal lords at Kyoto, he displayed sufficient promise to be allowed to reorganise the military system of the clan to which he belonged, and, what is still more significant, to carry out various financial reforms in its administration. These were the days when Japan was passing through the pangs of her new birth. The power of the Tycoon was tottering to its fall. The star of the Mikado was already visible on the horizon. Young Shibusawa, although keenly sensitive to the spirit of revolution that was in the air, nevertheless entered the service of the Tycoon, and when he was twenty-seven years of age was appointed to accompany the brother of the Tycoon on his mission to Europe. He arrived in Paris on the eve of the fall of the Empire. Napoleon III. had still three years to reign before the second Empire crashed at Sedan, and the ascendancy of the Tycoon was also near its close.

The Japanese Mission naturally excited immense attention. It was the first, or almost the first, which had been despatched from the far East to the farthest West. Napoleon did his Oriental visitors the honours of his capital, and the splendour and luxury of Paris intoxicated the young Japanese *attaché*. He saw with quick and piercing intuition that the old order in his own country was passing away, and expressed his conviction by a sudden and dramatic action, significant of the character of the man. He was a Samurai, one of the warrior class. He was attached to the suite of the Tycoon, and wore the traditional costume of his people. Realising in a moment that the breach with the past must be complete and irrevocable, he cut off his top-knot, discarded the Japanese dress, laid aside his two swords, and arraying himself in the sombre garb of the West European, he had his picture taken and sent the photograph home to his family. It came to them like a thunderbolt from the blue. Never had they dreamed, not even in nightmare, that one of their race could be guilty of such apostasy. His kindred lifted up their voices and wailed aloud over the loss of honour, the ineffable disgrace that had overtaken young Shibusawa. The young man paid little heed to their lamentations. He was learning French in Paris, and, after all, he had but anticipated in his own person the revolution which was about to be accomplished by his whole nation.

When he returned to Japan, he found the country heaving in the throes of incipient revolution. He continued in the service of the Tycoon; and when his chief surrendered power into the hands of the Mikado, Shibusawa was appointed to a subordinate post in the department of the Treasury. In 1870, when he was thirty years of age, he became Assistant Vice-Minister of Finance. It was an eventful time, one in which men of capacity found ample opportunity for making their mark. In those days Japan was blessed with a rice standard of currency, and the land was flooded with depreciated paper, with a face value of so much rice, which was practically inconvertible. This evil system Shibusawa, with the support of Count Inouye, succeeded in reforming; when he left office, the notes were at a premium. Shibusawa was appointed Inspector of Trade, and it was after observing the operation of trade and commerce that he decided to abandon a political for an industrial career. He says: "I realised that the real force of progress lay in actual business, not in politics, and that the business element was really the most influential for the advancement of the country, so I gave up my political position and devoted my life to business, in which I have continued until to-day. I soon came to the conclusion that the capital of an individual



EDIFICE OF THE TOKYO BANKERS' ASSOCIATION, AND THE BANKERS' CLUB.

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is not enough to accomplish very much, and I then became the means of introducing the company system into Japan. The idea was successful, and the Government approved it. Since then I may say that every industry in the country has increased—some twenty

THE BARON AS A YOUNG MAN.

times, some ten times, and none less than five times."

Oriental Prejudices Against Trade.

The immediate cause of his resignation, however, was his inability to check what he regarded as the ruinous extravagance of the Mikado's Cabinet. Count Inouye and he had with great difficulty established the currency on a sound basis and had restored the value of the Government paper, only to find everything jeopardised by an extravagant Ministry.

Englishmen, to whom nothing appears more natural and obvious than the exchange of a political position for an industrial career, cannot appreciate the courage which was displayed in thus stepping down and out from the official hierarchy into the then despised ranks of the merchant, the trader, and the banker. Shibusawa was not deficient in courage. He saw where real power lay, and although it seemed to his people that he was making sacrifice of a promising career, he was not afraid to stoop in order to conquer. He conquered, but the struggle was severe, and even now the battle is not wholly won. Only last year, on his return from the Western world, he told the Tokyo Chamber of Commerce that in Japan the old prejudice still held its ground. He said: "All the countries of Europe and America vie with one another in developing their own respective commercial interests, while the case stands quite different in Japan, where the old feelings of contempt against the trading class still retain their influence to a great measure. Business men may be partly to blame for it, but our society at large must also be held responsible. Unless the standing of business men is raised in Japan, her future will be anything but happy and promising. The war, not of soldiers, but of business men, is being constantly fought nowadays all over the world, and the crown of victory will rest with those who are successful in their commercial enterprise. The lamentable condition of our trading class will result in hampering the progress of the country."

He did not allow it to hamper him. His first act when he gained an independent position was to found the First National Bank, an institution which is very much on the lines of the American National Banks. Acting at first as superintendent, he was soon appointed president, a post which he has held ever since. In 1878, on the formation of the Tokyo Chamber of Commerce, he was appointed its president. He still holds this position.

To tell the story of his subsequent achievements would be to write the history of the industrial awakening of Japan. Shibusawa had never much capital of his own to dispose of. But he commanded confidence, and that

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JAPANESE GENDARMES IN KOREA.

gave him command of the capital of the people. The joint-stock company was the magic wand by which he worked his miracles.

Having decided to adopt business as his career, he remained deaf to all entreaties to return to politics. Not even Count Inouye, his former chief, could induce him to accept a post in the Administration. The temptation, it must be admitted, was not very great. On accepting office he would have had to resign all his directorships and abandon the control of the great industrial and financial combinations of which he is the life and soul. Notwithstanding the prejudice against the mere banker, the Emperor delighted to do Shibusawa honour. He appointed him a member of the House of Peers, which post he resigned, however, in 1891. He was created a Peer with the title of Baron in 1900. He was the first business man who was ever ennobled in Japan.

Baron Shibusawa has a healthy detestation of militarism. He was, to put it frankly, quite disgusted when President Roosevelt could find nothing better to say to him than to congratulate him upon the naval and

ON BOARD H.I.T.M.S. "ASAMA" AT THE CORONATION REVIEW.

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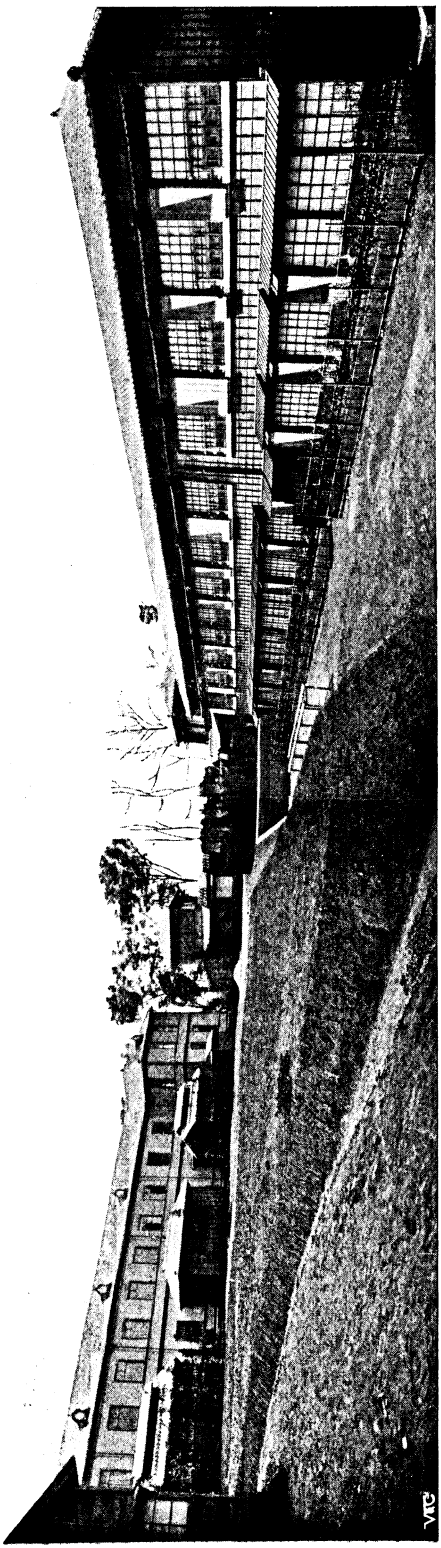

THE DORMITORIES, GIRLS' COLLEGE, LARGELY FOUNDED BY BARON SHIBUSAWA.

military prowess of his countrymen. When he returned to Japan, he told his countrymen: "I was warmly received by the prominent men of the world, but on what grounds? The President of the United States praised Japan because of her military prowess and fine arts. Are not Germany, France, and England praising Japan to the sky on the same grounds? If the warm reception that I received abroad is based on the feelings that I come from a country known for its military exploits, I must confess that that reception is a death-blow to our cause; because too much militarism, I am afraid, will sap the very life of a nation." A sound sentiment which does honour to the man.

Yet Baron Shibusawa is no "Little Japanese." "No pent-up Utica contracts his powers." He aspires to command the trade of the Pacific, to extend Japanese influence over Korea, and to make Japan one of the greatest countries in the world. He holds the views that the Orient belongs to Japan for commercial purposes. He told Alfred Stead: "I think we can supply the Oriental markets, even now, better than any other nations can, although the trade is necessarily mostly in the form of exchange of products. The trade of the Oriental countries will come to be regarded as Japan's natural share, and she is already well capable of supplying it." He is no wild dreamer, however, and he is under no delusion as to the possibility of Japan being able to compete, "for two or three generations, at least," in European and American markets. Japan's reliance in this international rivalry must not be placed on the cheapness of her labour. Her hope lies in increasing the skill of her workmen and in improving the morality of her people. He told the Tokyo Chamber of Commerce last year some home truths under this head. "In spite of myself, I hesitate to say that Japan has as high morality in commerce as England, America, and Germany. As long as the present low state of morality is continued, all our attempts to obtain capital from abroad will be absolutely futile. Laws may be improved, but the barrier of morality is by far the stronger of the two. Let us use every possible means to improve the standard of our business morality."

He is opposed to the latter-day craze of attempting to push business by conquest. But he is keenly alive to the importance of developing binding relations with Korea, which is the natural hinterland of Japan. His chief work for the Empire at present is his task of commercially developing Korea.

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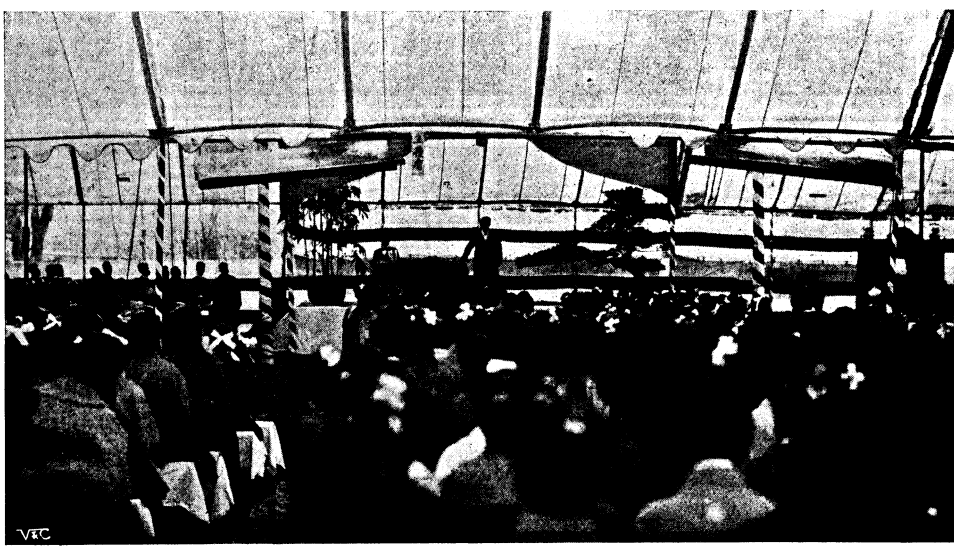
He has founded many agencies of his bank in the principal towns; his bank manages to a great extent the finances of the country, and greatest of all his triumphs, his construction of the Chemulpo-Seoul and the Seoul-Fusan railways, promises to rival the Russo-Chinese Bank and its railways in results.

Baron Shibusawa also owns gold-mines in Korea, which will be worked to great profit when the railway line is in working order. One of the features of the railway line is the provision that at each station of this Korean railway there must be a hotel fitted up in European fashion.

In his dealings with Korea, Baron Shibusawa reminds us of M. Witte and of Mr. Rhodes. Fortunately, he shows no disposition to imitate the impatience which led Mr. Rhodes to launch his country into the ruinous catastrophe of the South African war.



BARON SHIBUSAWA ADDRESSING THE STUDENTS OF GIRLS' COLLEGE.

What Shibusawa Thinks of Europe.

Baron Shibusawa is keenly alive to the need of introducing capital for the purpose of developing the vast resources of his country. His passionate patriotism never blinds him to the benefits which Japan can reap from a judicious study of foreign nations. He is never so eloquent as when protesting against the old, narrow, exclusive spirit which he regards as scandal. Progressiveness and conservatism are inconsistent. I once asked him what he thought of the Government of Great Britain. "Your conservatism," he replied, "is so strong as to render progress very difficult."

In France he chiefly admired the Paris Chamber of Commerce. He says: "It appeared to me to be by far the best regulated of all the chambers of commerce I had seen. Having been organised under a system of strict legal supervision, it has under its control the Trade Investigation Bureau which is run by the combined efforts of itself and the Government. Reports are regularly drawn up by the Bureau to give accurate information concerning the commercial condition of the world." But France, he thought, notwithstanding her Chamber of Commerce, is the country for artists, not for practical business men. Germany he admired "for the calm, quiet, scientific manner in which, with her people, science and commerce go hand in hand." Of the English he spoke with enthusiasm for the earnestness and sincerity with which they prosecute all their undertakings. "Their spirit of steadiness and perseverance," he said, "strikes terror even into the hearts of the progressive Americans." In this respect he thinks they set an example to his own countrymen, who are wildly impulsive, but are too easily discouraged when economic conditions are hard. His observations upon the United States will be read with most interest on both sides of the Atlantic. He says: "Commerce and industry in America are progressing by leaps and bounds; America is a great assimilative force. Men of all ranks, differing in

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temperament and training, are formed into one body. Each man in America pushes his own interest, without taking into consideration the case of others, and, yet, when any vital question requiring the united action of the whole arises, they all co-operate and work under the principle of America as a nation. America is rich in agricultural products and progressive in industrial enterprises, and knows no bounds to her future development. What I am most concerned about is the fact that the progress of America will not be confined within its own domain, but she will spread her wings of progress to the far East. Japan will have, indeed, a strong rival in America for spinning, weaving, and in paper manufacturing. Moreover, America can furnish money at low rates of interest, and can adopt the latest mechanical appliances, handled by the most experienced workmen. America can produce things on a large scale, thus reducing the cost of raw materials; everything in Japan is just the opposite—the interest high, the machinery small and imperfect, workmen inexperienced, and the productive power insignificant.

"Parodoxical as it may appear, America, which was the first to introduce us to the civilisation of the world, and which has been our warmest friend, will turn out to be Japan's strongest rival in the field of commerce and industry."

Baron Shibusawa is very sanguine as to the future of his country. He has a level head and is not carried away by the impulsiveness which characterises so many Japanese. He stood almost alone after the Chinese war, when he denounced the reckless investment of capital which followed the payment of the indemnity. The disasters that followed the disregard of his warning will perhaps make his word more potent in a future crisis. The Baron is a man of great philanthropy, and he is, perhaps, more interested in the Asylum for the Poor, in Tokyo, and his school for the reformation of bad boys, than even in the development of Korea. Certainly when he was in London he was much more interested in Doctor Barnardo's Orphanage than the splendours of the Coronation.

The Baron is of medium Japanese height, sturdily built, with a strong face, full of quiet force and determination. A recent writer has thus described him: "His head large and fully rounded, and his broad, athletic shoulders of leonine structure and suppleness, really constitute the man. His face, which in a photograph does not seem very foreign, is highly characteristic of the best type of Japanese manhood. It is wide and full, and crowned by a broad, liberal, overtopping brow. His eyes are small, but piercingly keen, though soft and expressive in conversation. The Baron meets all men as equals. There is no hauteur or stiffness, and he talks without the palpable reserve so common and so disagreeable in men who have fought their way through difficulties."

Alfred Stead, who spent some time in Japan in 1901, and had frequent opportunities of studying the Baron at home and in his business, has put on record in his interesting and useful volume, "Japan, Our New Ally," the following estimate of the regard in which Baron Shibusawa is held by his own countrymen:—

"Baron Shibusawa is beloved of everyone, rich and poor, great and small, and, go where one will, it is impossible to hear a bad word about him, or hear tell of an unkind action. Such a reputation is rare, and yet with it Baron Shibusawa is acknowledged as the most powerful influence in economic circles in Japan."

It is well to have to include in this series such a pleasant picture of the well-won popularity of a money king.

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THE GAME OF STICKÉ:

ITS EVOLUTION AND PROGRESS.

By Capt. Hon. M. R. C. Ward, R.A., and Lieut.-Col. O. E. Ruck, R.E.

FOLLOWING on in continuation of the articles on ball games previously published in this magazine, including tennis, rackets, and ping-pong, we propose to describe a game which, in our humble opinion, combines the advantages of all these games, and one which has latterly made great strides in military circles. This is the game known as Stické.

As to its origin, we do not find it mentioned in the prize-lists of the old Olympian games, neither does it boast of such an ancient pedigree as the modern game of golf. So far as our researches lead us, we can positively affirm that it dates back to a period subsequent to the discovery of catgut and indiarubber, but considerably before the more immediately Ante-Ping-Pong period. We read in the Badminton Series that the game of Sphairistické was invented by Major Wingfield in 1874; a game which was played, not like our Stické with four walls, but on an open court, very much akin to that of modern lawn tennis, with the origin of which it was intimately connected.

READY FOR SERVICE: IN THE COURT AT SPIKE ISLAND, QUEENSTOWN, IRELAND.

After ransacking the archives, we consider that we have finally located the origin of Stické at the Scientific School of Gunnery at Shoeburyness, Essex, at a period contemporaneous with the introduction of lawn tennis, in the early 'seventies of the last century.

As mentioned in a previous number of the Windsor Magazine, there are many more racket-courts than tennis-courts; but it is considered that if the present boom in Stické-courts continues, which seems likely to those who know the game, within quite an appreciable time there will be many more Stické-courts than racket and tennis courts combined; exclusively, that is, of lawn tennis-courts, which have their numerous advocates and their own acknowledged sphere of usefulness in the great ball-game family of the present day.

For the information of those who possibly have never seen a Stické-court, we will state where certain typical ones are to be found; and wherever found, it will be at once seen that they are in a flourishing condition and supported by a numerous *clientèle*. A return ticket from Fenchurch Street will enable the enterprising investigator to proceed to Shoeburyness and to scrutinise on the spot the prototype of those vigorous offshoots which have planted themselves, so to speak, both at home and on foreign soils.

So far these Stické-courts have chiefly flourished in warm and southerly latitudes at home, as at Gosport, Portsmouth, Golden Hill, Freshwater (Isle of Wight), Spike Island, Queenstown, Dover, and Lydd; and abroad at Rawul Pindi, Bermuda, and in the Dominion of Canada.

Wherever the game has been played, it

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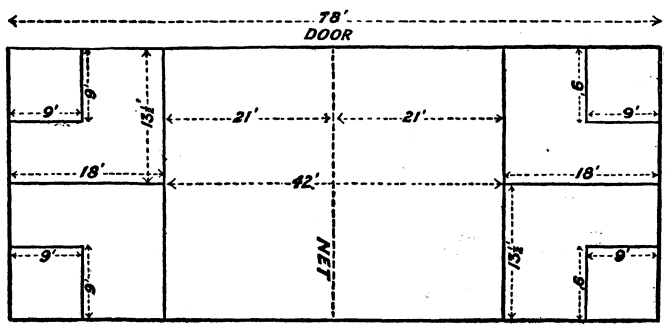
has always met with the universal approval of those who have tried it. One of the writers, in introducing an ex-champion tennis player of the United States to the game during the summer of 1900, was informed, after two or three prolonged rallies, that the ex-champion considered it was one of the finest and most remarkable games ever introduced into British North America—in fact, it was a "bully" game.

It was in the old-world town of St. George, in the sunny Bermudas, that it was the privilege of one of the writers to build his first Stické-court (by desire) and there to become initiated into the *finesse* of the game. Climatic considerations do not, however, influence the game in the remotest degree—all sites, in whatsoever country and in any latitude, are congenial. There is a Stické-court in Halifax, N.S., and the immunity of the game against wind constitutes also one of the secrets of its popularity in the "still-vexed Bermoothes."



PLAN OF COURT.

Height of WALLS—9ft with 6ft wire netting above.
" " NET—3ft 7ins at posts or ends
" " TAPE—8ins above ground.

Prior to the year 1891 only three Stické-courts were in existence in the United Kingdom, two being at Shoeburyness, and one at Lydd. The courts at Shoeburyness were constructed about the year 1874, and owed their existence to some officers on the staff of the School of Gunnery, who, finding that there was no chance of a proper racket-court being built, owing to the continual heavy gun-firing, conceived the idea of making a temporary substitute at little or no expense, by the aid of wooden service targets, nine feet square, of which there was always an ample supply. At this time the game of lawn tennis was in its infancy, and had only been recently introduced under the name of Sphairistické; and as the new game was a compromise between rackets and lawn tennis, it was christened Stické to distinguish it. After the formation of these courts by laying down a floor of targets, back and side walls were similarly constructed; a three-feet height of net across the centre, with a tape line about six feet high as a service line, completed the arrangement. The great difficulty at that time was to obtain a satisfactory ball, the ordinary squash indiarubber ball flattening up with a heavy stroke; but after a few months it was found that an uncovered lawn tennis ball answered the purpose well. It was soon found that the luxury of being able to hit the ball with full strength, either in volleying or half-volleying, made the game of a very much faster description than lawn tennis. From the very first the game took on greatly and, as a man's game, entirely put lawn tennis in the background. The court at Lydd was a very peculiar one, as the floor was constructed of iron rails, once forming the permanent way of the well-known, but not very successful, Suakim-Berber Railway. Two layers of rails were used, the top layer being inverted and locked into the lower rail; this made a very good floor, and for trueness left nothing to be desired; but it was extremely severe on the feet of the players, and very costly as far as shoes were concerned. The walls of the court were made of nine-feet wooden targets, as at Shoebury. The court is a great boon to officers who come to Lydd annually during the summer months for gun-practice, lawn tennis being almost out of the question, for at Lydd it very often blows half a gale of wind at various times of the year. In the summer of 1891, to everybody's dismay, when the camp was opened, the floor of the Stické-court was found to have once more resumed its proper function, having been removed (by order), as it was required for the extended line of railway to the artillery ranges. This was a severe blow to all Stické players, there being not over-much to do at Lydd during leisure hours; consequently, there was a clamorous demand for a new court, which, with very little delay, was constructed with a concrete floor—the concrete of which was easily made from the shingle which extends

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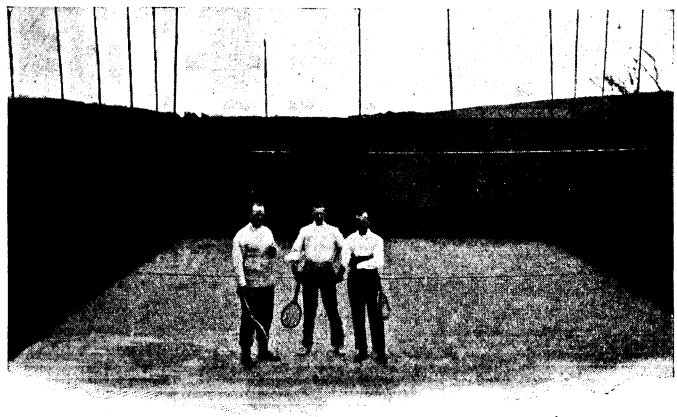
for many miles in the vicinity of Lydd and Dungeness. As usual, the walls were made out of nine-feet targets.

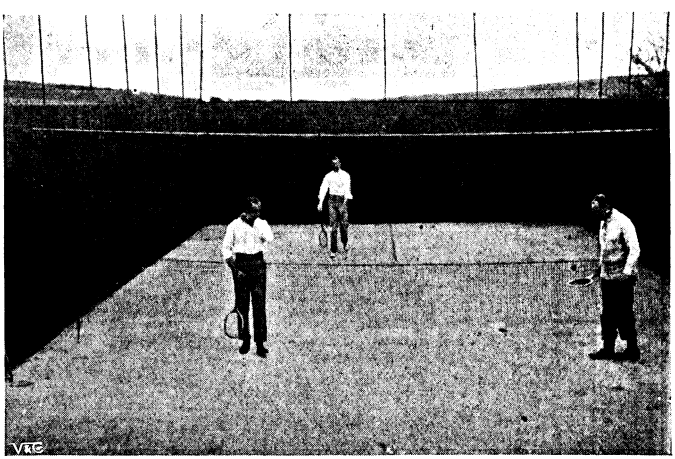
The next court constructed was at Fort Grange, Gosport, in the spring of 1893. Targets not being procurable, the walls were of deal planks, vertical, and fastened to strong wooden uprights let into concrete; the floor was of concrete faced with Portland cement. This court was built outside the fort, and formed a great matter of curiosity to the inhabitants, who could not understand it, many persons thinking it was a chicken-run or something of the sort.

In 1894, another court was built, and this time at Spike Island, Queenstown, Ireland. On this island there is a large and somewhat old-fashioned bastion fort, with a very extensive dry ditch round it. In this so-called ditch, under the escarp of the fort, was the Stické-court; this position was of great advantage, the masonry fort entirely screening the court from the sun in the afternoon; but by properly planning Stické-courts to face S.E. and N.W., the dazzling effects of the sun can be completely neutralised.

The above-mentioned three courts were different in their construction to those subsequently built, as the side walls only reached laterally to within eight feet of the net, and then inclined at an angle outwards, and seats were provided in the wings so formed, for spectators on the ground floor. This type has now been discontinued, because the ball was continually going out of play by being hit into the wings, a source of consternation to the spectators, especially the ladies. The side walls now run the whole length of the court, which is a far better arrangement; for in the above-mentioned type of court, a great many useful strokes were lost, and the audience were exposed to no small amount of danger. In the newer courts in the Isle of Wight, Halifax, N.S., Bermuda, and in the existing courts at Shoeburyness, the door is close to the net, and the wire on which the net is mounted passes through holes in each wall. A very good arrangement for fastening the net is to make one end of the wire fast outside the court, and to bring the other end over a sheave, when it can be set up taut by means of a purchase: two small single metal blocks rove with a little piece of sash-line answer the purpose well. In these newer courts the spectators are treated with far more consideration, as a gallery is built at one end of the court capable of seating six or eight people, who can view the game in absolute safety behind the wire netting. Another improvement in the construction of Stické-courts is effected by arranging the planks in the side walls horizontally, which makes the ball come off a good deal faster.



COURT AT GOLDEN HILL.



STICKÉ-COURT AT GOLDEN HILL, FRESHWATER, SHOWING VERTICAL BOARDING TO WOODEN WALLS.

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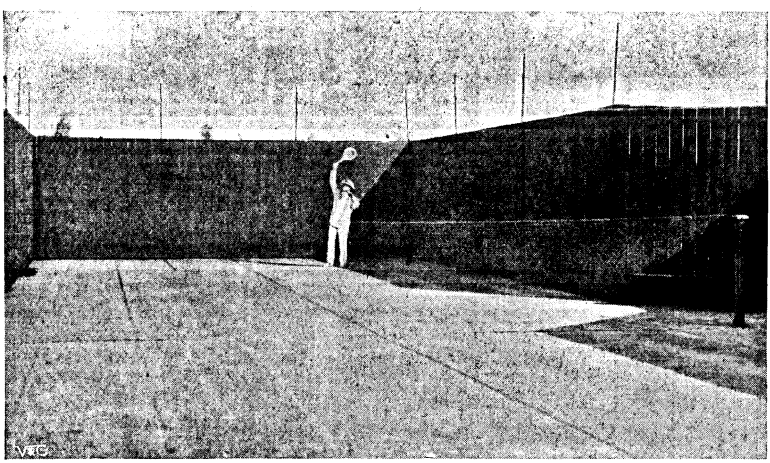
With two well-matched opponents, the single is undoubtedly the better game, and surprisingly long rallies frequently occur. Still, the foursome has its advantages, and a good game can generally be arranged, unless one player out of the four is immeasurably superior or inferior to the others. It also commends itself to those who from inability or disinclination are not up to much running about; though with four good players plenty of exercise can be obtained.

Having dealt very generally with the game, it may be as well to explain the play a little more in detail. As far as the rules are concerned, there is no difficulty in becoming conversant with them, since the scoring is the same as at rackets. An effort was made in early days at Shoeburyness to assimilate the marking to that of the old game of tennis, but the absence of chases and a penthouse and their influence in changing the ends for service made the originators of the game decide on racket scoring, which has held its own up to the present day. The court is marked out as follows:—



STICKÉ-COURT AT GOSPORT, SHOWING THE WING FOR SEATS FOR SPECTATORS.

The length is 78 ft. by 27 ft. in width, the height of walls 9 ft., with at least 6 ft. of wire netting above that, to prevent the balls from being hit out of court. In each corner is marked, in red or black paint, a square of 9 ft. side, where the server must stand; 18 ft. from the back wall comes the service line, and from the middle of this a line is painted to the middle of the back wall, dividing that part of the court into two equal parts. In the centre of the court is the net, now the same height as for lawn tennis; and 8 ft. above the ground, immediately above the net, is stretched a tape from side wall to side wall. Variations in the height of both net and tape have been made from time to time, but to no very great extent. The server, who stands in the 9 ft. square, must serve over the tape, and the ball must pitch beyond the service line and inside the opposite half of the court. If the ball falls short, or in the wrong court, or strikes or goes under the tape, it constitutes a fault. If, however, the ball fails to go over the net, or hits the wire netting, or pitches on the top of the side or back walls, or if two faults are made, the service hand is out.

A fault can be taken, but the word "Taken!" must be said, and it is very unusual to take a fault at Stické. The object of the tape is to penalise the service a little, as otherwise it could be made almost untakable. Formerly the net was a good deal higher, but even then a tape was a necessity.

A ball striking the net on the top and then going over counts down, which is a great source of annoyance to lawn tennis players who are new to the game of Stické. The service can be volleyed, which constitutes a very important factor in the game; very difficult service can be overcome by volleying, and the player who can do this well and with certainty combined with placing has a very decided advantage over his adversary, which is particularly apparent in a single. For instance, suppose the service in the right court to be volleyed into the opposite left, the server has barely time to get across to take it; and even if he succeeds in doing so, it is ten chances to one that he sends back an easy return, which is promptly killed. If, on the other hand, the server can drop his ball on the opposite side wall some distance from the back wall, it becomes very hard to volley, and would generally have to be taken on the first bounce; and time is thus gained for the server to get into the middle of the court, where he will have a far better chance.

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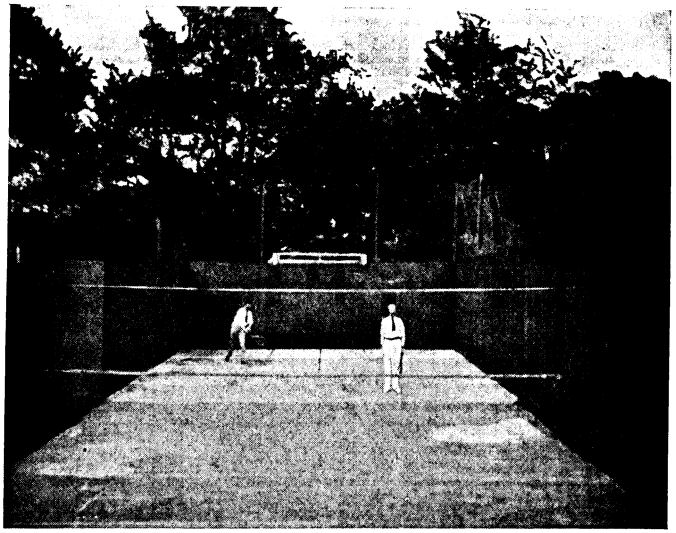
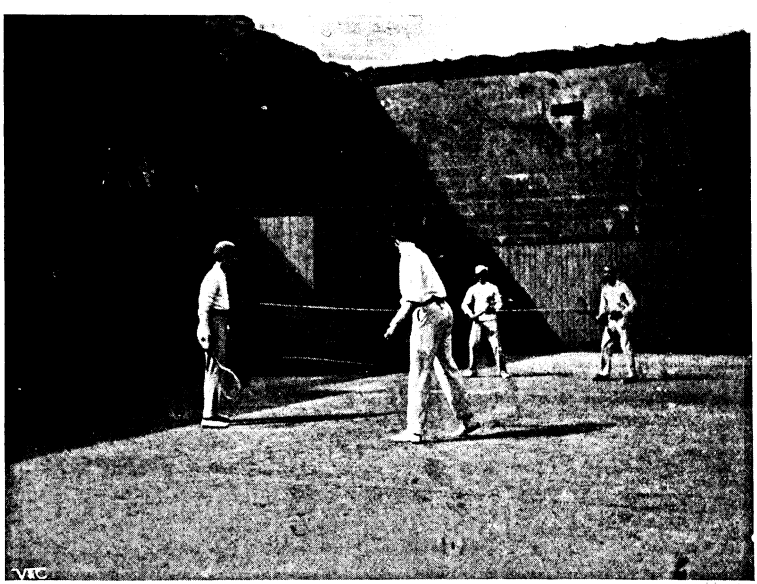


ROYAL ARTILLERY OFFICERS AT THE SCHOOL OF GUNNERY, IN THE COURT AT SHOEBURYNESS.

Judicious placing is everything, especially in a single, and is far more efficacious than brute force "slamming." A great many players, especially beginners, think that the great thing is to hit as hard as possible on all occasions, the result generally being a "net" result; or else the ball hits the wire and goes out of court. There are, however, times when hard hitting is certainly the game, and, combined with placing, it has a very demoralising effect and can be practised with great advantage; but the golden rule is this: Aim low and at your opponent; it will certainly alarm him, and the ball, being soft, cannot hurt him except at very close range.

One of the most effective strokes is a backhander from the left court into the opposite left court, with plenty of cut on it; it should strike the opposite side wall about a foot from the ground, and perhaps three feet from the back wall. The ball will generally pass behind your opponent's back; and in the case of a foursome, he will, in his endeavours to take it, most probably collide against his partner. The angle at which the ball comes off the wooden walls is very deceptive at first, especially to racket players, who would naturally stand a good deal too wide for it; but a little practice will soon show the right place to stand. Squash-rackets most nearly approaches Stické as far as the angles are concerned, and a good squash-racket player should find no difficulty in very soon becoming a good Stické player. Another very effective stroke is to hit the side wall on your own side at a sharp angle; the ball will then glance off at the most surprising angle when it touches the ground on the other side, and, unless it is volleyed, will generally baffle the best of players. The ball in a stroke of this kind will assume an oval shape something like a cucumber. This stroke is called in Stické parlance "a poached egg," though the origin of the term, like that of some golfing ones, is not immediately apparent.



ON THE QUI VIVE FOR A TEASER: IN THE COURT AT SPIKE ISLAND, QUEENSTOWN.

One great advantage of the game is that it can be played in winter, provided

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it is not raining or snowing. One of the writers cleared a foot of snow off the court at Halifax, N.S., in the morning, and played all the afternoon in ten degrees of frost.

With regard to bats and balls, an ordinary light lawn tennis racquet is all that is required. About twelve ounces is a good weight. The balls used now are a little smaller and lighter than uncovered lawn tennis balls, but should be well inflated; they vary a good deal in this latter respect. Both racquets and balls are procurable from Mr. W. Coupe, the postmaster at Shoeburyness, the price of the balls being 4*d.* each. Mr. Coupe has supplied the above to Stické-courts in most parts of the world.

Ordinary rubber-soled shoes are required, but the concrete floor is very severe on them, unless it has a very smooth facing on it. Rope-soled shoes answer the purpose equally well, and do not tire the feet nearly as much as rubber shoes. A very good shoe can be procured with a jute sole, and though not much to look at, will outlast two pairs of ordinary rubber shoes.

The rules are nine, and are as follows:—

1. The net to be three feet seven inches at posts, and stretched taut.

2. The line to be at a height of eight feet from the floor, and stretched.

3. The server to stand with one foot within the service court, and to serve over the line into one of the large courts diagonally opposite. The ball may touch the side or back walls before touching the ground.

4. The service hand is out if the ball strikes the net, even if it goes over, or the side posts, or the wings, or is served out of, or over, the walls, or if he serves two faults in succession.

5. Should the ball not pass over the line, the server should call "Cut!" The striker may take a "cut," but must call "Taken!" immediately after "Cut!" is called.

6. The ball in play is dead if it strikes the net, even if it goes over, if it strikes the edge of the side walls, or the upper edge of the back or side walls.

7. The side that wins the toss has choice of courts, or of going in first, but not both.

8. The game is scored as at rackets.

9. A ball may be volleyed in service at any stage of the game.

And now with regard to the all-important point as to what the cost of building is, and who should be employed to construct a Stické-court. We would remark that the price varies according to the nature of court required, and for what climate; in all cases we recommend the concrete floor as a *sine qua non*, wooden walls for cheapness, masonry walls for durability; a gallery of some sort in all cases. For building such a court, only three handy and willing men are required—namely, the village carpenter, the mason, and the excavator or agricultural labourer within the meaning of the Act. This valuable triumvirate should be able to construct the wooden form of court, with a floor of 3 in. to 4 in. of concrete laid on 18 in. of broken brick or rubble, for a sum well under £100 in a temperate climate; where extreme frost has to be provided against and the concrete guarded against cracking, as in Canada, £120 should be about the price. With masonry walls and an extensive gallery on each side to hold fifty people in each, £300 to £400 would be about the figure. In very hot climates it will be found necessary, in order to prevent the warping of the horizontal planking of the side walls due to heat, to have the timbering stouter than is needed in a temperate climate, and the boarding should not be what is called "tongued and grooved." In a very windy climate, such as in Bermuda, the boarding should also be stiff and the uprights strong.

One of the chief advantages of this game is its general cheapness, both as regards the cost of construction of the courts, and also as to the working expenses when constructed, which are very small. Chief amongst these maintenance services are the periodical painting of the marking outlines inside the court, and occasionally of the walls themselves, with some kind of indestructible paint. The player buys a Stické racquet for 10*s.*, and uses a new ball perhaps once in half-a-dozen games or so, price 4*d.* per ball; we find that the average cost per game to the player is about one halfpenny, including balls, where a court is much used, as in the military courts described. The rules of the game are simple, the game easy to learn, and suited to all classes of performers; the game is one that can be taken up with satisfaction by the average individual, and does not require a long novitiate before satisfactory progress is made by ordinary persons of mature age and understanding. It is not a selfish game, and leaves no unpleasant after-effects which trouble the introspective mind of the player, but rather a tranquil, exhilarating, and healthful sense of cheerful contentment for well-earned exercise faithfully performed.

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"THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN!"

FROM A DRAWING BY G. P. JACOMB-HOOD.

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A MAN TO RUN.

By B. A. CLARKE.*

IN West Lawton there are conflicting opinions about the tenants of "The Cedars" (the importance of the family warrants general discussion), but no one denies that the Miss Smiths know how to enjoy themselves. Having the entry of more fashionable worlds, the girls do not go out much locally; but where they go, they enjoy themselves beyond all question. Mr. Smith is vice-president of the Conservative Club, and expects his daughters to attend the club's annual dance, and for somewhat similar reasons they are to be met at the hospital subscription Cinderellas and the Volunteer ball. The Miss Smiths mean dancing on the occasions, and if there are not enough eligible men, will make do with the best obtainable. (The partners and male acquaintances of a Miss Smith are "men"—other West Lawton girls speak of "gentlemen." Here, in a nutshell, you have the measure of the family's superiority.) Amused themselves, they see to it that their partners have a good time also. Critics of their own sex may disparage them, but for a man to do so is proof positive that he has not been introduced. If you have ever spoken harshly of the family, the recollection will confront you reproachfully the first time the white shoulders of a Miss Smith shake appreciatively at your tentative humour. When in evening dress, the Miss Smiths laugh at everything. And the girls will not cut a man they have once danced with, however ineligible. They may drop him; but cut him—never. Whenever he meets them in the Broadway, there will be a bow and a gleam of teeth; for with all their greatness they are thoroughly good-hearted girls, and it comes natural to them to treat young men kindly.

The Conservative dance takes place in June, and attracts rather a better crowd than the other functions. For one reason, the party leaders in the local parliament support it, Cabinet Ministers who have little time or inclination for frivolity. As partners they are in request. They do not revolve so lightly as the social butterflies, but their conversation is considered more improving.

Towards the middle of the only Conservative ball that concerns us (to be precise, the bars announcing the supper Lancers had been played), the Home Secretary was observed searching the sitting-out-rooms with a recognised expression of anxiety. There is a tension about Kate Smith's prospective partners exceeding that of the seekers of other girls. Of the second Miss Smith, it is sufficient to say that her name has never appeared upon a dance programme accompanied by description or comment. Bennet Marshall, whose first social appearance in West Lawton this was, had filled his card with precautionary "Brown eyes and white tulle," "Crimped hair and lilies of the valley," and the like; but to this dance, although he had never seen the second Miss Smith until the M.C. had introduced him, he had written "K. S." merely. When his opportunity came, he knew that he would be ready.

The second Miss Smith was in the conservatory with the Prime Minister.

"I assure you the music has not begun—will not begin for several minutes," he was saying as Bennet Marshall approached.

The Home Secretary darted a wrathful and rebellious glance at his chief.

"My dance, I think?" he said sweetly, with that sudden change of expression usual at such crises.

Kate Smith rose cheerfully and hurried away on his arm.

"Do let us get with the others," she said.

"We want another couple here," said the M.C., when they entered the ballroom.

The girl pinched her partner's arm.

"Right over in the corner," she whispered. "We always dance there."

Marshall found three Miss Smiths awaiting them, and three inadequate men.

"Why are you two so late?" said Minnie Smith. "We nearly had the most dreadful couple quartered upon us."

Of course it was Kate she welcomed; but she spoke to Marshall, and for some reason he was gratified.

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The Smith girls always dance the squares together; but they speak freely to one another's partners, and make them, for the time being, members of the charmed circle. The other girls have something to say about this exclusiveness, but the male sharers of these aristocratic romps become partisans for life.

On this occasion, the directing spirit of the set was Leslie Smith. She was Marshall's "corner," and from the moment of his "setting" to her she took him in hand with a friendly imperiousness, the more charming from his being secretly afraid of her. A girl of fifteen, particularly if her features be classical, will daunt the boldest. So far, Marshall, although particularly anxious to shine, had said little. The inspiration came from the corner. He was swinging Leslie round, as she insisted upon being swung round, the double plat was standing out horizontally from the pretty dark head, when she made a remark so just, and at the same time so incongruously mature, that the young man laughed aloud. He suggested a development of her idea (he was good at that kind of thing), and she smiled approval.

"Leslie was upon her knees, busy with a whitewash brush."

He repeated the whole conversation to his partner (during the second figure), and when in the fourth Leslie and a schoolboy came to visit them, he had something ready that was very brilliant indeed. On his returning the visit, he felt that the schoolgirl had been awaiting it.

During the fifth figure he talked all the time that he was with his partner, explaining to her the full beauty of the repartees that had passed in his encounter with her sister. He was happy, and Kate was quite satisfied. Her smiles, her grey eyes, and her pretty shoulders were in constant evidence, and these, after all, constituted her conversational gifts. After the Lancers there was a long sit-out, the supper-room not being sufficiently large to accommodate all the guests at once, and the Home Secretary, at first, found himself at a loss. It was like trying to score at cricket with a partner who will not leave his crease. It must be boundaries or nothing—and he was not warmed up for boundaries. Conversation came to an absolute standstill.

"Let us call Leslie over here," said Kate. "She is capital fun, and you seem to know exactly how to take her."

Leslie came to her sister's beck, dragging with her the schoolboy who had been making a scared attempt to engage her in a flirtation. The contest between Leslie and Marshall was renewed with spirit. Marshall was really the cleverer, but not so quick, and with less initiative. A ministerial position does not tend to the development of these graces. Leslie's brightness captivated him; but when anything smart was said, he looked at the elder sister. The conversation veered round to cricket. On this topic the girl was strangely dogmatic and impatient of discussion.

(Three of the Smith boys have represented

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Winchester, the youngest being the R. L. W. Smith now playing for Middlesex. "The Cedars" run a private eleven. Their refusal to play the local club was a standing grievance.)

"I play cricket," said Marshall, to justify his right to an opinion.

"I am glad to hear it. I think that all young men should."

"This season I have been playing for West Lawton."

Leslie opened her eyes. That men did play for this club she knew, but that anyone should "let on" about it seemed inexplicable.

"There is nothing like candour," she said, laughing.

"Last Saturday I made a hundred and nine."

Kate Smith drew in the corners of her mouth. The cricketers she was accustomed to meet were less naïve.

"Our boys would not have told a girl that," said Leslie.

"No?"

"They would have mentioned the total and every other player's score, and left the hearer to make the subtraction. I like your way best."

"I should have thought you were good at subtraction," said Marshall. "Seriously, I would not have bragged about my deeds if I had thought you would have heard of them otherwise."

"Well, as you have made a big score, and have been so nice and straightforward about it, you shall be rewarded. You shall play for 'The Cedars' next Saturday, and go in first."

Without waiting for the young man's acquiescence, she took a list from her pocket and added his name.

"The boys told me to find another man for Saturday."

"They leave everything to Leslie," said Kate.

"Now about fielding," said Leslie. "Let me see——"

She put her head upon one side and surveyed Marshall critically.

"You look to me like a 'mid-off.'"

"Is that a compliment? I am anxious to know, because I always stand there."

"Rather. Do you know that when I was quite a little girl, I resolved that I would never marry anyone but a 'mid-off'? I didn't then, and I never have from that day to this."

"And you have never seen reason to regret your early decision? I should have thought that your fancy would have inclined to the 'slips.'"

"The 'slips' are smarter fellows, and would be more fun to flirt with, or at a dance" (Marshall did not quite like this), "but they would be wearing to live with—always waiting to snap you up; besides, they are not quite upright. 'Cover-point' is the cleverest of the crowd, but inclined to show off. In private life I can imagine 'cover-point' wearing scarlet neckties. 'Mid-off' has the solid English virtues one looks for in a husband."

"Why not 'mid-on,' or 'short leg'?"

"They are too stupid. Except in books, no one cares whether very stupid people have virtues or not. 'Long field' is correct, but unapproachable."

"There is 'point.'"

"I distrust 'point.' For one reason, 'point' is always deeper than he is supposed to be, and that sounds so disingenuous."

"And 'wicket-keeper'? Show me that 'wicket-keeper' is impossible, and I breathe freely."

"'Wicket-keeper' is a good citizen," said Leslie; "I hate to say anything against him; but he is too much absorbed in his business. I can imagine him bringing home work from the office in a black bag. I should hate that. No, I must marry 'mid-off,' and we will have 'third man' at the wedding to propose the bridesmaid's health."

"What nonsense you talk, Leslie!" said Kate.

Bennet Marshall enjoyed this evening more than any in his recollection. Thinking about it kept him awake all night—happy at first, but, as the hours passed, restless and impatient. He had never been in love, but if fiction be trustworthy, these were the first symptoms. Obviously, then, he was in love with Kate Smith; the only alternative was absurd on the face of it.

The matches at "The Cedars" are whole-day ones, and our hero showed himself so ignorant of the ways of whole-day cricketers as to arrive at the announced hour of starting. No men were visible, but four of the girls were playing lawn-tennis, and the baby of the family (Dora, aged eleven) was walking on stilts. Kate told this youngster to take her racquet.

"Papa and the boys go up to town for an hour on Saturdays," she said. "I am so glad you have come early; it is nice having a man to welcome the visiting side."

They walked up and down the garden together. There are silences that are

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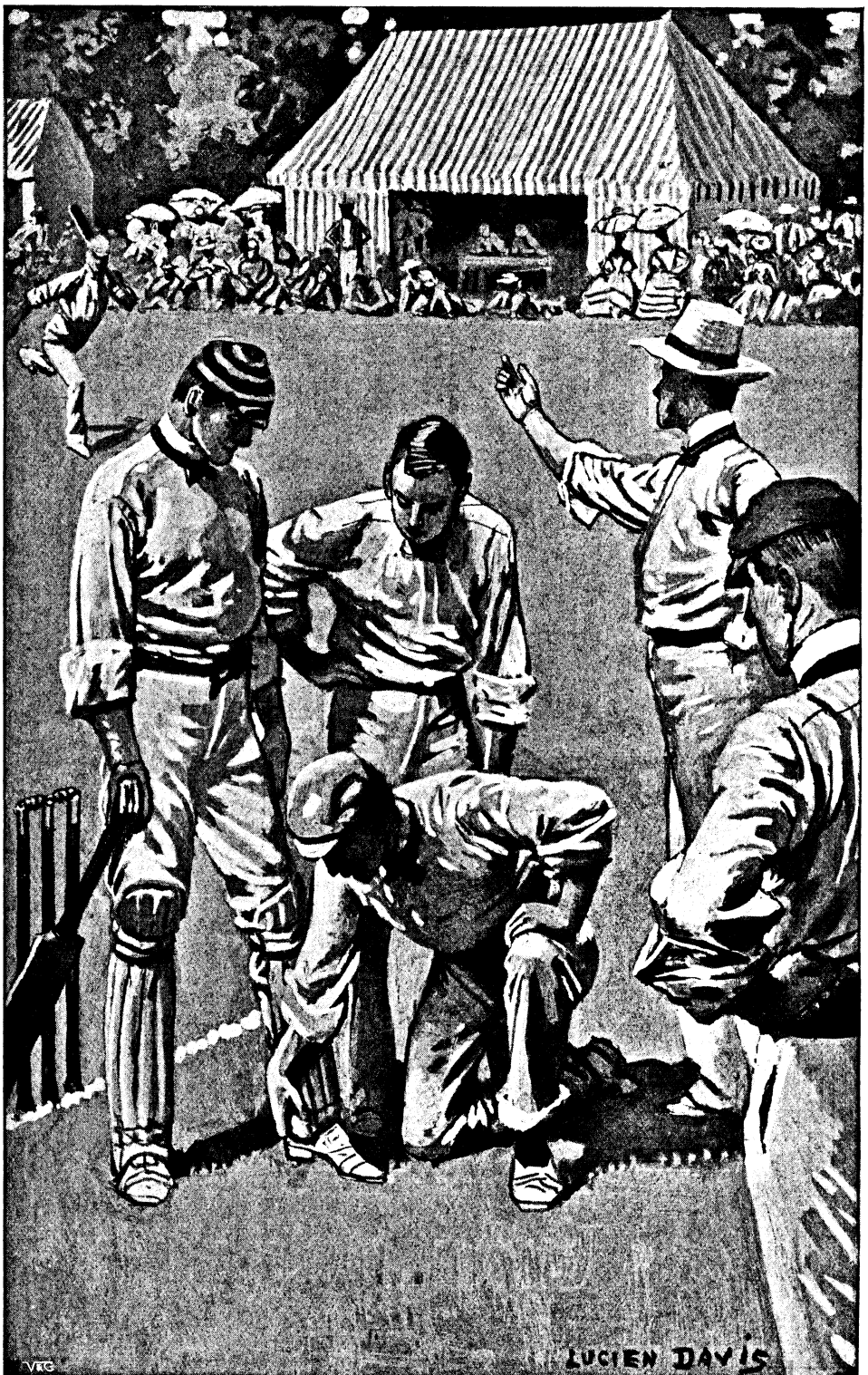

"'A man to run.'"

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eloquent; others are merely halting and ineffective.

"Let us go to the cricket-field," said Kate at length, "and watch Leslie mark out the creases."

Beyond the flower-garden is the cricket-field, a strip of excellent turf, a little narrow (the side boundaries score two), but of ample length. Leslie was upon her knees, busy with a whitewash brush and a pot of whitewash, the old gardener holding the marking-frame steady. Seeing Marshall, she rose and walked towards him, wiping the whitewash from her fingers upon a boy's white smock that she wore over her dress. Her attire was a shade more juvenile than at the ball. Then the hem of her frock had just failed to reach her instep; now a frank two inches of black stocking was visible above her white buckskin boots.

Kate put her arm round her sister's waist. "Come with us, Les, and talk."

"Curtis hates change," said Leslie; "he wouldn't give the extra foot to the bowler if I did not make him."

"Leslie thinks no affairs can run smoothly without her," said Kate.

"Some don't seem able to," said Leslie demurely.

The visitors arrived in a body at half-past twelve, and by one enough of the home side were present to make a start, particularly as Bertie Smith had won the toss. Bertie was the eldest, and alone of the sons had not been educated at a public school, but he believed he had assimilated the public-school manner. His bearing was nobly modest. It suggested that he had just done something wonderful, and did not want any talk about it.

"How many runs have you made this morning, Bertie?" asked Mr. Rawlings, Mr. Smith's partner upon the Stock Exchange, who arrived during lunch. "Of course, I can see you have made a century; but what were the exact figures?"

"Silly goat!" said Bertie. "I have never made a century in my life, and you know it."

"But you always look as if you had just made one."

Marshall laughed, and at once regretted having done so. Bertie Smith had really treated him very nicely. Coming as a stranger to the men of the family, at the invitation of a schoolgirl, Marshall had felt just a little nervous as to his reception. Bertie had greeted him as if he had known him for years and was iust a little tired of him.

Bennet Marshall went in first, as Leslie had promised, but his *début* was not brilliant. He was a good second-rate bat when set, but a poor starter, and terribly nervous. If the first dozen runs came easily, he could settle down; but if not, he tried to rush things. A sadder spectacle than a nervous man forcing the game, the cricket-field does not afford. To-day he made fourteen of the very worst, and was run out just as he was going to play better. An old Clifton boy followed. He and Arthur Smith made a long stand. (A. H. Smith played three times for Cambridge in his second year—25, 0, 37—without getting his Blue.)

Arthur Smith made a hundred without an ungraceful stroke in an hour and a half, and retired. The Cliftonian took eighty-four. They might not be better than the West Lawton cracks, thought Bennet, but assuredly they looked better.

Mr. Smith went in at three o'clock, when the bowling was in ribbons, and made thirty.

R. L. W. arrived from Lord's while his father was batting.

"I am glad the governor is taking a few," he said; "it does make him so happy."

He spoke indulgently, as if referring to an extremely small boy.

When Mr. Smith was bowled, the innings was declared.

Before they broke up, Marshall was invited to play regularly, a little to his surprise. He had not distinguished himself, but his keenness was obtrusive, and keenness just then was more wanted at "The Cedars" than style. They were choked with style.

This was a very bright summer for Bennet. He and Kate Smith saw a great deal of one another. Besides the long Saturdays at "The Cedars," there were casual meetings in the village—more frequent these than one would have thought possible. Bennet formed a habit of strolling into the village whenever he felt restless and had nothing to do. When Kate was alone, she would bow to him and pass on; but when Leslie was with her, she would stop to shake hands, and Bennet was encouraged to turn back with them. Their conversation was a stream of shallow, happy nonsense, with sunny ripples of girlish laughter. Bennet ascribed all the pleasure of these walks to the presence of Kate. He had started with the assumption that he was in love with her; he found himself happier in her society than he had ever been before in his life. Only a

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man with a passion for analysis would have looked further.

Towards the end of the summer, Kate was stopping for him when she was alone. They were old friends now, and between such conversation is unnecessary, and its absence is not noticed. When things had reached this stage, Kate did not need the assistance of Leslie or of anyone. As the Americans say, she was easy to look at. Bennet felt that they understood one another equally well whether they spoke or remained silent. Their intercourse seemed to run more naturally to silence.

Marshall's presence at "The Cedars" had one important result. The Smiths descended from their platform and agreed to meet West Lawton. Mr. Smith was anxious to figure in local politics, and it disturbed him to learn from Marshall that the family exclusiveness was injuring his chances. A half-day match was arranged with the local club for the third Saturday in August.

As the day approached, the Smith boys, who for two years had asserted the inferiority of West Lawton as a reason for declining its challenges, were as anxious as good form permitted. Marshall was more openly concerned. Knowing the two sides, he was confident that "The Cedars" could win on a good wicket; but he felt, with Leslie, that the lack of a fast bowler was a serious handicap.

"It is strange that all your brothers should have taken to slow breaks."

"It is just a form of side. If they bowled fast, they couldn't pretend to be only half trying."

"It is the side that gives the curve."

"Listen to me and don't be frivolous," said Leslie, putting her hand upon his sleeve. "Our wickets, as you know, are plumb; but every year we get one real kicker. If next Saturday's should be *it*——"

She threw up her hands. A minute later she broke into her clear laugh.

"Dear old Bobby! he is so very 'brainy.' He talks about bowling for catches, when really he is bowling for boundaries, on the off chance of a batsman using a lofter instead of a cleek."

Curtis took special pains with the wicket for the West Lawton match, and it looked a picture when "The Cedars," having lost the toss, walked on to the field. R. L. W. started the bowling. His first ball got almost straight up, nearly securing a wicket. The other end proved as bad. Arthur Smith was for improvising a fast bowler, but Bobby knew what that means, and kept to the regular attack. "The Cedars" were a little lucky to dismiss West Lawton for ninety-eight.

"There should not be any difficulty about that," said Kate Smith, who was looking very pretty pouring out afternoon tea.

Innings at "The Cedars" (usually declared) averaged nearer three hundred than two.

"On this wicket we should be good for a hundred and forty," said Arthur Smith.

Marshall shook his head. "You don't know their bowling."

The interval was protracted. Mr. Smith was hearty and hospitable, the fare dainty and elaborate, and the five pretty Miss Smiths, in garden-party frocks, entirely "conformable." If they were racked with anxiety as to the result of the match, and full of hatred towards the West Lawton players and their lady sympathisers (all of whom looked for an easy win), they did not show it.

The visitors were in no hurry to take the field; but when they did so, it was with an ominous confidence. Two very tall men, who bowled extremely short, opened the attack. They were both fast bowlers, and delivered every ball with their utmost energy. "There is no variety," said "The Cedars," heartily wishing that there were.

From the first things went amiss. Bobby, after making a mighty drive and sustaining two blows on the elbow, was caught from his left glove.

"I am glad R. L. W. is playing," said a Lawton girl. "They can't say that we didn't beat their best side."

"Unless, of course, you don't," said Leslie. She said it with a smile, but her heart was full of blackness and rage. For one thing, Bobby was her favourite brother.

Another wicket fell the next ball. Arthur Smith played a useful innings that looked better than it was. He lunged out (his old high forward stroke to short "off" balls), and luck favoured him. The balls thus played at either did not kick at all, in which case they were smashed between "mid-off" and "extra cover," or kicked so high as to miss both bat and gloves. He took guard six inches outside his crease. When he had made twenty, he was bowled by a dead shooter, the only one of the afternoon. (A very kicky wicket generally averages matters somewhat by supplying one dead shooter.)

Bennet Marshall went in sixth wicket down, the score standing at forty. The old Clifton boy who was batting the other end, and looked like staying, made a grand

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half-arm shot over the bowler's head, and the "long field," aided by luck, brought off a wonderful catch. Mr. Rawlings followed. After him was nothing but a depressed tail. He had defence and nerve, but years (he was forty-five) had robbed him of his scoring strokes. He had been a path-sprinter, and was still a miracle of quickness between the wickets—a notorious stealer of runs. But this would avail him nothing with his present partner. Marshall, a confirmed under-runner at the best, was so nervous at the beginning of an innings that he crawled between the wickets like a man partially paralysed. His dependence upon his first runs coming easily has been mentioned. Just now the prospect might have depressed a strong starter. The bowling was too short to be driven, too fast to be pulled, and attempts to steer it through the "slips" had so far led to nothing but disaster. Marshall managed to crack his "duck," but, completing the run, he tripped over a boot-lace and hurt his ankle.

"Come in again later," said the Lawton captain, "or have a man in to run."

He was in a hurry to score the win.

R. L. W. Smith snatched at the opportunity and came running in, bat in hand.

As he approached, Mr. Rawlings turned his back and gazed steadily at the further hedge. He was afraid that if he met Bobby's eyes, they would both laugh. They had played this particular game before.

Rawlings stopped the next ball with his chest, and there was a run. Marshall blocked the following one dead. He turned his head for an instant, and when he looked round, Rawlings was beside him. It is wonderful what can be done with the wicket-keeper standing back, if he stand just a yard too far.

"Come right up!" called the Lawton captain foolishly.

The next two balls went for byes.

Then it was the turn of third man at the other end to suffer.

After failing three consecutive balls to save the single (once in his hurry he overran it), he was brought in so close that a mis-hit of Marshall's—an easy chance had the fielder been in his right place—sailed over his head to the boundary. So far it could not be said that the runners had taken a risk. They had had to sprint, but the ball had never been beaten by less than a yard. And so it continued. The bat played the ball, or *vice versâ* (more often *vice versâ*), and almost simultaneously Bobby and Rawlings were crossing. Calls were the exception—each seemed to read the thought in the other's mind. There was no uncertainty, no flurry, no stopping to recover breath, one might almost say there was no hurry. Marshall's heart was in his mouth at first, but he soon came to rely upon Bobby's judgment.

"That gets you into double figures," said R. L. W., who knew Marshall's weakness.

The attack was changed.

The substitutes also were tear-away bowlers, but they were not so fast as the first pair, and pitched even shorter. On a kicking wicket shortness is apt to be overdone.

When the balls flew high, the batsmen stepped aside.

"Don't excite yourself about scoring," said Bobby. "I will do that for you. And don't worry about Daddy Rawlings; he is there for the afternoon. He asked me about you, and I said that you had taken root."

Bennet Marshall grinned. Confidence had come to him, and he was now master of his by no means contemptible resources.

Seventy was telegraphed. The first bowler resumed. His first ball was a beauty, a perfect length, about two inches from the off stump. It whipped back like lightning. Marshall brought his bat down sharply upon it, thinking only of defence, and the ball crashed through the hedge, as sweet a late cut as anyone could wish to see.

"Hon-est shot!" cried Bobby enthusiastically.

Marshall wandered round in short circles, as the custom is of some batsmen when they are feeling "good."

The next ball was a little shorter, a little slower, and outside the leg stump. Marshall swung for it, and lifted it the length of the ground and over a stable beyond.

The five beautiful Miss Smiths, who were sitting together, rose like a regiment, and five pink parasols sailed to the ground, that the owners might applaud this mighty stroke worthily.

Marshall placed the next ball for two. Nothing could stop him now; not a soul on the ground doubted the issue.

The finish was a little tame. Bobby seemed to have grown suddenly lethargic, and several singles were thrown away. Marshall made boundaries at intervals, and a half-hit in front of "short leg" won the match. Stumps were drawn shortly afterwards, "The Cedars" still having three wickets in hand. "Daddy" Rawlings was cheered, Marshall was received as a public benefactor, but Bobby walked in without a hand.

Bennet stayed to dinner, and afterwards promenaded in the dark with Kate. Leslie

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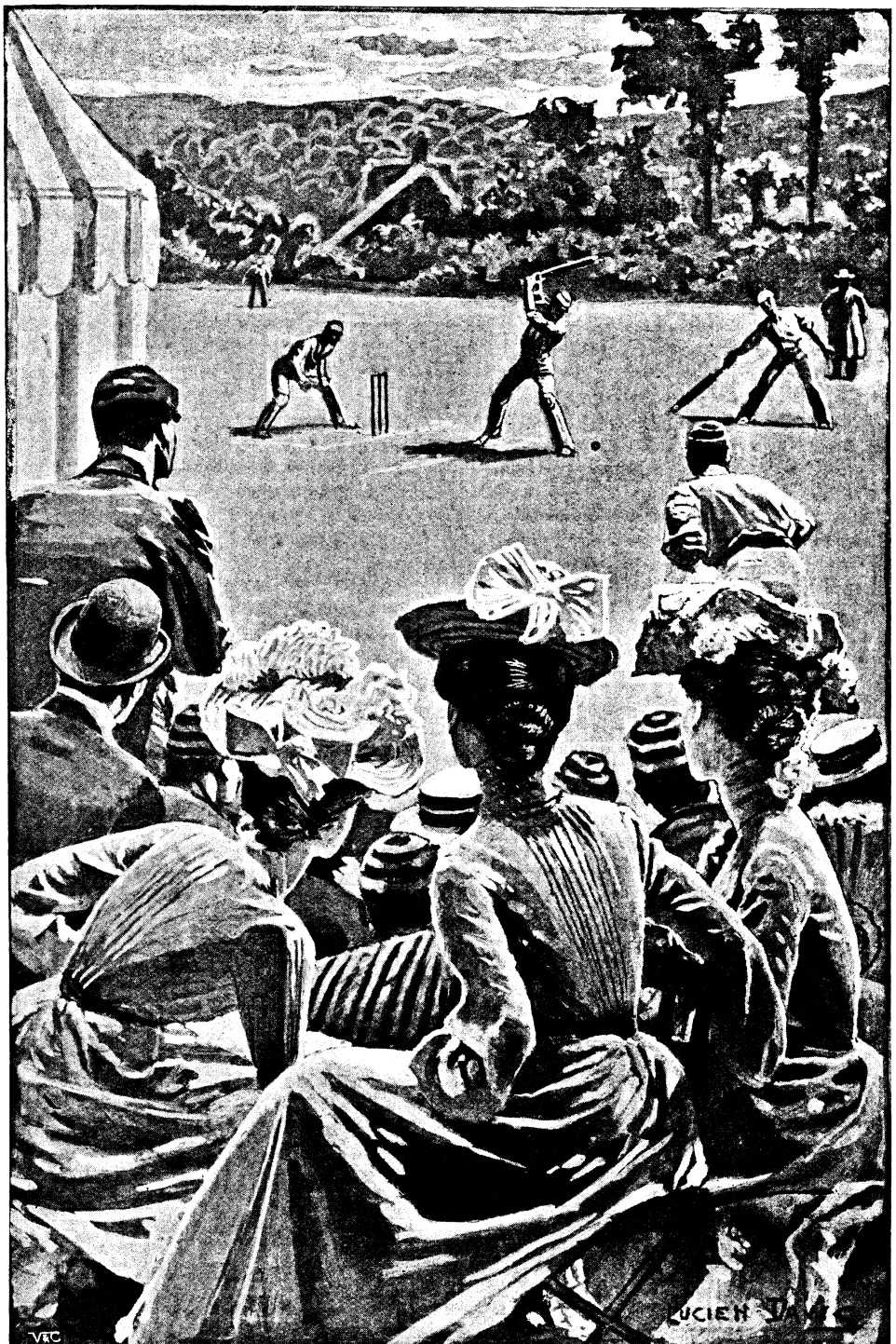

"Marshall swung for it, and lifted it the length of the ground and over a stable beyond."

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met them in the garden, and made a three in the old way; but Kate did not put a detaining arm around her as of yore. In some subtle way, without the man noticing it, the elder girl told her sister that she was not wanted. Leslie excused herself to Bennet gracefully, but with a touch of that scornful pride she had always held in reserve, and walked away to the deserted cricket-field. She went to be alone, but the spark of a cigar (it could be no one's but Bobby's) was friendly and comforting. She walked towards it.

Bobby was lying at full length on a garden seat, looking up at the stars. He was wondering why everyone is not happy in this beautiful world, and thinking about the century he had recently taken from Lockwood. Seeing his favourite sister approach, he drew up his feet until his knees formed an acute angle, that she might have room to sit down.

"Hallo, Les, what's the matter?"

"Nothing, Bobby. We won our match. I think I should have died if those horrid Lawton girls had been able to crow over us."

"Thanks to Marshall. He certainly played well—towards the end. I don't think I ever saw a man quite so pleased with himself."

"It was you, Bobby, that won that match by your running, and you didn't get a 'Thank you.'"

"It is fun running for people."

"Is it?"

"Why, of course, it is. You have all the excitement, and *you* have nothing at risk."

"I suppose one doesn't run any risk—any real risk."

"None at all. I thought it was rather cool of Marshall telling me to stop running when he saw that he could do without me. I suppose he was afraid I should run him out. Seeing that I had given him his chance, he might have taken it for granted I would not spoil it."

"Did he do that? But, of course, I know he did it—they all do."

"I believe there *is* something wrong with the kid to-night," said Bobby. He sat up and put his arm round the girl's waist.

"Only a headache, Bobby. Do you mind walking up and down with me a little while, and not talking?"

It was after ten before they thought of going in. As they approached the garden, their footsteps noiseless upon the close turf, Kate and Bennet Marshall passed up the gravel path, walking slowly towards the house.

R. L. W. whistled softly.

"Don't, Bobby. Let's turn back. I hate to seem to be watching them."

The closing of a latch told them that the lovers had gone indoors.

"After all," said Leslie, reverting to the previous subject, "I suppose the great thing is the side, and we have always played for the side here, haven't we? But, oh, Bobby! it *is* hard on the man they have in to run."

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A MESSAGE IN SUGAR.

By ELIZABETH C. PILKINGTON.

"JOAN," said the invalid sister timidly, "do you know that Roger Graham is coming to-day to the Fosters'? Mrs. Foster is an old friend of his mother's. Did you know?"

"No," said Joan Sinclair quietly.

"I had a letter from little Miss Clayton this morning," the invalid continued. "She says she lives quite near to Roger in Hightown, and that he has got such a good practice and is very much liked; but she says that the girls there call him 'the love-proof doctor,' as he appears to be totally indifferent to their charms, 'charm they never so wisely,' and they have already decided that he must have had a serious disappointment in love."

What effect these words had on her sister, Beatrice Sinclair could not perceive, as Joan continued to stand looking out upon the houses opposite; and neat coils of dark brown hair, though pleasant to look upon, do not betray feelings.

"Mrs. Foster attends the cookery class?" interrogated Beatrice, after a pause.

"Yes," said Joan.

"Will she be there to-day?"

"Probably."

"Oh, Joan!" exclaimed the poor invalid impulsively, "how I wish—how terribly I wish—that she would ask you to meet him!"

"And how *terribly* unlikely she is to do anything of the kind. For anything she knows, he is a perfect stranger to me."

At last Joan Sinclair turned round and faced the situation bravely.

"No, Beaty," she said; "do not talk to me of Roger. The past is dead; let it remain so, without even a ghost of it to haunt me."

"But, Joan, I cannot let it rest; it was on my account that you gave him up. When the doctor said I must winter abroad, and poor mother lost her money just then, everything looked dark; but since we came in for Uncle John's money, all is so different, and there is no need for you to sacrifice yourself any longer."

"Sacrifice! Nonsense! I love my work. And just think how successful I've been!—enough to turn one's head! Five pounds a week coming in all through the winter, not to mention complimentary paragraphs in the papers. But, dear me!"—glancing at the clock—"it is time I was off; it's nearly two o'clock now."

As Joan hurried to the Mechanics' Institute, where her cookery demonstrations were held, a shade of sadness crossed her usually bright face, and her dark eyes grew moist.

"One of life's little ironies," she murmured. "As Beatrice says, the sacrifice was in vain; but who would have thought of Uncle John dying when he did—quite a young man—and leaving mother his money? Any self-respecting girl would have done as I did. Duty pointed plainly enough that I, an able-bodied young woman with brains, should stay and be the breadwinner. Poor Roger! how good, how noble he was! But how could I take advantage of his infatuation for me and burden him with my relations? Poor Roger! I wonder if he has forgotten me? I think not. Men like Roger do not easily forget."

As Joan entered the room where her cookery classes were usually held, she was eagerly greeted by a little rosy-cheeked, grey-haired woman wearing a coarse linen apron, who was her chief *aide-de-camp* on these occasions.

"Eh, Miss Sinclair!" she exclaimed, "I'm right glad you've come, for Tomlins hasn't sent the pigeons; and that fowl he sent on Tuesday was a poor thing, all skin and grief, so to speak. I'd order no more of him, if I was you. Since he's been made Town Councillor, he's that independent there's no dealing with him."

"Not sent the pigeons, Mrs. Collins! Then I'm afraid you must fetch them, and I must finish your work. Stay! has everything else come?"

"Yes, miss; there's the list. They've all come, I've counted 'em up—lobster, lemons, mushrooms, onions, eggs, butter, and parsley—we've plenty of flour and seasonings left from last time. It's a grand lobster, miss—tail as springy as wire!"

"Yes, so it is. But hurry off, Mrs. Collins. I must just look over my recipes before the people come."

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"'How I wish—how terribly I wish—that she would ask you to meet him!'"

Having written the names of the dishes for the afternoon's lesson—*viz.*:—

Lobster Cutlets.
Salmi of Pigeon with Purée of Mushrooms.
American Festival Cake.
Cheese Aigrettes.

—in large handwriting on the blackboard, and refreshed her memory by carefully reading over each recipe, Joan Sinclair removed her hat and jacket and equipped herself for the afternoon's performance. To see Joan officiating at her cookery demonstration in neat black dress, with becoming white apron and sleeves, should have converted the most virulent advocate of woman's rights to the belief that in the exercise of domestic duties a woman is at her best, and that the culinary art, in particular, is the finest and most graceful of high arts. A well-moulded form and regular features, combined with the beauty of perfect health, require no better setting than the plainest of plain attire, and the severe black and white of Joan's costume set off her Hebe-like beauty to perfection.

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The room was all in readiness; about fifty chairs were arranged in three semi-circles, one behind the other, in the centre of the room, facing the long table on which were arranged various provisions, materials, and implements for the afternoon lesson. To the right stood a capacious gas-stove, already busy with simmering pans and stew-jars; while to the left was a little room which Mrs. Collins used as a scullery, it being her duty on these occasions to fetch away continually during the afternoon all dirty pots, pans, etc., bringing them back clean, and to be at Joan's beck and call generally.

"Good afternoon, Miss Sinclair," said a clear, pleasant voice.

Joan started. "Good afternoon, Mrs. Foster. You're early to-day."

"Yes," said the lady, with a laugh. "The early bird gets the worm, you know, and I have come in good time to speak for two of the dishes; for although I have been to each lesson so far, I have never yet been able to take home a specimen of your skill; so I should like the pigeon and mushroom, and the cake, Miss Sinclair, please, if I may?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Foster; I will keep them for you," replied Joan.

"The fact is," said the other, as she removed her cloak prior to occupying one of the chairs, "we have a young friend spending the night with us——"

Joan's heart gave a great bound, but her fingers went on busily picking parsley; and she just raised her eyes with a smile of polite interest as Mrs. Foster continued—

"And I must have a cake on purpose for him. I always have a cake when he comes, for when he was a small boy, he once ran away to my house—his mother lived quite near to us in those days—because he said I always had a nice cake. It has got to be quite a joke between us now. Dear me! how time flies! He is a boy no longer, for he is practising as a doctor in Hightown, and getting on nicely, I suppose. He wants another horse, and is thinking of buying a little chestnut mare of my husband's," the garrulous old lady went on, little dreaming how greedily Joan was drinking in her tale. The entrance of two other ladies put an end to further conversation, and gradually the room filled. It was Joan's custom at these cookery

"To see Joan officiating at her cookery demonstration."

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lessons to give out a recipe slowly and carefully, like a dictation lesson, pausing well between each sentence, so that even the slowest writer present would have plenty of time to take it down; while, at the same time, her hands were busily preparing ingredients for the various dishes. It is, at any time, difficult to keep two things going successfully at the same time; but when the mind becomes occupied with a third subject, disasters occur. A titter went round the room, and Joan looked up guiltily.

"Miss Sinclair," said a sharp-looking lady in spectacles from the back row, "isn't that last sentence a mistake? Surely a tablespoonful of finely chopped onion would not be a pleasant addition to lemon-cheesecake mixture?"

The colour rose in Joan's face as she apologised and corrected her error, and for some time she endeavoured to keep her mind steadily to the lesson in hand; but the straying thoughts would not be altogether controlled.

"Will Mrs. Foster be likely to tell Roger about this afternoon's lesson?" she questioned within herself. "If she mentions my name, he will know at once who it is. To think that this cake, fresh from my hands, will go to him! What can I do, I wonder, to let him know that never, never can I forget him while life lasts."

A sudden wild thought flashed through her mind, making her cheeks burn and her pulses throb. In days gone by, and during her short engagement to Roger Graham, he had given her an old-fashioned silver seal picked up at a curio-shop in Scotland, with the words "Dinna Forget" engraved thereon. It was a quaint and pretty thing, and it had been Joan's delight to use it on her letters, and never a letter arrived for Roger from his lady-love but "Dinna Forget" stared him sweetly though needlessly from the seal. Joan resolved that this motto should in some way adorn the cake, which was to be iced and decorated that afternoon. The cake, made at a former lesson, had already received a coating of icing, and was ready to be ornamented with the usual array of garlands and pinnacles of sugar, made by squeezing the moistened sugar through a forcing bag with a rose attached, the rose forming the sugar into a fanciful pattern. Joan hunted about among her icing implements for what she thought would suit her purpose.

"The cake," she said, with a nervous tremor in her voice, while the healthy pink in her cheeks took a deeper tone, "I am going to decorate in a somewhat novel manner."

It was a trying moment, for fifty heads were raised expectantly from their cookery notes, and fifty pairs of eyes were steadily fixed upon her face. For a moment Joan quailed before them all; then she happily remembered that the cake was from an American recipe, and the thought that nothing was too daring or too *bizarre* for the Americans gave her sudden courage.

"I am going to decorate the sides," she explained, trying to speak easily and naturally, "with garlands of forget-me-nots; a plain ribbon border on the top, with a spray or two of forget-me-nots; and a motto, 'Dinna Forget,' in the centre."

There was an impressive silence for a minute or two, while fifty pairs of eyes, with varying expressions of surprise, continued to gaze into her face. Then the sharp-nosed lady in spectacles rose to the occasion.

"For what event is such a cake suitable, Miss Sinclair? The motto strikes me as peculiar! To put such a motto on a birthday cake, for instance," with a laugh, "would be too broad a hint for a return present."

"The motto, I am afraid, is not very well chosen," said poor Joan falteringly. "As you say, Mrs. Smithson, it seems *à propos* of nothing; but it will do for the lesson in icing. When you make a cake for yourself, you will be able to find one more to your liking."

"A very pretty idea, *I* call it!" said a stout, motherly-looking person in the front row, who, seeing the girl's embarrassment, suspected she was not altogether enjoying these remarks. "Just like the Americans—so original! I think we English should have a little of their enterprise in our cookery as well as in other things."

Joan, little hypocrite as she was, smiled assent and devoutly blessed the good-natured old lady in her heart.

When the cake was finished, all snowy white, and prettily decorated by Joan's skilful fingers, with "Dinna Forget" in the centre in her own fair handwriting, it looked a cake fit for the royal table, and was handed round for admiration. Then Mrs. Collins carried it off to be dried a little in a cool room, so that it might be ready for Mrs. Foster at the close of the lesson.

Joan felt a certain amount of satisfaction in having successfully attained her object. Mrs. Smithson's adverse criticisms had only

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"His interest in the subject became intense."

added zest to her zeal, and made her all the more determined to have her own way; but when the lesson was finished and the company had retired, leaving her alone with Mrs. Collins, a reaction set in; and she would have given worlds to have undone that afternoon's work, and wondered at her own audacity in perpetrating such a scheme.

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With a woman's inconsistency, she hoped that Roger would not see that afternoon's handiwork, and yet she knew she would be disappointed if he did not.

II.

"Ah! here you are, Roger! just in time for afternoon tea, for we are later this afternoon. Hang your coat up in the hall, and have a cup while it is hot."

"How do you do, Mrs. Foster? I see you have not forgotten my weakness for afternoon tea," said Roger Graham, as he extended a hand in friendly greeting. He was a tall, well set-up young fellow of about seven-and-twenty, not by any means good-looking, but saved from actual plainness by a pair of wonderfully clear blue-grey eyes, so clear that against his face, made brown by constant driving in the open, even the whites appeared tinged with blue.

"You must see the cake I have got for you, Roger," said Mrs. Foster, as she handed him a cup of tea, "before I cut into it—quite a work of art, I assure you; and I ordered it on purpose at the cookery class."

"On purpose for me!" laughed the young man. "Really! how kind of you! But a cake like that is far too good for me. It ought to be eaten to slow music."

"You should see the girl who made it—she is perfectly charming! And so clever! If only I were a man, now, I should be in love with her by this time. John says—he has not seen her, you know—that he is tired of hearing me talk about her. I have heard that she was once engaged to be married, but family matters obliged her to break off the engagement in order to support her mother and invalid sister. Noble of her, wasn't it? But do look at this cake—there is quite an air of sentiment about it. You must see the motto on the top before I cut into it!"

Roger Graham had listened attentively to Mrs. Foster's chirpy conversation about the fair instructress of the cookery class, but when his eyes rested on the cake held out for his inspection, his interest in the subject became intense.

"Very nice indeed—eh?—in fact, beautiful!" he said, suddenly recalling himself to earth. "What did you say"—with an assumption of carelessness in his voice—"was the name of the young lady who made this—er—wonderful work of art?"

"Miss Sinclair is her name—Joan Sinclair. A pretty name, isn't it?"

"Very," said the young man in a slightly husky voice.

* * * * *

"John," said kindly Mrs. Foster to her husband, when their guest had retired for the night, "I am glad Roger is getting on so well, but I am afraid he is working just a little too hard. Did you notice how quiet and preoccupied he was at times this evening—almost in a dream?"

"Ah, my dear," answered Mr. Foster, "I am afraid a doctor's life is rather hard at best. If they prosper, they are worked to death; and if they don't, why, they're starved to death."

"He wants a good wife to look after him and make him take care of himself, that's what he wants! Young men never have any thought. I wish I had invited the Smithson girls to dinner to meet him!"

"Oh, leave him alone!" exclaimed easy-going Mr. Foster. "If he wants a wife, he'll find one for himself—trust him!"

And he did.

* * * * *

A few months later a certain firm of confectioners in Regent Street, who own a world-wide reputation for the excellence of their wedding-cakes, received a somewhat original order for one. It was to be of ample dimensions and richly decorated, with the words "Dinna Forget" on a twisted scroll arranged round the top of the cake.

HATS.

I LOVE to see the hats and caps,
Like birds each on his perch;
The little sunburnt hats for school,
And the pretty ones for church.

Some of them smile so grave and sweet,
And some are full of jokes;
But all of them have human faces,
And look just like the folks.

They're very quiet when I'm by,
And never even peep;
But oh! the times they have at night,
When we are all asleep.

They go off flying by themselves,
The pink one goes to dances;
And all the gipsy hats and caps
Follow the fields and fences.

FLORENCE WILKINSON.

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BEAVER WAYS.

By FRANK H. RISTEEN.*

IT is early in April, in the heart of the still New Brunswick wilderness. From the outer world of sunshine and open fields the snow has departed for the most part, and spring's balmy air is vocal with the rush and murmur of little hillside streams, while the big ones in the valleys fret and fume to be relieved of their icy fetters. But how is it here in the shadowed depths of the virgin woods, where the siren voices are the last to be heard? The snow is still five or six feet deep on the level; the nights are nearly as cold as in mid-winter, promptly undoing the feeble efforts put forth each day by the northward marching sun. The latter has only sent out his skirmishers as yet; soon there will come the earnest shock of battle when the chill battalions of the Frost King will yield the field sullenly to the ardent attack of his ancient foe.

Up the sunken snowshoe-path that leads to a homely trapper's shanty two men walk wearily. They are laden with furs they have taken that day from a line of traps about eight miles in length, and are leg-weary from their long struggle with the cloying drifts. One of these men is Henry Braithwaite, the famous woodsman, who has spent all his days in the forest; the other, a young amateur sportsman, whose love for the woods is sufficient to induce him, as a matter of friendship and recreation, to share with the professional the toils and trials of the trapping season. That evening, as the camp-fire roars cheerily, telling with a thousand fiery tongues its tale of triumph to the surrounding chill and gloom, the elder man, in response to his companion's questioning, discusses freely the subject of beaver ways.

"Beavers are not as numerous over the province generally as they were twenty years ago, but on my own ground they are about as plentiful as ever, for the reason that I have always made it a point to leave a sufficient number every year on the different streams to keep the stock replenished. The trapper who finds a beaver family and never lets up until he has wiped them all out is pursuing a very short-sighted policy. A female beaver will bring forth from two to five kittens each spring, and I have known them to have six, and in one case seven, in a litter. In this country the kittens are born the latter part of May or the first of June. The animals are now more numerous in Northumberland and Restigouche than any of the other counties. They would be numerous in Gloucester, Madawaska, and Victoria, but are followed up too closely by the Frenchmen, who never give them a chance to breed. In the southern and western counties few are now to be found. The pelts at present are worth about nine shillings a pound. They vary from half a pound to two pounds in weight, the average being about one and a quarter. I generally bring in from thirty to sixty skins in a season. Most of these go to the London market; some of them to Montreal. The age of the beaver makes very little difference with regard to the quality of the fur. Three and four year olds are about the best, as the skins are more pliable. The drop in Alaska seal has brought down the value of beaver, because the latter is used to counterfeit the

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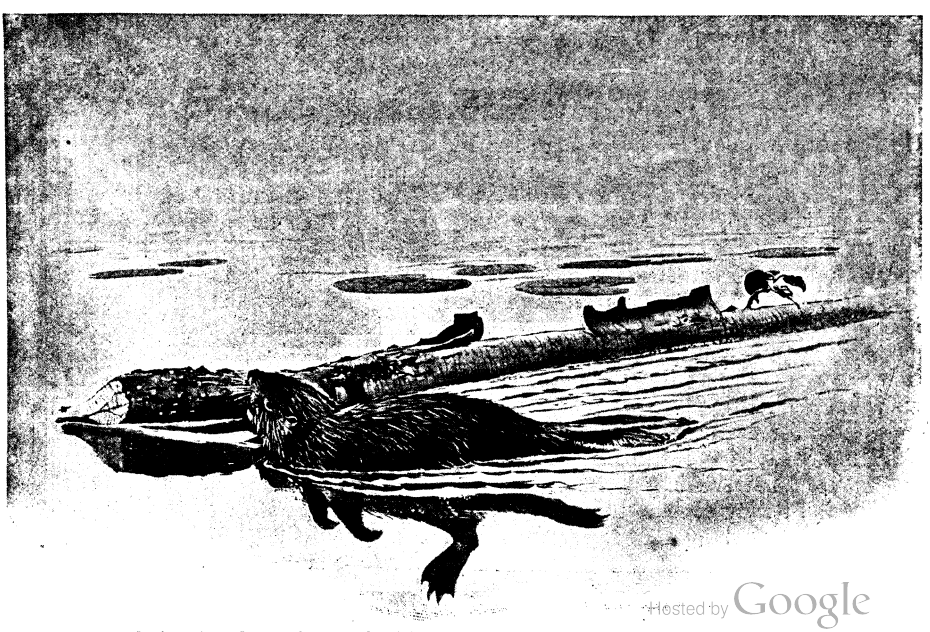
former. After the beaver skin has been plucked and dyed to resemble seal it takes an expert to tell the difference.

"A good many stories are told about beavers by people who are not well informed. For instance, it is claimed that they use their broad, scaly tails as trowels to plaster their houses or dams. As a matter of fact, they simply keep lugging up mud and tramping over it, and that is all the plastering that is done. Then, again, it is stated that they only work at night. I have often seen them working in the daytime, especially in the spring of the year, when it freezes too hard at night for them to cut their wood. I have known them to come out of their houses at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, but it is usual for them to appear at three o'clock and work till dark. The Indians, and some white men, take advantage of this and lie in wait to shoot them when they show up. On warm nights in the early autumn they are not apt to be seen in the daytime. For shooting a beaver in the water the shot-gun is preferable to the rifle. Only about half of the animal's head shows above the surface, and as he is nearly always under full head of steam, it is hard to stop him with the rifle. If you miss your beaver, he up-ends and dives like a shot, his broad tail striking the water like a side of sole leather. I believe his object in spanking the water is to put the other beavers on their guard.

"In some respects the cleverness of the beaver is overrated. He is certainly a very good, clean workman in the mason and carpenter line, but is far easier to trap than a fox or a fisher. When you are lying for him with a gun, all you have to do is to keep perfectly still, and he will swim right up to you, but the slightest whiff of human scent will send him to the bottom.

"Beaver dams are not always built of sticks and mud. I have seen four of them built entirely of stone. At Beaver Brook Lake there is an old stone dam about forty rods long. When this dam was first made, it probably was cemented with leaves and mud; but this soft material washed out after a while without materially lowering the dam, and when a new family of beavers fell heir to it, they had water enough there without having to raise the dam. The beaver is a great worker, but he likes to loaf as much as anyone else when he has a chance. For instance, when he can find an old lumberman's dam, it is a regular windfall for him. He goes right to work and plugs up the old gateway, and soon has a splendid fit-out. It makes him fairly grin to strike such a snap as that. But I have seen beavers that didn't seem to have good horse sense. They will undertake to build a dam in a place where it will be carried away with every freshet, while within ten rods of it there is a good, safe site. Sometimes they



"Swimming down the canal with a tree five times his own weight in tow."

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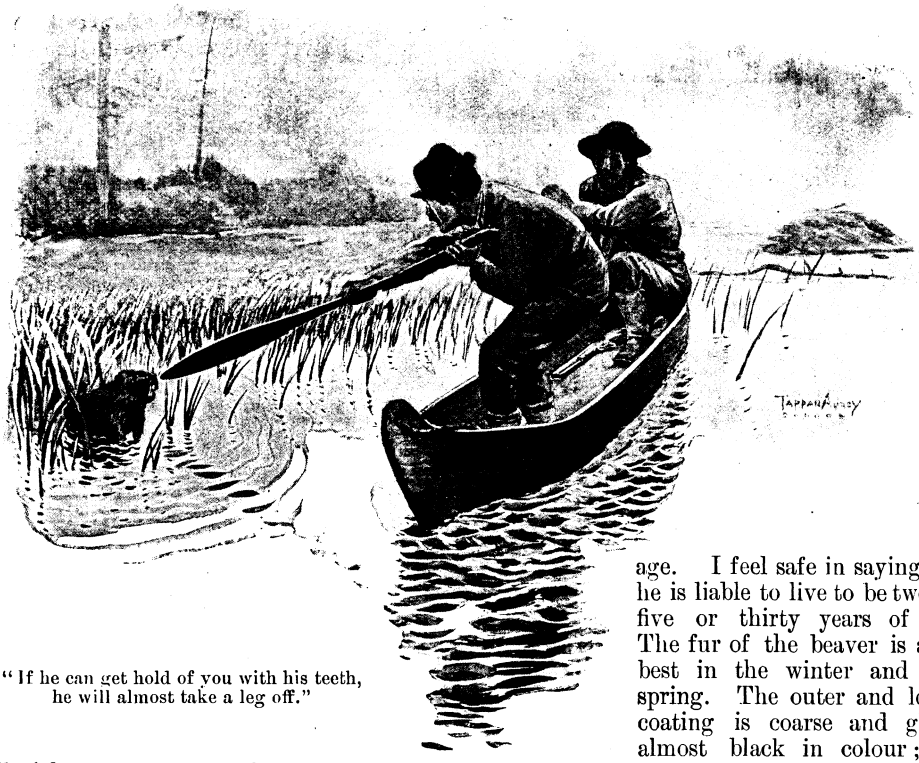

"If he can get hold of you with his teeth, he will almost take a leg off."

will pick out very mean places for food and will nearly starve in the winter, though there is plenty of good poplar and birch not a quarter of a mile away.

"Some people who write stories for the papers say that what are called bank beavers are lazy old males that have been forced out of the house by the rest of the family because they wouldn't work. I wonder what kind of a spy-glass the man had who saw this taking place. Perhaps he was a mind-reader, who could figure out what the beavers were thinking about. Bank beavers are not always males, by any means. I have trapped female bank beavers with their kittens. The fact is that when beavers take to the bank, it is because there is so much water there that they don't need a dam, or because there is no chance to build a dam. That is why you find the bank beavers mostly on lakes or large rivers, which they are unable to dam.

"A full-grown beaver will weigh from thirty to forty pounds. I have caught a good many scaling over forty pounds, and have been told by very reliable people that sixty pounders have been taken. I think the beaver, if he could only keep out of the trap, would live to a ripe old age. His growth is very slow, yet he sometimes reaches a remarkable size, with every sign of extreme age. I feel safe in saying that he is liable to live to be twenty-five or thirty years of age. The fur of the beaver is at its best in the winter and early spring. The outer and longer coating is coarse and glossy, almost black in colour; the under coat is very thick and silky, nearly black on top and silver-grey underneath.

"The beaver is really a sort of automatic pulp-mill, grinding up almost any kind of bark that comes his way. I once measured a white birch tree, twenty-two inches through, cut down by a beaver. A single beaver generally, if not always, cuts the tree; and when it comes down, the whole family fall to and have a regular frolic with the bark and branches. A big beaver will bring down a fair-sized sapling, say three inches through, in about two minutes, and a large tree in about an hour. The favourite food of the animal is the poplar; next comes the cherry, then the balm of Gilead. They are fond of all kinds of maples, and will eat cedar, hemlock, or spruce. In some places they feed principally on alders. They also eat the roots of many kinds of water plants. When food is scarce, they will consume the bark of the largest trees.

"They commence to build their houses and yard up wood for the winter in September; sometimes, however, as early as August, and sometimes as late as October. They drag in the wood from all directions to the pond, and float it up as near as they can to the front of the lodge. There are usually two doors to a beaver house, and a favourite place for

them to pile their wood is between these openings. A large quantity, however, is left out in the open pond, very little of which is available for consumption, because when the shallow pond freezes up, the beavers are only able to reach what is below the ice. The size of the house, as well as of the wood-pile stored in the pond, depends on the size of the family. An average house, which is circular in shape, will measure about twelve feet in diameter, and stand from three to six feet above the surface of the water. I have known them to be as large as sixteen and as small as six feet in diameter. The walls are about two feet thick, and even without the aid of winter's masonry are strong enough to support the weight of a full-grown moose. After the rains and frosts of early winter have cemented the mass, the house is well-nigh impregnable. It is perfectly air-tight, and being steam-heated by the beavers, must be very warm and cosy in the coldest weather. Old beavers build large houses, work systematically, and go in for comfort generally.

"Each beaver places his bed neatly against the inner surface of the wall. His bedding is composed usually of wood fibres stripped fine, like an Indian's broom. In the case of lake beaver, with whom wood is scarce, blue joint-grass is used for bedding. This is taken out frequently and a fresh supply brought in, for the beaver is a most cleanly animal, and his couch is soon fouled by his muddy occupation. Occasionally a beaver house is found with a root or stump running up through the centre, around which the beds are ranged.

"The two outlets from the lodge are built on an incline to the bottom of the pond. I think the intention is that if an enemy comes in at one door, the beavers can leave by the other. The mud with which the roof is plastered is mostly taken from the bottom of the pond close to the house, sometimes leaving quite a ditch there, which is handy, as giving the beavers room to move about when the ice gets thick. As the ice freezes down to the bottom, the beavers extend a trench from this ditch out farther into the pond, to enable them to reach their food. This trench is sometimes ten rods in length. They will often cut a canal about three feet wide from one lake to another, if the intervening ground is barren and the surface level. Sometimes they will excavate an underground canal between the lakes. If the house is on a lake and there is a wide strip of barren between the house and the edge of the woods, they will cut a canal clear up to the edge of the woods, so that they can float their stuff down. To see a beaver swimming down the canal with a tree five times his own weight in tow is an amusing sight. He has a good deal the same look of mingled triumph and responsibility on his face as the man who is lugging home his Thanksgiving turkey.

"It is very seldom that the house is located on or near the dam. Beaver dams vary a good deal in height, according to the shape of the bank and the depth of water, seldom, however, measuring over seven feet. They are often eight or ten feet wide at the base, sloping up to a width of from one to three feet on top, and are usually water-tight. They are very firmly constructed and will last for years, as a rule, after the beavers have left them. Where beavers have seldom been disturbed, they can be captured by making a small break in the dam and setting a trap for them when they come to repair the leak. But where they have been much hunted—and they are mostly all pretty well posted nowadays—this plan is a poor one. The beavers will promenade on top of the dam and smell around the trap to see what is the matter; and when you visit the trap, you are liable to find in it nothing but a bunch of sticks. A beaver colony may use the same dam for a number of years, especially when it is at the outlet or inlet of a lake, but they will usually build a new house every year. I think they do this on the ground of cleanliness, on which point they are very particular.

"As compared with the otter or mink, the beaver is a very slow swimmer. His front legs hang by his sides, and he uses only his webbed hind-feet. It is easy to capture him with a canoe if you can find him in shallow water. He is a most determined fighter, but clumsy and easy to handle. If he can get hold of you with his teeth, he will almost take a leg off—so you want to watch him sharply. The proper place to grab him, with safety to yourself, is by the tail.

"The only enemy the beaver really has to fear is man. The bear and the lynx still hunt him sometimes, but not with much success. I have known a bear to go down into four feet of water and haul a beaver out of a trap. The lynx occasionally catches a small beaver on the bank, or in a shallow brook, but a full-grown specimen is too much for him to handle. The intelligence of wild animals in some respects is superior to that of men. They never have a swelled head; never bite off more than they can

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comfortably digest. Each fellow knows what he is able to tackle and get away with without injuring his health. The bear has too much sense to tackle the porcupine, and all hands line up to give the skunk the right of way.

"As soon as the lakes and streams open in the spring, the old males, and all the two and three year olds, start off on a regular excursion and ramble over the brooks and lakes for miles around, the old females remaining at home to rear their young. In fact, the mother beavers remain at home all summer, while the rest of the tribe range about until September, when they commence to club together again. The kittens generally remain with the mother for two years. When they are three years old, they mate and start off on their own hook. You can only tell the newly wedded couple by the small, snug house they build. They seem to be very devoted to each other, but I have noticed one point about the young she beaver that is very human. If the trapper comes along, and her mate is taken, she goes skirmishing as soon as possible for another husband.

"Near the root of the beaver's tail are glands which hold a thick, musty substance called the castoreum, which is used by trappers to scent their bait. When I want to shoot a beaver, I get out my bottle of castoreum and pull the cork. The beaver will swim right up within range as soon as he catches the scent. When trapping in the autumn, which I seldom do, I generally daub a little of the substance on a dry stub a few yards away from the shore. The trap is set about three inches under water, where the beaver climbs up on the bank, a bunch of poplar being generally used for bait. When trapping in the winter, you cannot use the castoreum, as the trap must be set under the ice, where the scent has no effect.

"They can be captured by making a small break in the dam and setting a trap for them when they come to repair the leak."

"Some old trappers, when setting traps under the ice, cut four stakes, three of green

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poplar and the other of some kind of dry wood. These are driven down through the hole in the ice close to the house, solidly into the bottom, forming a square about a foot each way. The trap is set and lowered carefully to the bottom by means of two hooked sticks, the ring on the chain being slipped over the dry stake. This is not a sure plan at all. There is nothing to prevent the beaver from cutting off the poplars above the trap and carrying them away. In fact, if the beaver gets in the trap, he is simply playing in hard luck. The best way is to shove down a small, dry tree, with three or four branches sticking out, on which the trap can be set, and place the bait above it in such a fashion that the beaver will have to step on the trap to reach it. But if the water is shallow enough, the safest way is to place your trap on the bottom. It is, of course, all important that the beaver should drown soon after he is caught; otherwise you are very apt to get nothing but a claw, especially if he is caught by the fore-foot, which can be twisted off very easily.

"The cutting of a hole in the ice and other disturbances caused by setting the trap, of course, scare the beavers in the house, and you are not likely to catch any for two or three nights. But the beavers cannot escape, are very hungry for fresh food, and after they get over their panic will readily walk into the trap.

"The ability of a beaver to remain under water for a long time is really not so hard a problem as it looks. When the lake or pond is frozen over, a beaver will come to the under surface of the ice and expel his breath so that it forms a wide, flat bubble. The air coming in contact with the ice and water, is purified, and the beaver breathes it in again. This operation he can repeat several times. The otter and musk-rat do the same thing. When the ice is thin and clear, I have often seen the musk-rat attached to his bubble, and by pounding on the ice have driven him away from it, whereupon he drowns in a very short time.

"It almost takes a burglar-proof safe to hold a newly captured beaver. I once caught an old one and two kittens up the north branch of the Sou'west Miramichi, put them in a barrel, and brought them down to Miramichi Lake. That night the old beaver gnawed a hole through the barrel and escaped, leaving her kittens behind. They were so young that I had no way of feeding them, so released them in the hope that the mother might find them. Soon afterwards I caught a very large male beaver. I made a log pen for him of dry spruce, but the second night he cut a log out and disappeared. Beavers, when alarmed, generally make up stream, so I went up the brook to where a little branch came in, and thought I would give that a look, and I hadn't gone more than ten rods before I came across my old friend sitting up in the bed of the brook, having a lunch on a stick he had cut. He actually looked as if he knew he was playing truant when he caught sight of me out of the side of his eye. I picked him up by the tail, brought him back, put him in the pen, supplied him with plenty of fresh poplar, and he never gave me any more trouble."

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THE TRANSFER OF TOMPKINS'S GHOST

BY ALBERT LEE.*

I KNEW Tompkins well. That's why I believe this story. When I say I believe this story, I don't mean that I'm prepared to accept it as McCurdy tells it; for McCurdy has been on the road many long years, and he doesn't hesitate to make the Recording Angel work overtime. But I will stand by the facts, for these can be proved, and I'll let McCurdy be responsible for the trimmings. After all, it would seem that he exaggerates less on this yarn than on any he ever tells—and I've heard him tell many, and this one many times. Probably even he can see that this requires no embellishments. The cigarette incident may be true—for Tompkins was an inveterate cigarette smoker, —but I want to go on record right here as doubting it. I want to go on record as doubting it because I put perfect faith in all the rest; and I believe the rest—not because I can bring myself to believe anything McCurdy may say, but because I knew Tompkins, and I don't think Tompkins would lie, even after death.

Tompkins was a very promising young man. He and I started out from New York about the same time. His line was jewellery, and his territory was the middle west; I was trying to sell shirts and neckties to the same crowd, but they had not been educated up to cheviots and madrasses in those days, and after a year of it I switched to patent medicines, and now I don't have to work. Tompkins had good luck from the start, and he might have been following the Cup defender on a steam-yacht to-day if it had not been for poker; but his good luck there ruined him. Too much good luck is worse than none, because it amounts to about the same thing at the turn. Tompkins's turn was a sharp turn, and it was not to the right nor to the left, but straight down. I was with him just before it, and I got back to St. Jo. just in time for the funeral.

Tompkins used to do the cities and the big towns. I did, too; but I made buggy trips among the farmers, besides, so I used to lose track of Tompkins for weeks at a time. When I found him again, he always had some big poker story to tell, and he never would listen to my warnings about what would happen if they got a line on him at headquarters. A man who sells jewels and carries a few thousands in samples around with him ought not to play poker. But Tompkins was a born gambler; and the more he played, the better he sold. That's a fact.

But one night, in St. Jo., a slick gentleman named Isaac Blumenstein, fresh from Denver, got into the game. McCurdy insists on calling him Blumen*steen*. "Ikey" is good enough for me; it's easier, too. But Ikey was not easy. He was the hardest proposition that ever struck the crowd, and in three nights he had made Tompkins look like thirty cents. As I said before, I was showing neckties to the farmers about that time, or McCurdy might never have had this story to tell. But McCurdy was in the game on the last night, and he says Tompkins, who had been dropping coin steadily for three nights, came in with a wad like a bolster. Ikey was there, too, and in four hours' play Ikey had the wad. That's the last they ever saw of Ikey, and, what's worse, it's the last they ever saw of Tompkins.

He left suddenly the next day and went down to Castleton, about an hour out from St. Jo. He used to call there every other trip. He went to the Porter House, as usual, and they gave him a big room in the wing on the second floor. The windows look out on an orchard that belongs to the big man of the town—I forget his name now. At any rate, the room was in the back of the house, and Tompkins could have practised on a cornet without waking the policeman out in front on the main street. I only mention this fact to show how easy it was for a burglar to get into Tompkins's room without being heard or seen, even in a town as big as Castleton. And that's just what happened. They found poor Tompkins lying across the bed with a broken head the next morning, and only a couple of hundred dollars'-worth of scarf-pins and sleeve-buttons left in the bottom of his sample-case. The window was open, a chair was upset, and they found a hat that did not belong to

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Tompkins. Of course, the papers were full of it. I got the story the next day in Cobville. McCurdy had heard of it at once and was in Castleton that afternoon. There was

"McCurdy doesn't hesitate to make the Recording Angel work overtime."

a lot of red tape with the coroner and the police, but finally McCurdy brought the body up to St. Jo. and we buried poor Tompkins there.

Now, up to this point of the story I'll answer for the details myself. From now on, for a short space, we've got to take McCurdy's word for it. I would scarcely believe McCurdy under oath, but I believe this story—all except that part about the cigarettes—and I believe it because I can't see how McCurdy could have found out what he knew unless things happened as he says they happened. I don't believe in ghosts, either; but I make an exception in this case, because I can't dodge it.

McCurdy was in Castleton about four months after Tompkins's death. McCurdy's line was soap, and he is known all through that country as the worst—but that's different. McCurdy went to the Porter House, of course. We all used to go there. It was early fall, it was night, and the rain was coming down—well, they can manufacture about as nasty a line of weather in a small Missouri town as in any place I know. The hotel was jammed. They weren't going to take McCurdy. But it was a new clerk who tried to switch McCurdy to the other hotel, and he never would have tried it if he had known the wealth of McCurdy's vocabulary. Finally, they offered him a cot in the hall, but just then the night clerk came on, and he knew McCurdy, and he said they'd give him the haunted room. McCurdy gave them the laugh; but when they told him it was the room where poor Tompkins had been killed, he leaned over the counter and asked questions.

They told him that about a month after the murder, a man who had been assigned to that room came howling down the stairs at three o'clock in the morning and said he had seen a ghost. They could not get him to go back; but the clerk put it all down to the grape. A week later, there was the same performance all over again, with another man who had never heard of Tompkins or Tompkins's ghost. Then the Porter House people began to take it seriously, and they waited for a good customer to try that room on. The right thing came along in the person of a Baptist minister. They put him in the haunted room, and they all sat up that night in the bar awaiting developments—the clerk, the bar-keep, old man Porter himself, and the cop. But the parson was game, I guess, because he never squealed. He came down at six o'clock the next morning, though looking pretty yellow, and paid his bill and went to the depôt lunch counter for breakfast. Nobody had the nerve to ask him any questions; but since then the Porter people had not put anyone in that room until the night McCurdy came along and used bad

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language and said he had known Tompkins, and did not believe in ghosts, and was ready to pulverise the man that tried any masquerading on him during the night. So they gave him the key and a pitcher of ice-water, and McCurdy went upstairs to bed.

It was a good-sized room, with two windows facing the orchard in the rear of the house. There was a double bed, a bureau, a wash-stand, a table in the middle of the floor, a great easy-chair, and a few cane-bottom chairs scattered around to fill up space. McCurdy locked the door and put one of the chairs against it, because he had his suspicions about a joke. Then he looked out of the window into the orchard, where the trees were rocking and sputtering in the storm, and reflected that it would be a mighty enthusiastic ghost who would try to come in by that route that night. He put the water-pitcher on a chair near the head of the bed, and determined to baptise any joker who disturbed him in the night. Then he turned in.

He says he went to sleep right away, but awoke after a while with a queer sort of sensation, as if somebody was in the room. The storm had blown over by this time, and the moon was shining dimly through the half-drawn curtains, giving just light enough to distinguish the objects in the room. McCurdy turned over, and although he felt he was only about half awake, he plainly distinguished the form of a man sitting in the armchair. He admits he was startled at first; then he began to get angry, and he reached cautiously out towards the water-pitcher, intending to make a jump for the fellow in the chair. But he stopped half-way and raised himself on his elbow, because the thing in the chair was the weirdest thing he'd ever seen. It looked like a figure in a fog, and, what's more, it looked like Tompkins. McCurdy stared and stared, and then he coughed and sat up straight in bed, just to be sure he was awake. The figure in the chair turned and said—

"Ah! you are awake at last. I have been waiting for you."

McCurdy gasped. No human voice ever sounded like that. It was like Tompkins speaking in another room; but the words were audible and distinct. McCurdy felt the cold chills going up and down his spine. He tried to say something, but he could not. Then the ghost spoke again.

"What time is it?" he asked.

McCurdy pulled his watch out from under the pillow and managed to answer—

"Almost two o'clock."

"You've kept me waiting just two hours," said the thing in the chair.

"Sorry," ventured McCurdy, for he did not have any words to waste.

"It's of no consequence," continued the ghost quietly. "I'm used to waiting. I have plenty of time. In fact, I have nothing else to do. If I had waked you up, you would probably have cut and run like the other fellows. You aren't going to run, are you?"

McCurdy could not have walked.

"I guess not," he said.

"Because I want to ask you a question," resumed the ghost, "and it is of the utmost importance to me that it should be answered. The first two fellows would not even wait for me to ask it, and the minister just pulled the clothes over his head and prayed."

"I'll wait," said McCurdy.

The ghost got up out of the armchair and moved across the room. As he passed in front of the window, McCurdy could see right through him—and then he was sure it was a ghost. He got a good look at the face, too, and he shouted—

"Billy Tompkins!"

The spectre paused and gazed at McCurdy. McCurdy said—

"I'm McCurdy."

"By Jove!" whispered the ghost, "I'm glad to see you, Mac. I knew some of you fellows would be along pretty soon. Have you got any cigarettes?"

"On the table," replied McCurdy, and then he *knew* it was Tompkins. The ghost found the cigarettes, lighted one, and sat down again in the big chair. He inhaled the smoke, and McCurdy could see it go down his throat into his body and down into his legs. He never blew it out again, so that the more he smoked, the more substantial and opaque he became. When he had finished about three cigarettes, McCurdy could no longer see through him. He was in the presence of a greyish white replica of Tompkins.

"How about that question?" he asked finally.

"Coming," said the ghost. "But you don't mind a little ancient history first, do you?"

McCurdy said he didn't.

"You know as well as I do about that last night in St. Jo., where Ikey got all there was coming to him. You remember the wad I had? You remember, too, that I'd been losing straight for three days?"

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McCurdy remembered all these things.

"I banked on my luck," continued the ghost; "and the day of that game, I—I—I—hypothecated practically the entire contents of my sample-case."

"Where?" cried McCurdy.

The ghost of Tompkins told him who his uncle was in St. Jo.

"I got three thousand," added the ghost, "and then Ikey got it. That settled me. I knew it was all up then. I was a thief, and there was no way out. I bought a little white powder that a travelling medico told me about once, and I came down here and swallowed it. I did not write any letters or send any farewells; I just took my medicine and went to bed. I was about getting unconscious—for it was one of these opium things that lets you off easy and takes a long time doing it—when that fellow crawled in at the window and made for the sample-case. I ought to have let him alone, but I did not. I got up, and we clinched, and the poor fool cracked me on the head with something hard. I fell across the bed with a gash in my forehead, and the burglar thought he had done for me. He lost his nerve and skipped without even taking a pin. The next morning I was found dead. Now, did I commit suicide or was I murdered?"

McCurdy has had a good many questions fired at him in his time, but he gives the championship to this one of Tompkins's ghost. He was so staggered by it that he got up out of bed and counted his fingers and toes to see if he was awake. Then he sat down again and just gazed vacantly at the smoky apparition.

The ghost did not seem to mind, because pretty soon he began talking again.

"You see," he said, "it is not very pleasant to be the ghost of a murdered man; for in the first place, you're visible, and that scares people; and in the second place, you have to roam about the spot where the crime was committed, and that gets tiresome. The spiritual remains of a suicide are invisible, and are bound by no such conventions."

"Strange," muttered McCurdy.

"Not at all," answered the ghost. "It is only natural, as you will learn when you become a ghost."

McCurdy shuddered, but he pulled himself together and asked—

"What do you want me to do? Hanged if I know who killed you!"

"But he's been arrested," said the ghost. "He's locked up in the gaol here now. If you can find some way to prove in court that I killed myself, you'll release me from the Porter House and save the life of that poor devil of a burglar!"

"But don't you know whether you committed suicide or not?" asked McCurdy.

"That does not make any difference," replied the ghost impatiently. "It is not the facts in the case that affect my condition, it's what the living world believes to be the facts. So long as people think I was murdered, I'll have to haunt this room."

Well, to wind up McCurdy's end of the story—the two of them talked there for an hour or more, and the ghost gave McCurdy all the facts, and McCurdy promised to do what he could. Then the ghost said McCurdy had better get some sleep, and he wished him good-night and disappeared through the wall, leaving behind him, McCurdy says, nothing but a strong odour of stale cigarette smoke.

At this point of the story I can take up the thread of it myself, for everybody knows what McCurdy did the next day; and he could not have done it all if he had not seen Tompkins's ghost. Mind you, McCurdy did not know the burglar had been arrested until the ghost told him, and *nobody* knew that Tompkins had pawned his samples the day before he went to Castleton. I was in St. Jo., and I got a telegram from McCurdy telling me to go to a certain joint and find out if Tompkins's stuff was there. I did not understand at first; but I went, and sure enough, there it was. I thought, of course, the thief had owned up, but he had not. The poor fellow, ever since his arrest, had consistently maintained that he had not taken anything from Tompkins's room that night, and the Castleton police had been putting him through the thirty-third degree to make him give up. I telegraphed to McCurdy that I had found the things, and the date they were pawned, which was *two days before the burglary*. But I did not realise that at the time.

McCurdy saw the point, of course, and he was talking Dutch to that burglar's lawyer inside of half an hour. The lawyer wanted to know where McCurdy got his facts, but McCurdy would not tell. He was not going to be laughed at for seeing ghosts. The lawyer, however, said McCurdy had a good tip, and he came on to St. Jo. with him. They picked me up there, and McCurdy told me the story. I was going to drop the whole business then and there, because I thought it was too serious a matter for

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"He raised himself on his elbow, because the thing in the chair was the weirdest thing he'd ever seen."

McCurdy to take the occasion to build a castle like that. But he was in dead earnest. He got two doctors and a Board of Health permit; they exhumed the body, and the post-mortem, or post-bury'em, or whatever you call it, showed that Tompkins had taken enough poison to kill a regiment.

When the case came up for trial, a few months later, that country lawyer just spread-eagled all over the court-room. He proved suicide, and the burglar was let off with six months. The papers were full of it, but McCurdy kept dark, and that little six-by-nine farmer of an attorney got a reputation for astuteness and keen insight and shrewdness that put him at the head of the Missouri bar with a jump. Now he wears shirts with the cuffs sewed on to the sleeves, and spells "fee" with a capital F.

That's all there is to it. This is the only ghost story I ever believed, because it's the only one that can be proved; and I don't

"They picked me up there, and McCurdy told me the story."

see what better proof is wanted. McCurdy told the Porter House people there was not any ghost in their haunted room, and that there never would be; and there's never been any trouble there since. Poor Billy got his transfer, I guess.

HORAS: NON: NVMERO: NISI: SERENAS.

A GARDEN which an old red wall encloses,
Where sighing lilies hang their love-pale heads,
And burgeoned clusters of old-fashioned roses
Bend o'er herbaceous beds;
Here Myosotis, in her maiden manner,
Murmurs "Forget me not!" between her tears;
And Iris, spreading like a kingly banner,
Streams above sheaves of spears!

White billowy pinks suffuse a balmy fragrance
Spiced with the scent of sandal-wood and clove,
And honeysuckles, looped in golden vagrance,
Transpire the breath of love.
A close-trimmed box-hedge skirts the jewelled border,
Within whose bounds a springy lawn expands,
And centrally, as fits the Sun's recorder,
A moss-grown Dial stands.

O! that my life were laid in such a garden!
Where sunshine bathes the world in amber haze;
O! to cast off the carking weary burden,
And bask through summer days!
Thou happy Dial! that canst dream and slumber,
Lulled by the incense of a thousand flowers,
Where never shadow falls, except to number
The tale of shining hours!

HOWEL SCRATTON.

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BY

A BOY

WHO HAS ONE.

THIS isn't a good-goody lecture, so don't funk it. If you're a boy, perhaps it will teach you how to behave; and if you're not, perhaps it will show you what to expect. It was being at our school sports the other day that put it into my head to write it, because I couldn't help noticing there that some of the boys didn't treat their female relations as well as might have been expected under the circumstances. That sounds like a quotation, but I haven't the least idea what it's from. I don't think it's Shakespeare.

Our sports are rather a big affair, although it's only a preparatory school and quite a small one. There are ten boarders and ten day boys; but we're very select, and we think no end of ourselves. I mention this to prove that it isn't only cads who snub their mothers; and to show that I'm not exaggerating about the tone of the school, I may tell you that on Peace Monday we had three different kinds of meat and four different kinds of pudding for dinner, and every boy there had a bit of everything, which made seven helpings to each boy. This shows that things are done in proper style at Everton House.

The sports show it, too. We have a regular garden-party for parents and friends, with a military band playing, and no end of gorgeous tuck in the tea-tent. This year we even ran to ices. Also the prizes are magnificent—no less than three champion cups, and piles of cricket-bats and pocket-knives and clocks. A boy has to try really hard if he doesn't want to get anything.

This is only preface, but I had to explain how it was that the mothers came in.

I am a day boy, so I went home to lunch after morning school and drove over to the playing-field afterwards with my relations. The reason I went home was so that I could have a good clean up and room to change. Last year I dressed at the school for the Parents' Cricket Match, and I put on a new suit of flannels wrong side out. This was the consequence of not having room enough and being shoved by other fellows; and my mother didn't want it to happen again. She was jolly mad at the figure I cut at the Parents' Match; and, looking back on it now, I'm not surprised, although at the time it seemed unreasonable. I'd have been jolly mad myself if I'd seen her there in a dress turned inside out.

She consulted me about what she should wear at the sports, and I advised all black, because most of the boys' mothers are wearing black since the war, and one doesn't like to see a difference. However, I couldn't get her into anything quieter than black and white, with purple flowers in her hat. She was quite firm about not going into mourning, because none of her own relations had been killed. However, most of the people at the sports were out of mourning, after all, so her firmness had no evil results; but I certainly shouldn't have liked to see her different from the rest. A boy has a right to be very particular about that. He doesn't like even to see his mother thinner or fatter than

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"I put on a new suit of flannels wrong side out."

purpose to see him win in the long jump (which he didn't, after all), and Rawnsley kept as far as he could from her the whole afternoon. I had to find him for her when she wanted to say "Good-bye," and she kissed him then because he hadn't sufficient presence of mind to do what Pennefather had done to his mother; but anyone could see that he'd rather have had a biffing—and she was really quite a nice old lady that he needn't have been a bit ashamed of, although it *is* considered rather molly-coddlish at our school to have a grandmother at all. I don't myself see how our fathers and mothers could be there without fathers and mothers of their own, but the fact remains that grandmothers are not encouraged.

However, it's about mothers I'm writing. There was Waugh's mother. Waugh isn't a bad sort of boy—quite the contrary; but, as I've explained already, we hate to see our people do anything that's the least bit different from other people, and he got into no end of a bait when he found his other boys' mothers, and remarkable hair is always to be avoided. If a bright golden colour is natural, then it should certainly be dyed black.

Pennefather is a boarder, and he hadn't seen his parents since the Easter holidays, so of course his mother felt inclined to gush a bit when she arrived. He went to meet them right enough as they came into the field, and shook hands very agreeably with his father; but when Mrs. Pennefather said: "Oh, this *is* nice!" and made a little swoop at him as if she were going to kiss him, he just held out his hand at arm's length, and she understood at once that he didn't intend to allow it. Of course, she didn't make any remark or try again to hug him; but she looked so beastly disappointed and all droopy as she walked across the field that I wanted very badly to punch Pennefather's head. A boy who can make his mother look like that doesn't deserve to have one.

Then there was Rawnsley's grandmother. She came all the way down from London on

"'Come out of that!' said he. 'No one else is doing it.'"

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"She let them do just as they liked about being with her."

mother standing just inside the tent where the prizes were, to shelter from a little shower of rain.

"Come out of that!" said he. "No one else is doing it." But she didn't stir. Very likely she had a new hat on, and had forgotten her brolly.

"*Do* come out of that!" said Waugh again; but still she was minding her hat and paying no attention to him; so he turned round to me with a sort of ashamed grin and said: "Isn't she an ass?"

I didn't answer him; and I was glad she didn't hear and that we were quite away from the others. It's all very well for boys to call each other asses; in fact, I don't see how the tone of the school could be kept up if they didn't; and if a boy's relations don't mind being called asses when he's playing with them, that's their own affair; but a boy certainly has no right to call his mother an ass when he's speaking of her to another boy or to anybody else. It's rotten bad form, besides being a beastly way to treat her even if he doesn't mean any harm by it.

You wouldn't catch the Leslies saying anything shabby about *their* mother, or doing anything shabby about her, either; and they're two of the oldest boys in the school, so they ought to know what's what. She's ever so lovely. My mother admired her immensely, and so did I. And she must have plenty of sense, for she didn't gush a bit, and let them do just as they liked about being with her; and I tell you they jolly well wanted to keep as close to her as they could, except when they were doing things in the sports. She's only a short time home from India, so she had every excuse for gushing if she had been that sort, because she hadn't seen them for ages until a few weeks ago, and she can't be quite used to them yet, especially as they're boarders. However, she didn't gush, or paw them over, or anything—only just looked delightful and awfully happy; and she was as keen on the sports as we were ourselves.

When the Leslies saw her coming into the field, they ran straight up to her and kissed her of their own accord, quite as if they liked it, and I'm sure they did, too. Any boy might have been glad of the chance—that is to say, if he had sense. The Leslies stuck to her like wasps to a pot of jam; and when the prizes were being given away at the end of the day, which was frightfully public, of course—all the people being gathered up into a congregation—Leslie major sat down on the grass at her feet with his arm across her knees, and Leslie minor got right into her pocket. It was enough to make a boy feel choky if he didn't happen to have a mother; and it ought to have been enough to make the boys who had mothers and didn't treat them properly feel jolly well ashamed of themselves.

I was hoping that Pennefather noticed it, and took in that nobody there—neither boys nor visitors—seemed the least bit inclined to laugh at the Leslies or to consider them duffers for making much of their mother and letting anyone who happened to be

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curious about it see that they loved her and were proud of having such a jolly decent sort of mother to love, instead of fighting shy of her like Pennefather or snubbing her like Waugh. Mrs. Leslie wasn't a bit like other people, either, for I heard my mother say that she was a very distinguished-looking woman, and distinguished means different; so sucks to Waugh and any other idiot like him!

I don't mind admitting I was rather an ass myself about the black dress, but that was all in private; and I maintain that if my mother had chosen to dress in scarlet or bright green, I shouldn't have refused to walk into the field with her. And, too, if I was a boarder, I'd kiss her, without waiting to be asked, every time she came to see me. But then I can always trust her to do the right thing, because she's so jolly careful of my feelings. Why, last Christmas, when I got four prizes at the breaking-up, she didn't even clap me, because she knew I didn't consider it the right thing for parents to clap their own sons, and she didn't like to make me feel awkward, although she was just bursting with pride and wanted to do something or other to let off steam.

This leads me to remark that fair play is a jewel, and it's only just to admit that there are sometimes faults on both sides. All mothers can't be trusted to behave as discreetly as mine and the Leslies', and it is but right that their faults should be pointed out to them.

No boy, however small, likes to be picked up and cuddled and plastered before everyone, as if he was a new-born baby on show. No boy likes to hear his looks or his brains or his appetite discussed in a loud tone while a lot of fellows are listening and giggling a few yards off. And no boy likes to be pulled about and tidied and rubbed up in public. Mothers will find it to their own advantage to remember these things. Also they should be chummy with boys when the boys are at home, and write lots to them when they are away. If they consider boys a beastly nuisance, and are always shoving them off and wanting to be rid of them in the holidays, they must expect to be shoved off themselves when they turn up during the term.

Mothers shouldn't lecture continually. It makes a boy afraid to tell her things, for most fellows would rather be biffed by a man than jawed at by a woman.

Mothers shouldn't pretend to look shocked when a fellow says "Oh, blow!" or any little thing of that kind. As a rule, they're not really shocked at all, and the boys know it, because they hear their fathers say just the same every day, and no one thinks of looking shocked; so this sort of reproof encourages deceitfulness, besides spoiling confidence; for if a boy catches his mother humbugging about right and wrong, he's pretty sure to start humbugging himself.

Now I don't think I'll say any more, because one should be consistent and practise what one preaches; and if mothers shouldn't jaw too much, neither should boys.

"Mothers shouldn't pretend to look shocked when a fellow says 'Oh, blow!'"

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"SKIN O' MY TOOTH":

HIS MEMOIRS, BY HIS CONFIDENTIAL CLERK.

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

THE BARONESS ORCZY.*

IV.—THE DUFFIELD PEERAGE CASE.

IT was through the merest coincidence that Skin o' my Tooth got mixed up with this remarkable case, which brought him suddenly into such great prominence before the public, and was really the foundation-stone of his subsequent more fortunate career. In those days—it seems very long ago now—money was often very tight at the Finsbury Square office; it was spent as soon as earned, for Skin o' my Tooth never learnt its value, principally, I think, because he never exerted himself to earn it. The gentle art of self-advertisement was totally unknown to him, even in its most elementary stages, and had I not made friends with the sub-editor of the *Surrey Post*, and got him to insert that excellent puff, beginning: "Mr. Patrick Mulligan, the most eminent and learned lawyer on criminal cases, is now in our midst," etc., etc., no doubt the Duffield Peerage Case would have drifted into other far less competent hands, and Heaven only knows what the upshot of it all would have been.

We had gone down to Guildford in connection with the Wingfield Will Case, and finding the sweet little Surrey town peculiarly attractive, Skin o' my Tooth had decided to stay on for a few days, and, under the pretence that he would feel lonely, he insisted on my remaining with him. We had spent a week of delightful idleness, and my chief had devoured a large supply of his favourite French novels, when the murder of Mr. Sibbald Thursby, a noted solicitor of Guildford, threw the whole town into a veritable state of uproar. From the very first the wildest rumours were circulated on the subject of this appalling tragedy, and it became really difficult to sift the real facts from the innumerable surmises and embellishments indulged in by the imaginative reporter of the *Surrey Post*. The truth, however, as far as I ultimately succeeded in gathering it for the benefit of my chief, who seemed interested in the case, was briefly this:—

Mr. Sibbald Thursby had an office where he transacted his business in Guildford High Street, but he lived in a tiny house just outside the town, on the Dorking Road; his household consisting of himself and a man and his wife named Upjohn, who shared the duties of cook, gardener, maid and man of all works between them. On Friday last the Upjohns went upstairs to bed as usual at 9.30 o'clock, leaving their master at work in his study on the ground floor. This room had windows opening out on to the small garden at the back, and also a little conservatory leading to it. Mr. Thursby always bolted the windows and locked the conservatory the last thing before going to bed. The Upjohns heard someone knocking at the front door some ten minutes after they went upstairs, but both having already got into bed, they seem to have been too lazy to get up. Whether Mr. Thursby himself let his belated visitor in or not, they could not say, for they heard nothing, and very soon were both sleeping the sleep of the just.

But next morning, when Mrs. Upjohn went into the study, she was horrified to find her master lying on his side across the threshold of the conservatory door; his clothes—the clothes he was wearing the night before—were covered with blood, his face was obviously that of the dead. Upjohn, summoned by his wife's screams, quickly ran into Guildford for the doctor and the police: the former pronounced life to be extinct, Mr. Thursby's throat having been cut from ear to ear, obviously with the short, curve-bladed knife found in the conservatory. There had been no time even for a short struggle for his life on the part of the

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unfortunate solicitor. According to the theory immediately formed by the police, he had been attacked with extraordinary suddenness and fury, practically at the very moment when he was opening the conservatory door in order to let the assassin in. The latter must at once have gripped his victim by the throat, smothering his screams, and only used the knife when the poor man was already senseless. In falling backwards, Mr. Thursby had seized the *portière* curtain and dragged it down with him in his fall, otherwise nothing was disturbed in the room. The windows were found carefully bolted; the lamp even had been extinguished. The few little articles of silver and bits of valuable china in the cabinets were left untouched; the unfortunate man's watch and chain, the loose cash in his pocket, were found intact; and to the police the crime seemed as purposeless as it was mysterious.

At the inquest, which was held on the following Tuesday, a verdict of "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown" was returned, and the public had perforce to rest satisfied that everything was being done to throw light upon this tragic and awful affair. But gradually a rumour, more persistent and positive, and less vague than others, began to find general credence. The *Surrey Post* had brought the news that a lady—a stranger to Guildford—had gone to the police to request the return of certain papers which had been in the charge of Mr. Sibbald Thursby, and for which she held a receipt signed by him. Rumour went on to assert that a search was made for these papers, and that they had not been found, but that one of the constables, when he was carefully surveying the room where Mr. Thursby was murdered, had discovered a handful of ashes of burned papers in the grate. Twenty-four hours later, the news had spread throughout England like wildfire that the lady whose papers had so unaccountably disappeared claimed to be the lawful wife of the Earl of Duffield, and that those papers were of paramount importance to the legal aspect of her claim and that of her son.

Skin o' my Tooth had stayed on at Guildford all these days, chiefly because the case interested him from the very first; with his unerring instinct in criminal matters, he had scented a mysterious complication, long before the many rumours anent the lady claimant had taken definite shape.

"I imagine Lord Duffield won't enjoy this washing of all his family linen in public, which seems to me quite inevitable," he said to me one morning, when he had read his *Surrey Post*.

We had just finished the excellent breakfast provided by the Crown Hotel, and Skin o' my Tooth had suggested the advisability of my running up to town to get him a batch of French novels, when one of the waiters came up to our table, with a great air of importance and mystery, and holding a card upon a salver.

"His Lordship is in his carriage," he murmured with the respect befitting so important an event, "and desires to have a few minutes' interview with Mr. Mulligan."

I glanced at the card, which bore the name "The Earl of Duffield," while Skin o' my Tooth quietly intimated to the waiter that he would see his Lordship in the sitting-room.

Lord Duffield was a stout, florid, jovial-looking man of about fifty, decidedly military and precise in his dress and general bearing, but at the present moment obviously labouring under a strong emotion which he was making vigorous efforts to conceal.

"Mr. Mulligan, I believe," he said.

"That is my name," replied Skin o' my Tooth. "To what can I ascribe the honour of this visit?"

"I read your name in the local papers, Mr. Mulligan, but of course I had heard of you before, in connection—er—with criminal cases. The present instance—but," he added, looking somewhat dubiously at my humble personality, "this gentleman——?"

"My confidential clerk, Lord Duffield. You need have no fear of speaking before him."

Satisfied on that point, Lord Duffield sat down, then he said abruptly—

"It is about this murder of Sibbald Thursby. The turn this affair has taken forces me to place the matter, as far as I am concerned, into the hands of a lawyer. Our own family solicitor is too old and has never had any experience of this sort; whereas you——"

"I am entirely at your disposal."

"To make the matter clear to you, I shall have to take you back some thirty years, when I, a young subaltern in a Line regiment quartered in Simla, had no prospects of ever inheriting this title and property. When I was barely twenty, I fell in love, like the young fool I was, with a noted beauty of Simla, a Miss Patricia O'Rourke, whose reputation already at that time was none too enviable. After a brief courtship, I married her, in the very teeth of strenuous opposition

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on the part of all my friends; and less than six months after my marriage I had undoubted proofs that Miss O'Rourke was of more evil character than even Simla had suspected, for at the time she married me she had a husband still living—a man named Henry Mitchell, as great a blackguard, I believe, as ever trod the earth.

"Half crazy with grief and the humiliation of it all, I at last succeeded in obtaining sick leave, and soon sailed for England, determined, if possible, to turn my back for ever on the woman who had blighted my life, and on the scene of my folly and my shame.

"Well, Mr. Mulligan, I dare say that experience has taught you that grief at twenty is soon forgotten. Within a year of that saddest period of my life, my uncle, the late Earl of Duffield, lost his only son, and I became his heir. He obtained for me an exchange into the Coldstream Guards, and soon after that I married Miss Angela Hutton, the daughter of America's great copper king. The following year my uncle died, I inherited the title and property, and then my son Oswald was born, and I became a widower.

"In the meanwhile, Miss O'Rourke, or Mrs. Mitchell, had disappeared from Simla. No one knew where she had gone to; some of my friends thought that she was dead.

"I was obliged to tell you all this, Mr. Mulligan," resumed Lord Duffield after a slight pause, "so that you may better understand my position at the present moment. Remember that I have been during all these years under the firm impression that my marriage with Patricia O'Rourke was an illegal one, and that our son born of that union was not legitimate. I had what I considered ample proofs that Henry Mitchell was alive at the time that she married me. When I taxed her with the crime of bigamy, she not only did not deny it, but calmly told me to go my way if I liked. Now, after thirty years, she has once more appeared upon the arena of my life. Not only that, but she has come forward with a claim — a strong claim for herself and her son. She has obtained affidavits, sworn to by people of unimpeachable position, testifying to the death of Henry Mitchell in Teheran—where he had settled down in business—three clear days before her marriage to me."

"She was horrified to find her master lying across the threshold of the conservatory door."

"After thirty years?" commented Skin o' my Tooth in astonishment.

"She went to see Sibbald Thursby, who, as you know, perhaps, was the most noted lawyer in Guildford. He was a very old and very intimate friend of mine. She put all the facts before him and showed him all her

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papers. He came and told me himself that the affidavits were perfectly *en règle*, duly signed and witnessed by the British Consul in Teheran; one had been sworn by Dr. Smollett, a leading English medical man, who attended on Henry Mitchell in his last illness."

"But why thirty years?"

"Well, it appears that she had all along been morally convinced that Henry Mitchell had died *before* our marriage; but she had lost trace of him for some months, and had been unable to obtain the necessary proofs to convince me of his death. However, when I left her, she resolutely set to work to obtain these proofs; but by the time she had succeeded, some years had elapsed, and she also had lost sight of me. She did not know that Lieutenant Adrian Payton had become the Earl of Duffield, you see. A mere accident revealed this fact to her, and, immediately realising her duty to her son, she then set sail for England."

"Mr. Thursby, I understand, as a lawyer, thought well of the lady's claim?"

"He thought that there could be no two opinions on the subject."

"There usually are, though, in law," said Skin o' my Tooth, with a smile.

"Yes! And you may be sure that I did not mean to allow my son Oswald to lose his rights and become nameless without a struggle. But Sibbald Thursby had shown me the affidavits which my wife—I suppose I must call her that—had given in his charge, and I am bound to confess that her case seemed remarkably clear. Still, I meant to fight to the bitter end—then——"

"Then? And now?"

"Now? Have you forgotten what has happened? Sibbald Thursby has been murdered, and those same papers have been stolen or destroyed."

"According to you, by whom?" asked Skin o' my Tooth quietly.

"Ah! Heaven only knows! Look at me, Mr. Mulligan. Am I capable of such a crime? And yet public opinion has already built a veritable scaffolding of base insinuations against me and my son Oswald. My wife has gathered round her a veritable army of partisans; the London papers utter scarcely veiled accusations, and the people of this county cut me in the street."

"But what about your son, Viscount Dottridge, I mean?"

"What about him, Mr. Mulligan? I tell you there is an infamous conspiracy against him. He went out on the afternoon preceding Sibbald Thursby's death to pay a visit to some friends about twenty miles the other side of Guildford. He was on his bicycle, and rode home late in the evening. Just outside Guildford his tyre punctured badly; he was still five miles from Duffield, so he elected to have that puncture mended in the town sooner than walk his machine home. He left his bicycle at Rashleigh's, in the High Street, then thought he would kill time by having a chat with Sibbald Thursby. He went round to "The Cottage." It was then a little before ten. He knocked at the front door, but receiving no answer, he went away again and went for a stroll in the lanes until his machine was mended. He called for it at Rashleigh's at a quarter past ten; it was then ready, and he rode home."

"Yes. And——?"

"And while he stood for a moment irresolute upon Sibbald Thursby's doorstep, a couple of workmen saw him, and have informed the police of this fact. If you have read the local paper this morning, Mr. Mulligan, you will have noticed that they announce 'Sensational Developments in the Guildford Mystery.' That sensation will be, I take it, that my son Oswald will be accused of having murdered Sibbald Thursby, in order to destroy the papers which would have robbed him of his inheritance."

"Of which crime you assert that he is innocent. Pray do not misunderstand me. Mine is at present an open mind; I have only followed the case very superficially. Since you have honoured me with your confidence, I will, of course, go very fully into the matter. Your position from a legal point of view is secure for the moment. Failing the proofs that Henry Mitchell was dead at the time of your marriage with Miss Patricia O'Rourke, your proofs that he only died *after* the marriage hold good and make your position unassailable. In that way, the murderer of Mr. Sibbald Thursby has certainly done you—or, rather, your son—a good turn, for the lady may perhaps never succeed in getting her proofs together again. Teheran is such a long way off, and the creditable English witnesses are probably dead or dispersed by now. But, of course, there is public opinion, and no doubt you yourself cannot estimate at the present moment how far it will force your hand."

Lord Duffield groaned.

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"'You would not care to name a figure—without prejudice——?'"

"At present," he said, "I only seem to care about the danger to my son Oswald."

"Quite so; and if you will allow me, I will now at once see the detective-inspector in charge of the case, and you may rest assured that everything that can be done, will be done to throw daylight upon these unfortunate events."

Lord Duffield seemed as if he would like to prolong the interview. He looked to me as if he had something on his mind which he could not bring himself to tell, even to his lawyer. Skin o' my Tooth, with his keen insight, also noted the struggle, I am sure, for he waited silently for a moment or two. However, after a brief pause, Lord Duffield rose, shook hands

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with my chief, nodded to me, and with a few parting instructions he finally left the room.

II.

I DON'T suppose that even Lord Duffield realised how very strong public opinion was already against him in this matter. The lady—small blame to her—had made it her business to let the whole town know the full history of her case, and I must say that, as it now stood, it did not redound to the credit of the noble lord and his son. The detective-inspector, on whom Skin o' my Tooth called that same afternoon, was quite convinced that Lord Duffield and his son had planned and executed the destruction of the documents. The murder, he admitted, might not have been intended, but merely committed as an act of self-defence, when the noble thieves had found their friend awake and alert, instead of in bed, as they had supposed. There was no doubt that Viscount Dottridge was seen to loiter round "The Cottage" at about ten o'clock at night. The Upjohns were firm in their statement that they had heard a noise at the front door at about that time. The theory of the police was that the young man had then gone round to the garden and tried the conservatory door; Mr. Thursby, hearing a noise, had gone to see what the noise was, and was probably gripped by the throat before he could utter a scream.

"Personally, Mr. Mulligan, I have very little doubt that his Lordship was in this game, somehow," concluded the detective-inspector at the end of our interview with him; "but I think you will agree with me that the position is remarkably difficult. What in the world am I to do? Duty is duty, and there must not be one law for the rich and another for the poor. The matter can't be hushed up now. Lady Duffield—I suppose she is that, really—won't allow the matter to rest. As long as she remains in the country, she will keep public opinion well stirred up. I wish she could be persuaded to leave the matter alone now. Even if we succeed in proving a charge of murder against Viscount Dottridge, it won't give her son any better chance to make good his claim, will it, sir?"

"Certainly not," replied Skin o' my Tooth; "and you have put the matter in a nutshell. As you say, it would be far better if the lady vacated the place and left you a free hand to hush up the scandal or not, according to the discretion of your chiefs."

It was clear from this interview that the detective-inspector did not know how to act. Torn between his respect for the title and position of the Earl of Duffield, and his own sense of duty in view of the many proofs in favour of Viscount Dottridge's guilt, he was certainly inclined to wait, at any rate until public opinion literally forced the hand of his chiefs.

But in the meanwhile, Skin o' my Tooth had announced to me his intention of seeing the lady who seemed to be the real centre of the many tragic events of the past few days.

We walked round to the "Duffield Arms," where we understood that she was staying, and two minutes later we were shown into the private sitting-room which she occupied at the hotel.

I must say that I looked with some interest at the woman round whom such exciting events seemed to have gathered. Though she must have been nearly fifty years of age certainly, there was even now a wonderful amount of fascination about her entire personality, and a power of magic in her blue eyes. Her son, whom she introduced to us as Viscount Dottridge, was with her when we came into the room, and it was quite impossible not to be struck immediately with the distinct resemblance which he bore to his father. Legally or not, this young man was undoubtedly the son of the Earl of Duffield—Nature had taken special care to prove that fact, at any rate; and my sympathies immediately went out to him and to his beautiful mother, for there was no doubt that Luck had treated them very roughly.

She received my chief very graciously, and, bidding him be seated, she listened with a smile to what I may term the presentation of his credentials.

"I am Lord Duffield's legal adviser in this matter," he said; "but I think I may safely say that I am the friend of both parties. Whilst I serve my client to the best of my ability, I have every desire—believe me—to be of service to you and to your son."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I have been a fool, Mr. Mulligan," she said. "I ought never to have parted with those papers. Now I fear that no one can help me."

"Surely you are wrong. There is no reason why the lost papers should not be replaced. It certainly may take some years and——"

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"Money," she interrupted impatiently,

"which I have not got. Those who murdered Mr. Thursby and stole the papers knew what they were about. They have left me absolutely helpless; and even if the perpetrator of the dastardly outrage were punished with the full rigour of the law, I should still see my son ousted from his rights."

"Would you mind telling me the exact contents of the papers you considered most valuable to the furtherance of your cause?"

I thought she looked at him a little suspiciously then; but evidently reassured by his genial smile, she said—

"There were two sworn statements made—one by a Dr. Smollett, who was a well-known English doctor in Teheran, the other by an English nurse named Dawson; both these persons were with Henry Mitchell at the time of his death, and remembered all the circumstances connected with it. Dr. Smollett is dead now. As for the nurse, I have lost sight of her for ten years; it is very doubtful if I could ever trace her."

"But surely these statements were made before the resident British Consul at Teheran?"

"Oh, yes! of course they were. Sir William Courteen was Consul at the time. He subsequently became Governor of the Gold Coast, and died, if you remember, some three years ago."

"Fate has indeed dealt harshly with you," murmured Skin o' my Tooth with genuine sympathy.

"To tell you the truth, it never struck me at first that Lord Duffield would contest my just rights. When I understood that Mr. Thursby was a personal friend of my husband's, I left my papers in his hands, thinking that no doubt he would show them to Lord Duffield, who, feeling the unimpeachable justice of my claim, would resign himself to the inevitable and give willingly to my son, and his, what, after all, is his due."

"That being a very unlikely contingency now, Lady Duffield, might I ask you what you intend to do?"

"Failing my rights, Mr. Mulligan, which I suppose from what you say will now never be granted to me, I can always fall back on that barren enjoyment—revenge. Yes, revenge!" she added with sudden vehemence. "He would deprive me of my position and leave my son nameless? I tell you, Mr. Mulligan, that with Heaven's help I will so rouse public feeling against him that, when his son has been hanged for the murder of Sibbald Thursby, he in his turn will have to flee this country as a pariah and an outcast, for no honest man henceforth will shake him by the hand."

She had spoken with so much vindictive fury that I felt a cold shiver creeping down my back. Skin o' my Tooth, smiling blandly, was obviously smitten by the fire of her magnificent blue eyes.

"I think," he said, "you will reconsider your very severe mandate."

"Never."

"Surely, if my client realised that you had certain undoubted claim upon him—I only speak without prejudice; but you have a son, and revenge, though sweet, might not prove very useful in his career."

"I never looked upon it in that light," she said coldly, and rising from her chair, as if she wished to end the interview.

"You would not care to name a figure?" suggested Skin o' my Tooth insinuatingly—"without prejudice——"

For the first time during the interview she turned to her son and seemed to consult him with a look, but he shook his head very energetically.

"Not now," she said to Skin o' my Tooth, and then, with a charming smile, she intimated that she wished the interview to cease.

"You will, in any case, always find me at your service," concluded my chief blandly, as we finally took our leave.

III.

As the days wore on, the mystery around the Guildford tragedy seemed to deepen more and more. We had another interview with Lord Duffield, at which his son—the only son he would acknowledge—was present, and I must say that seeing those two men, typical of the English, country-bred, but high-born gentlemen, it was almost impossible to conceive that they could lend their hand to the dastardly murder of an old friend. Skin o' my Tooth had received overtures on the part of the claimants, who seemed to have finally realised that revenge was but sorry pleasure, and expressed themselves ready to accept a monetary compromise in return for their permanent residence out of England.

To my intense astonishment, Lord Duffield fell in readily with this arrangement, which, after all, was nothing but a bribe, and first gave me the idea that perhaps he and his son had something on their conscience. It is quite certain that a constrained feeling seemed to exist between father and son.

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Undoubtedly I often caught Lord Dottridge casting furtive glances at his father, and once or twice Lord Duffield looked long and searchingly at his son, then sighed and turned his head away.

I don't pretend to any deep insight into human nature, but it certainly struck me that these two men had begun almost to suspect one another. And no wonder! Who else but they had any interest in destroying the papers which would have made good the cause of the claimants? And I had seen the detective-inspector that morning, and knew that the police, forced into it by public opinion, egged on by the claimants, and convinced that they held sufficient proofs, had at last decided to apply for a warrant for the arrest of Viscount Dottridge.

That same afternoon Skin o' my Tooth at last obtained leave to go over "The Cottage." The police—who always resent outside interference in such matters—had so far, on some pretext or other, always refused permission. But my chief was on his mettle. Lord Duffield had promised him £10,000 if he succeeded in elucidating the mystery and in averting the disgrace which threatened him and his son. To-day, at last, Skin o' my Tooth was able, not only to make a vigorous effort towards obtaining that substantial reward, but also to indulge his passion for ferreting out the mysteries which lurk around a crime. I don't think I ever remember seeing his weird faculties more fully in evidence than over the elucidation of the Guildford tragedy—that faculty which literally made him *feel* the criminal even before he held any clue to his guilt.

The late Mr. Sibbald Thursby had been buried the day after the inquest, but in his house everything had been left just as it was the night of the appalling tragedy. The Upjohns had gone, refusing to sleep another night in a place where so terrible a murder had been committed, and as we let ourselves in by the front door our footsteps echoed weirdly within the deserted house. We were accompanied by two constables who, however, took but little interest in Skin o' my Tooth's wild ramblings through the tiny garden, the conservatory, and the study. It seemed as if he expected the ground to give him the final key to the mystery, of which he already had studied the lock; he was walking along with his eyes glued to the floor, his hands buried in the capacious pockets of his ill-fitting coat, and every now and then I could hear him muttering to himself—

"There must be a bit, only a bit—there always is."

Then at last he seemed to have found what he wanted, for he darted forward towards a fine large palm, all dead and dry now for want of water, which stood in an ornamental pot close to the grate. Inside the pot, and covered with dust and mud, there glimmered a piece of paper. Skin o' my Tooth seized it as if it had been a most precious piece of jewellery; then furtively he thrust it in his pocket, and signed to me to hold my tongue, as the constables had just come into the room.

After this short episode, Skin o' my Tooth expressed himself satisfied with all he had seen, and together we returned to the hotel.

Once alone in the privacy of our sitting-room, he took the dirty piece of treasure from his pocket, carefully knocked the dust out of it, and then spread it out smoothly before him on the table.

"You mayn't think it, Muggins," he said, "but this piece of dirty paper is worth an earldom and a good many other things besides, including the life of a man, who without this wee scrap would very probably have ended on the gallows. It is also worth £10,000 to me."

Eagerly I looked over his shoulder. The scrap of paper was about the size of my hand, and had obviously been torn off another larger sheet. The words I could decipher were: ". . . ry Mitchell . . . anuary 22nd, 1871 . . . my presence," and lower down, what was evidently a signature written in a different hand, ". . . nor Dawson."

"And what is it, sir?" I asked.

"What an ass you are, Muggins!" he said impatiently. "Can't you see that this is all that is left of one of the affidavits which proved that Henry Mitchell died on the 22nd of January, 1871, or three days before Adrian Payton married Patricia O'Rourke? The signature is that of the nurse Dawson, who swore this particular affidavit."

"But it's no use in this state, is it, sir?"

"Oh, yes, Muggins. An affidavit is always useful, even in this condition. You look out a train for me. Early to-morrow morning I am going up to town with this scrap of paper."

He would not tell me anything more then, and the next morning he went up to town and stayed away all day. I saw the detective-inspector in the afternoon, who told me that

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the warrant for the arrest of Lord Dottridge was actually out, but that he had had a wire in the morning from Scotland Yard "to await further instructions."

"I fancy," he added with a grin, "that Mr. Mulligan has not deserved his nickname this time. He can't get Lord Dottridge out of this hole, not even by the skin of his teeth."

In the evening, however, Skin o' my Tooth came home, dead tired and triumphant. I met him at the station, and together we immediately proceeded to the police-station.

"I have been waiting to see you, Mr. Mulligan," said the inspector. "We cannot delay any longer, and to-night we must execute the warrant against Lord Dottridge."

"You can throw that warrant into the fire, inspector," replied Skin o' my Tooth quietly, "and to-morrow you can apply for another. You'll have to be pretty quick, too, as I fancy your game smells a rat already and may yet slip through your fingers."

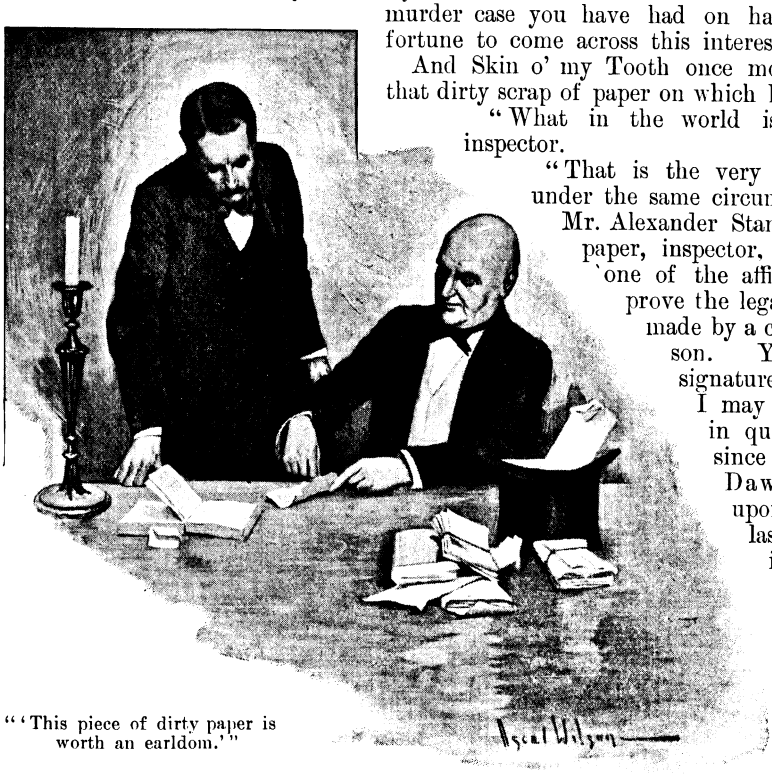
"What do you mean?"

"Only this. When you kindly allowed me to view the scene of the interesting murder case you have had on hand, it was my good fortune to come across this interesting document."

And Skin o' my Tooth once more carefully unfolded that dirty scrap of paper on which he had set such store.

"What in the world is this?" asked the inspector.

"That is the very question put to me under the same circumstances by my clerk, Mr. Alexander Stanislaus Mullins. This paper, inspector, is all that is left of one of the affidavits which were to prove the legality of certain claims made by a charming lady and her son. You will notice the signature, '. . . nor Dawson.' I may tell you that the lady in question had lost sight since ten years of nurse Dawson, who attended upon her husband in his last illness. This same illness occurred thirty years ago. We have no official knowledge as to when this affidavit was filed, beyond the fact that it was more than ten years ago; but if you will examine very carefully the paper on which it was written, you will notice a remarkably interesting fact."



"'This piece of dirty paper is worth an earldom.'"

And Skin o' my Tooth held up that dirty scrap of paper against the lamp, allowing the light to show through it. In the extreme corner, the water-mark, "C. & Sons," became clearly visible.

"Looking through the list of English paper-makers," continued my chief, quietly pointing at this with his thick finger, "I came across the name of Clitheroe and Sons, of 29, Tooley Street, London. This afternoon I interviewed the manager of that firm, who informed me that the lettering of the water-mark in this particular bit of paper indicated that it was manufactured by Clitheroe and Sons in 1899."

"I don't understand," gasped the inspector, staring with all his might first at the dirty bit of paper and then at the unwieldy, bulky figure of Skin o' my Tooth, as he quietly revealed the key to the mystery which had so long puzzled the astute detective.

"Yet it is very simple," he said, with one of his bland smiles. "Personally, I had

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suspected it all along, from the moment that I first saw Lord Duffield and his son, and realised that they had—if I may so express it—not the brains to carry out so daring a crime successfully. Had that very amiable, but not otherwise brilliant, young man committed that murder, believe me, he would have left plenty of evidence of his guilt. The fact that you yourself, in spite of your acumen, had been unable to really bring the crime home to him, showed me that a cleverer head than his, and a subtler mind, had been at work: but until you favoured me with a permission to view "The Cottage," I had not a single indication on which to work. When I first saw the lady, I realised that hers might have been the head; my instinct told me that her son's was the hand; but there seemed such a total lack of motive, the whole theory seemed so topsy-turvy, that I hesitated even to follow it up. Then you courteously allowed me to view the scene on which the crime itself was committed. At once the fact struck me very forcibly that whoever had come on that fateful night to steal the affidavits knew where to lay his hand on them. Nothing in the room or in the desk had been disturbed, and yet obviously the murderer would turn down the lamp as low as possible immediately his nefarious deed was done, lest the light from the windows should reveal his presence. Then, again, you know, no doubt as well as I do, how seldom it is that a murderer does not leave a single trace or clue behind him. That is most fortunate in the cause of justice, otherwise many crimes would remain unpunished. I reckoned in this instance that a man after committing what I presupposed would be his first crime, would necessarily have his nerves very much on the jar. His hand, presumably, would shake, and in tearing up the papers by the very much subdued light of the lamp, and in the presence of his victim lying dead on the floor, it is impossible, I say, that some scrap should not have escaped his trembling hands—you know how paper flutters—and lodged itself momentarily out of sight, ready to reappear as a damning witness against him."

The inspector was silent. I could see that he was hanging breathless upon Skin o' my Tooth's lips. And I, too, saw it all now before me, even before my chief gave us the final explanation of his unanswerable logic.

"In ascertaining the fact that this paper was manufactured two years ago, whilst purporting to have been written on and signed more than ten years previously, it became clear to me that the affidavits setting forth Miss Patricia O'Rourke's, *alias* Mrs. Henry Mitchell's, claim were a pack of forgeries. From this conclusion to the understanding of her clever plan was but a quick mental problem. After all, it was simple enough. Having forged the documents, she entrusted them to Sibbald Thursby. Then her son chose his opportunity, the best he could find, to steal and destroy them. After that she hoped so to rouse public indignation against Lord Duffield by openly accusing him of the theft that he would either throw up the sponge altogether and recognise her rights, or at worst pay her a handsome compensation to clear out of the country and leave him alone. Remember, she all but succeeded. You yourself suggested this alternative as the simplest solution of the difficulty, and Lord Duffield was quite ready to fall in with these views."

"But as it is," suggested the inspector at last, "do you think we shall be able to bring the crime home to these people? They seem to have been very clever."

"You could bring the accusation of forgery and fraud undoubtedly home to her. You *might* succeed in proving the murder against her son, but I don't think that you will get a chance of doing either."

"Why not?"

"I think you will find your birds flown already."

"That would be tantamount to an acknowledgment of guilt, and then we could overtake them wherever they may have fled."

"It certainly is an acknowledgment of guilt, as you say," concluded Skin o' my Tooth, rising from his chair and stretching his great, loose limbs; "but personally, I do not think that you will overtake them if they have succeeded in making good their escape."

Skin o' my Tooth's prophecy proved to be correct. The detective-inspector, I think, has remained convinced to this day that my esteemed employer was not altogether innocent in the matter of the escape of Mrs. Henry Mitchell and her son from the clutches of the law. They had left for London that very evening, and thence had gone to Dover, where all trace of them had ostensibly vanished. I believe that their lucky escape from justice cost Lord Duffield a pretty penny, but, of course, he felt that enough family dirty linen had been washed in public, and he was willing to pay a good sum to save even an illegitimate son from the gallows.

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THE FISCAL POLICY OF THE EMPIRE

By JOHN HOLT SCHOOLING.*

. . . . . The time has come when we ought to reconsider the matter of Free Trade, or of what we call Free Trade. True Free Trade is indubitably the best sort of trade—if you can get it. But true Free Trade is a "round game" in which all nations must join if the game—Free Trade—is to be played. This essential condition does not exist, for other nations refuse to play the game. It follows that our so-called Free Trade is only a spurious Free Trade, which may possibly be injurious to us. Although, to my mind, any form of Protection is inferior to true Free Trade, it may very well be that a rational form of Protection might be better for us than the spurious Free Trade that we have. At any rate, the whole matter ought to be most carefully reconsidered. . . .—*From my article "British Exports to Foreign Countries,"* WINDSOR MAGAZINE, *September*, 1902.

WORDS quoted above serve to express the attitude in which I approach the most momentous question that has been put before the country during the last fifty years. Many of us have evidently received a shock from a proposal to abandon, even in part, our system of "Free Trade"; and so great are the issues, so complex the economic and political matters involved by Mr. Chamberlain's proposals, that the ordinary citizen may very rightly feel overweighted with responsibility in coming to a decision. The studied examination of international commerce, which is one of the main features of the suggested change in our fiscal policy, is not one of the duties of the ordinary citizen, and for this reason only he may well hesitate in his decision. It has happened that during the last three or four years I have been able to make close study of this matter of international commerce upon a broad base of fact extending over many years and in many directions, publishing the results from time to time. Thus it is that I am, perhaps, not so unprepared to deal with the matter that has been put before the country for discussion, as men must almost of necessity be unprepared whose duties and daily work have lain in other directions. I would not venture to speak upon this subject, lacking a considerable and lengthy survey of the facts.

My present purpose is to lay before my fellow-citizens certain facts that come into the matter at issue. The expression of personal opinion, although not wholly absent, will be subordinated to the statement of fact; and now, as always, I admit no fealty to any dogma of political economy. The factors of political economy are too complex in their nature, too vastly numerous and changeful in their social, commercial, and international combinations to admit of the application to them of the precise theoretical treatment so often given to them by professed political economists. And the rigid dogmas which have resulted from that precise and theoretical treatment of unknowable and ever-changing quantities and forces of mankind remind one of the too weak ramparts of hard stone built up to restrain the sea, and which are from time to time shattered and dispersed by its waves.

There is without doubt much solid and sincere reasoning advancing to attack Mr. Chamberlain's proposal to promote the unity of all parts of the British Empire, and simultaneously to give legitimate protection to British Commerce against the conditions produced by our form of Free Trade. But in addition to this solid and sincere adverse argument, which is wholly worthy of the most careful and anxious consideration by all persons, and especially by those who may be disposed blindly to follow Mr. Chamberlain as the man who (truly) "has usually found the other side to be wrong," there exists in the camp of Mr. Chamberlain's opponents—I venture to say—a very strong adverse element whose opposition is based largely upon a misapprehension of fact. And this misapprehension of fact goes down to the very root of the controversy. I mean that there is a widely spread and perfectly sincere misapprehension as to the true nature of this Free Trade of ours which we are asked partly to abandon.

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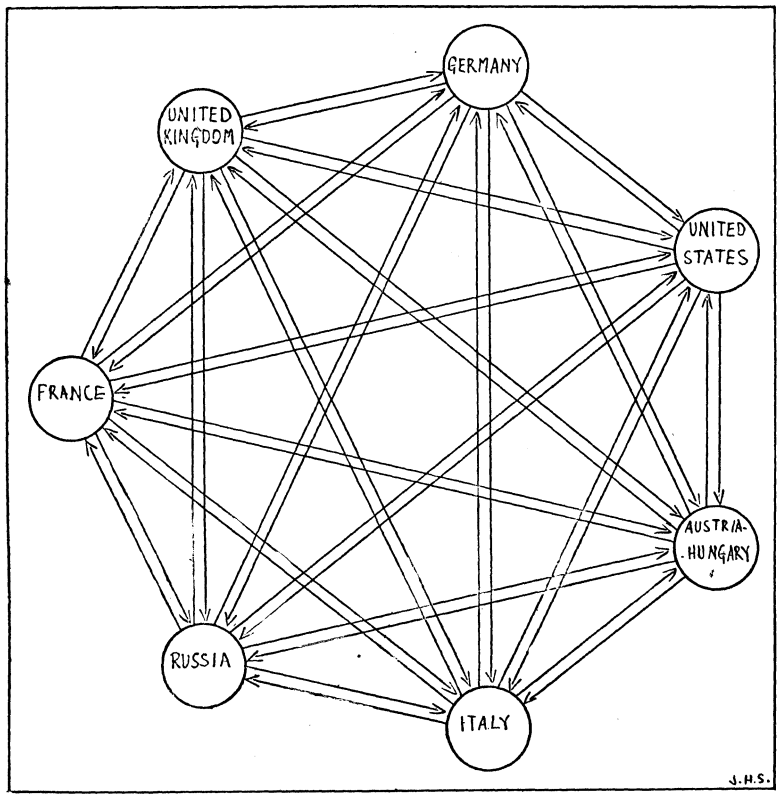
It seems to me that the first thing to do in order to obtain useful and enlightened consideration of Mr. Chamberlain's suggestion by the people of this country is to get a clear understanding of the nature of the Free Trade we have had since 1846. Cobden's definition of Free Trade was: "to bring about the free interchange of commodities at their natural price." I have visualised this true Free Trade of Cobden in Diagram No. 1, so that we may give a concrete form to this—the best—sort of trade. I state the merest commonplace when I point to the obvious advantages of true Free Trade as here visualised. All these lines of Free Imports into each country from every other country mean increased advantage to every country. Each one country does the work for which it is best fitted by geographical, natural, and social conditions, and exchanges its goods thus produced in the most advantageous circumstances for the goods of other countries also produced in the most favourable circumstances, free from fiscal bar or hindrance of any sort. This is Cobden's Free Trade—there can be none better. But Cobden's Free Trade has never existed. It was a noble, clearly seen dream, whose beauty caused Cobden to prophesy that if England would translate his vision into actuality, the rest of the world would follow England's example. Cobden's prophecy failed, and Free Trade has never existed; for Free Trade—to be Free Trade—absolutely necessitates the co-operation of all trading nations.

1. THIS ILLUSTRATES WHAT COBDEN MEANT BY FREE TRADE.



EACH OF THE ABOVE FORTY-TWO ARROW-HEADED LINES REPRESENTS A LINE OF FREE IMPORTS BETWEEN COUNTRY AND COUNTRY. THAT IS, "THE FREE INTERCHANGE OF COMMODITIES AT THEIR NATURAL PRICE." THIS IS TRUE FREE TRADE—WHICH HAS NEVER EXISTED. COMPARE THIS WITH DIAGRAM 2.

NOTE.—*In order to avoid undue complexity, the above diagram illustrates Free Trade between only seven countries. If all trading countries were included, there would be* 400 *or* 500 *arrow-headed Free Trade lines.*

In place of the true Free Trade of Cobden, we have had merely a system of Free Imports into this country. This meagre abortion of the true thing is visualised in Diagram No. 2. It is absurd to call this thing Free Trade. And yet, although our so-called Free Trade is fundamentally different from Cobden's "free interchange of commodities," so powerful has been the magic of the two words "Free Trade" that for half a century we have believed we possessed the boon dreamt of by Cobden, whereas we have possessed merely the name of the boon and not the boon itself. And nearly two generations of us have been brought up on this mistake. It has been "the fraud of the label" on a gigantic scale.

That this radical misapprehension of fact really does exist to a large extent becomes evident when Free Trade is discussed by people who—naturally enough—have not

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thought much, if at all, about our fiscal system. And what but an absolute misapprehension of fact can cause such statements as the following words of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, spoken at Perth on June 5, 1903?—

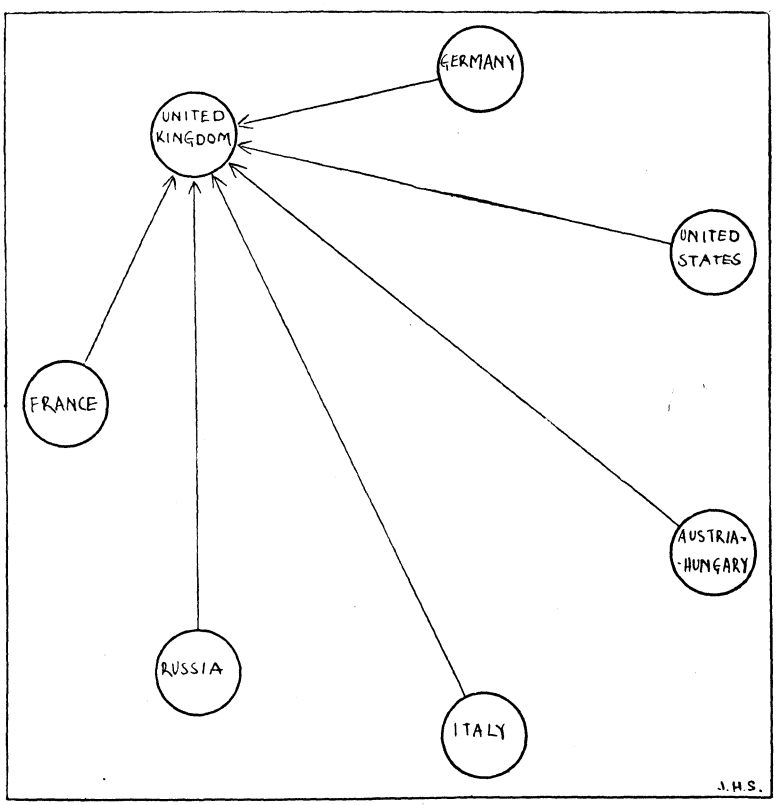
> They had tested the system of Free Trade, and on every day in the last fifty years it had brought fresh testimony of the blessings it had conferred. If a man said he was satisfied that the earth was flat, that the sun moved round it, and that Newton's talk about gravitation was all played out, they would not tell him they had an open mind, and that they would soberly and seriously reconsider the matter. They would examine the man's countenance, first of all, to see if there was any trace of mental derangement.

These words would be the right sort of words to speak, perhaps, if it had ever been possible for us to test Cobden's Free Trade; but as we have never been able to do this, one can only ascribe Sir Henry's words to the glamour with which the magic words "Free Trade" (without the thing itself) have for many years dazzled the eyes of too many of us. We, with our system of Free Imports (labelled "Free Trade"), stand alone among all the big trading nations, and nearly alone in the world. The rest of the world acts upon the policy now suggested to us by Mr. Chamberlain, backed up by Mr. Balfour and by a good many other thinking men. Sir Henry's misapprehension of facts causes him, if we are to believe his words, to regard the rest of the world, etc., as akin to maniacs—which is not likely to be true. Here, by way of illustrating this point, is a statement of one year's commerce done by Protectionist nations, compared with one year's commerce done by the United Kingdom.

	Millions sterling.
One year's commerce (the year 1900, special imports *plus* special exports) done by the Protectionist nations of the world, including British Colonies	3,283
One year's commerce (the year 1900, special imports * *plus* special exports) done by the United Kingdom ...	751

We see from the above statement that the weight of outside opinion against our fiscal policy of Free Imports is about $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, if measured by sheer bulk of commerce. And if we give to each Protectionist nation one vote,

2. THIS ILLUSTRATES WHAT COBDEN DID NOT MEAN BY FREE TRADE, BUT WHICH HAS BEEN, AND IS, ERRONEOUSLY CALLED FREE TRADE BY BRITISH ECONOMISTS AND BY A LARGE MAJORITY OF ENGLISH PEOPLE.



EACH OF THE ABOVE ARROW-HEADED LINES REPRESENTS A LINE OF FREE IMPORTS INTO THE UNITED KINGDOM. THE OTHER THIRTY-SIX LINES OF FREE IMPORTS (SEE DIAGRAM 1), WHICH ARE NECESSARY TO CONSTITUTE TRUE FREE TRADE BETWEEN THE SEVEN COUNTRIES NAMED, ARE NON-EXISTENT. COMPARE THIS WITH DIAGRAM 1.

* The special imports (*i.e.*, imports for home consumption) of the United Kingdom are obtained by deducting the "re-exports" from the total imports.

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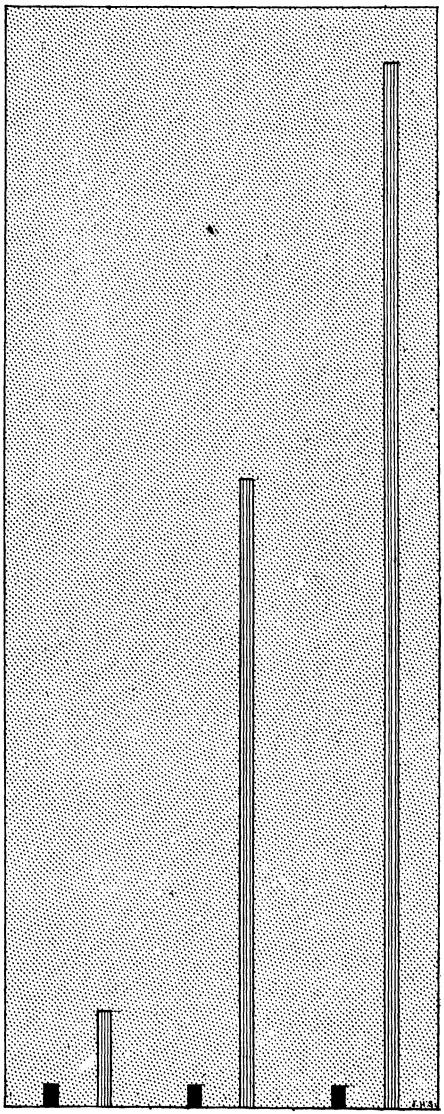
3. WEIGHT OF OUTSIDE, NON-FREE-IMPORTS OPINION COMPARED WITH BRITISH FREE-IMPORTS OPINION.
Black columns = British Free-Imports opinion.
Striped columns = Outside, non-Free-Imports opinion.



I. MEASURED BY VOLUME OF TRADE: 4½ TO 1 AGAINST US.

II. MEASURED BY GIVING ONE VOTE TO EACH PROTECTIONIST FOREIGN COUNTRY, AND ONLY ONE VOTE TO THE WHOLE OF BRITISH COLONIES: 30 TO 1 AGAINST US.

III. MEASURED BY GIVING ONE VOTE TO EACH PROTECTIONIST FOREIGN COUNTRY, AND ONE VOTE TO EACH BRITISH COLONY: 50 TO 1 AGAINST US.

irrespective of its volume of trade, the weight of commercial opinion against our fiscal policy is nearly 30 to 1, and this result is based upon the giving of only one vote to the entire mass of British Colonies—it does not include one vote for each separate Colony. If we give one vote to each British Colony, the weight of opinion against our fiscal policy would be about 50 to 1 (See Diagram 3). And in this mass of opinion adverse to our fiscal policy of Free Imports are such astute and capable business people as the Americans and the Germans.

And there is another thing, akin to misapprehension of fact, which ought not to be passed over in our attempt to judge this grave issue rightly. I refer to the "blessings" stated to have been conferred upon us by our system of "Free Trade."

We are not justified in ascribing our prosperity to our adoption of Free Imports. It is so usual to link these two things together, as cause and effect, that other things which would have caused prosperity to us—with or without Free Imports—are lost sight of.

Nearly simultaneously with our adoption of Free Imports and with our expansion of foreign trade there occurred momentous events which must by their own force, quite apart from any fiscal policy, have caused a great expansion in our commerce. One of these events was the discovery of gold in California and in Australia—a discovery that had an immensely stimulating effect, not only upon our trade, but upon world-trade in general. The other event, and by far the more weighty, was the vast development of steam navigation, of railways, of telegraphs, of industrial machinery.

The irresistible propulsion given by the latter development to commerce in general, and to our commerce especially, could not for many years be appreciably checked or advanced by Free Imports or by non-Free Imports; the sheer natural mechanical force was too great to be turned from its path of general trade expansion—in this direction or in that—by any fiscal enactment.

Moreover, in those days we stood pre-eminent as the cock o' the trade-walk. Germany, as we know Germany, was non-existent, and we could not then regard the United States as a trade rival. We had no rivals in commerce whose strength could be compared with our strength in the markets of the world.

In pointing out these facts as a corrective of the usual too-ready assumption that our prosperity has been caused by our system of Free Imports, I readily admit that in all probability our prosperity was, *in those*

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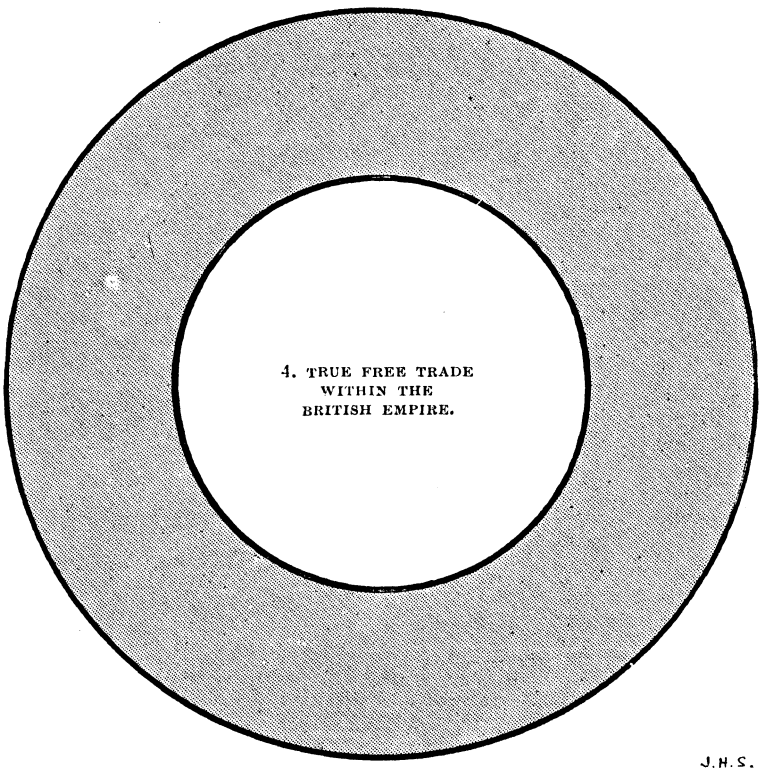
days, increased by the free admission of raw material and food into this country. But I protest against the unwarranted assumption that Free Imports *caused* our prosperity. Free Imports did probably help our expansion, which was primarily caused by the development of the great natural and mechanical forces that came to the world simultaneously with our adoption of Free Imports, as a freshet may swell the volume of a great onrushing stream; but it is wholly illogical to attribute our trade expansion to the mutilated thing we have called Free Trade. We won our supremacy in trade under a policy of Protection; we entrusted that supremacy to a policy of Free Imports, under which we are now losing our supremacy.

At the present time the great mechanical forces that formerly were propelling our trade to a much greater extent than the trade of other nations was propelled by these forces have become diffused over the whole world; and in some instances these mechanical forces are more skilfully harnessed and driven by foreign nations than by us. Moreover, world-trade conditions now are wholly different from the world-trade conditions of fifty or even twenty years ago, when it may have been wise for us to adhere to our system of Free Imports. But Free Imports are not Free Trade, and in opposing Mr. Chamberlain's suggestion, we cannot rightly oppose to that suggestion arguments that could only be rightly used to oppose a suggested partial abandonment of true Free Trade, which we are not able to abandon, for the reason that we have never had true Free Trade. But the great majority of the arguments that are now being stated against Mr. Chamberlain's proposal are arguments that might rightly be urged if the abandonment of true Free Trade were in question, the real fact being that the proposed change means merely a partial abandonment of our system of Free Imports. This radical fact cannot be too plainly stated. Argue as much as you like against any abandonment of true Free Trade as it was seen by Cobden, and I am with you on every point; but do not be misled into imagining that the suggested modification of our Free Import system—held on to by us in opposition to the business acumen of the rest of the world—is in the slightest degree an abandonment of true Free Trade.

THE SHADED CIRCLE REPRESENTS A RATIONAL BRITISH PROTECTIVE TARIFF TO BE APPLIED TO ALL FOREIGN COUNTRIES THAT WILL NOT JOIN THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN TRUE FREE TRADE.



THE WHITE DISC REPRESENTS THE AREA OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE, NEARLY 12,000,000 SQUARE MILES.

THE SHADED DISC REPRESENTS THE AREA OF THE REST OF THE WORLD, 40,000,000 SQUARE MILES.

Having dealt with the two very important and very common pieces of misapprehension of radical fact that have for many years obscured a right perception of the modern

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conditions of international commerce, we may come to some of the other general considerations of the problem that faces us. In the first place: Why do we need any alteration in our fiscal policy? Can we not go on as we are, and thus spare

A.—CANADA'S IMPORTS FOR CONSUMPTION FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM AND FROM THE UNITED STATES: 1880-1901. *See Diagram* 5.

Year.	Canada's Imports from		Excess of Canada's Imports.	
	The United Kingdom.	The United States.	United Kingdom over United States.	United States over United Kingdom.
	Millions of £'s.	Millions of £'s.	Millions of £'s.	Millions of £'s.
1880	7·2	6·1	1·1	—
1885	8·6	9·8	—	1·2
1890	8·9	10·7	—	1·8
1895	6·4	11·2	—	4·8
1896	6·8	12·0	—	5·2
1897	6·0	12·7	—	6·7
1898	6·7	16·2	—	9·5
1899	7·6	19·1	—	11·5
1900	9·2	22·6	—	13·4
1901	8·8	22·7	—	13·9

NOTE:—Since April, 1897, certain British produce and goods have received preferential tariff treatment by Canada.

ourselves all the trouble and risk attaching to so momentous a change in our fiscal policy and in our international relations?

The reasons for the proposed change are political, commercial, and social.

The political reasons for the change in our fiscal system are mainly concerned with the welding into one whole of all the units that make up the British Empire. Free Trade (real Free Trade as Cobden meant it) within the British Empire is probably an attainable thing if the people of this country will consent to have it. Such a compact would be akin to that which was the first strong chain that knit the many parts of the German Empire into one strong whole. A commercial union of this sort existing throughout the British Empire would be the best safeguard of a strong and permanent political adhesion that we could possess. A strong and permanent political adhesion between all parts of the Empire is surely well worth securing, when we call to mind the facts of the Boer war and remember the attitude of Continental Europe towards ourselves. We should not lightly forget that attitude, but rather take it as a warning to do all that is in our power to knit close all parts of the Empire and to make the Empire self-supporting within its own boundaries. And the merely material results of Free Trade within the Empire would go a long way to attain the effect we should seek.

For those of us who are convinced Free Traders,* as I am myself, the prospect of Free Trade within the Empire is a bright one. Although one would infinitely prefer to have Free Trade throughout the world, it would be a good step gained to have Free Trade throughout a fourth part of the world—as represented by the British Empire. Such a plan, if carried into effect, would be upon a scale sufficiently large to enable the benefits of Cobden's Free Trade to be tested—for the first time. Diagram 4 visualises the plan and the proportions of it. The Empire is in every climate and in every latitude; it is able to produce within its own limits everything that can be needed for its own

B.—THE LEADING ARTICLES OF BRITISH EXPORTS, 1881–1900. *See Diagram* 6.

Leading Articles of Export. [*That is, all those articles whose export value each exceeded 50 millions during* 1881–1900.]	Fall or Rise during 1891–1900 as as compared with 1881-1890.	
	A Fall of	A Rise of
	Millions of £'s.	Millions of £'s.
Cotton manufactures and yarns	60·8	—
Metals: iron and steel	29·1	—
Woollen and worsted manufactures and yarns	23·2	—
Machinery: other than steam engines	—	34·1
Linen manufactures and yarn	6·1	—
Apparel and slops	—	5·6
Leather: wrought and unwrought	1·6	—
Machinery: steam engines	2·3	—
Metals: copper, wrought and unwrought	2·8	—
Chemical products, etc.	—	10·7
Hardware and cutlery	11·5	—
Jute manufactures and yarn	·3	—
Total	137·7	50·4
†Coal	—	85·2

† Exports of coal are exports of national capital, not exports of national manufacture.

vigorous life; our ships and the uses of electricity render unimportant the distances which geographically separate its members. There is nothing of fantasy in such a scheme as this—it is a distinct possibility that may

* I mean, of course, *true* Free Traders, in Cobden's sense of the term "Free Trade." Not merely adherents to our isolated system of Free Imports.—J. H. S.

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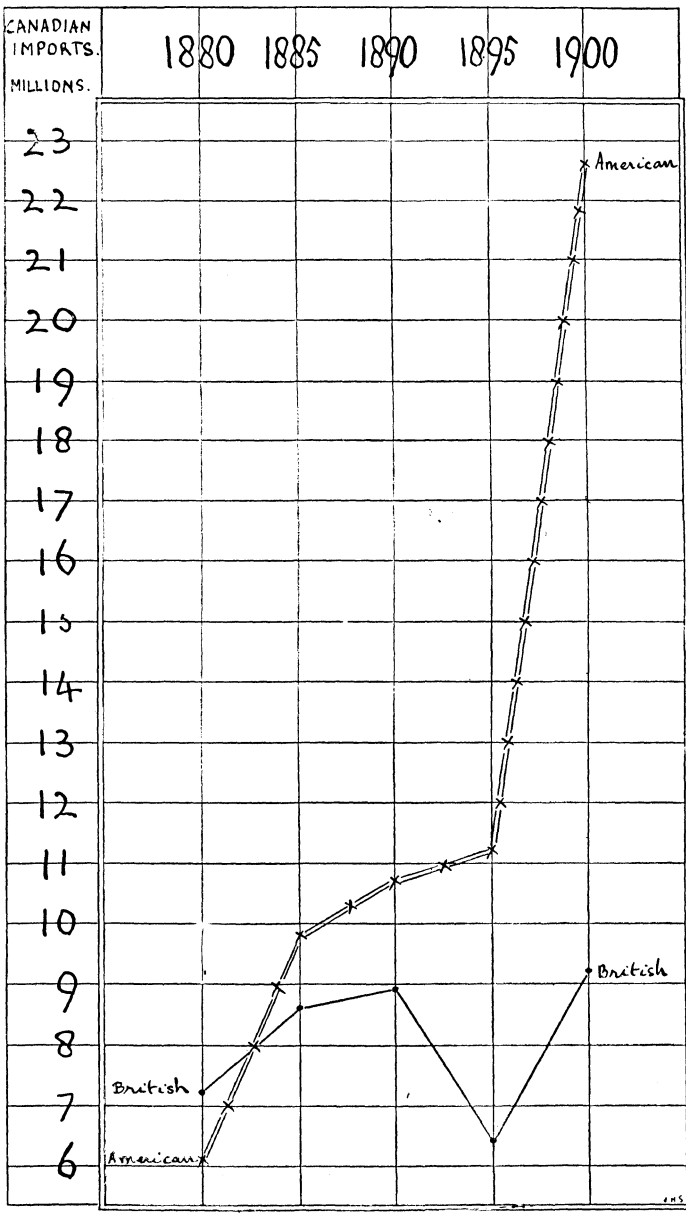
become actual. But to achieve it, we must not think merely in the dusty theoretical dogmas of the professed political economist, and with the one idea before us of always buying in the cheapest market, to the exclusion of larger and more important interests.

5. THE OUSTING, DURING 1880–1900, OF CANADA'S IMPORTS FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM, BY CANADA'S IMPORTS FROM THE UNITED STATES. *See Table A.*



NOTE.—Since April, 1897, certain British produce and goods have received preferential tariff treatment by Canada.

By taxing the import of food from foreign countries into the United Kingdom, while we let in Colonial food free of duty, it is quite likely that—for a while—we should have to pay more for our food and for other things, but it is by no means an economic certainty that this would result. And it is at the least as economically certain (if any certainty can be attached to economic prediction) that wages would go up. A recent instance of the fallibility of economic prediction was given by the tax on imported corn instituted by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach in 1902. We were at once assured that this was a tax on the people's food, that the price of bread would go up. But now it is not seriously disputed that the foreign exporter paid the tax—not the consumer in this country. The average price of bread in London during 1900–1902, was :—

Per 4lb. of Bread.

1900.	1901.	1902.
Pence.	Pence.	Pence.
5·23	5·18	5·19

How can one give credence to economic theory, to economic dogma, when economic foresight is unable to see true in such a relatively simple matter as the recent tax on imported corn ?

The consideration of the proposed change in its political aspect should not be obscured by any reference of it to this or that theory or dogma of political economy—there can here be no question of "heresy" to dogma. The nice, exact, and scientific reasoning of political economy is misapplied when it is applied, as it usually is, to facts that are constantly shifting and changing, producing all sorts of unforeseen combinations. We have to

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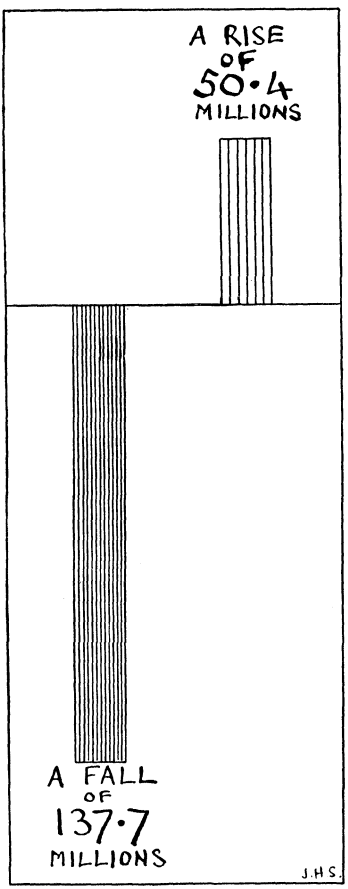
take things as we find them, we have to accept as present-day actuality the political and commercial circumstances that surround us, and we ought to adjust our fiscal system in accord with present-day facts, and without the slightest regard to the economic theory of a past generation, evolved by men who were dead long before the wholly different conditions of the present day existed.

Under the present fiscal conditions of the Empire, there is no Imperial commercial unity, and foreign countries are enabled to deal with our Colonies as with independent countries, promoting as they please a growth of commercial intimacy, which must always tend towards rather than against political nearness. See, for example, in Table A, the predominant position of the United States in Canada's markets.

Table A shows us that during the last twenty years British exports to Canada have been constantly pushed aside by American exports to Canada, until, in 1901, Canada's imports from the United States were nearly three times as large as Canada's imports from the United Kingdom. Geographical position is, of course, partly responsible for this result, but the unsatisfactory result disclosed in Table A might be greatly improved if we were able to offer preferential tariff treatment to Canada in British markets.

Or, on the other hand, there may be intimidation of our Colonies by foreign nations. As we all know, Germany has for several years penalised Canada in German markets because in 1897 Canada gave the United Kingdom preferential tariff rates in Canadian markets. This is a most objectionable and anomalous position both for us and for Canada. But so long as we adhere to our system of Free Imports, we are defenceless before Germany in such treatment of our Colonies. If the change is made, it is to be presumed that certain classes of manufactured goods would be taxed on entry into this Kingdom. By this means, we should be enabled to negotiate with Germany, for example, in matters of commerce, and it is probable that we should find our negotiation successful, instead of being, as it is now, merely futile remonstrance. Our present method of Free Imports leaves us without a single card to play; we calmly permit all the cards to be held by our rivals. This is not business.

6. THE FALL OR RISE IN THE TWELVE LEADING ARTICLES OF BRITISH EXPORTS DURING 1891–1900 AS COMPARED WITH 1881-1890. *See Table B.*



NOTE.—Nine of the twelve leading articles fell, and three of them rose; giving a net fall of 87·3 millions in the twelve leading articles of British exports during 1891–1900 as compared with 1881–1890.

With regard to the reasons for the proposed change which relate more particularly to British commerce, the opinion that our export trade is too slack has of late years become stronger and stronger. And it is an opinion that is, I think, truly based on fact, and to be accounted for, mainly, by the circumstance that in all the world's markets, even in those of British Colonies, walls of hostile tariffs have been built up against our exports. And our system of Free Imports deprives us of the tool necessary to lower the height of those walls.

To illustrate this slackness in our export trade, I give the facts in Table B, compiled by me from the Board of Trade returns, and covering the two ten-yearly periods, 1881–1890 and 1891–1900.

In Table B there has not been the slightest attempt to pick out any years for comparison that might favour the point illustrated—namely, the slackness of British exports. The facts for the two last completed periods of ten years each have simply been compared and the net results shown.

We see that, dealing with our twelve leading articles of export, nine of these declined to the extent of 137·7 millions, and that three of them rose to the extent of 50·4 millions. This means a net fall of

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87·3 millions during 1891–1900 as compared with 1881–1890. If we throw in the large rise of 85·2 millions in coal exports, the net fall becomes 2·1 millions.

Looking at all our exports, instead of at the leading articles stated in Table B, the facts are as follow :—

EXPORTS FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM OF BRITISH AND IRISH PRODUCE.

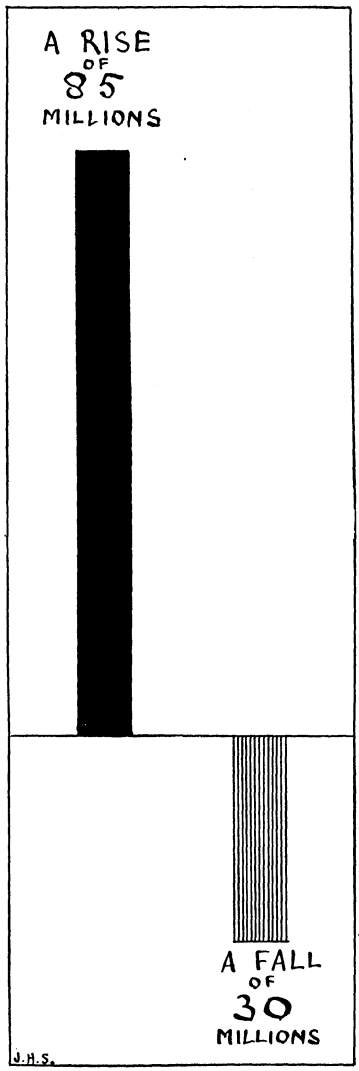
	Millions of £'s.
During the ten years, 1881–1890 ..	2,343
During the ten years, 1891–1900 ..	2,398
Increase during 1891–1900	55
Deduct increase in Coal-exports during 1891–1900	85
Fall in All Exports other than Coal, during 1891–1900	30

Thus, taking the whole of our exports other than coal, there was a fall of 30 millions during 1891–1900 as compared with 1881–1890 (See Diagram 7). And we have to bear in mind that these net results relate to two long periods of ten years each, not merely to single years picked out and compared.

Now let us look at the exports of other countries during these same twenty years, 1881–1900. [The year 1900 being the most recent year for which the facts relating to Foreign Countries are given in the Board of Trade return current in July, 1903.]

I have in this respect collated the facts during 1881–1900 that relate to the special exports—that is, exports of home production—of the ten principal trading countries of the world (See Table C). The principal trading countries have been taken to be those whose exports *plus* imports amounted to over 1,000 millions sterling during 1881–1900—the period now under observation.

7. CONTRASTING THE FALL OF 30 MILLIONS IN ALL BRITISH EXPORTS-OTHER-THAN-COAL, WITH THE RISE OF 85 MILLIONS IN BRITISH EXPORTS OF COAL, DURING 1891-1900 AS COMPARED WITH 1881-1890.



NOTE.—When we are examining our commerce, it is important to mark the distinction between our exports of coal, which are exports of national capital, and our exports-other-than-coal, which are exports of our yearly produce and industry. This important distinction is almost always lost sight of.

The facts in Table C enable us to compare the increase in our exports with the increase in exports made by the other principal trading countries. Our increase of 55 millions was caused, as already stated, by an increase of 85 millions in coal. Without this increase in coal exports, there was a decrease of 30 millions in British exports.

With this poor result, we have to contrast the 552 millions of increase in the exports of the United States, the 352 millions of increase from Holland,* the 197 millions of increase from Germany, the 71 millions from Austria-Hungary, the 69 millions from Russia, the 55 millions from France, etc., etc.

But the comparison now made is based on absolute results; it does not show the facts relatively to amounts of the exports, which is probably a better criterion for our present purpose. Here, in Table D, is the relative comparison of exports during the twenty years.

As already stated, the increase of 2 per cent. in British exports is due to a large increase in exports of coal; without coal exports, there was a decrease in exports from the United Kingdom during 1891-1900.

The Tables lettered C and D show pretty clearly that British export trade is very slack when we compare it with the export trade of the other principal trading

* Not all of this increase belongs to Holland, for the reason that some of the exports from Dutch ports are goods belonging to Germany and other countries that pass through Holland on export.

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C.—PROTECTED TRADE COMPARED WITH THE BRITISH FREE IMPORT SYSTEM. THE SPECIAL EXPORTS FROM THE TEN PRINCIPAL TRADING COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD DURING 1881–1890 AND DURING 1891–1900. *See Diagram* 8.

Country.	Exports from each country during		Increase of Exports during 1891–1900.
	1881–1890.	1891–1900.	
	Millions of £'s.	Millions of £'s.	Millions of £'s.
United Kingdom	2,343	2,398	55
United States .	1,562	2,114	552
Germany . .	1,566	1,763	197
France . . .	1,364	1,419	55
Holland . . .	753	1,105	352
Austria-Hungary	605	676	71
*Russia . . .	603	672	69
Belgium . . .	522	628	106
Italy	412	440	28
Spain . . .	299	344	45
TOTAL . . .	10,029	11,559	1,530

* The facts for Russia relate to 1880-1899, as the exports in 1900 are not given in the return current in 1903.

nations, either upon an absolute or a relative comparison of results. And these other nations are nearly all advanced Protectionists. The sluggish nature of British export trade, hampered as it is by adverse tariffs, for whose removal we are absolutely unable to negotiate, is again evidenced by the following comparison :—

THE TEN YEARS 1891–1900 COMPARED WITH THE TEN YEARS 1881–1890.

Increase in British Exports ..	2 per cent.
Increase in Population of the United Kingdom	9 „ „
Increase in Imports from All Sources by All Foreign Countries	11 „ „

Thus, during 1891–1900, our increase of only 2 per cent. in our exports (due to coal, without which there was a decrease) was accompanied by a 9 per cent. increase in our population, and by an 11 per cent. increase in the buying power of foreign countries.

In this connection, it is instructive to compare the special exports of the United Kingdom, who does not protect her commerce, and of the United States, who does protect her commerce. See Table E.

Table E illustrates the change that has of late years been taking place in the respective positions occupied by the United States and by the United Kingdom in the markets of the world. The alert Americans, free from paralysing tradition and from the fear of "violating the principles of Free Trade" (!)—to quote the hackneyed phrase one constantly sees in the speeches of Mr. Chamberlain's opponents—are enabled by their fiscal policy to secure right treatment of their commerce on the part of other nations. We are content to hug to ourselves a false Free Trade, and, doing this, sit down under any treatment whatever that it may please any foreign nation to extend to our foreign trade. We are deliberately content to throw away the tools that we might rightly use in commercial negotiation with other countries. How can we blame other countries who take advantage of our fiscal obstinacy and blindness, even to dictate to British Colonies whether they shall or shall not extend a preferential treatment to goods imported from the United Kingdom ? We have only ourselves to blame for the penalising of Canada by Germany that has followed a preferential treatment by Canada of goods imported from England.

The adoption of Mr. Chamberlain's proposal would not only bring into the United Kingdom a much increased quantity of Colonial produce, but it would cause the Colonies to receive from the United Kingdom

D.—PROTECTED TRADE COMPARED WITH THE BRITISH FREE IMPORT SYSTEM. THE SPECIAL EXPORTS FROM THE TEN PRINCIPAL TRADING COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD DURING 1881–1890 AND DURING 1891–1900, COMPARED RELATIVELY TO THE AMOUNT OF EXPORTS. *See Diagram* 9.

Country.	The Exports during 1881-1890 being taken at 100.	The Exports during 1891-1900 were	And the percentage of Increase in Exports during 1891-1900 was
	per cent.	per cent.	per cent.
*Holland . . .	100	147	47
United States .	100	135	35
Belgium . . .	100	120	20
Spain	100	115	15
Germany . . .	100	113	13
Austria-Hungary	100	112	12
Russia . . .	100	111	11
Italy	100	107	7
France. . . .	100	104	4
United Kingdom	100	102	2

* Some of Holland's exports belong to other countries whose goods pass through Dutch ports.

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a much larger quantity of British goods than they now receive. In this connection, it is instructive to look at the facts of our Colonial trade, noting where the imports by our Colonies come from. See Table F.

At present, we see that the United Kingdom supplies not quite one-half of the Colonial demand, and that foreign countries supply nearly 40 per cent. of the demand of British Colonies. I suggest that there is no country in the world except England that would be content to let foreign nations supply 40 per cent. of a colonial demand. And this percentage of Colonial Imports coming from foreign countries is much exceeded in certain Colonies. Table G shows the total Colonial imports from all sources, and the percentage of Colonial imports from foreign countries, for each Colony separately, whose total imports during the year 1901 were not less than one million sterling.

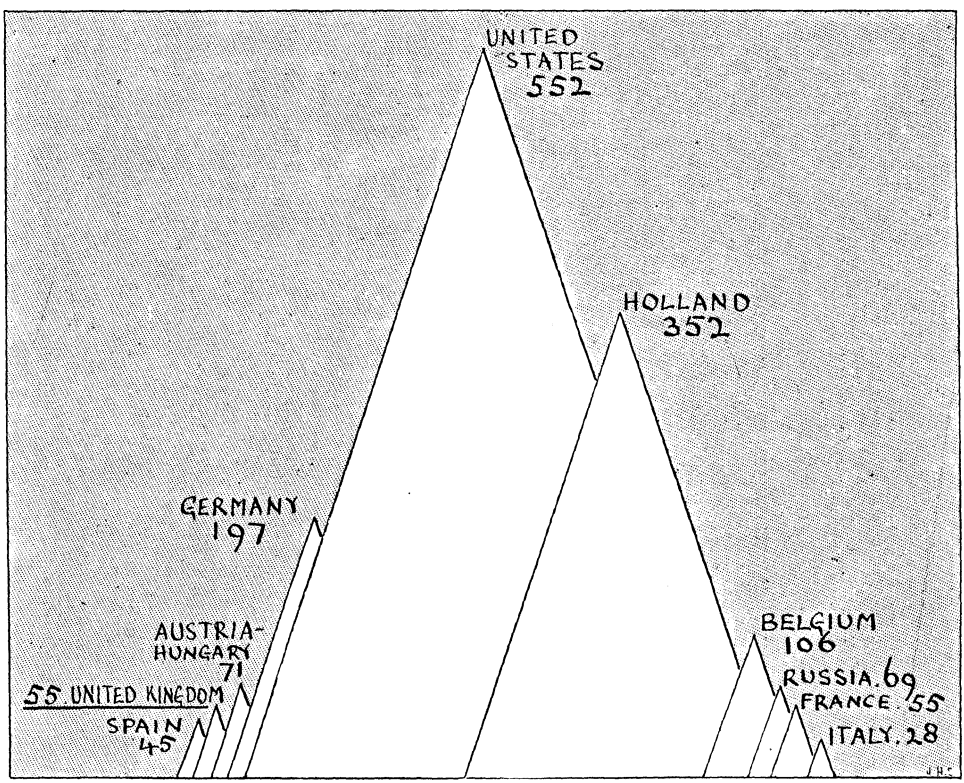
Table G shows the facts for the year 1901, and, speaking generally, I may say that for a good many years there has been a continual growth in the supply of foreign goods to British Colonies and a corresponding slackness in the supply of British goods to British Colonies.

Two years ago, I investigated this important matter, examining the facts for the twenty years 1880–1899, and I found that, comparing the ten years 1890–1899 with the ten years 1880–1889,

British Colonies and Possessions *increased* their imports from all sources by . . .	17 per cent.
and that,	
The exports from the United Kingdom to British Colonies and Possessions *decreased* by	1 per cent.

This is only one of the unsatisfactory

8. PROTECTED TRADE *versus* OUR FREE IMPORTS. THE INCREASE IN EXPORTS (MILLIONS STERLING) FROM EACH OF THE TEN PRINCIPAL TRADING COUNTRIES DURING 1891–1900 AS COMPARED WITH 1881–1890. *See Table C.*



NOTE.—Holland's large increase does not all belong to Holland, as some goods from Germany and from other countries pass through Dutch ports. The amounts of increase stated above are respectively represented by the height of the ten cones. The small British increase of 55 millions was caused by exports of coal; without coal, there was a decrease of 30 millions.

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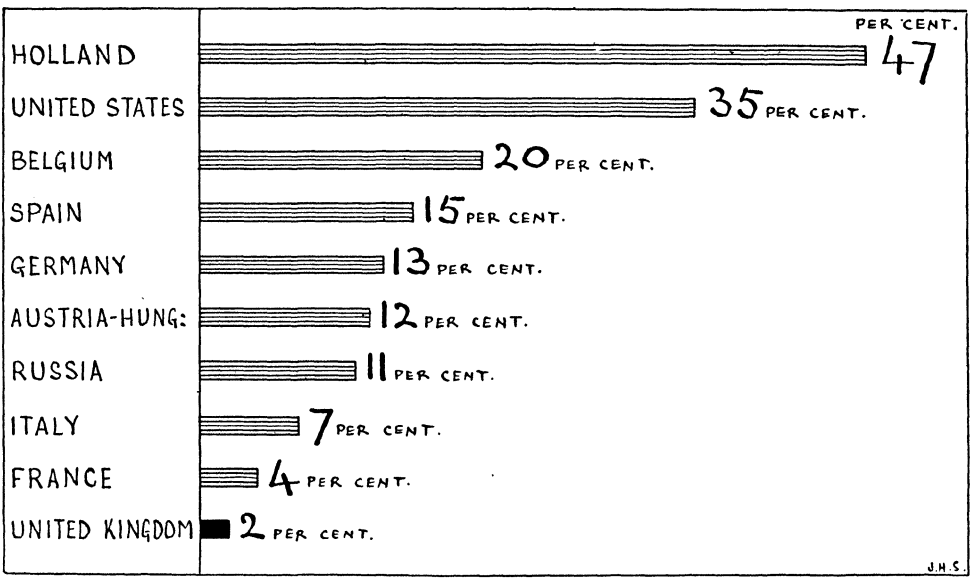
results of our short-sighted system of Free Imports into the United Kingdom, which leaves us absolutely helpless in the matter of commercial negotiation either with foreign countries or with our own Colonies.

I have said enough with regard to the commercial reasons for Mr. Chamberlain's proposal to tax some of the imports into the United Kingdom that come from foreign countries, and we reach the third general consideration—namely, the application of the additional money to be raised by the Customs receipts on our imports to the securing of social reforms, of which Old-Age Pensions are to take the first place.

Here, for the first time, I venture to dispute the wisdom of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals. Leaving out of the matter the social ethics of any system of State-given old-age pensions, for and against which there is a good deal to be said, I submit that this matter of a reform in our fiscal policy ought to be considered by us solely on its own merits and with regard to the Imperial and commercial conditions of our day. We ought not to take into the account the ultimate destination of the money coming to us by the establishment of a tax upon certain imports into this country. The proposal for a fiscal change is either wise or unwise, quite apart from any other consideration.

If Mr. Chamberlain's proposal is a wise proposal, as I most sincerely believe it to be, this country as a whole and the British Empire will receive benefit by the adoption of that proposal, whether old-age pensions do or do not follow upon the adoption of Mr. Chamberlain's plan. If, on the other hand, the suggested fiscal change is unwise, it must be rejected without any consideration of the fact that with its rejection goes the practicability of old-age pensions.

9. PROTECTED TRADE COMPARED WITH THE BRITISH FREE IMPORT SYSTEM. THE PERCENTAGE OF INCREASE IN EXPORTS DURING 1891–1900 AS COMPARED WITH 1881–1890. THE TEN PRINCIPAL TRADING COUNTRIES. *See Table D.*



NOTE.—Some of Holland's exports belong to other countries, whose goods pass through Dutch ports. The small increase of 2 per cent. in British exports was due to exports of coal; without coal, British exports considerably decreased.

Moreover, we have to bear in mind, as regards this third general consideration, that by the adoption of the proposed fiscal change it is reasonably certain that our free imports of food from British Colonies would materially increase, and that our non-free imports of food from foreign countries would materially decrease. This means that our extra Customs receipts from the importation of food from foreign countries would gradually become smaller, year by year. But if we set up a system of State-given old-age pensions, to be paid for out of these extra Customs receipts, it is beyond question that the cost of these old-age pensions would increase year by year.

Putting side by side these two last-stated

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E.—A Comparison between the Exports from the United Kingdom and from the United States : 1880–1900.

Year.	Exports from the		Excess in Exports.	
	United Kingdom.	United States.	United Kingdom over United States.	United States over United Kingdom.
	Millions of £'s.	Millions of £'s.	Millions of £'s.	Millions of £'s.
1880	223	172	51	—
1885	213	151	62	—
1890	263	176	87	—
1895	226	165	61	—
1896	240	180	60	—
1897	234	215	19	—
1898	233	252	—	19
1899	264	261	3	—
1900	291	303	—	12

facts, we at once see that, while the cost of old-age pensions would grow larger and larger, the money to pay for these pensions would become smaller and smaller. It is probable that Mr. Chamberlain has foreseen this difficulty, and it is quite possible that the difficulty would be met by applying to the use of old-age pensions the extra Customs receipts that would—one presumes and hopes—be levied upon our imports of certain manufactured goods from foreign countries. This would supplement the Customs receipts upon food imported by us from foreign

F.—Imports into British Colonies and Possessions during the year 1901 (excluding Imports of Bullion and Specie).

Where the Imports into British Colonies and Possessions came from.	Value of Imports into British Colonies and Possessions.	Percentage of these Imports that came from each of the three sources named.
	Millions of £'s.	
From the United Kingdom . .	113·2	49 per cent. of total
From Foreign Countries . .	88·1	38 ,, ,,
*From British Possessions .	31·2	13 ,, ,,
Total . .	232·5	100

* Exclusive of the inter-State trade of the members of the Australian Commonwealth.

countries to an extent sufficient to provide the yearly increasing cost of old-age pensions.

But whatever may be Mr. Chamberlain's intentions with regard to this point, it is, I suggest, fairly obvious that the proposed fiscal change must be considered by us quite independently of the ultimate use of the extra Customs receipts that we should receive by the partial abandonment of our present fiscal policy of Free Imports.

Mr. Chamberlain's suggestion is not a suggestion for going back to an old-fashioned, narrow fiscal policy of "Protection." It is that we shall adopt the wise principle of *defending* our commerce against the wholesale

G.—Percentage of Imports into British Colonies, etc., that came from Foreign Countries : 1901.

Colony or Possession.	Total Imports from All Sources during the year 1901.	Percentage of Total Imports that came from Foreign Countries.
	Millions of £'s	per cent.
Dominion of Canada . . .	38·4	75
Straits Settlements	27·1	65
Trinidad and Tobago . . .	2·6	56
Jamaica	1·7	44
Barbadoes	1·0	40
British Guiana	1·3	34
Newfoundland	1·5	31
Australia (exclusive of Inter-State Trade)	41·5	30
India	59·2	24
Gold Coast	1 6	23
Mauritius	2·1	21
Cape of Good Hope. . . .	21·4	20
New Zealand	11·4	18
Natal	9·6	16
Ceylon	6·9	11

commercial aggression of foreign nations, which has been caused by our stubborn adherence to a false Free Trade. The adoption of this wise principle, the need for which must surely be seen by the light of the facts given in this article, would also enable us to defend our Colonial trade against attack by foreign nations (such as Germany's attack since 1897 on Canadian exports), and it would unite our Empire in a strong commercial bond. Not one of these three necessary things can be done by us if we decide still to pursue our will-o'-the-wisp—Free Imports—in the mistaken belief that it is Free Trade.

The concluding part of this article will relate to many of the more particular features of the proposed change.

(*To be concluded next month.*)

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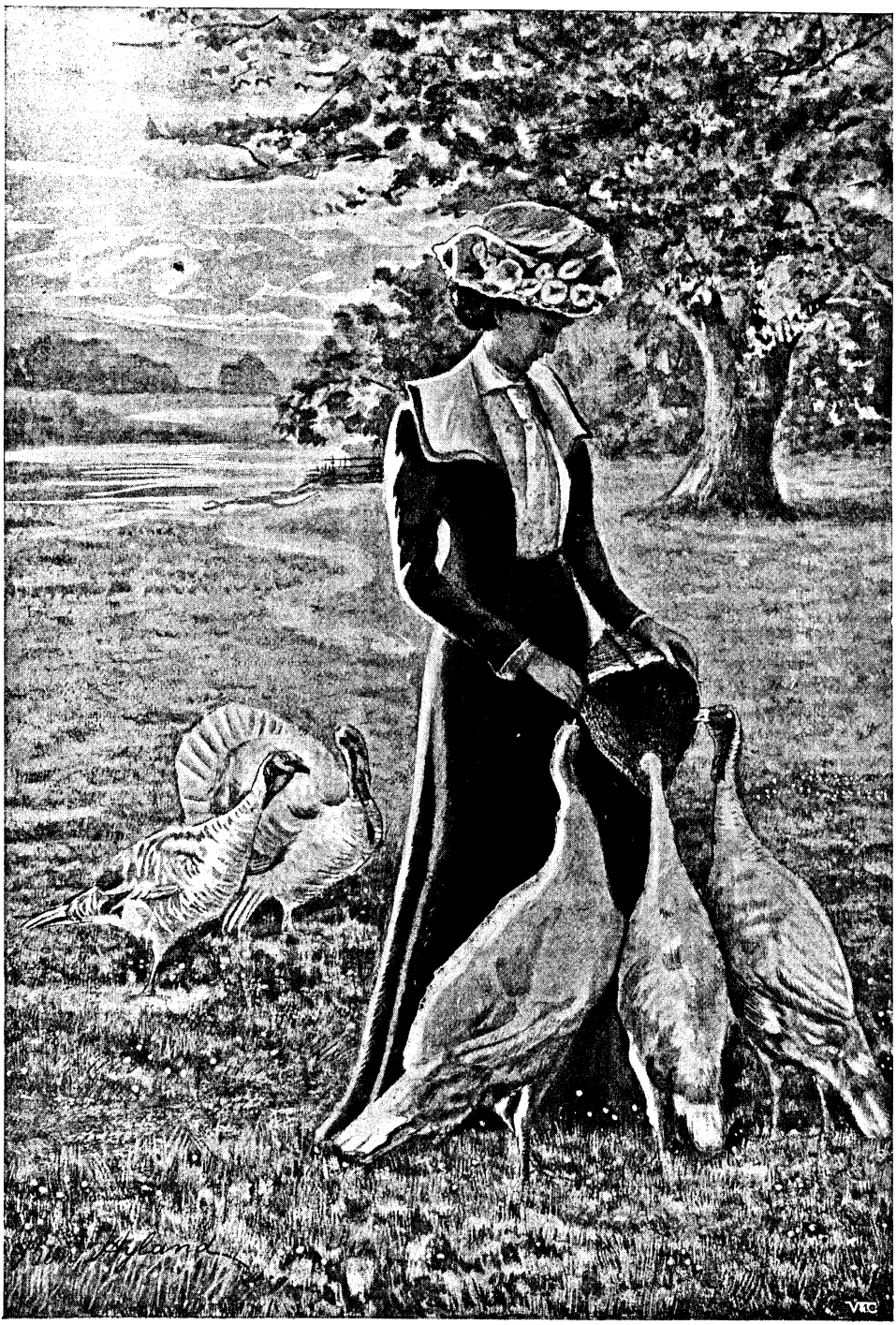

CUPBOARD LOVE.

By Benedict Hyland.

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STRONG MAC.

By S. R. CROCKETT.*

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS.—The story opened in the schoolhouse of Lowran. The Ploughing Match Day had been a holiday since the beginning of time; but Donald Gracie, the schoolmaster, had on this occasion denied the request of his scholars. A riot provoked the Dominie into striking the biggest youth in the school, Muckle Sandy, who retorted by knocking the schoolmaster down. Adora Gracie, the schoolmaster's daughter, with the aid of "Strong Mac," one of the bigger boys, proceeded to teach the school. The Dominie himself comes of distinguished stock, but has fallen on evil days through his fatal craving for drink. Strong Mac wins the "Single-handed" cup in the ploughing match. Further developments showed the repulse of the Laird of Lowran's attentions by Adora, and the revealing to the former that Strong Mac is probably his more favoured rival. Jock Fairies and Sandy Ewan are also suitors to Adora, and Sandy Ewan plots with one Crob McRobb to have Mac accused of sheep-stealing; and as Mac and Adora loiter homewards from a party, Mac is arrested. While Mac is awaiting trial, Sandy Ewan renews his suit to Adora; and when again rejected, vows to be revenged. On the day of the annual Presbyterial Examination, he plies the weak Dominie with drink, so that the Members of the Presbytery are kept waiting, and eventually defied by the drunken old man, who is thereupon dismissed from his post and left homeless and disgraced. Unexpectedly set free by the Lord Advocate's decision, Strong Mac learns from Sidney Latimer of what has befallen Adora and her father, and soon afterwards the murdered body of Sandy Ewan is found by the roadside; and while he halts between a suspicion that Mac is guilty and the desire to spare the lover of Adora, the young Laird of Lowran is himself attacked and kidnapped, and Mac and his father are arrested for his supposed assassination. Subsequent events illustrated the homelessness of Adora and her disgraced parent until taken care of by the old maid Aline McQuhirr, and the devotion to Mac of the boy Daid the Deil, who returns from a mysterious absence, maimed by the cutting out of his tongue. The boy presently recovers sufficiently to warn Adora in writing that "Laird Latimer is no deid. They pressed him for a man to fecht on the King's ships, thinking he was some ither body. But he got aff, and has gone to fecht Bony, because ye wadna hae him." And Adora decides that she must go herself to Spain—to the armies. It is the sole means of preserving the McCullochs, and of preventing Sidney Latimer from being the cause, through his own sullen tempers, of the death of two innocent men. Then follow the girl's voyage by sea, her adventures with Wellington's army, and her meeting with the young Laird, who assumes that she has repented of her coldness and come to accept his suit. At first he refuses to return only to enable another man to become Adora's husband; but better feelings prevail, and he escorts her home.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE.

WITH splendour of Town Council robes and Militia drummings, with banners that waved in the morning and torches that flared at night, the sessions of the Southern Circuit Court of criminal jurisdiction had been opened in Drumfern.

There were two judges, Lord Barmack and Lord Pitfairly. The first of these was of the old type of the previous century, haranguing every jury with threats, even to oaths and cursings, if in aught it failed to do his will.

On the occasion of this Drumfern riding, the lords of assize had come from Jedburgh, each on his own proper beast. It was not yet the day of carriages and four. In addition, each judge had with him his own unfortunate "wig-of-all-work"—a young advocate who was assured by his friends that the path of glory consisted in riding circuit as the judge's companion of voyage.

But to some, at least, the path to glory was certainly through suffering. For my Lord Barmack, whose temper was perennially bad, vented any that accumulated on young Cosmo Taylor, whose only crime was that he wrote for the reviews; while Lord Pitfairly, a man of militant piety, persisted in discussing with his *attaché*, one Kenneth Maitland, the immortality of the soul—at a time when Mr. Maitland was thinking only of the pretty girl he had danced with four times at the Jedburgh Circuit-ball the night before.

On the way from Jedburgh to Drumfern, the two judges, wearied of the "Yes" and "No" of their subordinates, and momentarily soothed by dialectic victories over them, had, as a last resort, sought each other's society as they jogged along.

"I am sacredly glad to be quit of that sordid hole," said Barmack, with an expletive which caused his companion to shiver. "I can always tell a royal borough by the stench—yes, sir, by the stench! I wish to Heaven something would come between me and the wind of Jedburgh's regality! *Ouff!*"

"Ah, my lord!" said Pitfairly mildly, "for me, I have not found it so. I have always been well treated in Jedburgh. There is a soft sweetness, even a sanctity about the place——"

"Sanctity be hanged, Pitfairly!" shouted Barmack. "It's the stink, man. I tell you it's nothing but the want of drains!"

"The minister of the parish who preached

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to us on Sabbath morning appeared to be a most meritorious person," piped Pitfairly, eager to change the subject. "I have just been remarking as much to my young friend Kenneth Maitland."

"Oh! Simply boss-timber, yon head o' his!" cried my lord judicially. "There's eneuch planking and cuddy's skin about the man's skull to mak a new drum for the Crailing guard! If it hadna been that I fell asleep within the first quarter of an hour, by my faith, Pitfairly! I declare I wad had thrown my wig and cocked hat at his pate! But speakin' o' cocked hats, Pitfairly, I'm thinking from what I hear that ye'll need to smuggle yours into the court at Drumfern. And mind ye, Pitfairly, it'll be your ain. For the last time ye sentenced a man to the mercy o' the Almichty and the hangman, ye blubbered into the crown o' mine so that it was never fit to put on my head again!"

"I had not heard of the case particularly," said Pitfairly, still mildly. "What is it?"

"No, ye wadna', tied up wi' sic a sumph as Kenneth Maitland, that has nocht in the noodle o' him but haverel lasses and houses-o'-call. It may do for you, Pitfairly, to be acquaint wi' the pattern o' every prick-me-denty petticoat between Carlisle and the Grassmarket, but I'm tellin' you it's no beseeming in a decent married man like me."

"I know not to what you are pleased to refer," said Pitfairly stiffly. "I presume you jest. That is not a practice in which I strive to compete with some of my colleagues. But I have heard nothing of this capital indictment of which you speak. It is, if I mistake not, a Galloway case."

"A Galloway case, hear to him!" cried Pitfairly, bringing down his whip-lash on his friend's horse with a slap which caused it to curvet, to the rider's exceeding discomfiture. "Have ye never heard—hath it not been told you even at the kirk door—hath it not been revealed to you in a vision of the night, that a couple of poaching bonnet lairds—aye, bonnet lairds, no less—stand accused of two murders with malice aforethought, and that it is your excellent good fortune first to try and then to sentence them? Lord, I wish it had been me! But I have to take that abominable appeal about a man that buried a horse in another man's yaird, and the gardener took the chicken-pox, or maybe the cholera! Maybe you will be willing to change with me? It were a truly Christian act."

"Are you sure of this?" said Pitfairly, obviously beginning to roll his summing-up like a sweet morsel under his tongue.

"Aye, ower doom's sure!" groaned Barmack. "I wad hae gi'en a guinea to gar thae poachin' deils shake in their shoon. But you, Pitfairly, will talk to them as if ye had a detachment o' angels at the door to tak them richt up to heeven! Almichty! but it's me that wad be croose, if I were as sure o' gettin' quit o' the wee deils wi' the reed-hot pincers, and sittin' snug amang the harps, as thae twa will be afore ye hae dune wi' them. Oh! I ken your style, Pitfairly: '*It's never ower late for repentance*,' says you. '*Your very crimes, as you look back on them, will seem sae mony steppin'-stanes to A-a-braham's bosom——!*'"

"My lord, it pleases you to be irreverent!" said Pitfairly. "I have need of solitude, if it be that my duty calls me to be the means of ushering any two of my poor sinful fellow-creatures into eternity. You will pardon me if I ride on a little way by myself."

"Aye, do that!" growled Barmack, as he looked at the bowed shoulders and nodding mandarin head of his circuit companion. "And faith! if it werena that a hempin cord's nae friendly comforter to hae pitten about your craig on a frosty mornin'—by my sang, I wad e'en be temptit to commit—weel, it couldna be 'homicide'—ha, ha! no—but *auld-wifie-cide!* Lord, Lord! I maun tell that to yon eediot Cosmo Taylor. Not that he'll understand the length an' breadth o' it like Hermand, but I am bound to tell it to somebody."

* * * * *

The Court of Assize of the Southern Circuit was in full session, in the old court-house of Drumfern—a reeky and "sleechy" place, looking as if there had been rubbed off, on the very walls and ceilings, the mean contemptible rascality of a hundred gaol-deliveries. On the bench sat my Lord Pitfairly, a decanter of wine and a platter of biscuits before him, to enhance, with a note of deeper colour, the scarlet-and-white of his judicial robes.

The Advocate-Depute, Melville Dundas—a cold, limited, just man—stated the case for the prosecution. The two McCullochs were at the bar. They looked pale and quiet in the cobweb-filtered light of the narrow court-house windows. No man could say which was the taller as they stood close together. For though Sharon was more grim and gaunt than usual, facing the bench with a kind of stern and silent determina-

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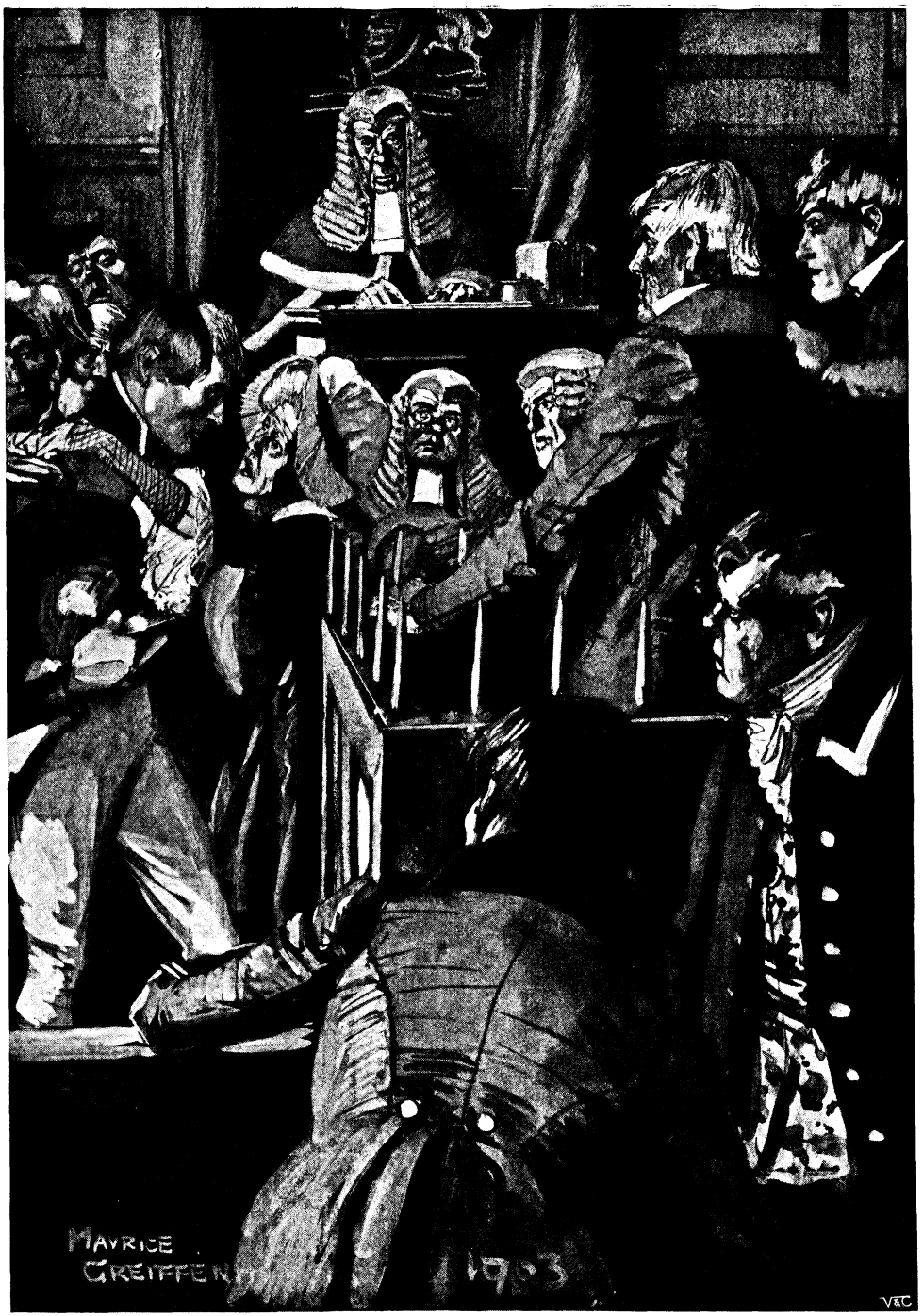

"'My son! My son!'

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tion, Roy seemed to have grown in prison, and his face, always firm and manly, had taken on a new fineness of line and quiet dignity of expression.

As the afternoon wore on, there seemed to be less and less doubt as to the result of the trial. Indeed, the case for the Crown was so strong that the young advocate engaged for the defence seemed cowed, and hardly made more than a formal defence. James McCulloch had obtained such legal assistance as the firm he was engaged with could supply. But the evidence as to the making away with of Sidney Latimer was so crushing that, as the judge said privately to his companion of voyage, Kenneth Maitland, it was strong enough to hang everyone connected with the case, and his wonder was that the Fiscal had allowed the girl Gracie, who seemed to be the cause of all this un-Christian feeling among neighbours, to escape furth of the country. He himself would speak to the Lord Advocate about it immediately upon his return to Edinburgh.

"Yes, that would doubtless have made it more interesting," said the young man, without taking thought. "If all tales be true, she was a lass worth fighting about."

"No daughter of Eve is worth fighting for," said the judge sententiously. "No, if the woman were more beautiful than the sun and above the order of the stars. Only last Sabbath, did not the excellent Dr. Mullhead in his Circuit-sermon say of that light-headed quean we had before us at Jedburgh, that her favour was deceitful and her beauty vain?"

To this Mr. Kenneth Maitland wisely answered nothing; but as his patron turned away for a moment (it was during the stated pause for refreshments), he smacked his lips and winked at the nearest young advocate, who made an answering gesture of commiseration.

* * * * *

The speech of the Advocate-Depute was over. It had been not only severe, but overwhelming. The clear motive—jealousy. The fact of the presence of the unfortunate Laird of Lowran at the house of the accused had been made plain beyond dispute. What drew him there was without doubt to see the girl Gracie, who had been installed there for some time, but had now fled the country. Young men would be young men, in spite of the sagest advice, and it could be proved that the deceased had often been warned of his danger by the aged lady whom they all honoured, and who had given her evidence there that day with such distinguished dignity and reticence.

Secondly, was it not on the verge of the property of the accused that the blood-stained coat had been found, the very coat in which Mr. Sidney Latimer had left his own house of Lowran a few hours before? The horse, too, had been found, wounded by a foul blow from some sharp weapon, evidently given from beneath, thus showing intention of concealment. The footsteps of the unfortunate victim had been traced right up to the door of the house of the panels. There were evident traces of a struggle in the vicinity. Though the body of the young gentleman, whose end had been so tragic, had not been recovered, the jury must decide whether that hiatus in the evidence was enough to shield the criminals from the penalty of their crimes. As to the other accusation, charged chiefly, though not exclusively, against the younger prisoner at the bar, there was every reason to believe that in that case also his guilt was patent. The same motive was present in this case as in the other—jealousy.

It could be shown that there was also revenge. For let the gentlemen of the jury remember (and they were most of them connected with the sheep-farming interest) that the accused, Roy McCulloch, had spent some weeks in gaol upon the accusation that he had stolen a considerable number of sheep, the fleeces of which were found in a barn at House of Muir. Now, these sheep were the property of the deceased Mr. Alexander Ewan. The evidence, however, had not been strong enough to ensure condemnation. The Crown Officials at a distance had exercised, rightly or wrongly—wrongly as it now appeared—an undue clemency to the man before them. And in all human probability the first use which Roy McCulloch made of his liberation was to proceed to the farm of Boreland and there provoke the quarrel that ended in the dastard blow which had proved fatal to that singularly eminent agriculturist, whose scientific treatment of all the problems connected with the breeding of domestic animals, especially horses, had brought so great honour upon the parish and district. But though the name of Mr. Alexander Ewan was known far and wide, the proofs of the connection of the accused with his death were less firmly established and less overwhelming than those which had been proved in their hearing with regard to the tragic disappearance of Mr. Sidney Latimer. For these reasons His Majesty's

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Advocate-Depute was content, finding himself in the presence of so intelligent and able a jury, perfectly conversant with the gravest affairs and capable of judging upon them, to leave them to say whether this state of things was to continue. Were they to have murderers—yes, he would use the word —murderers abroad among them, dwelling upon their own borders, not only defying the law of the land, but a continual menace to the lives of all honest and well-doing people? Manifestly the unfortunate gentleman to whom he had so often referred had met his death upon the lands of the McCullochs—nay, in the immediate vicinity of their house. He would leave it with confidence to the jury to say whether these two men, the sole persons in the neighbourhood capable of such a crime, the only ones with any motive, the only ones inculpated by evidence, were the guilty persons or not. So strong did he feel his position upon the matter, concluded Mr. Melville Dundas, that he had purposely left the other charge, the murder of Mr. Alexander Ewan, somewhat in the background, feeling that he was able to depend upon the evidence that the sagacity of the Crown officials had been able to put before the jury in order to secure the conviction which, he felt strongly, was necessary to the security of His Majesty's lieges throughout all these well-doing and most respectable southern counties of Scotland.

This, with infinite republications and returnings upon the same arguments, was, in brief, the speech of His Majesty's Advocate-Depute.

Now, Messrs. Gleg and Gleg, writers in Drumfern (whose managing clerk was a brother of one panel and the son of the other), did a large but not particularly distinguished business. They were reputed (perhaps libellously) to take by preference the cases which lay on the purlieus of the law, rather than wait for the more serious and distinguished landed estate business upon which most country lawyers' offices starve throughout the year. In the case of the McCullochs, with the eye to the main chance which distinguished them as a firm, they had employed a certain young advocate who had just passed his examinations and been received at the Scottish bar (a nephew of the senior partner's), Mr. Apollos Dunn. This gentleman was widely known to the circuit as "Polly," for the reason that it was believed that no original thought had ever passed that mouth of gold, which nevertheless could imitate with all a parrot's irritating exactitude the peculiarities of every man on the circuit, from Pitfairly's pious platitudes and Barmack's humour-spiced brutalites to the halting and hiatused oratory of Mr. Kenneth Maitland, who, to do him justice, practised much more frequently at Fencible dinners than "before the Fifteen."

Mr. Apollos Dunn, very undesirous of making a plunge, was hitching his gown and arranging his papers. The jury were already shaking sapient heads and conferring together. The judge took yet another sip from his decanter in an absent-minded sort of way, nibbled a bit of biscuit, and sat back in his chair with a satisfied sigh. There was just time to make notes for his summing up. He even began, as it were casually, to think over the moving words in which he would address the condemned. There was now so little doubt in his mind about the issue that he felt under the desk to make sure that the cocked hat (the "black cap," which is always noted with a kind of awe as being "assumed" by the judges on such occasions) lay snugly on the shelf where he had placed it alongside his sacred judicial snuff-box. Just as little doubt as to the fate of the McCullochs existed in any mind throughout the court. Only the junior bar nudged each other, and made bets as to whom "Polly" would ape on this occasion.

Mr. Apollos Dunn cleared his throat for the twentieth time. His papers were at last to his mind, and he was sorry for it. His handkerchief was ready. He had resolved to make a thrilling appeal to the jury on the score of the age of his senior client and the youth of his junior. The style was to be that of the judge himself in child murder cases, when Lord Pitfairly was noted for the exhibition of true pathos (but always hanged).

"My lord and gentlemen of the jury," said "Polly," getting the range of the court, "it is with the utmost humility and with the sense of my awful responsibility that I rise to make an appeal to you on behalf of the unfortunate men before you. While admitting the serious character of a portion of the evidence brought before you, I propose to show that nothing but a collocation of circumstantial evidence connects either of them with the much-to-be-lamented death of the late Mr. Sidney Latimer, of Lowran——"

"*Sidney Latimer is not dead!*" cried a clear resonant voice from the back of the court.

"Silence, there!" called out the usher, while the Sheriff's men hustled the audience this way and that on their way to the zone

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of disturbance. All heads were turned in that direction. Even Lord Pitfairly half rose from his chair. His principles of charity did not allow of an interruption in his court, even for the purpose of saving two men's lives. Besides, he had just thought of something particularly moving for his "black cap" address. If the McCullochs were acquitted, he might forget it before he had a chance of using it again.

A young man of military bearing and dress was seen forcing his way through the crowd. The peace officers met him half way, but the force of his purpose, and perhaps also the uniform which he wore, restrained them from actually laying hands upon him.

By this time most of the bar were on their feet. Polly Dunn and his speech were lost in the throng. He stood open-mouthed, his head thrown forward, his gown rucked up about his neck, and his whole appearance ridiculously suggesting the bird to which the more frivolous of his contemporaries compared him.

"Who are you, sir?" cried Lord Pitfairly when he had a little regained his composure. Then he took another sip of his decanter, as mechanically as if he had been replenishing a fire with wood—in fact, as if his hand had found the wine-glass in the way, and had not known what else to do with it but carry it to the judicial mouth.

"*I am Sidney Latimer!*" said the young man simply.

"Sidney Latimer!" repeated the judge, this time like a parrot himself. "Impossible! We have just heard it proved to demonstration that Sidney Latimer was murdered, and by the prisoners before us. What have you to advance as an excuse for this scandalous and untimely assertion?"

The young man, who had by this time arrived at the little flight of steps which in the old court-house of Drumfern conducted to the witness-box, now turned towards the bar.

"You know me, Kenneth?" he said to the judge's travelling companion; "and you, Melville, and you, and you. Besides, every Lowran person here present knows me!"

But a better witness than any of these he named had arisen from the seats set apart for the witnesses. Gaunt, worn, haggard, the Lady of Lowran stood up, hanging at first for a moment uncertain, her hands tremulous, her body swaying. Suddenly, with a piercing cry of "My son! My son!" she threw herself into Sidney Latimer's arms.

And behind the young man's mother was seen another woman, aged like the other and also trembling.

"Mine, too," she muttered, setting her hand on his shoulder almost jealously. Then with a glance at the court: "It's no fittin' here," she murmured. And so sat down, content to caress with her eyes the dead-come-to-life-again, the man whom she had nursed as a boy, and for whom her arms still yearned.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"BY A MAJORITY!"

"ORDER! Order!" cried the judge. "All this is most unseemly. If your statement be exact, sir, be true, why have you not appeared in this court sooner?"

"My lord," answered Sidney Latimer, "I have come directly from Spain on board the ship *Fortune's Queen*, presently at Port Glasgow. When the news reached me, I was serving with His Majesty's troops in the Peninsula. I posted from Port Glasgow to Thornhill, believing that the assizes were not to be opened till Monday. From that point, having learned my mistake, I have ridden the horse which is at this moment at the door of the Court."

The Advocate-Depute, zealous in his office, raised himself with a jerk. "I will recall to your Lordship," he said, "that the witnesses have all been heard. Saving the speech for the defence, the case is closed. I submit that this gentleman has no standing here!"

Instantly the quick Latimer temper kindled.

"Indeed!" he cried. "No standing here? We will see! Kenneth, Cosmo, Dickson—who of you will lend me a gown?"

The nearest advocate, a tall, good-looking, fair-haired young lawyer of the name of Dickson, perhaps more interested in literature than in pleas, quickly divested himself of his gown. Sidney threw it about his shoulders.

"I appear," he said, "as counsel for the prisoners—in addition, that is, to any other who may have been acting for them. I trust he will accept of my assistance; and you, Mr. Advocate-Depute, will now inform me if I have no standing here!"

The judge, whom repeated casual encounters with the decanter had made a little muzzy as to his head, said with a little stutter: "But have you ever been admitted to the bar—the Scottish bar, I mean?"

"Certainly, my lord," said Sidney. "As

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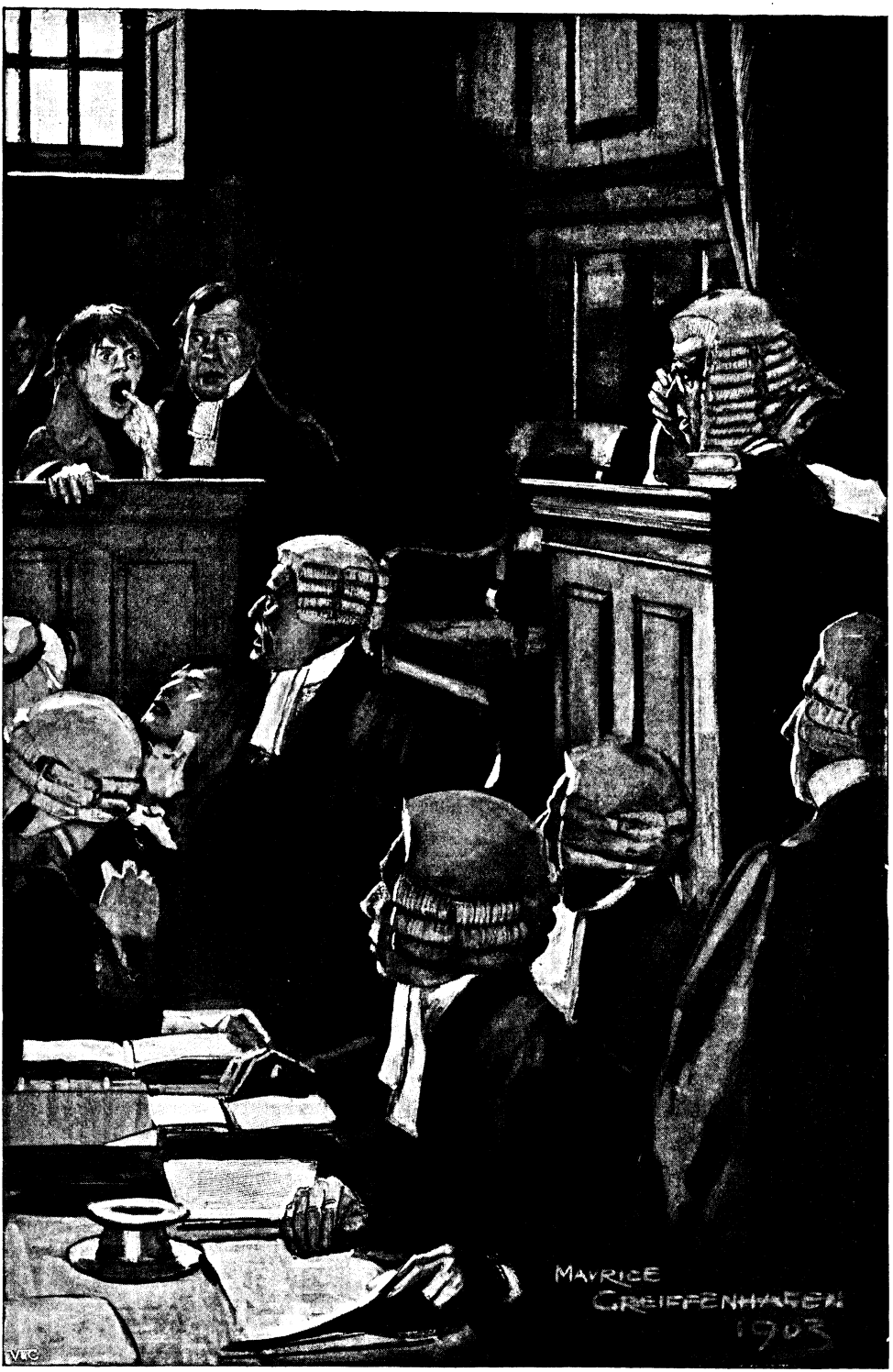

"'He did that!'"

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to that, several of the gentlemen present can bear me witness. It is true I have never practised, nor even appeared, except formally, before any court. Nevertheless, I am an advocate, and as such have a right to plead in any court in the realm. May I ask who is the gentleman I am to assist?"

A sharp turn of all eyes directed Latimer's gaze towards Mr. Apollos Dunn. "Polly" stood looking about him in dumb surprise. His faculty of imitation had deserted him in the unusual circumstances. His carefully prepared pathos lost its point. Words departed from him. He gobbled in his throat and sat down abruptly.

Sidney Latimer, all uninstructed, was left to make the speech for the defence.

Even this was not to be permitted to him uninterrupted. It was a day of surprises in the Drumfern Circuit Court. A tall, rough-looking, but jovially faced man upreared himself in the well of the court.

"Heavens and earth!" whispered the younger members of the bar, "what if it be the other murdered man? Ten to one it's Ewan!"

"'And the sea gave up the dead that were in it,'" quoted Kenneth Maitland, irreverently, under his breath to Cosmo Taylor.

But it was not Ewan. It was far indeed from being Ewan. Instead, it was none other than our ancient friend, Adam McQuhirr, of the Gairie.

"There's a 'Dumbie' here that canna speak," he said, "but nocht will serve him but he maun hae a twa-three words wi' your Lordship! It's aboot the killin' o' Muckle Sandy Ewan, I'm thinkin'!"

"And why," said his Lordship angrily, "if the deaf-and-dumb person has anything of value to relate, was not his evidence brought forward by the counsel for the defence at the proper season? All this is extremely inconvenient!"

"Beggin' your pardon, my lord," said the honest farmer, "but the coonselman kenned nocht aboot it, puir falla! I hae had to watch Dumbie for three nichts up at the Gairie—me and Ailie, my sister, that is. For he was neither to haud nor to bind. And sair wark I had to get him here, your Lordship. I wad rayther hae pitten a scythe through the hale Lowran meadow twenty times ower, I can tell ye that."

"It is no matter," said his Lordship, "what you would or would not have done. The whole business is most irregular. I never have yet known a defence conducted in such a way. Mr. Dunn, I cannot but think you are seriously to blame. If all cases were dragged out in this fashion, the circuit courts might never adjourn at all."

"Better that than the hangin' o' twa men for what they ken nocht aboot!" asserted honest Adam in the same tone in which he proposed a health at a Wednesday's farmer's ordinary.

"Sit down, sir!" said the judge severely. "It is very unseemly for you to instruct me—unworthy instrument of human justice as I have always acknowledged myself to be. I do not even know your name."

"My name, sir, is welcome to you to ken, and to every ither honest falla!" returned the farmer. "I am juist plain Aidam McQuhirr o' the Gairie! And, by my certes! if ever ye are passin' that way, dinna be blate—caa' in and ye shall get a gless or twa o' the best whusky in Galloway. And atween you and me and the post, my lord, never a penny o' duty——"

"Silence!" cried the judge, rising in majesty. "If you say a word more, or address me in that familiar fashion again, I will instantly order your removal from the court in custody!"

"Well, it was a fair offer and kindly meant," said the burly farmer, standing to his guns; "onybody that kens Aidam McQuhirr will tell ye as muckle. There's the Sherra himsel' at your ain elbow. He's fell fond o' the Gairie un-ta'en-doon! 'Deed, I'm no sae sure that he wad refuse a gless o' what ye hae under your ain nose—though gin ye gat it at the 'Queen's Head' it's maistly logwood. I'll haud to that!"

There was a peal of laughter all over the court. For the tendencies of the excellent Sheriff were well known in the profession. Even the judge himself was pleased to smile.

"Well, well," he said tolerantly, "doubtless you mean no harm. Let us see this dumb man. I am somewhat acquainted with the system of communicating with such persons, having taken a great interest in the establishment and hospital of the excellent Mr. Braidwood, previous to his removal to London, often visiting him at Dumbiedykes. I have, therefore some considerable skill in his new manual of signs alphabetically expressed upon the fingers. Perhaps your deaf-and-dumb witness has been, at some period of his life, a pupil of his."

The chance to cross-examine a difficult subject, a task at which he had been specially successful as an advocate, quite restored the temper of my Lord Pitfairly. But Adam McQuhirr had not got over the rejection of

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his offer of hospitality, to which, indeed, he was but ill-accustomed.

"The laddie is nae mair deaf than you, my lord; 'deed, to tell the truth, no sae muckle. And as for dumb, he hasna been dumb verra lang, and hasna learned a great deal since, forbye what the whaups hae cried to him upon the muirs."

"Ah! then his dumbness has been the result of an accident," said the judge. "Let him come and be sworn. I permit it—if he has anything to put before the court."

The Advocate-Depute interposed a merely *pro forma* objection, for even he was curious to know to what all this might tend.

Presently Adam McQuhirr's tall and rugged form was seen forcing a way through the densely packed masses of people in the direction of the witness-box. He appeared to be carrying a swathed bundle in his arms.

"Ye see," he explained generally to the court, as he advanced, "it's no that he needs to be carried. He's no that ill. Na, na, I'll wager that oot on the muirs, deevil a yin o' ye could catch him—no even you young birkies o' lawyers. He can rin like a hare and hide like a whutterick in a stane-dyke. But here, amang sae mony feet, the puir thing micht get trampit on."

And with these words Adam deposited on the seat of the witness-box—Daid the Deil!

* * * * *

The judge, who had affected not to hear the later remarks of the incorrigible Adam, now began some excessively complicated manœuvres with his fingers, while at the same time his lips formed the letters he was endeavouring to express upon his hands. Sometimes he would get tangled in a combination, whereupon he would shake his head pettishly as if wiping it of soap-suds.

"Tut tut!" he muttered, "I am out of practice. It is so long since I studied the system."

Then glancing up, for the first time my lord looked at Daid. His jaw instantly dropped. Never, in all his experience of courts, as member of the bar, advocate-depute, or judge had such an object faced him in the witness-box. He half started up from his chair, as if to take a more careful observation, then as abruptly dropped back again.

"What—what is this?" he stammered. "Is it human? Who has done this?"

He was forgetting the old examining practice of getting an answer to one question before asking another.

"Perhaps," he added with sudden compunction, "it would be better if he were first of all examined in my private room——"

A murmur of dissatisfaction went up from the crowded court.

"It's my opeenion," said Adam McQuhirr deliberately, "that if your Lordship wad hand him a killyvine (lead-pencil), Daid could answer your questions as weel as if he had been bred to the law."

"He can write, then?" said Lord Pitfairly.

"Write?" cried Adam indignantly. "Aye, as weel as ony clerk amang them a'! Faith! I'm tellin' ye nae lee—it was Adora Gracie that learned him!"

Pencil and paper were handed up to the dumb boy, whose terribly scarred face sent a shuddering awe through the packed ranks of the spectators. His Lordship proceeded to ask the questions, after having given Adam McQuhirr permission to remain near the box in case his strength or influence was required.

"What is your name?" said the judge in a loud voice.

"Ye needna billy like a goat, my lord," said Adam McQuhirr. "Daid's nane deaf, I'm tellin' ye."

And indeed, hardly had the words left the mouth of Lord Pitfairly than the answer was ready upon the sheet of paper.

"I wish my clerk, young lazy whelp! could do his work one half as quickly," said Kenneth Maitland in an undertone to Sidney Latimer. "Not that I ever need him, except to clean my pipes. Is this your first case?"

Sidney nodded, his eyes on the boy in the witness-box.

"You beat me—I never had one," murmured his friend. "My first will be a case of justifiable homicide—that is, if old Pitfairly continues to bore me with the fulfilment of prophecy and Jacob's ten horns! *Was* it Jacob who had the ten horns, or the coat of many colours?"

"*Hush!*"

The judge was reading the paper.

"*David McRobb is my name, aged fourteen, but small for my age, born at Lowran, and I ken wha killed Sandy Ewan.*"

This was indeed conclusive evidence of his right to be heard as a witness in the case. The judge looked up and nodded.

"Ah!" he said, his suavity returning to him at the hope of success, "you have information about the murder of Sandy Ewan. Well, be good enough to tell us what you know!"

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"*It wasna a murder—it was a fecht.*"

"So," said the judge, pleased that his own preconceived opinions were likely to be substantiated, "then I take it that the younger prisoner, Roy McCulloch, had a quarrel with Alexander Ewan, and in the course of the fight accidentally killed him?"

The twisted crow's-foot hand wrote rapidly. The paper was passed over by an officer of the court. The gold spectacles were found shoved up into the wig, and Lord Pitfairly took a deliberate pinch of snuff as he adjusted them before reading—whereby a whispered malediction was made to arise from the eager and expectant auditory.

"*It wasna Roy McCulloch that killed Sandy Ewan,*" the judge read slowly. "*Roy was never near the Boreland that nicht. Dickie Dick is a LIAR, and the other man, too.*"

The judge looked stern for the first time since the strange witness appeared in the box.

"Then you must instantly reveal the name of the murderer of Sandy Ewan!" he said. And again, with no hesitation, the pencil flew over the paper. During the months in the garret of Aline's cottage, Daid had had plenty of practice.

"*I will not tell a soul wha killed Sandy Ewan. I will kill the man mysel'!*"

The judge read these words twice over, as if doubtful whether his gold-rimmed glasses were doing their duty. Then he turned his eyes to the misshapen atomy in the box, with honest Adam McQuhirr on guard beside him.

"What!" he cried. "What have you to do with the man, that you should make such a dreadful threat?"

For all answer the boy slowly opened his mouth and pointed with his finger at something black within.

"*HE DID THAT!*" The fingers wrote rapidly and threw the pencil on the floor.

Daid the Deil's examination was over.

* * * * *

After a time the Advocate-Depute collected himself sufficiently to point out that in the altered circumstances, and owing to the extraordinary course the judicial proceedings had taken, he had a right to return upon his requisitory speech. To this the judge assented, and that impassive man, Mr. Melville Dundas, began by assuring his Lordship that a very few words would serve him. There was, he admitted, no use in proceeding with the first charge, when the man whom the panels were accused of murdering was acting as their junior counsel. At the same time, he could not help thinking that there was something exceedingly improper, not to say illegitimate, in the way in which justice had been trifled with. And the proceedings of Mr. Sidney Latimer, both on the night of his disappearance, and afterwards in refusing to communicate his whereabouts, seemed to him to call for judicial investigation, if not in a court of law, at least by the Society of Advocates.

As to the second charge, and with regard to the extraordinary evidence, if he might call it evidence, which had been given by a boy who declared himself a second victim of the murderer of Alexander Ewan, he would point out to the jury that it left the evidence previously given against the younger panel much as before. There was only the unsupported assertion of the dumb boy, that not Roy McCulloch, but another unnamed (against whom, very improperly, he meditated personal vengeance), was the guilty person. He (the Advocate-Depute) need not remind the intelligent jury he saw before him that this was neither evidence nor anything even remotely approaching the nature of evidence. There was, for instance, the affair of the sheepskins, yet unexplained and extremely suspicious——

At this point of the Advocate-Depute's speech a strange elricht laugh was heard, the laugh of the maimed boy. Without rising from his friend's knee, the Dumbie scattered a handful of something resembling white furry willow leaves in the direction of the bar and the jury-box. Then snatching up a sheet of paper, he again wrote rapidly. Adam McQuhirr looked at his *protégé* with modest pride. Daid was beating the lawyers—the first duty of every country-bred Scot, as often as he approaches the doors of a court.

"I do not know—I put it to your Lordship whether at this stage further interruptions of this sort——"

Thus Mr. Melville Dundas appealed against Fate.

But the curiosity of Lord Pitfairly was strong; so while the officers of the assizes, together (sad it is to relate) with the members of the junior bar, were scrambling for the curious leaf-shaped things, the judge read: "*There—match thae wi' the fleeces ye hae at the Fiscal's. They hae a' the McCullochs' ain mark. What think ye o' that?*"

This was doubtless something of the nature of an anti-climax, but to the men who sat on the seats of the jury-box, a little weary of speeches and witnesses, it was also the most telling piece of evidence of the day,

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"The two silently shook hands."

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and did more for Roy McCulloch than all the rest put together—hardly even excepting the dramatic appearance of Sidney Latimer.

For the furry things, thus informally published, were the ears of the very sheep which Roy had been accused of stealing, and, as Daid had said, each of them bore not only the McCulloch ear-mark, but remains of the blue McCulloch keel.

Upon demand of Sidney Latimer, certain of the fleeces were brought in, and the ears fitted on by the jury themselves amid expressions of delight. These honest men did not understand legal technicalities, but they knew that the farmer who was accused of stealing his own sheep must be an innocent and deeply wronged man. The effect was so strong that Sidney Latimer, coached by an old Circuit lawyer, waived his right to reply, and, what was of infinitely more service, induced Mr. Apollos Dunn to do the same. Lord Pitfairly summed up in a gush of admiration for the wonderful providences of the Almighty, under which the whole house, except the accused persons, sat visibly uneasy. It all seemed to have come about owing to Lord Pitfairly's influence with things above.

"I wonder if I had a shot at him with my snuff-box, what I would get? But I doubt if even that would make him stop," groaned Kenneth Maitland, nudging Sidney under the latter's borrowed gown.

The jury retired, and instantly there arose a terrible chatter of talk. The judge withdrew into a certain gloomy cubby-hole which in the old courthouse of Drumfern was called "his Lordship's chamber." One hour, two hours passed slowly away.

"Are they going to convict, after all? It's juist no possible!" whispered the crowd.

"Guid peety them then!" said a strong-handed Drumfern mason, spitting on his palms to allay his nervousness. "They'll never get past Nith Brig wi' the breath o' life in them if they do."

"Na, I wadna gie a pennyworth o' alicreesh for their fifteen necks if they bring it in for that bonny lad to be hanged!" said a sturdy dame of the wash-tub. "Faith! though, yonder's the Provost, that's their kind o' head man. I hae a craw to pick wi' him onyway. He was gye impident to my guidman at the last borough coort. And only for being fand drunk on the Sands and burstin' the toon drum ower the drummer's ain head!"

The jury trooped back, smiles on every face save one. The Provost had done his duty and saved his neck.

Lord Pitfairly came in, dusting ruddy drops off his ermine, also shaking the crumbs out of the folds of his robe judicial.

The Provost, who had been chosen foreman by general consent, stood forward in answer to his Lordship's formal question.

"We find unanimously" (he spoke slowly, in imitation of the Advocate-Depute, whose style he admired, in spite of having traversed his conclusions) "that the accused are not guilty of causing the death of Mr. Sidney Latimer" (a murmur of laughter, instantly suppressed, here); "and, by a majority, that Roy McCulloch is not guilty of the murder of Alexander Ewan."

"*By a majority!*"

The court buzzed with excitement at the unexpected qualification of the verdict. His Lordship, after the formal liberation of the prisoners, could hardly wait till he was in the decent retirement of his chamber in order to summon Kenneth Maitland to find out what was the majority, and who it could be that, in spite of his charge, still thought the McCullochs guilty.

Maitland, who could read the signs of the times as well as any man, and who knew that he would have no peace till he had reported everything, waited for the Provost's exit.

"What was the majority?" he said, in the hearing of Adam McQuhirr, who held his tongueless burden in his arms.

"Fourteen to one," said the Provost, somewhat reluctantly, it must be said.

"And who was the one? It's his Lordship himself who has sent to ask," said Kenneth hardily.

"Jonathan Grier, the Laird of Lowran's gamekeeper," answered the Provost.

And in the strong arms of the man Adam the eyes of a little maimed boy glowed like coals of fire.

"Hush thee!" murmured the good man Adam, soothing Daid the Deil like an infant; "we will soon be hame noo. And, bless me! yonder's Adora."

But the quick eyes of fire were fixed on something else than the face of Adora Gracie. They saw Jonathan Grier slinking away through the crowd, fearful that he would be recognised.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

TWO MEN AND THE WOMAN.

WITH a quick gasp of apprehension, Sidney Latimer understood that his time was come. Truly he had laboured for naught. The

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good he had wrought was turned to evil, even as he knew it would. Apples of Sodom were to be the only fruit of his toil and travail.

Adora had come with the post-chaise the fourteen miles from Thornhill, and had arrived just in time to meet Roy McCulloch as he stepped into God's blowing airs upon the streets of Drumfern, once more a free man. His bold, strong face showed pale and more sharply cut than of yore. He was indeed "sair shilpit," as Aline put it when she saw him. Yet he looked not the worse for that—at least, so thought Adora, as she saw him coming towards her.

The two silently shook hands, the eyes of Sidney Latimer watching them jealously from afar, almost disappointed that he could find no fault with their behaviour in presence of each other.

Sharon it was who overpassed his son with his prompter word, speaking gravely and steadily as if he had only come to Drumfern upon a short and ordinary journey to a Wednesday's market.

"Ye will come back wi' us to House o' Muir and set the place in order a wee?" he said.

Sadly Adora shook her head. It could not be, she saw well—not with Sidney Latimer there to think the thought she knew was in his heart.

"I thank you," she answered gently. "House of Muir was a good home and a heartsome till that befell which befell. But since then Aline McQuhirr has given my father shelter, and I cannot be quit of her like an old shoe. She took us in when none else would, the door of House of Muir being shut. I must return and do what I can to repay her."

Then for the first time Roy spoke. Never till now had he lifted his eyes to the face of Adora Gracie.

"Do not let any thought of me keep you back," he said. "My father needs that some woman should fend for him. I shall not be there. I swear before you all that I shall not sleep in my own bed nor be sheltered by my own roof-tree till I hunt down the true murderer of Sandy Ewan! Though but one believed me guilty, I count not myself to be cleared of suspicion while the matter is dark."

His father turned to him gently. Prison had drawn them more closely together than ever before—they who had spoken but little to each other while the meal-ark was full in the kitchen of House of Muir. But they had become friends in the drear dusks and mouldy cells of the "Thieves' Hole" of St. Cuthbertstown.

"Roy," he said, "take an old man's word for it—even your father's. Let not the thing trouble you. Come your ways back to House of Muir. Bravely do ye ken who it was that would not find ye innocent of the thing they laid to your charge. But of that I shall bear my part, and you yours."

"No, faither," said the young man, with a certain grave tenderness in the Scottish word, "I will never enter the door of House of Muir till I have made it all plain to the world—the crime and the criminal alike."

"Little ye ken what ye undertake," said his father. "Mony are the cauld blashy days and wet cauldrife nichts ye maun bide oot on the hills, to find out a deed done in secret like that. Moreover, it concerns not you. Come hame, lad. Ye are cleared in the sight o' men. Hearken to that. And as to God, *He* kens a' things!"

The clamours of the cheering had not yet wholly died away. Mixed with it came a wild hoot of execration, a noise as of the howling of dogs on a trail. It was, they said, Jonathan Grier running in fear of his life for the Maxwelltown bridge-end. Had the good wives caught the Lowran game-keeper that night, it had not gone well with him on the plainstones of Drumfern. The McCullochs had never been so popular in their lives. And had their manners—or, rather, those of Sharon—been a little more approachable, they would have been chaired round the town like a successful candidate for Parliament. But Sharon was too grim, and Roy had other things to think about. So the popularity of a moment spent itself vaguely in invitations to drink at the "Queen's Head," the "King's Arms," and other well-known hostelries.

First of all, however, there was Sidney Latimer to thank, and to Roy McCulloch the task was no pleasant one. The gulf fixed between what a rich man may do for a poor one, and the return a poor man can make to one richer than himself, yawned before Roy's feet.

Added to which, Adora had travelled far alone in the company of this man. She had gone, so they said, to a foreign land to find him. They had returned together. There remained, therefore, nothing for the young man to do save to render his thanks to both and to betake him into the wilderness till he had accomplished his vow.

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As for Adam McQuhirr, he had long ago

disappeared with Daid the Deil, and his heavy "conveyance" was by this time lumbering westwards in the direction of the Four Mile House upon the Springholm Road. As the old long-tailed plough-horse jogged slowly along, Adam was already thinking of his welcome home and of all that he would have to tell. None could possibly forestall him. He would have the whole tale of how he bearded the Red Judge to himself. And none knew better than he how to make the best use of his monopoly. He foresaw many a brewing of the undutied "un-ta'en-doon" which he had offered to my Lord Pitfairly, ere the grey hairs of age should show upon his narrative or upon his listeners' appreciation of it.

With her usual determination, Adora was resolved that Roy McCulloch should remain in no misapprehension of the relations which existed between herself and Sidney Latimer. She had read novels and romances in her day, especially since Sidney had been accustomed to bring the more recently published books to her father. Accordingly she had noted that "misunderstanding" is the writer's most frequent device for prolonging a tale, and her strong common-sense had marked it with growing resentment as by much the most foolish. Whatever the course of her life was to be, there would be no misunderstanding as to her intentions and resolves. Sidney Latimer should understand. Roy McCulloch should understand. If either took offence—well, as the proverb says, that would be to Adora "but one stone the less in my garden."

Adora knew well that Sidney Latimer was watching her jealously, even when his mother was hanging on his arm, urging him to go with her to the "King's Arms," that he might eat and rest. Nevertheless, she was resolved that Roy should not leave home on her account. So on the High Street of Drumfern she asked him plainly to come to a little hostelry called the "Cross Keys," situated in a by-street, away from the throng of the market-place and the hubbub of the great day of the assizes.

"A friend of mine is waiting for us there, whose acquaintance I desire that you should make," she said.

It was characteristic of both of them that there should be no thanks expected or proffered between these two. The bonds of ancientest amity held them silent. Of course, if Adora had been at the point of death or in any mortal strait, Roy would have done his best to save her. It seemed natural to him, therefore, that Adora would try in his case, and equally natural that she should succeed. Adora had always been the cleverer. That Roy would die for Adora was but a little thing to say. As air was made to breathe, water to drink, so he, Roy McCulloch, was for Adora Gracie, to use as it might seem good to her.

Soberly enough, therefore, the McCullochs walked to the inn and followed Adora upstairs to the parlour she had hired.

"My friend Captain Ebenezer Sinclair!" she said, smiling at the three tall men who stood awkwardly enough, so close together that they seemed to fill the whole space of the little room.

Roy shook hands, somewhat shyly, but Sharon, who followed, stood with a certain grim humour playing about the corners of his mouth. He did not hold out his hand for several seconds. He only gazed at the bronzed and wrinkled sea-captain in front of him.

"You have forgotten me, I see, Ebenezer!" he said at last. In his turn the captain gazed uncertain, his arm at first stretched out, then half withdrawn.

"So it was you who helped this young lass to find the only man that could save my auld neck?" he said grimly. "Well, that is maybe tit for tat. Ebenezer Sinclair, do you remember Valencia? A white day of driving stour, everybody as floury as a miller, the long road to the Grao where a certain ship lay—and——?"

"God help us, lad!" cried the captain, all at once heaving himself forward, "you are never the smuggler that saved me from yon mob o' yelly-hooin' deevils? Man, I thocht ye were a Spaniard. I mind—will I ever forget? Their knives glittered like sheet lightning on the water——"

"Aye, there were a wheen as wild lads amang them as ye could forgather wi' between Tarifa and the Pyrenees! But yin Sharon McCulloch was a wilder in thae days! Guid forgie him! What was your trouble—I forget? Ye were somedeal tewed up wi' a lass, were ye no?"

But at the word the sea-captain made a sign with his hand, signifying that Adora's presence must not be forgotten in such speech between men.

"Abide, abide!" said Sharon, laughing, "ye will be telling her the tale yoursel' some day or lang, as she sits knitting by the fireside."

"And now, captain," said Adora, who, among other gifts, had that of stopping any

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"'You are never the smuggler that saved me from yon mob o' yelly-hooin' deevils?'"

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conversation of the drift of which she did not approve, "will you tell these two gentlemen all that has happened since Adam McQuhirr put me on board the *Fortune's Queen* at Port Glasgow? It was your kindness that saved their lives."

"My kindness!" said the captain, with a look of admiration at the girl before him. "Richt willin' wad I be to tak the credit, but the solemn fact is, I had nae mair to do wi' bringing the young Laird o' Lowran hame to—to——"

"To save our necks," said Sharon, nodding grimly.

"Weel, to keep the hangman and you frae being better acquaint," amended the sea-captain. "It's an unkindly death, hangin'; and for the sake o' byganes, Ebenezer Sinclair wad be sair vexed to see ony that belonged to ye gangin' that road. But it was a' the lass. Hers is the credit frae first to last."

"I did not bring them here only to listen to you telling them that," said Adora a little tartly.

The captain looked up astonished.

"I hope, then," he said, "that ye werena expectin' me to tell them a pack o' lees!"

Then a flash of understanding—of what the captain of the *Fortune's Queen* took for consummate knowledge of womankind—shot through his mind.

"Davert!" he said to himself, "but I'll wager the lassie is makin' a fool o' auld Ebie Sinclair. Twa strings to her bow, has she, the besom? Weel, Ebenezer, think on the days o' your vainity and that lass at Valencia, no to mention ony mair names. Syne ask yoursel' if it's for you to pit your hand to the dykeside and up wi' the first stane! Your job, my lad, is juist to back the lass up. I wadna hae thocht she had it in her, the cunning wee blastie! But fegs! Ebenezer, lad, it's juist yae lesson the mair to ye, even at your time o' life. Oh, thae weemen, thae weemen!"

And with this idea firmly rooted in his head, it will be understood that the worthy captain worthily played his part. That is, according to his conception of it.

So, Ebenezer Sinclair being witness, never in the history of the world had there been anything more single-eyed and matter-of-fact than the search for Sidney Latimer. To Adora alone the honour. She had sought for this man as for hid treasure; but it was to save the life of another. Roy McCulloch was that other. The waves of Biscay, the landing at Bilbao, the adventures of Hernani, the rescue and the return, lost nothing when the captain of the *Fortune's Queen* set out "to do the puir lass a guid turn." Only he took good care to say nothing about the moment when she had rested unconscious in Sidney Latimer's arms, or the kiss which had been laid upon her lips while her eyes were closed. Consenting or not consenting, conscious or unconscious, that was no business of faithful Captain Ebenezer's.

"If it's this ither yin, after a'," he meditated. "She can tell him whatever she likes aboot ony bits o' trifles like that. Trust a woman for a story!"

He might have spared his pains. Roy McCulloch had had it fixed in his mind during his second sojourn in prison that Adora Gracie was not for him. So he listened to the captain's recital with dulled ears, only firming his lips a little at the thought of the peril Adora had escaped in the house of Hernani. He loved her—yes, more than ever. That needed not to be said. But to his eyes, long deprived of light and air and beauty, there was a new nobility and wonder in Adora's look. The barrier between them had grown noticeably higher. This, then, was Strong Mac's thought. Deep in his slow, faithful, delving mind, he made this resolve, that so long as there was the least stain upon his character, he would never be fit to look any good woman in the face.

He had been liberated by the judge. Fourteen out of fifteen of a jury of his countrymen had found him innocent of the foulness of midnight slaughter. Still, to his own mind there remained a doubt. The words, "by a majority," stuck in his throat. Not until the truth was fully made known would he walk in the ways of ordinary men.

As to Adora, she must marry the man who was worthy of her, the man without stain, the man who for her sake had done a noble and worthy act, who could give her at once a great position. Yes, there was not a doubt of it. Adora would marry Sidney Latimer. And Roy tried to make believe that he would be glad.

But in the meantime, Roy McCulloch would clear his character and so be able to stand once more as a man among free men, reproach-free and unafraid.

(*To be continued.*)

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IN THE GILDING SHOP.

COALPORT PORCELAIN:

THE STORY OF AN ANCIENT AND FAMOUS INDUSTRY.

By H. G. Archer.

Photographs by R. Bartlett, Shrewsbury.

LIKE the Worcester and the Derby porcelain works, the celebrated industry in Shropshire dates from the middle of the eighteenth century; indeed, the commencement of the works in this county must have been almost coeval with the Worcester ones in the year 1751. But the site of the original Salopian china factory was not Coalport, it was Caughley, about a mile from the present works and on the opposite or south side of the river, where the works were situated on the high ground overlooking the Severn. The small, unpretentious works on this spot appear to have been founded by a Mr. Brown, of Caughley Hall, and after his death to have been managed by his brother-in-law, a gentleman named Gallimore, to whom, in 1754, a lease of the place was granted. Of this Mr. Gallimore practically nothing is known, for the only name, as proprietor, at present established is that of Mr. Thomas Turner, who must have first appeared on the scene in or about the year 1770, when he came into a considerable sum of money, and probably utilised it in purchasing a partnership. Mr. Turner was the son of the Rev. Richard Turner, D.D., vicar of Norton, Worcestershire, and chaplain to the Countess of Wigton. His youth was spent in Worcester, and as he exhibited a taste for draughtsmanship he was apprenticed to Robert Hancock, the celebrated engraver at the Worcester Porcelain Works. This would probably account for young Turner growing interested in the industry, but it is not at all clear how he came to be connected with the Caughley Works. True, he eventually became a son-in-law of Mr. Gallimore's, but his marriage with this gentleman's daughter did not take place until 1783, whereas Jewitt states that he succeeded Mr. Gallimore at Caughley in 1772 and set about enlarging the works, which were several years in progress and not completed until 1775.

About the year 1780, Mr. Turner visited France for the purpose of picking up knowledge on the porcelain manufactures of Paris and other places, and while residing in the capital is said to have had a regular laboratory fitted up at the top of his house, in order that he might chemically analyse the beautiful foreign specimens of the ceramic art. He did not return home empty-handed, for he brought with him some skilled workmen whom he had tempted by high wages, and at once entered with increased spirit into the

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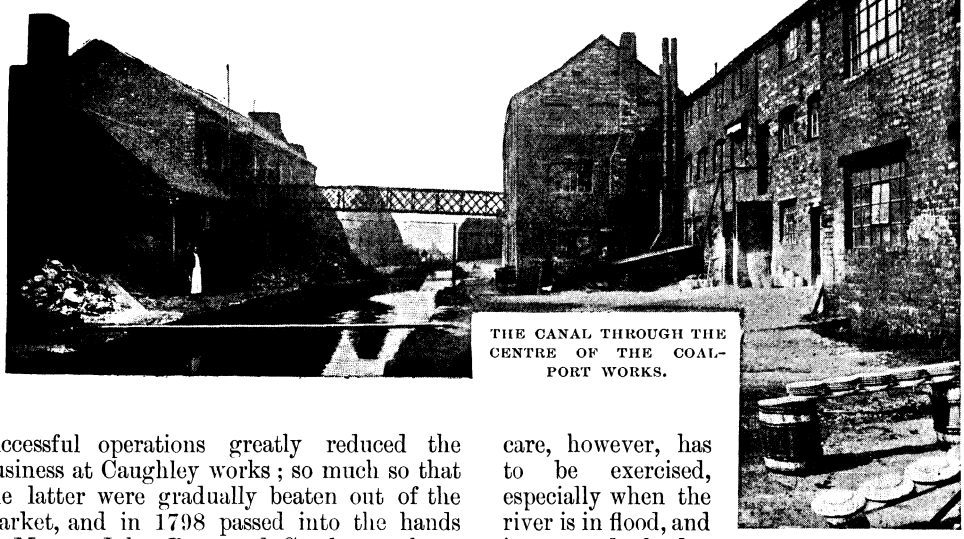
manufacture of porcelain at his own retired works. One result of this foreign trip was the production of the celebrated "Willow-pattern" and the "Blue Dragon." The "Willow-pattern" has undoubtedly been the most popular and had the most extensive sale of any pattern of china ever introduced. It has, of course, been made by many other firms, but the credit of its first introduction belongs to Caughley. The original copper engraving of the "Willow-pattern," bearing Turner's name, is still in existence at the works.

Mr. Turner had, also, several pupils, one of whom, Mr. John Rose, the son of a neighbouring farmer, was destined to supersede his employer. In the year 1788 these two quarrelled, and young Rose left, to commence business on his own account at Jackfield, a small village in the immediate vicinity, where it was not long before his successful operations greatly reduced the business at Caughley works; so much so that the latter were gradually beaten out of the market, and in 1798 passed into the hands of Messrs. John Rose and Co. by purchase, Mr. Turner entirely withdrawing from the business. In the meantime Mr. Rose had moved his headquarters from Jackfield to Coalport, where the works have continued uninterrupted to the present day. A staff of excellent workpeople had been obtained from Caughley and Jackfield works combined, but in the following year, on October 23, 1799, an accident occurred in connection with the new works at Coalport which deprived the master of many of his best hands. A considerable number of the workpeople resided on the opposite bank of the river, and were in the habit of passing backwards and forwards by means of a ferry. On that night, when the river was in flood, the boat was crowded, and the man at the helm allowed the vessel to swing round too quickly, with the result that she capsized. Thirty-two persons were on board, of whom twenty-nine were drowned, among them the principal artist, a man named Walker. An unfinished piece of work of his, a pair of vases, which he had left only a few minutes before he lost his life, are still preserved in the warehouse as a memento of the unfortunate event.

It may interest some to learn that these boats, like those on the Rhine, are manipulated by a chain or wire rope attached to the top of a small mast, and secured by an anchor at some little distance, according to the width of stream, up and in the centre of the river. Therefore, by working the helm, the boat is carried to and fro simply by the action of the stream. Great care, however, has to be exercised, especially when the river is in flood, and it was no doubt due to carelessness that the catastrophe took place. Fortunately no such disaster has occurred since, but on more than one occasion the boat has been nearly upset, the passengers thinking themselves lucky to escape with a wetting only.



THE CANAL THROUGH THE CENTRE OF THE COALPORT WORKS.

In 1820, the Swansea porcelain works, which had risen somewhat into repute, were discontinued, and the moulds, etc., were promptly bought up by Mr. John Rose and Company. Shortly afterwards another famed Welsh manufactory, though smaller, that of Nantgarrw, established by Billingsley, the famous flower-painter of Derby, was merged into the Coalport establishment, the proprietor being bound over for a period of

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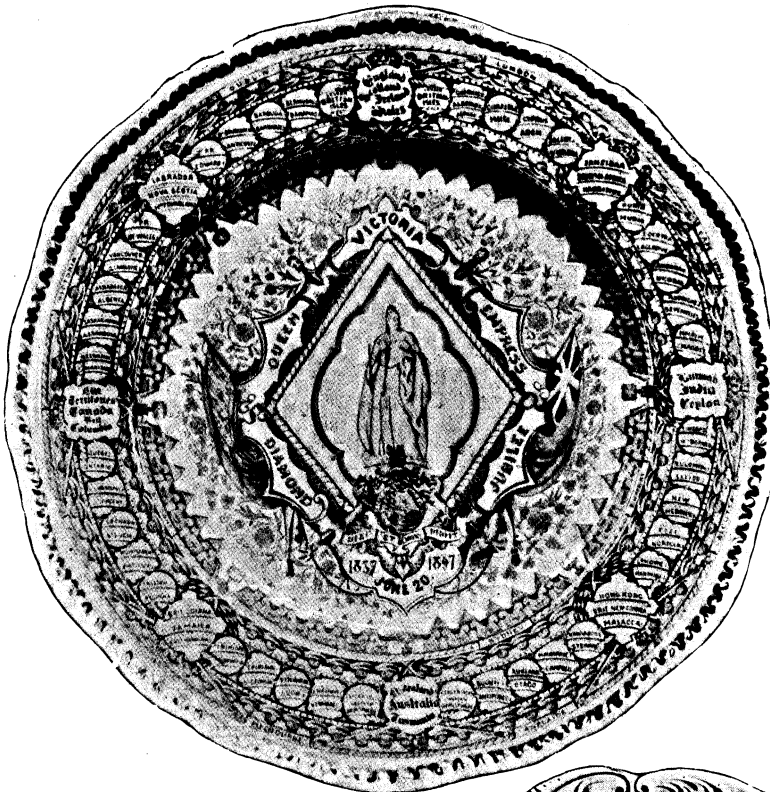
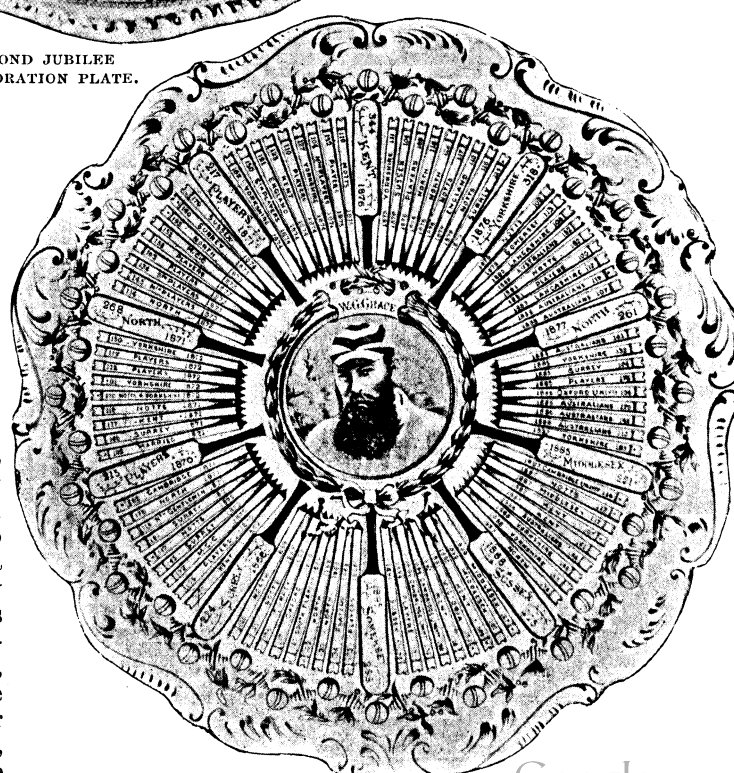


DIAMOND JUBILEE COMMEMORATION PLATE.

ware for purity and transparency. About this time, also, Mr. Rose put his felspar discovery to a fresh use. The Society of Arts were offering a gold medal for a glaze containing neither lead nor arsenic. All the principal manufacturers in the Kingdom competed for it, but the prize was awarded to Mr. Rose, whose compound was mainly composed of felspar.

The works were now in a state of great prosperity; warehouses were opened in London and other large towns, and a prosperous trade was being done with seven years to make the same quality of china at Coalport. The Nantgarrw porcelain was very expensive to make, but was remarkably fine in its body and texture. It was what is technically known as a fretbody ware, of which specimens are now very scarce and invariably fetch high prices when offered for sale. At Coalport the fretbody composition was soon abandoned as being too expensive to make, a good transparent body being obtained in its place by the introduction of a pure felspar, discovered in the locality. The felspar porcelain, however, never quite equalled the original Nantgarrw



THE W. G. GRACE PLATE.

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dealers all over the Kingdom, the workmen employed, both potters and painters, being an exceptionally intelligent class of men.

Mr. John Rose died in 1841, and was succeeded by his nephew, Mr. William Rose. In 1845, Messrs. Daniell, of London, received the Queen's commands to prepare a dessert service, intended as a present for the Czar Nicholas. This magnificent service was made at Coalport, the colour being "bleu de roi," and every article had the various orders of the Russian Empire enamelled in compartments around the border, with the order of St. Nicholas and the Russian and Polish eagles in the centre. The service was the object of much admiration at home and in Russia. In 1849 Messrs. Daniell originated the idea of restoring that beautiful and celebrated colour called the "Rose Dubarry," so named after Madame du Barry, one of the mistresses of Louis XV., who had had it specially composed for her at the Sèvres works, and the art of which was supposed to have been lost. After numerous efforts and experiments at Coalport, it was at last produced, the reproduction immediately creating a demand for very rich dessert services and ornaments in the same colour. One splendid example of the former attracted universal admiration at the Exhibition of 1851, and was subsequently purchased by Lord Ashburton. It was deemed by competent judges to equal the original Sèvres in beauty of tint, and to surpass it in evenness of colour. Similar services followed; some being purchased by royalty, and others by the Emperor of the French, and English and foreign noblemen. Messrs. Rose and Co. were awarded a prize medal in 1851, and in 1855 obtained medals at the Paris Exhibition, and again at that of London in 1862. Mr. W. Rose retired from the firm in 1862, and Mr. Pugh became sole proprietor, and continued so till his death in 1875. The firm, however, retained its old title of John Rose and Company, and though it was converted into a limited liability company in 1888, it is still known as the Coalport China Co. (John Rose and Co.), Ltd.

VASES SENT TO THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION.

Being invited to make a tour of the works, the shops devoted to the analysis and grinding of the raw material were entered first.

Here it was found that the ingredients consist of china-clay, stone, ground flint, calcined bones, and other substances. These are well ground separately, then weighed out in their various proportions, and finally mixed or "blunged" together, converting the whole into a sloppy mixture known as "china-slip." This slip, after being passed through magnets to eliminate any iron, is now ready for the casting or pouring into the Paris-plaster moulds, forming the elaborate hollow ware, cups, vases, etc.; and the same material, after being run through a filter-press, which squeezes out all the water, is ready for the throwers and pressers, who make the plainer cups, basins, plates, dishes, and flat ware generally. The throwing of

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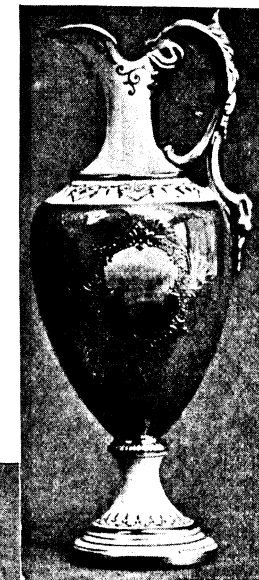
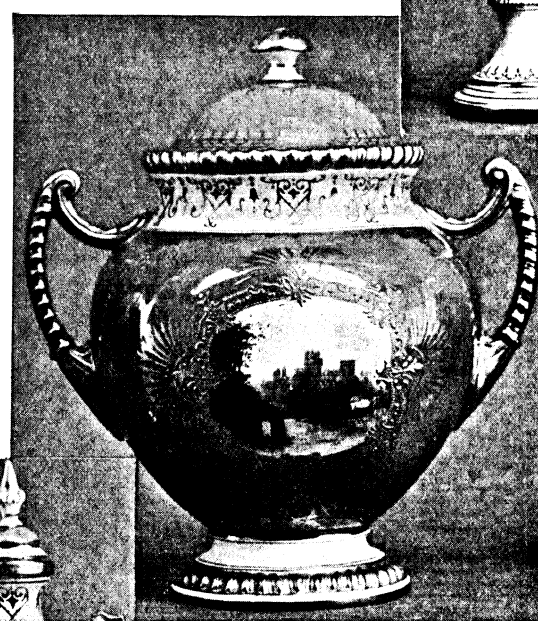
the prepared clay is the most skilful and yet the most elementary branch of the potter's craft. China clay of high quality can only be worked on the "wheel" by hand, the clay, according to technical parlance, being too "nesh"—*i.e.*, too short or brittle—to adapt itself to machinery. The apparatus known as the potter's wheel consists of a fixed table through which passes a spindle, having on its upper end a disc which revolves with it, the latter being put into motion by a fly-wheel worked by hand. The potter picks up with both hands a large lump of clay and kneads it in order to expel the air. The process is termed "wedging." Then taking a lump sufficient for his purpose, he flings it on the revolving disc and proceeds skilfully to fashion it by hand into any rounded form he desires. There is a great deal of dexterity required to execute really good work on the "wheel," and a steady and clever thrower can earn fairly high wages. However, the operation of throwing and turning entirely by hand is followed only in the manufacture of what we may term miscellaneous articles; in the case of those requiring mathematical precision in size and shape—such as teacups, for instance—moulds are used for the exterior, the interior being formed by hand. In the process of manufacturing flat round articles—such as dinner-plates, saucers, etc.—a machine termed a "jigger" is used. A mould is attached to a revolving spindle, and a thin layer of clay is pressed on to it, so as to completely take its form.

Every piece of ware when finished is taken to what is termed the "green-room"—*i.e.*, a room where the clay articles are in a more or less damp state. Here every article is minutely examined, and if satisfactory, is passed on to be placed in the seggars preparatory to being fired. Seggars are coarse fire-clay vessels, varying in size and shape according to the nature of the articles to be fired. The greatest care is required in placing the latter, as being now almost, if not quite dry, they are very tender and break very easily.

All articles are bedded in finely ground flint to support them; each cup has a china-clay ring on the top to retain its circular form, while the plates, dishes, and other flat ware all have beds made by pressing a mould of a similar form into the flint at the bottom of the seggars. In this, the biscuit-oven fire, the seggars are not plastered up at the joints, but left slightly open, as a small quantity of steam escapes from the clay articles during firing, and unless the flames contain an excess of sulphur, little or no injury is caused to the ware. The seggars are placed in the kiln one on the top of the other, and the actual firing usually takes from forty-two to forty-eight





VASES SENT TO THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION.

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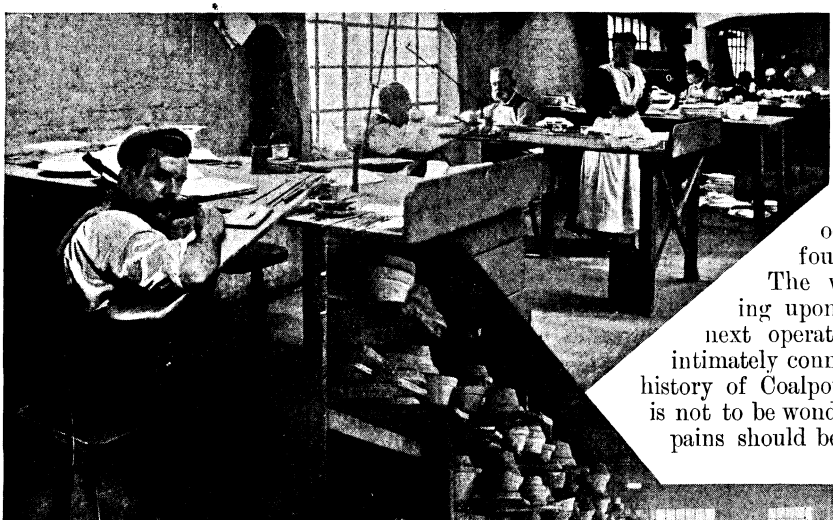
hours, after which the kiln is cooled off very gradually.

After the first fire, the ware is in what is termed the biscuit state, and after being carefully scoured or cleaned from all flint-dust, is taken to another warehouse, where it is again examined for cracks, and finally stamped with the Coalport trade-mark. It is next taken to the glazing-room, and there dipped into a preparation of glaze of about the consistency of cream and of a dazzling whiteness.



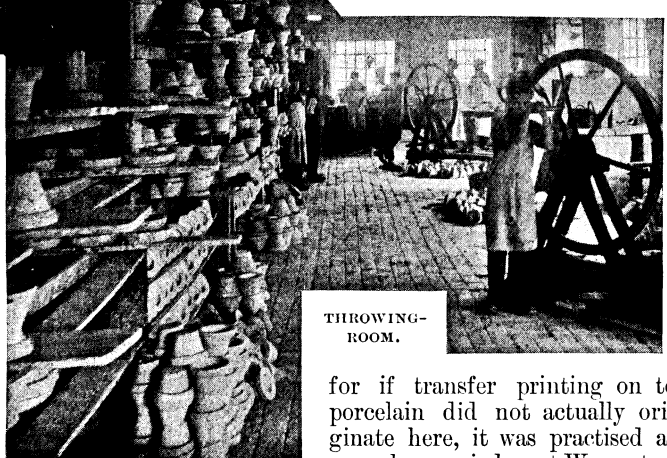
GILDERS AT WORK.

Each article as it is dipped is skilfully twisted to throw off any superfluous glaze, and also evenly to distribute it over the surface, after which it is dried and again examined, the glaze, where necessary, being removed, especially on the feet of the articles, to prevent them from adhering to the seggar, in which they are to be again fired in what is termed the "glost-kiln."

It should be mentioned that only two glazes are used at Coalport, the ingredients of both being a secret. The one more extensively employed contains no lead whatever, and the other only in such a minute quantity—and that little quantity having been rendered practically, if not wholly innocuous before being used—that no dipper has ever suffered from lead poisoning, of which so much has been heard in the last few years.

The articles are again placed in seggars of similar shapes to those used in the biscuit-oven, but with this difference, that they also are glazed inside. In the "placing," great care has to be taken that no dust or dirt falls on the ware, while each article is kept separate from the other, as if they touched they would adhere to one another. All the seggars are carefully sealed at the joints to exclude the smoke and flame, the least flash of which would irretrievably injure the brilliancy of the glaze surface. The second firing in the glost-kiln occupies twenty-four hours.

The work of printing upon porcelain, the next operation, is one so intimately connected with the history of Coalport china that it is not to be wondered that great pains should be taken with it, for if transfer printing on to porcelain did not actually originate here, it was practised at as early a period as at Worcester.



THROWING-ROOM.

The transfers, thin sheets of tissue-paper, are struck off copper plates, and the designs, cut out by scissors, are lightly pressed on the ware. The marvellous thing is that all these paper patterns, in strips barely an inch long, should not get hopelessly mixed. The difference between many of them is so minute, and yet the women employed in this department rarely, if ever, make a mistake, although the work-tables are littered with these mysterious slips, engraved with dots, lines, and curls, to the

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visitor impossible to decipher or distinguish. After the printing the various decorative processes have to be attended to — the painting and gilding, which converts an article, in some cases worth in white, say, a few shillings, into one that will fetch any number of pounds, according to the artistic labour spent upon it.

But where elaborately decorated articles are concerned, the design is not printed, but sketched in by hand. The latter, of course, gives great scope for ingenuity and artistic combination, and, as the writer was informed, days of repeated attempts will often elapse before a suitable design is achieved, while in other cases some happy inspiration will settle the matter in a few minutes.

The printed ware now passes into the hands of the most skilled workmen the industry can boast — the painters and gilders — who indeed can boast among their ranks not a few artists who have temporarily renounced their chances of academic honours for a post where they can reckon upon an assured if smaller income. One has only to glance at the accompanying photographs of some choice specimens of Coalport porcelain to

SOME RICHLY DECORATED SPECIMENS.

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realise that those entrusted with the embellishment of the panels, and the views and portraits depicted thereon, must be draughtsmen of no mean ability. When visiting the works the writer was shown a most magnificent dessert service intended for some American millionaire, and in which the principal dishes, to be used as centre-pieces, were decorated with views of the finest ducal mansions in the country.

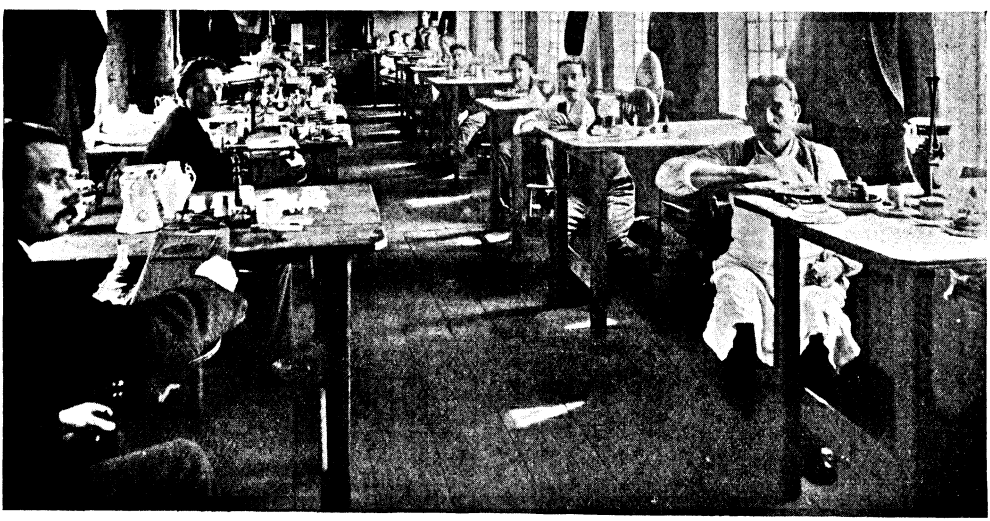
All the colours used in china decoration are prepared from minerals or metallic oxides, which, if properly treated, produce some colour or the other. For instance, the dark blue so often seen is a preparation of cobalt, but in the dull, brownish-yellow mixture, weighed out with such care, it is difficult to recognise the beautiful golden embellishments which in the case of elaborately ornamented articles of any size bring up their price to many hundreds of pounds.

After all this expense has been incurred, and so much care expended on the decoration, the last firing takes place, this time in a kind of large muffle, known as an "enamel" kiln, where the heat is carried up to a *bright* red colour. Here there is considerable risk of the goods being spoilt by over-firing, while if the least whiff of smoke finds its way through the joints of the kiln great loss will be caused, for be the colouring and gold ever so slightly touched, both will become dull and rough—in some cases, indeed, flaking off the ware.

When the articles are withdrawn from these kilns, they are sent to the burnishing rooms for a general burnishing and touching up, and this being satisfactory and no latent flaws detected, they pass from the works, in many instances direct to the purchaser.

The productions of the Coalport works at the present day, thanks to the determination, energy, and liberality of the management, take rank with the very best in the Kingdom. For its egg-shell china the Severn Valley factory has, indeed, never been surpassed, and its dainty "Jewel" ware, now so fashionable, is unique in ceramic productions. At the great Chicago Exhibition, Coalport achieved a crowning triumph, the magnificent case of exhibits it sent over being awarded the highest prize for the ceramic industries represented.

Her Majesty the late Queen Victoria was a great admirer of Coalport ware, and at her Diamond Jubilee was pleased to inspect a beautiful vase, which had been modelled and decorated by the Company in honour of the Record Reign. It comprised six exquisitely painted panels on either side, each of which furnished some interesting contrast between the years 1837 and 1897. For example, on the side dated 1837 were found old London Bridge, a country road-wagon, a stage-coach, the "Rocket" steam locomotive, a windmill, and the old method of harvesting by means of the sickle; while on that dated 1897 were panels depicting the Forth Bridge, a motor-car, a bicycle, an up-to-date express engine, a lighthouse and lifeboat, and an automatic reaper and binder. It may be added that in July, 1900, the



ARTISTS AT WORK.

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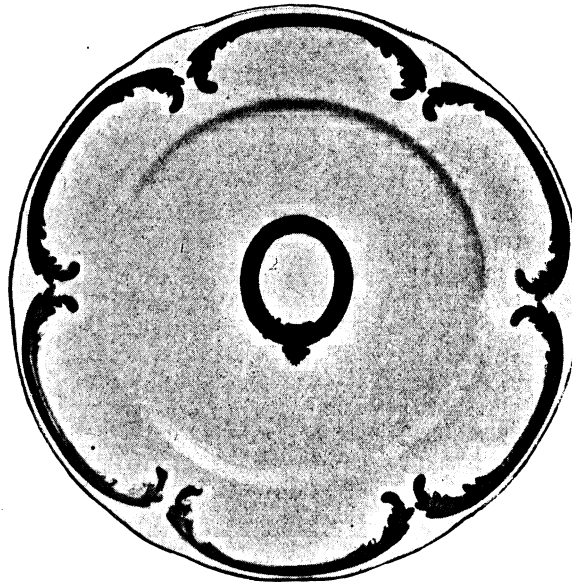

PLATE OF DINNER SERVICE AS SUPPLIED TO QUEEN VICTORIA MANY YEARS AGO.

works were honoured by a royal visit on the part of H.R.H. the Duchess of York, now Princess of Wales, accompanied by a distinguished party, who expressed her appreciation of the productions.

A singularly happy inspiration of the management was the manufacture of a "Grace plate," at the time of the champion's testimonial fund in 1895. The ingenious and intricate design of this plate was a single evening's work. Few Society weddings take place without specimens of Coalport china figuring among the more costly presents. Finally, there can be but little doubt, judging from the present activity of this famous old porcelain manufactory, that the status of Coalport ware is one of enviable eminence.

PRISCILLA AT THE PLAY.

PRISCILLA saw the play, the other day,
And whispered to me afterward that he
Who strove his best the hero's part to play
Somehow reminded her of humble me.

And so, last night, I went that play to see,
To view myself as she had; but, alas!
The man who played the hero seemed to me
A singularly comprehensive ass.

Now, if that I Priscilla's mind might read,
Should not such reading most offensive be?
I shall not try. I'll rest content, indeed,
Because, at least, Priscilla thought of me.

GEORGE TAGGART.

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THE HEART OF THE ANARCHIST.

By FRED M. WHITE.*

"YOUR Majesty," said the Chancellor, "is so pig-head—so headstrong!" His Majesty replied with some heat that the Chancellor was perilously on the verge of becoming a dreary old—well, fossil. Then Rudolph remembered himself and apologised almost as humbly as he used to do when Count Ferrera was acting Regent over the Kingdom of Farsala.

"You are not a bit like your father, sir," Ferrera said half regretfully.

For Rudolph I. had been a puppet in the hands of this terrible old man with the flashing eyes and white hair. The man of fire and marble had dragged his frightened master after him over the flaming bridge of the reeking, breathless years, to plant him, dazed and bewildered, upon one of the strongest thrones in Europe. Then Ferrera returned to his whist with a comfortable sense of accomplished destiny.

But fire and marble, blood and tears, like dragons' teeth, leave their crop behind them, and thenceforth the Anarchists were a sore thorn in the side of the terrible old Chancellor. He could hold them under, and he did. But this did not tend to save the life of poor Rudolph I., probably the kindest and most amiable monarch who ever sat uneasily on a throne. The story of that senseless, useless, sickening tragedy is fresh in the mind of Europe yet.

And now Rudolph II. stood in the shoes of his murdered father. There was no frightening *him*. He had the strength of a Hercules and the heart of a lion. He was brave and quick and accomplished, and a rare handful for Ferrera, who was loth to relinquish his power. Rudolph was going to cut his name deep in the granite front of history, only Ferrera had no wish to see it done all at once.

"If your Majesty were less wild and daring!" he murmured.

"Of course I am!" the King cried. "Did you ever know a promising young man who wasn't? Look at your own youth—twice in gaol, once a narrow escape of being shot! There was Madame Le Genlis and the beautiful Bertha——"

Ferrera hastened to change the subject. If his Majesty would only take proper precautions to guard his sacred person, the rest would not matter so much. In sooth, the grim old Chancellor loved the boy as if he had been his own son, though he would have cut off his right hand rather than own it. His Majesty ought to consider his people. Going out hunting alone was all very well, but ill would assuredly come of it. And did his Majesty know that Carl Brema was known to have returned to Farsala again?

"*The* Anarchist!" the King cried. "The most picturesque outlaw in Europe. Egad, Ferrera! I'd give half of the coal dues to meet him."

"If your Majesty pursues your present life," said Ferrera drily, "you are likely to meet him on far more economical terms."

In spite of all warnings, Rudolph went off with rod and fly-books, with nobody but a favourite groom for company. He had but recently purchased the "cottage" at Farma, some eighteen miles from the capital of Farsala, where the trout-fishing was almost a proverb. And Nello, the groom, knew every inch of the water, for he had been bred and born at Farma, and many a day's poaching had he known on that famous chalk-stream.

"Now we are going to enjoy ourselves," the King said gaily. "The Stadt is up for a month, and there is nobody but Count Ferrera to worry me, unless Carl Brema turns up, which would be annoying. Did you ever hear of Brema, Nello?"

Nello flirted out a shining cast of English-made flies out across the stream dexterously.

"I have seen him and spoken to him lots of times, sire," he said.

"And you never told me! Have you seen him here?"

"He lived here," Nello explained. "The great English artist, from whom your Majesty purchased the cottage just as it stands, in turn bought it from the Government. It belonged to Carl Brema's father,

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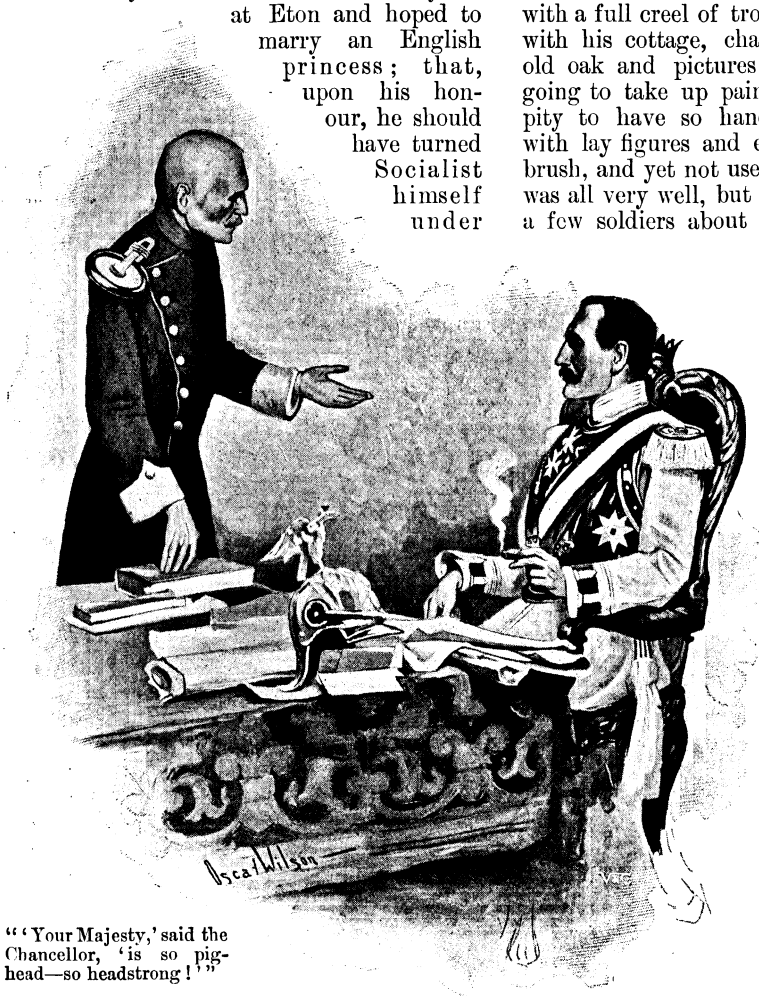
who also was a great artist in his day. The Government forfeited the property on account of the treason of the elder Brema. Carl Brema's mother was turned out at death's door, and died in the garden where the fountain is. Those were bad days, when the sword ruled in Farsala. Carl Brema was a boy then."

His Majesty remarked impatiently that it was a beastly shame—he had been two years at Eton and hoped to marry an English princess; that, upon his honour, he should have turned Socialist himself under the like conditions; and a great many other indiscreet remarks that fortunately could not reach the ears of his sage Chancellor.



"'Your Majesty,' said the Chancellor, 'is so pig-head—so headstrong!'"

"Tell me some more about Carl Brema," he demanded.

But Nello had not much to say. There was a deal of local tradition, for the neighbourhood was proud, in a way, of its Nihilist celebrity. But it was in Russia and Italy that Brema had made his great reputation. Like Stepniak, he had had many adventures. He was a widower, with one beautiful daughter, who was dying of consumption. And years ago, during one of the Nihilist's secret visits to his old home, the girl had been born here.

All of which information his Majesty kept discreetly from the Chancellor what time he returned to dinner in high good humour and with a full creel of trout. He was delighted with his cottage, charmed with its unique old oak and pictures and china. He was going to take up painting again. It was a pity to have so handsome a studio, filled with lay figures and everything to woo the brush, and yet not use it. Ferrera said that was all very well, but he should like to see a few soldiers about the place.

"Not a scarlet coat nor a wisp of gold lace!" the King cried. "No men-servants, no lackeys, nor anything besides Nello and the maids. This is freedom, Ferrera; and upon my word, I revel in it."

* * *

His Majesty was smoking cigarettes in the studio. He had dined, he was tired, and he was at peace with all the world. Ferrera had gone post haste to the capital on business connected with some laggard diplomacy. He had departed much as an anxious peasant mother might have done who leaves the children alone with a box of matches. And to soothe him, his Majesty had promised not to leave the house.

Presently there was somebody at the telephone. For once, royalty regretted the absence of retinue. Perforce he had to get up from his nest of Persian rugs and answer the call in person. It was Ferrera, calling aloud from the capital for a red despatch-box. Would the King allow Nello to ride as far as Cammes, where a

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mounted messenger from the capital would meet him?

"Consider it done," his Majesty yawned. "Hi! Nel o -the red despatch-box from the Count's writing-table; you are to ride with it as far as Cammes. Get me a fresh box of cigarettes and begone!"

Thus the King was alone in the house, and the women of the household had gone to bed. As a mere precaution, the ruler of Farsala strolled round the house and locked the doors. The blinds were down, save in the studio, where there were no blinds. Shaded lamps had been lighted everywhere. Verily, the cottage was a museum of rare and beautiful things. Rudolph could imagine anybody growing passionately fond of so refined and artistic a home. It seemed almost impossible to imagine this as the birthplace of a bloodthirsty Anarchist. Carl Brema's father had got all this antique oak and china together. His Nihilism had been of a type that even Russia tolerates to-day. It was hard lines, Rudolph thought.

He was thinking it all over as he stood musing in the studio by the dim light of a crescent moon. Carl Brema had seen his mother die outside yonder on the grass. That was the sort of thing that drives headstrong men to crime.... The lay figure yonder might have been an Anarchist ready to spring. A shadow crossed the bare window—perhaps that was another. But the shadow came again, all in white, and a pair of white hands beat passionately on the long windows opening to the lawn, and a piteous voice begged for admission. Without a minute's hesitation, Rudolph flung back the French sash and caught a faint, light, silked body in his arms. The girl hung there breathlessly for a moment.

"Get me to the light!" she gasped. "Your life depends upon it—quick!"

II.

UNDER the streaming lamplight, Rudolph saw a beautiful face like marble, save for the hectic flush on the cheeks; he saw a pair of liquid eyes filled with terror and a fearsome gladness. He poured out a glass of wine and coaxed a little of it past the girl's lips.

"Now tell me who you are, little one?" he asked gently.

"Sire," the girl replied, "I am Enid Brema. Carl Brema is my father. He is close by, and there are two others. It was a mere trick, a tapping of the telephone wire, that deprived you of your servant's assistance. It was here that my father's mother died in his arms. Oh! your Majesty understands?"

Rudolph nodded grimly. He perfectly understood the situation; his imagination grappled with the dramatic scheme of vengeance. Three of the most reckless and dangerous criminals in Europe were close by, and he was alone. The frank, boyish look had gone from his face. He had often pictured some such plight as this. And now the time had come to act.

"I owe you a debt I shall find it hard to repay," he said. "I see you have risked a deal to come and save me. Why?"

"Because I am dying," the girl said simply. "If I had done nothing, I should have been a murderess. I *cou'dn't* die like that. And so I came. You look upon my father as a man without heart or feeling?"

"It is the accepted point of view," Rudolph said guardedly.

"Then it is wrong!" Enid cried. "No nobler or kinder man breathes! And he has never soiled his hands in crime. And there are some men who are sane on all points but one. And then to find you here, of all places in the world! It seemed like a foul insult to my father's mother's memory."

"I did not know till yesterday," Rudolph murmured.

"I believe you. They say you are good and kind. I argued with my father, I fell on my knees before him, I asked him to see you, and he laughed me to scorn. And I am afraid, terribly afraid, for both of you if you meet. Listen!"

There came the sound of stealthy feet outside. Rudolph turned down the lamp.

"Which way are they coming?" he asked.

"By way of the studio. There is a patent catch on the window which anyone familiar with can undo. One comes first to make sure of the ground, then the other to guard the exits, and, after him, my father. Let me go and draw them off. Let me go and make a diversion whilst you escape——"

Rudolph shook his head grimly.

"I am not going to escape," he said. "I have a plan. Do you creep upstairs and into the first room you come to. Even if you hear the sounds of firearms or strife, be silent. And if I am successful, there is a reward waiting for you far beyond your wildest dreams. Now go."

The girl obeyed silently. She was tired and weary and worn out. Rudolph heard her laggard steps impatiently, he heard the door close, and then he hastened to the studio. His own coat and smoking-cap were

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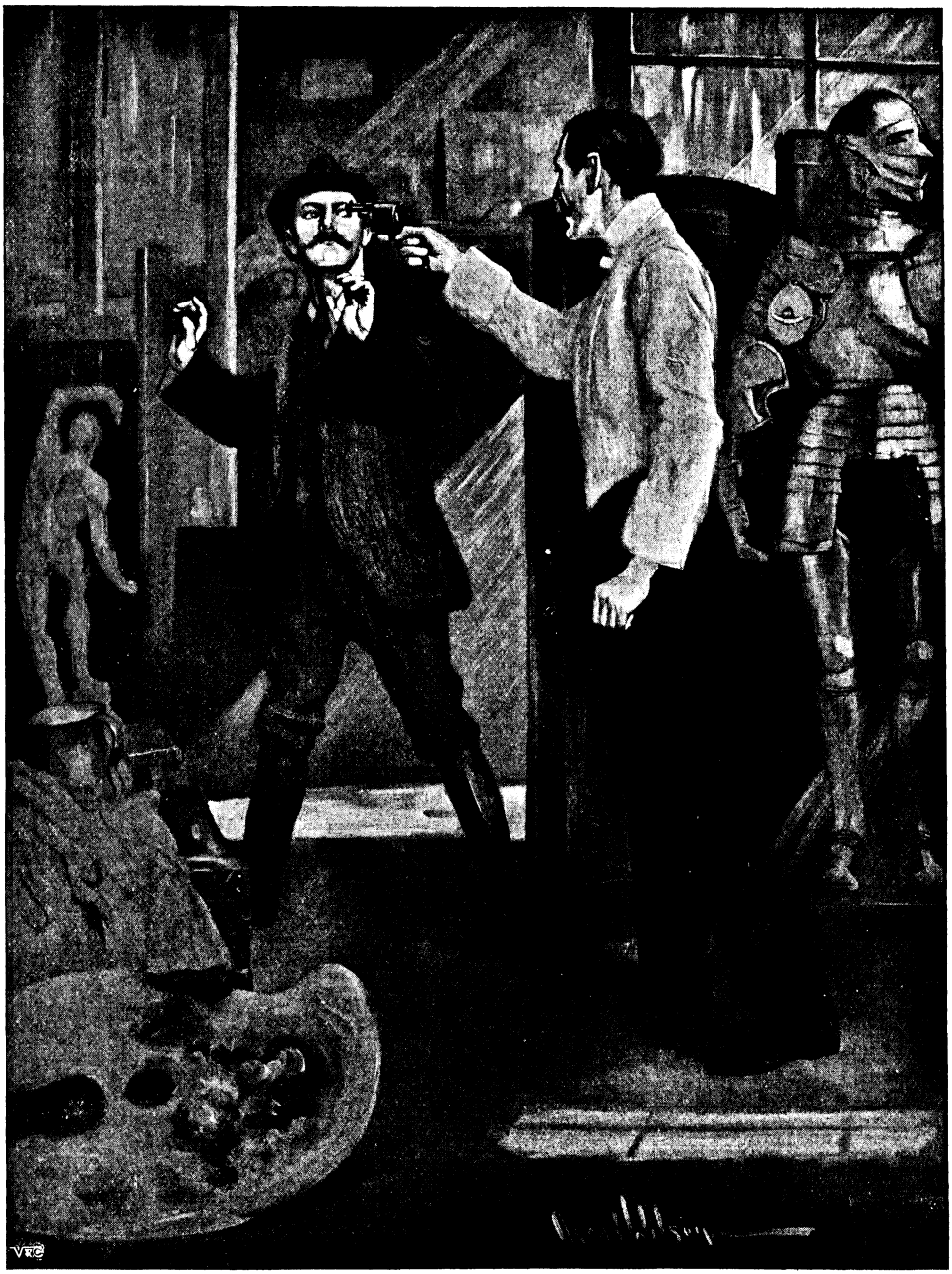

"'Put up your hands, Brema,' the King said quietly."

whipped off and hastily huddled on to the lay figure lounging on the sofa. A briar pipe was thrust into the mouth—a pipe filled with damp tobacco, into which a hot fusee was rammed. Swiftly, and yet without hurry, Rudolph looked around him. His eyes fell upon a score or more of fishing-reels holding hundreds of yards of strong salmon-lines. Then he crouched behind a suit of armour close to the couch and waited. There was no fear in his heart, nothing but a deep lust in the joy of the coming strife.

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His patience was not unduly tried. Presently there came a crunching footstep on the gravel, a dark shadow fell athwart the floor, a hand was laid upon the catch of the window. After a little time, there came a cold gust of air, that caused the pipe in the lay figure's mouth to glow. The studio was filled with a pungent smell of fresh tobacco.

In the dim moonlight the shadow was coming nearer. Rudolph could hear heavy breathing and a subdued chuckle. Then the intruder became aware of the lay figure and paused. Here was the object of the raid, utterly unconscious of danger, ready for the knife. The Anarchist slipped towards the victim; Rudolph crept out and stood on tiptoe behind him.

The King calculated his distance to a nicety. He jumped forward, and passing his hand over the intruder's shoulder, gripped him by the throat. Once the feeling of utter surprise was past, the Anarchist struggled violently. He might as well have tried to free himself from the grasp of some powerful machinery. And the hold on his throat was bringing the red stars before his eyes.

"If you utter one word," said the King, "you are a dead man!"

But the other had abandoned the useless struggle. He suffered himself to be bent backwards and a handkerchief stuffed into his mouth. His hands and legs were bound in yards upon yards of the fishing-line, until he was trussed up like a silkworm in its slimy net. As if he had been a child, Rudolph picked him up and carried him to the dining-room. The lay figure, with the still glowing pipe in its mouth, seemed to look on with grotesque approval. Rudolph dumped his burden down and rolled him under the table. A long tapestry cover hid that evil fruit of the night from view. With a deeper, fiercer joy in the combat, the King returned to the studio.

So far fortune had favoured him. With strength and prudence on his side, he felt confident of the issue. It would be assumed by those outside that their colleague was guarding one of the exits. It was just as well that the Anarchists were so prudent. And here was another of them coming. The draught came in strongly, there was a deep glow in the dummy's pipe.

The second man displayed a little more caution than the first. There was something more creepy and murderous in his step. Once in the studio, he stopped. Obviously he was scared by the appearance of that still brooding figure with the pipe in its mouth. The first marauder could never have passed that. But then it was just possible that the other man had skulked into the cottage, and that the King had just come here. The new-comer stepped back, hesitated, and stood still for a moment.

If he took real alarm now, Rudolph felt that he had had all his pains for nothing. It would never do to let this fellow escape. The next few moments were anxious ones. What would the intruder do?

Apparently he decided to go on. Probably he reflected that Brema's watchful eyes were near, and that he would see that the victim made no escape. He crept within a few inches of Rudolph, and the next instant half the life was being crushed out of him by a pair of strong arms. The attack was so sudden, so fierce, that the victim could do no more than gasp. In the pallid moonlight the King could see a pallid, shifty, mean face, and he laughed silently. This was not the kind of thing that Anarchists were made of. This fellow had come for nothing more than loot.

"Don't speak," Rudolph said grimly. "If you do, I shall break your neck. What is the signal? Whisper it."

"The big Venetian clock in the hall," the white-faced man gasped. "Calo was to have moved the hands on to midnight and make it strike before its time. Brema can hear the signal outside."

"Um. That is very clever and not in the least likely to excite suspicion. Come this way. And if you make the faintest sound, you will cease to be interested in things mundane any more. Give me your handkerchief."

The trembling man obeyed. Rudolph gagged him as he had done the other. Then his palsied limbs were trussed up like a partridge ready for the spit, and he also was dragged into the dining-room.

"There!" Rudolph exclaimed in high good humour. "You will find yourself in excellent company, although you will not be bored with too much conversation. Now, I am going to make the family party complete by the addition of the most distinguished Carl Brema!"

He passed into the hall, where the great Venetian clock stood. It still wanted some five-and-twenty minutes to the hour. Rudolph opened the face and put the hands on till it pointed close to midnight. In the studio the dummy still sat smoking. The King

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threw a cloak over it; his decoy was no longer needed. He stood back in the shadow of the window and waited. Something gleamed fitfully in his hand. There was a buzz of wheels, and the silver bells of the great clock chimed twelve.

III.

THE vibrating echo of the chimes died away. From a distant somewhere a lamb was bleating. Beyond the village a dog whined. The sounds only served to mark the intense silence. Rudolph was unpleasantly conscious of the beating of his own heart. Brave as he was, he knew the enormity of the task before him. Brema's scouts he had tricked with contempt. Brema himself was a different matter.

He was coming. The King's strained ears told him that. A shadow of a long head and a close-fitting hat crossed the moonlight. Like a shadow himself, Brema crept into the room. Almost instantly the cool rim of a revolver pressed upon his temple.

"Put up your hands, Brema," the King said quietly.

With a gentle sigh, Brema complied. He expressed no emotion; he did not seem in the least surprised or disappointed.

"That was neatly done," he said coolly. "Your Majesty should be one of us. And you are all alone, too!"

"I am all alone, as you say. And your friends are being carefully looked after. Precede me to the dining-room; you know the way."

Brema's teeth clicked together. He caught his breath with something like a sob. He knew the way only too well.

"I am not likely to forget it," he said slowly. "By all rights, divine and human, this place belongs to me. The sight, the scent, the smell turns my heart to water. And then the knowledge of my wrongs——"

His voice was quiet, low, almost caressing. In the hall, Rudolph looked at his victim. He was slight and spare, with a white, gentle face and deep, melancholy eyes. His thick hair was prematurely grey. It seemed almost impossible to believe that here was one of the most dangerous revolutionaries in Europe. And yet it was so.

He stepped back involuntarily half a pace as if to admire a picture. In some magical way his heels crooked in between the King's legs, and they came to the ground in a heap together. Rudolph's revolver was jerked from his hand and kicked to a safe distance. Then followed a struggle, short but severe. Brema seemed to fight with the strength of a dozen men. He was elusive and slippery as an eel. They fought along the floor and into the dining-room, until by mutual consent they parted breathlessly, sobbing and gasping for air. Swiftly Brema locked the door and dropped into a chair.

"Now we are man to man," he gasped, "we will parley. On the whole, I have rather the advantage of you."

Thinking of the helpless figures so close at hand, the King was discreetly silent. Brema was gazing round the room avidly. Though his eyes were shining with the lust of battle, his lips quivered. He took a little Mazarin-blue spill-cup from a bracket behind him.

"Your Majesty's predecessor showed rare good taste in leaving everything here severely alone," he said. "The pictures and cabinets and china are as they were when I was a boy, with dreams of being a great artist. This cup is the one strange item, and I fear it is a forgery."

He held it at arm's length critically.

"I believe you are right," the King said. "It is out of place here. Therefore, we will dispose of it—thus."

There was a muffled report, a puff of smoke apparently exuding from his Majesty's person, and the spill-cup splintered into a score of pieces. The King lounged smilingly in his arm-chair, his hands deep in the pockets of the shooting-jacket he had donned after dinner. Brema was shaken out of his equanimity now. He regarded the fragments at his feet with an astonishment absolute and complete.

"Your Majesty is not alone, after all!" he stammered.

"Indeed I am," Rudolph smiled. "You thought you had the advantage of me, but you are mistaken. You are covered with my spare revolver at the present moment. It is in my jacket pocket. I learnt that trick of shooting through the pocket in America. I practised it with a perseverance that has been rewarded, as you see. I have only to crook my forefinger slightly, and you are as useless as that bit of Mazarin-blue. If I did so——?"

"Your Majesty would have the applause of the civilised world."

"I know it. And you came here to murder me?"

"I came here with an open mind. Also there were men with me ready to do my bidding. It was I who tapped the telephone wire and imitated Count Ferrera's voice.

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I had planned this thing out carefully. It seemed like the irony of fate to come and kill you here whence your minions expelled the best of mothers, the woman who died close by of a broken heart. My father was a loyal citizen, sire."

"I am prepared to admit it, Brema. I have been making a careful investigation of your case. Your father's sentiments to-day would be held to be no more than Radical views. But at that date, in the then perilous condition of Farsala, we could not afford too much liberty. Still, Ferrera's servants were wrong. The expulsion of your mother was an act of barbarity—one of many, I fear, in those troubled times. You loved this place?"

A queer spasm of emotion trembled on Brema's lips.

"With my whole heart and soul," he said. "I loved all the treasures here—every inch of the orchards, and cornlands, and vineyards was familiar to me. And it was my dream to be a great artist like my father. And he was a true patriot, sire, as sure as I am a wandering outcast whose life you hold in your hand. I have been driven to this. When I shut my eyes, I can see my mother lying yonder on the grass, with the soldiers thrusting her on with their rifles. She said she was dying, and they laughed. And she died there and then. When I think of that, the red light comes into my eyes and I am mad. Not that I hold with the slaying of rulers—save one."

"Meaning myself, of course?"

"Yes, your Majesty. As your father died before you. But I had no hand in that—violence is no part of my policy. I would have asked pardon ten years ago; I came back to serve my country, but the police ignored my suggestions. It was a bitter pill, but not for myself."

"You are alluding to your daughter now?"

"Yes, sire. A girl as sweet and tender as she is beautiful. And she is dying—dying under my eyes, of consumption. God help me when she is gone! Men call me a wild beast now—what shall I be like then? And the cruel irony of it all is that the doctors say she might recover if she came back to her native air. I—I thought if I could make you my prisoner to-night, if I could stand over you with a revolver to your breast, I might, I might—but that is all a dream now."

Brema's words trailed off to a broken whisper, his head fell upon his breast. The King watched him in a dreamy kind of way. It seemed almost impossible to believe that this slight, white man, mourning upon a half-made grave, could be one whom half Europe held in terror.

"Why?" he asked. "Why should it be a dream? Kings, like Nihilist leaders, are only human, after all. You have been badly treated, Brema — your father was badly treated; and when I think of your mother, I am filled with shame. There!"

From his shooting-jacket he produced his revolver and tossed it on the table. It was magnificent, but it was not war. It touched Brema, it brought the tears into his eyes. Here was a monarch whom he had heard well spoken of. The splendid audacity of it touched the Anarchist to the soul.

"My daughter told me you were a good man," he said. "She warned me for the best. Ah! if you knew, your Majesty; if you could only see her! If you could only give me an amnesty for a day, till I could bring her to your feet."

"Nonsense!" Rudolph cried. "I would kiss her hand. She has done me a service to-night that I can never forget. And as to seeing your daughter, I have had speech with her already."

"Your Majesty is pleased to jest!" Brema gasped.

"On the contrary, I was never more in earnest in my life. As a matter of fact, your daughter is under my roof—*this* roof—at this very moment."

IV.

It was some little time before Brema spoke. When at length he looked up, there was a curious smile on his face.

"My daughter came to warn your Majesty of your danger?" he asked.

"And at the same time to betray you into my hands. You can imagine the agony and distress of mind of the poor girl. She looks upon you as the best and noblest of mankind. It is your boast that your hands are free from blood——"

"Pshaw!" Brema cried. "The brute beast methods are none of mine."

"Yet, my good Brema, you cannot touch pitch without being defiled. Depend upon it, your daughter thought the whole matter out carefully. She would come to me and save my life, and plead for you afterwards. Under the circumstances, she argued—quite logically—that I must be merciful. So she came. I laid a little trap for your confederates, and they fell into it. I set the

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clock for your benefit also. Your accomplices are under the table. Bring them out."

Brema complied. The King took a knife from his pocket and contemptuously indicated that their bands should be cut.

"Wait!" Brema cried hoarsely. "When I came here to-night, I meant to kill your Majesty! When I crept into the house and saw all the old, familiar objects about me, a madness filled my brain. I should have struck you down without mercy. And now you have me—have all of us in your power. For Heaven's sake don't be rash!—don't place such a hideous temptation in my way!"

He spoke as if pleading for some boon. Great drops stood on his forehead.

"Release them!" Rudolph commanded. "I am not afraid of them, seeing that I am not even afraid of *you!* You will never cut deep with two such poor, pitiful tools as these. Set them free!"

He stood up—big, strong, powerful, with the light of resolution shining in his eyes. Brema slashed the clinging cords away; he pulled the gag from the mouths of his discomfited allies. They looked small and mean enough now, but they would have done murder at the instigation of their chief. And the King of Farsala stood alone in their midst. All the hot anger died out of the Anarchist's heart.

"Bid them go!" Rudolph cried. "Dismiss them!"

They needed no second bidding. They passed like bats into the night. The King's manner changed, a ripple of laughter came from his lips. "Confess it!" he cried—"you are not sorry now that your daughter came here."

"From the bottom of my heart I am glad," Brema cried. "Your Majesty has beaten and humiliated me in every way. Never will I raise a hand against you again. Now call my child, and let us go, before——"

The Anarchist hesitated; he moistened his dry lips. There was a curious gentleness on his face, yet his eyes were troubled as he looked about him.

"The madness will not return," Rudolph said quietly. "Sit down and talk, Brema. I have need of men like you, Brema. Farsala wants you. And they tell me your child may recover in her native air."

"At the end of half an hour the flames were beaten flat and dead."

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"If I could only leave her here!" Brema murmured. "If your Majesty would permit——"

"And why not? The girl saved my life. Incidentally, she has probably saved you from the gallows. She shall stay here; and if you like to take the oath of allegiance, there is a commission in the Army ready for you. And if I come here occasionally——"

"Your Majesty!" Brema said falteringly. "What do you mean?"

"That the place is yours. It was forfeited to the Crown quite unjustly. And I am going to restore it to you just as it stands. Ferrera will laugh at me—oh! he will laugh at me most confoundedly! Brema, shall we show him that the laugh is on our side?"

Brema sat there speechless. His face was all broken up and there were tears in his eyes. Some mumbling words escaped him. He turned to Rudolph. The latter was sniffing like a hound in the air.

"Don't you smell something burning?" he exclaimed. "Egad! it would be a pity to lose the place just as you came into it again, Brema. I know! When I threw that cloth over the lay model, I forgot the lighted pipe——"

There was a little cry outside and the patter of light feet. Without ceremony, Enid Brema dashed into the room.

"Your Majesty!" she gasped, "I dared not stay any longer. A fire has broken out in the house—in the studio. . . . Father!"

"I am here in the service of my King!" Brema cried. "No more wanderings, my child. You have saved my soul to-night, and I have found the one man I can call my master. Come along. Where shall we find water?"

In the studio the fire had gained a good grip. A heap of picture-frames and easels were glowing and flickering, the lay model, cause of all the mischief, one gleaming mass. The place was full of acrid smoke, beyond the veil a series of crocus blue and yellow eyes flared.

"Stand back, child!" Rudolph cried. "I am going into the little fernery to the right yonder. There is a hose and tap there. Brema, do you try and close the window, to keep the draught down."

Rudolph plunged into the smoke with the zest of a schoolboy. At some considerable risk, Brema contrived to close the window. Presently there was a roar of delight from the fernery, followed by a spurt of water and the hiss of steam. At the end of half an hour the flames were beaten flat and dead.

"I hope your Majesty is not hurt," Enid said timidly.

"My Majesty is as jolly as a sandboy!" Rudolph cried. "I never remember enjoying myself more. A perfectly delightful evening of adventures. Farce to tragedy and tragedy to farce. And that is life!"

"Farce enough!" a deep voice growled. "What's the meaning of this? Still, I am only too thankful to find you alive, sire."

"Ferrera!" Rudolph cried. "Why back so soon?"

"Because I have been hoaxed!" Ferrera thundered. "And Nello here was dragged out on the same fool's errand. I came back expecting to find that some ghastly tragedy had been enacted. Brema is close by——"

"At your elbow," Rudolph said coolly. "Brema, this is my devoted and dear old friend and tutor, Count Ferrera. Ferrera—Brema. The house was on fire, and Carl Brema took the risk of getting it under. He has been of the greatest service to me."

"It seems to me that I have arrived in time," Ferrera growled.

"Just in time, Count. Brema has saved the house—he and his daughter between them. And Brema had come all this way to place his services at my disposal, and to—er—become a credit to Farsala. That being so, it is my good pleasure to restore his family property and to ask permission of his daughter to stay here for the present. Ferrera, there is a lady present."

"Perhaps, on the whole, it is a good thing," Ferrera said *sotto voce*.

There was something bitter in his politeness. Rudolph cast a warning glance at Brema, who understood that the early events of the evening were to remain a secret between his sovereign and himself. He took the King's hand and carried it silently to his lips.

* * * * *

"The man is a dangerous Radical, your Majesty, and will ever remain so," said the Chancellor.

"He was," Rudolph laughed. "Do you remember the story of the Scotch Radical who so suddenly changed his views and became a rigid old Tory? When reproached with his backslidings, he responded that in the old days he 'had nae coo,' which is Gaelic for cow. So soon as he acquired a cow, he became a respectable member of society."

"The moral of which is, your Majesty?"

"That Brema has got his 'coo.'"

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THE EXPLANATION.

"WHAT's the old gent a-hidin' hisself for?"
"He ain't a-hidin' hisself, stoopid; he's a bird's nestin'!"
But it was only Pudling trying to recover a golf ball.

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

PROVOKING BELINDA.

"SUPPOSE it were as dark as pitch,
And you were by a dreadful sea,
And if you ran you would fall in,
And if you stopped there was a witch
Hungry for you,
What would you do?"

"I'd rather stay at home," said Belinda,
"And sleep all night in bed."

"But please suppose that you were there,
And that there was no home or bed,
And if you ran you would fall in,
And if you stopped she'd catch your hair
And crunch at you,
What would you do?"

"I'd rather stay at home," said Belinda,
"And sleep all night in bed."

Florence Wilkinson.

GRANNIE: Miss Hope's looking bonny and well, Mary.

MARY: Yes, and don't she sing beautiful, too? They say she's to sing in public soon.

GRANNIE: Sing in *a public*, Mary? Eh, dear, dear! what will her poor father say—him such a teetotaller an' all?

LUCK.

By C. D. Leslie.

I MET him in a railway carriage. We were in a suburban train which, after rushing along the rails at the rate of at least eight miles an hour for five minutes, had stopped between two stations, presumably from exhaustion. He was relating some former iniquity of the railway company, when, happening to look out of the window, an ecstatic expression stole over his face, he closed his eyes, and pulling out a handful of silver, began turning it over.

"I just saw the new moon," he said in an awed whisper.

"Where?" I asked. It was a silly question, but I did not for the moment quite understand.

"There," he said, pointing to the sky. "No—don't look through glass, or you'll have bad luck the rest of the month—look through the open window."

I did so and saw the crescent moon riding in the darkening sky.

"Don't you believe in luck?" he said in a reproachful voice, for I smiled broadly.

"Do you?" I inquired.

"Certainly; I have done all my life. I'm very glad I saw the moon just now, and not through glass; for this morning, getting out of bed, I inadvertently put the left foot down first. That's frightfully unlucky, you know; and I've been afraid all day something will happen to me."

"Then you collect horseshoes and avoid going

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A LARGE ORDER.

SMALL CHILD: Change for sixpence! And look sharp, 'cos I've got ter buy somefink at annuver shop!

under ladders and spilling salt and all that kind of thing?"

"Yes, I always look out for horseshoes when I take a walk in the country. I've got seventy-four of them at home. One year I found twelve, and Uncle Paul died next summer and left me a thousand pounds, and I very nearly invested it in tea-shop shares. I wish I had!"

"Why didn't you?"

"I walked under a ladder without noticing it one day when I was hesitating between tea-shop shares and a Transvaal gold-mine that was being boomed just then, so of course I chose the latter. Something seemed to impel me."

"Expectations of big dividends," I suggested.

"There never was any dividend," he said ruefully. "There never was a gold-mine, it turns out; only a barren farm next door to a reef on another estate; and the mining expert calculated we ought to extract I forget how many tons of gold out of it. I've got a very handsome share certificate at home testifying I'm the owner of a thousand shares. It's very artistically designed, and that's all I've got for my thousand pounds. If I'd only bought tea-shop shares!

"But I am unlucky on the whole," he went on. "Only last year I came down to breakfast one morning and caught the cat in the act of bolting off the breakfast-table with the smoked haddock in its mouth. I had my boots in my hand, and I shied one at the cat, missed it, and broke the mirror. Then I knew I was in for some misfortune, and sure enough that week a man in the office senior to me resigned; and instead of giving me the post, they brought in a man from another branch, and I got no promotion."

"Perhaps it would be better to give up keeping cats," I said, "or

THE ALTERING CIRCUMSTANCE.

DOCTOR (to wealthy old lady, convalescent after a severe illness): Have you no bright, cheerful relations who could come and stay with you?

OLD LADY: Oh yes, many; but they wouldn't be a bit cheerful if they thought I was getting better.

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A FAMILY LIKENESS.

"Oh, look, mother, at that dear little monkey and its papa!"

give up haddocks for breakfast, and stick to eggs."

"I don't think cats bring me bad luck as a rule. I once saw three black cats in one day, and I won a prize in a guessing competition the following week of a five-pound note. At least, I was one of the winners—there were thirty-three of us, so there wasn't very much to divide, after all.

"Spilling salt is frightfully unlucky," he went on impressively. "Last time I did it, I had an awful day. I dropped the heavy office paper-weight on our senior partner's toe the same afternoon. His language was a revelation, as one of the clerks said. When I went out to tea, my silk hat blew off and was run over by a Road Car omnibus; and while I was picking it up, I slipped and fell and rolled over in the dirt. My clothes were ruined. I had a spare suit in my office bag, so I put them on, stopped in town, and went to a theatre to cheer myself up. I had a very dull evening, for the piece was stupid, and missed the last train home. Then I started to walk, slipped

on a piece of orange peel, and sprained my ankle. I knew my wife would be terribly anxious if I went to a hotel, so I had to take a cab home, and that cost me twenty-five shillings. I couldn't afford another evening's amusement for three months, especially as I had to lie up for a week, and my accident policy had just lapsed."

He had just finished his recital of woes when the train, which had recently got its wind again, stopped at a station. "I alight here," he said, getting some parcels down from the rack.

"So do I," said I; and just then the train started again. It had pulled up short. The jerk knocked my unfortunate acquaintance off his feet, and he sat down heavily on one of his parcels, his head crashing against the woodwork behind him—he was hatless—with considerable violence. Yellow matter oozed from under him—the parcel contained two dozen eggs in a flimsy cardboard box. The blow had half stunned him; so I put his hat on his head and helped him out, and a kindly porter cleared the egg fragments from his coat tails. Two alone survived the impact.

"I'll take a cab," he said faintly. "My head's bad; I can't walk."

We put him and his parcels into a cab and he gave the man his address; then, as the cab moved off, he leaned forward and took my hand.

"Good-bye and thank you," he said. "And mind you never put the left foot down first when you get out of bed in the morning. But I've seen the new moon, so I shall have no bad luck for another month."

And he drove off, smiling contentedly.

THE YOUNG IDEA AGAIN.

MOTHER: Now, put down your dollie, dear, and say your prayers.
ETHEL: Oh, bother *saying* prayers! When shall I be able to say them like you and Grannie?
MOTHER: What do you mean?
ETHEL: Why, just kneel down and say nothing, of course.

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LILIES.

FROM THE PICTURE BY CONRAD KIESEL.

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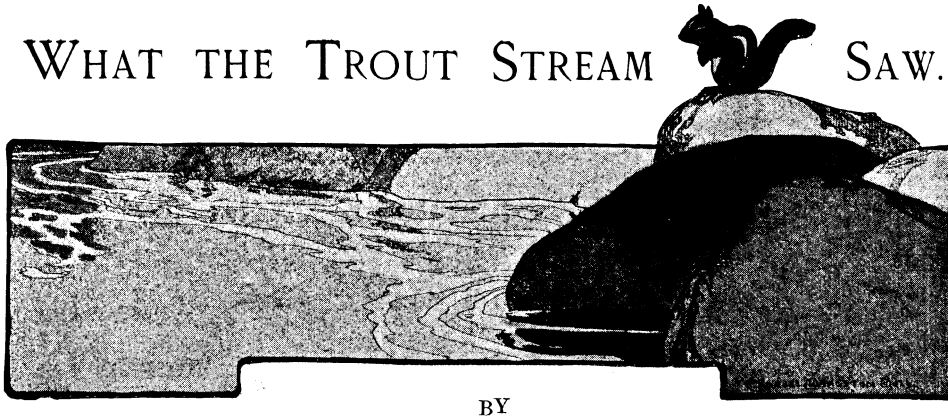
WHAT THE TROUT STREAM SAW.



BY

WILLIAM DAVENPORT HULBERT.*

A BIG brown-and-white bird came sailing up the Trout Stream, his long wings stretched far out to right and left. He flew slowly, for he was looking for something—something that he wanted very much. He was doing the family marketing. Up in the top of a big pine-tree, a mile away, his wife was sitting on a nest full of eggs, and it was both his duty and his pleasure to find a supper for her. Suddenly he stopped short. He had caught sight of the thing for which he was searching—a dusky, shadowy shape with an outline like that of a submarine torpedo-boat, lying moveless in the clear water. For just an instant he seemed to hang poised in the air, but it was only long enough to change the direction of his motion ; then down he went with a rush and a swoop.

The brook trout saw him coming and tried to dart away, but it was too late. So many, many dangers that trout had faced in the course of his long life in the Stream, and always he had escaped alive, though sometimes by the very skin of his teeth. Surely it could not be that his end had come now, so suddenly, and without a moment's warning. But though his fins and tail were as quick as ever to answer the alarm, they could not save him this time. The enemy was too close.

With a mighty splash, the osprey struck the Stream and went clear under and out of sight, while the water boiled and surged over him. He could not see for the commotion about him, but his aim had been true, and his outstretched feet touched a slippery, slimy, wriggling body that was just beginning to gather headway.

Quicker than a wink, his toes closed about it, and his sharp talons sank deep into the trout's flesh. Then up he came, rising out of the Stream like some fabled monster of old, and shaking the water from his feathers in a shower of flying drops. There was nothing leisurely in his movements now. Every thread of muscle in his wings and breast was working with all its might to lift that heavy trout, for it proved to be the largest that the osprey had ever captured, an aged veteran whose hooked jaw had been the gate of death to many and many a smaller fish before his own turn came. Up went the bird's great pinions till they were straight above him ; then down they came, lashing the air like whips. Up again and down, up and down, up and down, harder and faster and fiercer ; and little by little he and his victim rose above the Stream till at last they were clear of the tree-tops. Then straight away to the nest in the old pine, where the wife was waiting to make them both welcome.

The Trout Stream was working down to Lake Superior from the spring in the little cedar swamp among the hills, through the hardwood forest, past the pine ridges, and across the huckleberry plains ; and it was seeing things along the way. Chiefly it was seeing life. It was marvellous how many living creatures there were in it, and over it, and under it, and all above it, from the clams hidden away in its sandy bed to the great bald eagle who floated far up in the blue, and who now and then came down and robbed the osprey of a well-earned dinner. And the eagle was not the only highwayman among them. A large proportion of the inhabitants appeared to be principally engaged in robbing the others of either their dinners

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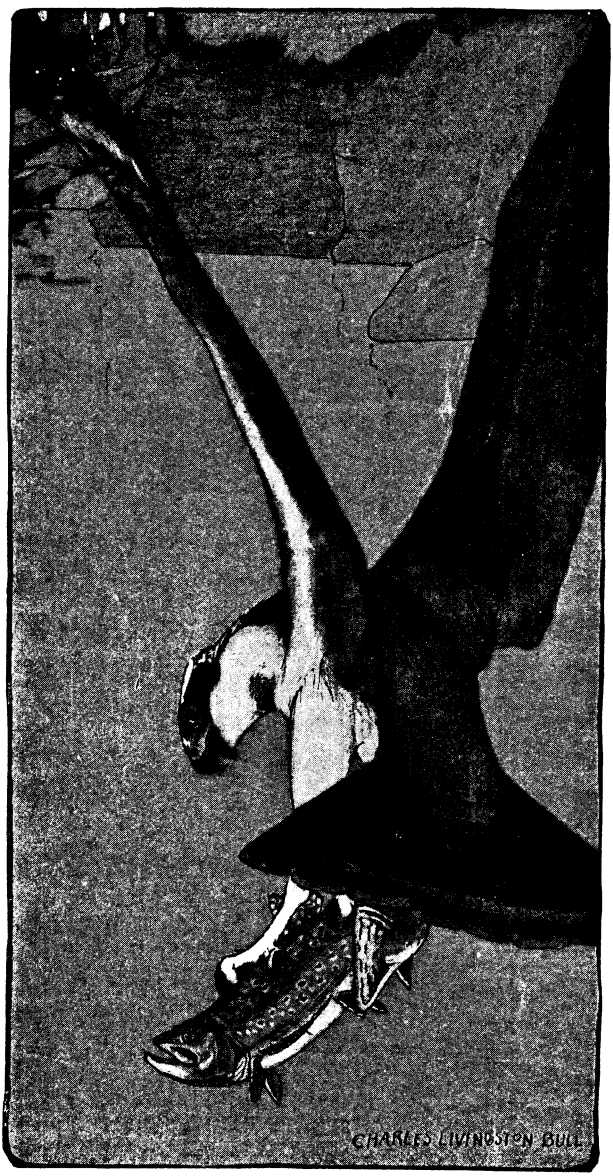
or their lives, and tragedies were very frequent along the Trout Stream. The trout himself, when the osprey first saw him, had just swallowed a herring, who, in his day, had devoured a whole multitude of still smaller fishes and water animals.

One summer there was a big green caterpillar who lived in a birch tree close beside the Stream. When the autumn came, he wove a silken coffin and sealed himself up in it so tightly that you would have thought he did not expect ever again to see the light of day. When the leaves fell from the birch tree, he fell with them, and all winter long he lay under the snow, waiting the call to life that was sure to come with the spring, and in the meantime growing and changing and making ready for a glorious transformation. His resurrection trumpet sounded at last, and he cut a hole in one end of his casket and crept out, not a caterpillar at all, but a marvellous luna moth, with great pale green wings, as fair and beautiful and spiritlike a creature as ever flitted through the vernal woods. For a night or two he was happy in the moonlight, and then the Stream saw another tragedy, for as he alighted for a moment on the ground, a tiny shrew, one of the smallest but most pugnacious of all the four-footed people in the forest, blundered upon him and made an end of him. That such a slow, dull, half-blind, earth-bound animal should have been permitted to take the life of that wonderful moth is hard to understand. One could scarcely pity him when, only an hour later, he himself was killed and eaten by a mink. And yet life may have been as sweet to the shrew as to the moth. These things be a mystery, and we can only guess and wonder at their meaning.



"Quicker than a wink, the osprey's toes closed about it."

But it was not all tragedy that the Trout Stream saw. There was much of pleasure and happiness as well—innocent happiness, that cost no one anything, and that sprang from health and strength and sunshine and work and love, just as ours does. Take the osprey again as an example. In most of the relations of life he was a model bird. As a husband he was loyal and devoted, doing his full share in the building of the nest, bringing home generous supplies of food, and even taking a turn now and then at keeping the eggs warm while his wife stretched her wings. They were very fond of each other—those two—and they greatly enjoyed each other's society. Later on, when the children were

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"With his long neck stretched out, the otter would make his way to the toboggan-slide."

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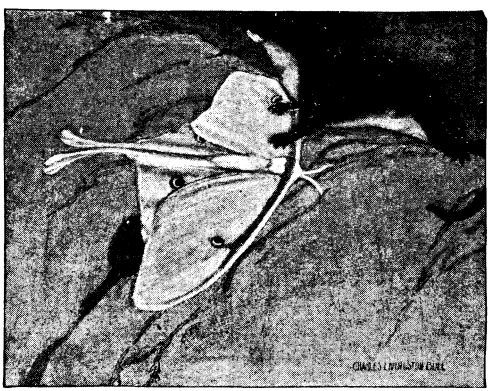
hatched, he proved an unselfish father and toiled nobly to catch enough fish for them. He was a good neighbour, too, and never quarrelled with the other birds. No one but the fish ever had any cause to complain of him. Fish he had to have, for there was no other way that he could keep himself and his family alive.

It was not entirely their fault that so many of the inhabitants of the stream and the adjoining woods lived on each other. Unlike Mr. Wister's Virginian, they often killed for profit—they had to—but I think that few of



"A tiny shrew made an end of him."

them, except perhaps the weasel, were much given to killing merely for pleasure. And I do not think that those who were killed—or who were likely to be—were in the habit of dwelling very much on the horrors of their situation. Nature is merciful as well as cruel, and if she has to place these wild children of hers where their lives are in daily, hourly, and even momentary jeopardy, she probably makes up for it as far as she can by teaching them not to worry as much as you and I would be likely to do under similar circumstances. The otter often frolicked and swam and splashed about in the water in the mere joy of living, in spite of his enemy, man. The duck was as pleased over her ducklings as if there had not been a fox in all the woods—how could she help it, when they were so pretty and soft and downy, and so bright and smart and obedient, and when their little voices answered her loving murmurs with such delightful baby-talk? We must be cautious, of course; but what is the use of being always anxious and troubled? Let us gather our rosebuds while we may. There was something worth having for everyone in the Trout Stream, and it is possible that even the clams, until the musk-rat found and ate them, were quite as happy as the old saying would make them out to be, though of that I have no direct information. The clams are a close-mouthed, undemonstrative family, and we do not know much about their emotions.

Anyone who was at all acquainted with the otter could see that he enjoyed life. He was very fond of aquatic sports of different kinds, but especially of sliding downhill into the water. There is reason for thinking that the otter was the original "shoot the shoots" man. Winter was the best time for his coasting, of course; but he practised it more or less in summer-time as well. If you had been there, and had kept still enough, and had been hidden carefully enough, you might possibly have caught a glimpse of him as he climbed up to the top of a steep clay bank and paused for a moment to look around and make sure that there was no enemy in sight. With his long neck stretched out, he would peer cautiously up and down the Stream, and then, satisfied that there was no danger, he

"A little bolt of blue and white lightning."

would make his way to the toboggan-slide that he had worn in the clay, and launching himself from the brink, he would go rushing down and hit the water head first. It was great fun, and he did it over and over again till he grew tired or it was time to eat, or perhaps until some unaccustomed sound alarmed him. The otter was very wary. He had to be, or he would never have kept his skin, for the trappers, who had killed every last beaver in the stream, were after him also. His rich, soft, silky, dark-brown fur, with the white throat and breast, was a prize

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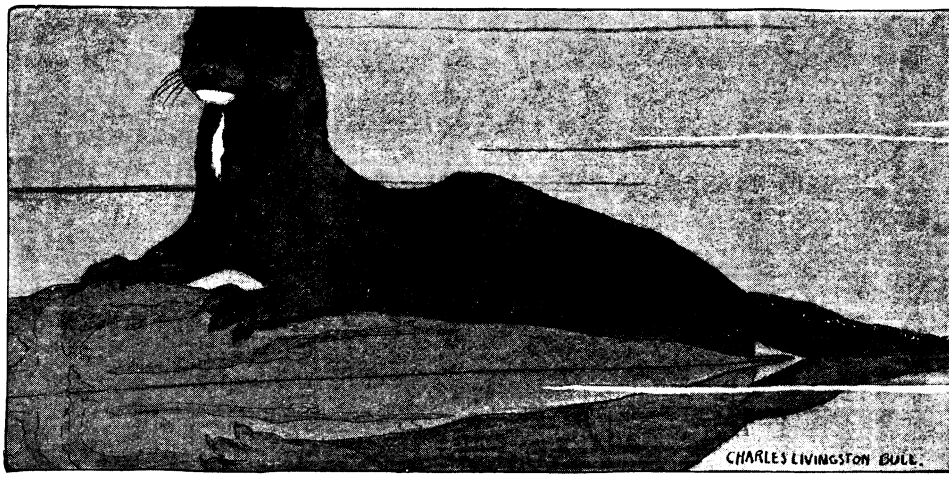

"The mink was one of the few who took pleasure in killing for the sake of killing."

that was worth many a long day's work and the setting of many a trap. If his dwelling had not been much less conspicuous than the beaver's—he lived in a burrow instead of a castle—and his diplomacy perhaps a little wilier, his pelt would surely have gone where the good peltries go. But he was very shy of baits, and the trap could seldom be set so carefully that his eye or his nose would not detect something human about it before it got hold of him. And so he still lived in the Stream; and when he was not coasting down into it, he was apt to be swimming and romping and rolling and tumbling and darting about in it with all the abandon of a frisky colt, his stout feet and big, muscular tail tossing him through the water as lightly and easily as if he were a porpoise. If he had been made of indiarubber and steel springs, he could hardly have been more tireless. Yet this very quickness and tirelessness which added so much to his own pleasure were the source of endless trouble and disaster to his neighbours, for he swam so fast that he could catch fish on the fly, and he ate more trout and herrings and minnows than the osprey himself. Thus do the joy of life and the shadow of death touch and mingle in the Trout Stream. But enough of that.

Hard by lived the beavers' humble cousins, the lowly muskrats. It was not through any superior wisdom or cunning that they had kept their place in the stream, but because their skins were not worth as

"This particular rat was the biggest in the Stream."

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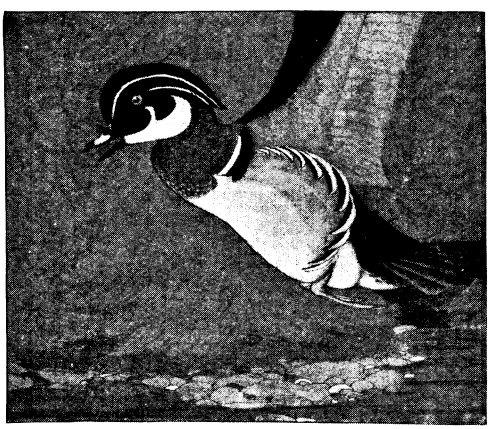
much as either the beavers' or the otters', and also because—another sign of their plebeian station—they had so many more children. For the muskrats raised two or three families every year. In neither size, beauty, nor diplomacy were they the equals of the otter. Instead of his handsome and aristocratic dress, they wore shorter fur of a duller and more greyish hue; and in place of his caution and his keen sense of danger, they had a comparative carelessness and stupidity that often led them into steel-traps. They, too, caught fish and ate them, at times; but they were hardly as skilful as he, and often they contented themselves with clams and the luscious roots of the waterlilies. But whether they ate fish, or clams, or lily roots, it was the Stream that fed them, and by the Stream they always made their home. The Stream was their best friend and protector—usually. Not always. Once in a while it failed them. There was one old rat, the biggest of them all from the hills to the Lake Superior beach, who had made himself a very fine burrow, scooping it out under the roots of a dead tree, whose bare white trunk, stripped of its bark, rose gaunt and grim from the very edge of the water. Most of the time the Stream covered his front door and hid it from prowling marauders. The muskrat, himself, had to dive to reach it, and then had to swim up a narrow passage to get to his chamber. It was a rather troublesome arrangement, but its inconvenience was fully compensated for by the safety which it afforded. But in seasons of long drought, the water sometimes got so low that the hole was left uncovered, and on one of these occasions a mink walked in and tried to make a meal of the owner.



"The wood-duck was resplendent in pure white, rich brown, and metallic tints of blue green, and purple."

Ordinarily a muskrat wouldn't have much chance in such an encounter, but this particular rat, as I have already said, was the biggest in the Stream, while the mink happened to be a rather small one. So they clinched, and the first thing they knew they were out of the burrow and were rolling over and over on the shore, a living ball of fur and fury, chewing and scratching and tearing at each other with all their might, with teeth and limbs and claws tangled up as if they would never let go. They fought so hard that they never saw the man who came down the bank, until a spiked river-shoe actually kicked them apart. Then the rat made for his hole, and the mink for the water, both of them jumping for dear life. But the mink wasn't quite quick enough, and the next winter a beautiful young lady wore his skin around her neck. As she settled her little white chin in the soft brown fur, she often thought how warm and comfortable and how very becoming it was. No doubt the mink had thought so, too.

But this wasn't by any means the only mink in the Stream. There were many others, and there was one in particular—the one who ate the shrew—who was so big and strong and fierce that the muskrat would have had no show at all with him. In summer he might sometimes have been seen, dressed in his brown suit with the white necktie and shirt-front, sunning himself on a big stone, with his tail half in the water. He was a little like the otter in his general shape, his flattened head and his webbed feet. He was playful, too, and liked to romp in the Stream, but he was smaller than the otter, and he had rather less intelligence, and a decidedly worse temper when anything crossed him. He was an inveterate prowler, and he made great havoc among the fishes and the smaller birds and animals all up and down the Stream. Even in winter he was on the move a great deal of the time, sometimes up in the light and air, and sometimes creeping and swimming along in the darkness under the ice, stopping now and then to catch his breath in the air-spaces that were to be found here and there, and always seeking what he might devour. I am afraid that he had in him something of the nature of his cousin, the weasel, and that he was one of the few who really took pleasure in killing for the sake of killing.

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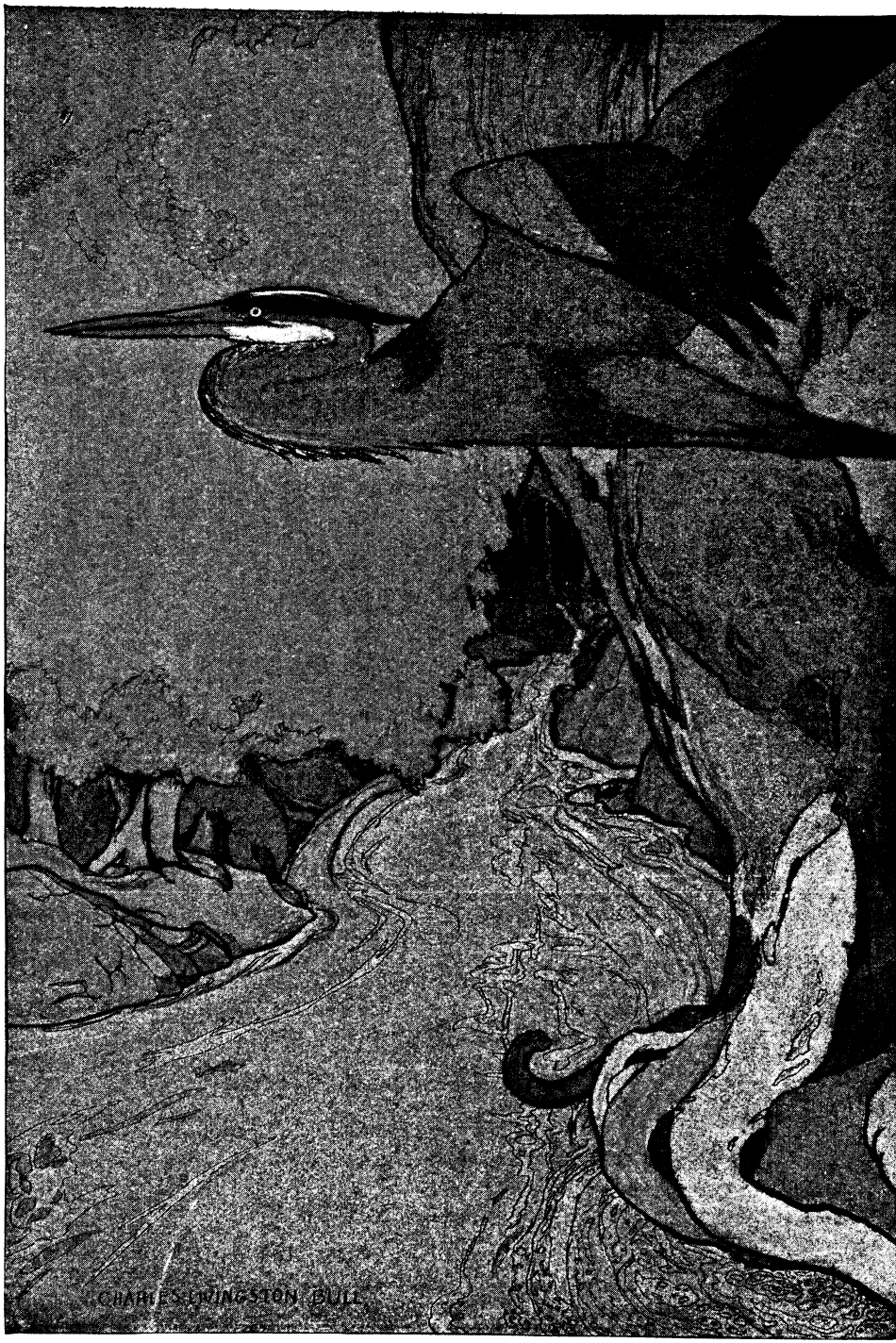

"The heron, his wings beating strong and steady, would fly to his nest."

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These three, the mink, the otter, and the muskrat, and many others besides, were permanent residents. The mink and the otter, especially the mink, might wander up and down the Stream and its tributaries, and might even leave it for a time to visit other streams, but they still belonged to the valley and the swamp and the woods. There were others, however, who spent much of their time in a far country. The osprey was one of these, and there were also the kingfishers, the wood-duck, and the great blue heron. The kingfishers were valiant, aggressive, strenuous birds, stockily built, with business written all over them. A number of them came in early spring—early, that is, for the Lake Superior country—and with strident voices that sounded like a policeman's rattle, they woke the echoes of the woods and the Stream. Their courtships accomplished and their matrimonial affairs settled for the summer, they went to work housebuilding, and one of the most energetic pairs was the one that chose for a residence a certain steep sand-bank, round the end of which the Stream flowed in a wide curve. Pine trees grew on this bank, and one of them, undermined by the current, had slipped over the brink and slid down till its roots were partly in the water, and it stood there leaning far out over the Stream. Then the trunk had broken off six or eight feet from the ground, and the dead stub that was left made a splendid look-out from which to watch for fish. Here one or the other of the kingfishers might have been seen a good deal of the time. Often they had to wait a good while, but sooner or later something would come swimming along, and then down would go a little bolt of blue and white lightning. The osprey caught his fish with his talons, but the kingfishers went in head first and used their big beaks.

Between times they were digging a tunnel into the face of the sand-bank, and now those same beaks did duty as pickaxes, while their short legs and stout feet scratched the loosened dirt out of the hole and let it slide down into the water. They worked straight into the bank for perhaps a couple of yards, and then turned to the right and hollowed out a small chamber, where, on a rude nest made of sticks and grass and feathers, there presently appeared half-a-dozen round, white eggs. Sixteen days later the eggs gave place to young kingfishers, and all summer the family prospered famously. They had one very narrow escape, however, for one day a creature came along who had the shape of a man and the soul of a weasel. That same afternoon the children were brought out for an airing, and were helped up on to a low branch of a bush, where they clung precariously and yelled for their dinner so loudly that their mother sprang her rattle and flew away to the old stub to see what she could get for them. As she drew near her sentry-box, she saw a small, dark object lying just where she always perched, but it never occurred to her that there could be any harm in it, and she alighted as usual. The next moment she was a very much surprised kingfisher, for she happened to jar the thing a little, and it gave a jump and shut itself up like a clam, its steel jaws coming together with a snap that would have broken both her legs if it had caught them, as it would certainly have done if she had landed upon it instead of beside it. She spread her wings and flew away in great alarm and excitement, leaving a tail-feather behind her, and shrieking out to her mate a hysterical account of the terrible creature that had taken possession of their stub. But she wasn't really hurt a bit, and there were no very serious mishaps all summer. The children were safely reared, and went away south for the winter; and the next year they all came back and caught fish in the Trout Stream, and raised families of their own.

The blue heron was a fisherman, too, but his methods were different from those of either the kingfishers or the osprey. This was largely because of his size and shape. He was about four and a half feet long, when you stretched him out straight, mostly brown and white neck and bluish-ash legs. He used to stand erect on the edge of the Stream, with an eye out for fish, and when his head came shooting down towards a trout or a herring or a sucker, it was almost as good as a dive from the top of the old stub. His long, yellow beak descended point first, like a spear, and the luckless fish was pretty sure to be thrust through and through.

No steel trap ever touched the heron; he was too wary for that. And seldom did he let a man, hunter or trapper, or anyone else, get anywhere near him. With his head held high in the air, he could keep watch all around him as well as on the water below; and if anyone approached, he would flap his big wings, lift himself out of the grass and the low bushes, and go trailing off, with his long legs dangling beneath him and his long neck poked out awkwardly in front. He always looked when he started off as if he

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"A cottontail silhouetted against the bright water."

had more limbs than he could carry. Presently, however, he would get his belongings in a little better shape, and with his head drawn in, his neck gracefully curved, his feet held straight out behind, and his wings beating strong and steady, he would fly away to his nest "in the melancholy marshes."

Not very far from the kingfisher's sandbank was the home of the wood-duck, the bird which, for its great beauty, is sometimes known as "the bride." The name would be a very fitting one if it were not for the fact that it was really the bridegroom of the wood-duck establishment who was the most beautiful and the most handsomely dressed, and not the bride at all. Her garb was comparatively sober and modest, while he was resplendent in pure white, rich brown, velvety black, and metallic tints of blue and green and purple. He was really one of the handsomest birds that ever visited the Trout Stream. The osprey, for instance, was not in it for a moment with the wood-duck in the matter of gorgeous apparel. But I fear that in the matter of character the duck was much less steadfast and loyal than that ideal husband and fisherman, for he had not been long married, and the eggs were not even hatched, when he deserted his wife and left her to bring up the family alone. However, it wasn't as if she couldn't do it. She managed splendidly, and raised nearly the whole brood, only one duckling

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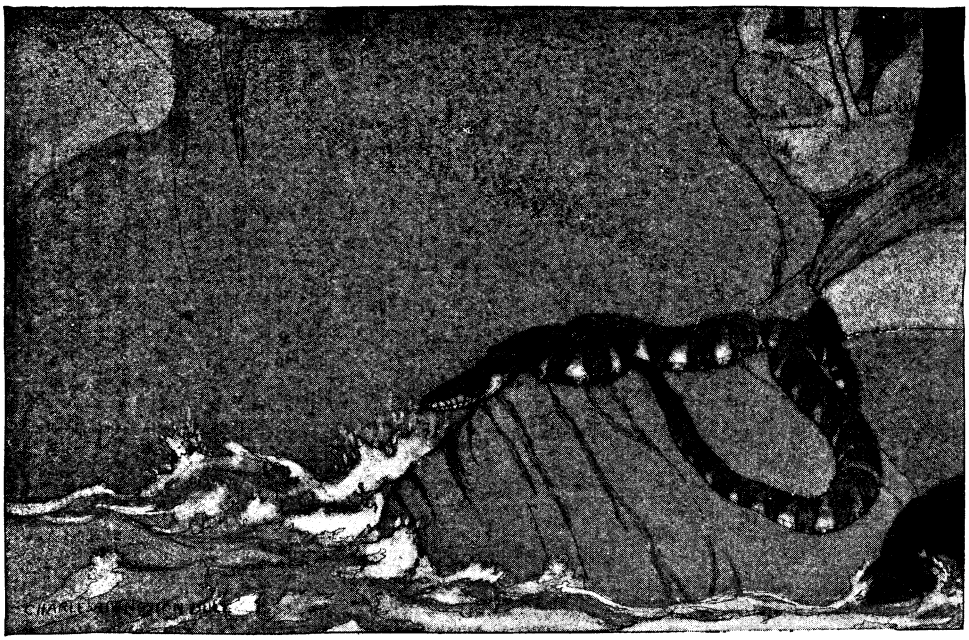

"The striped and spotted water-snake."

falling victim to the big mink and one to the fox.

All these things the Trout Stream saw as it journeyed down from the hills to Lake Superior, and many more besides. Of the deer and the lynx and the partridges who came to it for drink we have not time to talk, nor of the striped and spotted water-snake who went bobbing through the ripples or lay coiled up on the shore, nor of the fretful porcupine who waddled heavily and clumsily across the Stream on a bridge made of a fallen tree, nor of the scolding red squirrel, nor the nervous chipmunk, nor the ubiquitous skunk; but they were there, and the Trout Stream saw them all. And many other things it saw, the which, if they should be told, every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that would be written.

It saw the gloom and shadow of the cedar swamp and the sunshine of the open tamarack. The wind of the huckleberry plains kissed it into ripples, and it heard the rustle and murmur of the hardwood forest, and the low song of the pines that leaned over it and looked down at their own images mirrored in its still surface.

It saw the flaming of the swamp maples when the frost laid hold of them, and the radiant whiteness of the winter. It felt the rushing strength of the spring freshets, and then the thrill of the early summer, when, after long months of ice and snow,

> The lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
> Came back to dream on the river;

when all the woods were green, and all the world was throbbing with new life; when millions of insects danced in the warm sunshine, and when the young of bird and beast were growing like weeds and calling every moment for food, while the old worked with might and main to find them provender. And the Trout Stream was the very centre and soul of everything.

It glided quietly across the level marshes, it stumbled and fell over the ruins of a beaver-dam, and it jumped from the brink of a rocky ledge and dropped thirty feet sheer down, shouting and singing in its strength.

Then, by and by, it slackened its pace again. It was larger now, and broader and stiller; and often, as one looked out over it at evening from among the trees, one saw it lying as calm and smooth as a lake, with the sky and the clouds reflected in it as in a glass, and with perhaps a woodchuck or a cottontail silhouetted against the bright water. And so at length, with the sunset light on its quiet face, and the friendly woods standing round to say "Good-bye," it slipped out past the white limestone beach into the waiting arms of Lake Superior, and was a Trout Stream no more.

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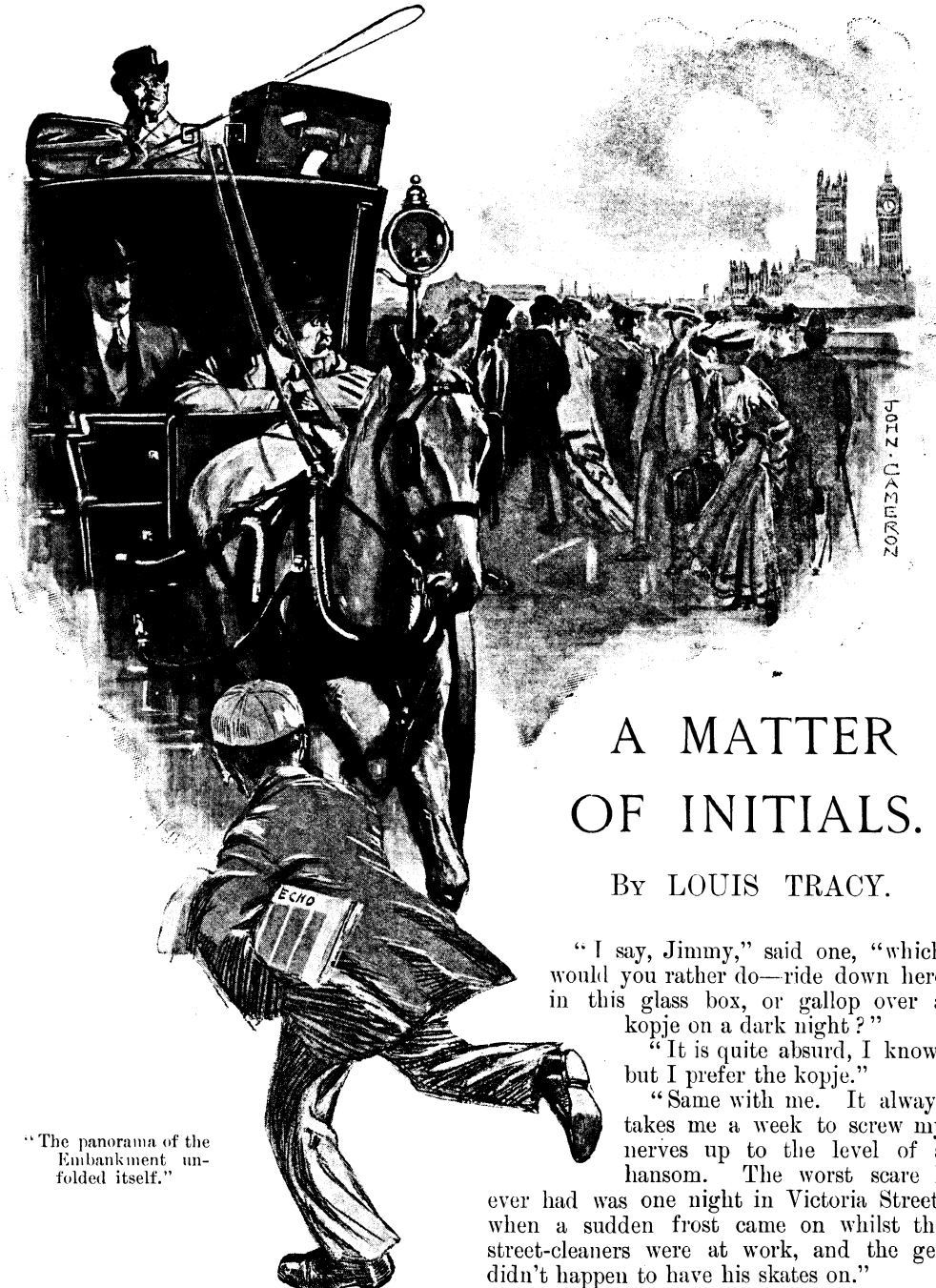

"The panorama of the Embankment unfolded itself."

A MATTER OF INITIALS.

By LOUIS TRACY.

A HANSOM darted out of Waterloo Station, and the acrobat between the shafts began to slide gracefully down the paved slope towards York Road. The occupants, two sun-tanned men, stamped with the cavalry seal, each clutched a brass window-rest and exchanged smiles of quick understanding.

"I say, Jimmy," said one, "which would you rather do—ride down here in this glass box, or gallop over a kopje on a dark night?"

"It is quite absurd, I know, but I prefer the kopje."

"Same with me. It always takes me a week to screw my nerves up to the level of a hansom. The worst scare I ever had was one night in Victoria Street, when a sudden frost came on whilst the street-cleaners were at work, and the gee didn't happen to have his skates on."

And Major MacNaughton, V.C., heaved a sigh of relief as the vehicle turned into the level at the foot of the approach to the South-Western terminus. For a few minutes thereafter neither man spoke. It was a glorious day in August. Once or twice in the year the British climate permits London to wear the outward and visible state which proclaims to all beholders that she is the

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capital of the world. This happened to be one of those rare occasions. From the perch of Waterloo Bridge the panorama of the Embankment, bounded by the Houses of Parliament and St. Paul's, unfolded itself gorgeously.

"Great Scott!" cried the Major, "it's good to be back in town after two and a half years on the veldt. It makes me want to stand every 'bus-driver a drink! Look at the fellows in the top-hats! Look at the girls in muslin! Dash it all, Jimmy, let's charter the hansom for the afternoon and go round and see things!"

His excitement met with no response. Glancing at his companion, he suddenly checked the further outburst on his lips.

"What's up, Jimmy? No bad news, I hope?"

"Bad news! I have had none at all."

"From your people, you mean?"

"My 'people' consist of a rheumatic uncle, whose hand is too stiff to write letters, so he sends telegrams. I got one at Pretoria after the occupation: 'Well done, Devonshire.' The next reached me after I was hit—one word: 'Chirrup'; it was some time before I realised that my uncle evidently wrote 'Cheer up' in a very crabbed fist."

"Nothing this morning?"

"Oh, yes. This morning he wired: 'Welcome. Have paid one thousand pounds into your account at Cox's.'"

"Begad! I wish I had received a message half so sweet."

"He is a good old soul. Next week I will go down to his place and try to forget that one other person in the world seems to care little whether I am living or not."

"Poor fellow! Is it as bad as that?"

MacNaughton tried to screw his face into sympathetic lines, but Jimmy—otherwise Captain James Wauchope Tennant, of the Devonshire Regiment—laughed him to scorn. Thus repulsed, the Major tried a new tack.

"Faith! there's plenty of good fish in the sea. And what finer fishing does a man want than in London? Believe me, Jimmy, there is safety in numbers. I have run after women all my life and never caught one yet, so I have had all the sport and none of the worry."

Tennant agreed with him. He was in no mood for discussion, nor did his friend's cynical badinage appeal to him at the moment. At last, after an official visit to the War Office and a conference with his agents, the young officer found himself alone, MacNaughton having gone off to a service club. He stood irresolutely for some minutes in the *foyer* of his hotel whilst pride and common-sense wrestled for supremacy. Pride said: "Why trouble your soul about a woman who has utterly ignored you for six long months, and now treats your homecoming with absolute indifference? Give her no further heed."

But common-sense whispered: "Find out the truth before you decide. You would have trusted Elsie Stapleton with your life, your future, your honour. Do not now condemn her unheard."

He was a hard man and an obstinate one, as more than one Transvaal commando could testify. Not readily, nor yet in stinted measure, had he bestowed his love, and the causeless, merciless abandonment to which he had been subjected had seared his heart. Nevertheless, pride went under in the struggle, and he started forth to ascertain from the lady herself why he no longer found favour in her sight. There would be no pleading, no argument. Merely a question and an answer, and then—a transfer to India.

But, like a Boer laager marked overnight, when he reached the lady's house, she was not there; indeed, no one knew where she was. Her father had given up the house eight months ago, and in London, where no man knows his next-door neighbour, the interval opposed a blank wall against further inquiry. It struck him as a small coincidence that at the period of this change of residence he was rushing a mounted infantry detachment through the wildest part of the Magaliesberg, and was thereby temporarily incapacitated from writing home. Letters from Elsie, breathing love and hope, continued to reach him by devious routes for some weeks. Then—silence! After some weeks of growing anxiety, he became careless and was sniped one day by a Boer sharpshooter.

Being a determined man, he interviewed local tradesmen, policemen, post-office officials, and finally a doctor. Here he found a clue. Yes, exactly eight months ago, Miss Elsie Stapleton suddenly became very ill—received a shock, he believed, by unexpected news concerning a friend in South Africa—and was taken abroad by her father. The girl was dangerously ill. He didn't know exactly what the trouble was, but believed some fellow had behaved in a fearfully caddish manner. Good gracious! he meant no offence. Probably the story was merely idle gossip; but Captain Tennant asked for information, and he could only tell him what

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he had heard. No, he did *not* know Mr. Stapleton's address; and the doctor was stiff about it, too, for this hard, lean man seemed to be half inclined to wring his neck.

Ablaze with uncertainty, Tennant found himself in the street once more. It was late, and many places of business were closed. Planning an exhaustive round of banks and house-agents next morning, he went back to his hotel. A man awaited his arrival, an Army officer like himself, and it was sufficiently amazing to read the stranger's card: "Captain J.W.Tennant, 3rd Battalion, the Devonshire Regiment."

"I have been chasing you round the world," he explained. "My business is important. Can we have a quiet talk somewhere?"

"She happened to hear what Elsie said when Jimmy took her in his arms."

Jimmy led his namesake to a sitting-room. Here the other Captain Tennant seated himself, lit a cigarette, and produced an envelope.

"Do you recognise the handwriting?" he said.

Jimmy required no second glance. It was Elsie's.

"How the deuce did this come into your possession?" he demanded fiercely.

"Hold on! This affair may have caused you some trouble, but not half so much as it has given me. Now, just sit tight and listen. My name happens to be John Watson Tennant, and if you look in an old *Army List*, you will see that I was in the gunners. Just before the war broke out, I went broke in India and had to chuck my commission. I came back to England and took a job as a 'bus-driver. Then came the rush for reinforcements. I spent my last sixpence in buying a decent rig-out, got half a day's leave from the 'bus company, and went to the War Office. From that instant my luck changed. They offered me a commission in a Militia regiment; I went to Cape Town, was placed on the line of communications, rescued a millionaire's widow from a train-wreck, and married her before you could say 'Jack Robinson.'"

"I don't see——"

"Leave me alone. If anybody has reason to growl, it is I. When things quieted down a bit, I looked forward to keeping a racing-stable and a yacht, and a few little toys of that sort, when there came a full stop to those bright visions. My wife happens to be at least fifteen years older than I, and she is beastly jealous. She collects my correspondence. I don't mind, as I thought all the letters would be from duns. I didn't count on receiving love-letters, and devilish well written ones at that, from a young lady named Elsie. By Jove! didn't the missis make it hot for me? Never a word did she let on, though, for I should have discovered the mistake at once. To her there was only one J. W. Tennant in existence, and she did not believe me when I showed her your name in the *Army List*. I must admit that the last letter appeared to justify her suspicions."

"The last letter!"

"Yes. I am awfully sorry for you, old

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man, but I couldn't help it. Miss Elsie evidently saw an account of *my* marriage in some paper, and thought it was yours, as you had not written to her for some weeks. Then the fat was in the fire—with my wife, I mean. Since that document reached her, she has made my life a misery, compelled me to leave the service, pays all the bills, never gives me a red cent, and alternately ties me to her apron-string and threatens divorce proceedings."

"Give me . . . . my letters!" gasped Jimmy.

The other man laughed discordantly.

"I am almost in the Divorce Court for demanding even an envelope," he cried. "My wife sleeps on them, and reads them twice a day whenever she thinks I am wheedling her a bit. Now, if you feel equal to it, come with me to the Cecil and try all you know to persuade her that Elsie belongs to you, and not to me."

The persuasion took a form that the rich and elderly Mrs. Tennant was not accustomed to. It astounded and gratified her happy-go-lucky husband to see the way in which she quailed before Jimmy's wrath. The latter walked straight into her palatial suite and thrust some old and frayed letters before her eyes.

"You have some of my correspondence in your possession," he said, with an intensity of passion that cowed her instantly. "They are letters written to me by a Miss Elsie Stapleton. You will recognise her handwriting. Will you give them to me quietly, or must I take them by force?"

"John!" she shrieked, "protect me!"

"Darling," said her better half, "I am helpless. This is the other Captain J. W. Tennant. You refused to believe me, ducky, when I assured you——"

"Do you hear, woman?" growled Jimmy. "Your miserable jealousy has endangered, perhaps wrecked, the happiness of two people who never imagined that such a creature as you could come between them. Give me my letters, or, by the bones of your martyred first husband, I will——"

That was enough. She produced a crumpled packet from the bosom of her dress. Without a word of apology or further comment, Jimmy stood where he was and read the blurred lines, for the South African lady had wept hot tears over them, and the paper was almost in tatters. The silly mistake which might yet have a tragic ending was quickly revealed. Elsie had indeed seen in a lady's paper an account of the Capetown marriage, and her lover's prolonged silence at that unhappy juncture forced her to the conclusion that he had jilted her. Her last little note of farewell wrung his heart in agony.

"Dear one," she wrote, "I forgive you. I pray you may be happy. Let no memory of me trouble your future life. I believed, God help me! that you held me dear as I held you; but if you have discovered that you made a mistake, it is better so. Not one word of reproach will I utter. I admit that I am stunned, weary as of a great pain, but I am not capable of harbouring bitter thoughts against you, for indeed I did love you with a great and abiding love."

Then he sank into a chair, and his face was hidden, and the other man silently drew a trembling and stricken woman from the room.

It was a long and difficult search for ten days. Jimmy's chief difficulty was that the only persons who knew the Stapletons' whereabouts regarded him as an unprincipled scoundrel and refused to see him. Then he found the girl's aunt, and the woman knew that his story was true. She told him that Elsie, who had been near to death, was slowly recovering her health at Etretat in Normandy.

He went there by the next steamer, and with him travelled Mr. and Mrs. Tennant—the latter most unwillingly, but shamed now into subjection to her lord and master. With a strategy born on the veldt, the leader of mounted infantry first captured Elsie's father and made him listen to reason. Then it was thought advisable that the South African dame should be forced to go and tell her story to Elsie, and thus prepare her for the coming of her lover.

She played her part honestly, but with whimpers. She happened, too, to hear what Elsie said when Jimmy took her in his arms.

"Somehow," sobbed the girl, "I never really doubted you. I read a description of this woman—and saw—her photograph—and then I thought that fever or hardship had affected your brain."

By succeeding mails from South Africa came batches of Jimmy's correspondence, returned through the Dead Letter Office, and Elsie enjoyed reading them, now that they were married, a great deal more than if he were still Boer-hunting.

The two Tennants occasionally play bridge together at the same club, but the two Mrs. Tennants will never be real friends, though they meet at times.

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THE MOST WONDERFUL MAP IN THE WORLD:

FRANCE, IN JASPER, SET WITH GEMS.

By Edouard Charles.

Photographs by Clarke & Hyde.

In whatever light one regards it, this marvellous map of France is certainly the most wonderful map the world has ever seen. Its beauty cannot be described in mere words, and its value can only be approximately stated in thousands of pounds. What it actually cost to construct, few beyond those immediately connected with the making of it can hold any idea; but if some millionaire took a fancy to possess its counterpart, his desire would have to remain unsatisfied, though he offered his whole fortune as the price, for many of the precious stones that enter into its composition are torn from Nature's treasure-house only to pass into the treasure-chamber of the Czar. In other words, they are never seen in the jewel-market, their value is unknown beyond the fact that it is great, and therefore they cannot be purchased. But a copy of it, with ordinary gems substituted for the rarer ones—mere diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and the like—would certainly not cost less than a hundred thousand sterling.

THE PRICELESS MAP OF FRANCE.

It is made of beautifully coloured jaspers, highly polished. All the towns are represented by valuable gems, their names being given in solid gold letters, and the rivers inset in platinum.

This map is the *clou* of the Louvre, in Paris, and the puzzle of the guides who take round parties of tourists. They lead to it at once, with a patriotic desire to impress the foreigner. They plant the wealthy American before it and stuff him with facts concerning it, and he looks and exclaims: "Gee, but that's great! How much did it cost?" "Don't know," says the guide; "perhaps a hundred thousand dollars." "That's too much," remarks the American gravely; but whether he means the price is too high, or his credulity is incapable of absorbing the guide's estimation, is not clear. The map is only forty inches square, and as the guides have not held a meeting between themselves to fix a price on the map and agree as to one set series of facts concerning it, the American, who has probably heard another story and another price from a fellow-countryman who had them from a guide, may be forgiven his disbelief.

It appeals to the ladies, who gaze upon it in quite a different light. It does not strike them as a map, but as a mine of precious stones—a jewel-casket. They stare and sigh, and their mouths water as they think what a

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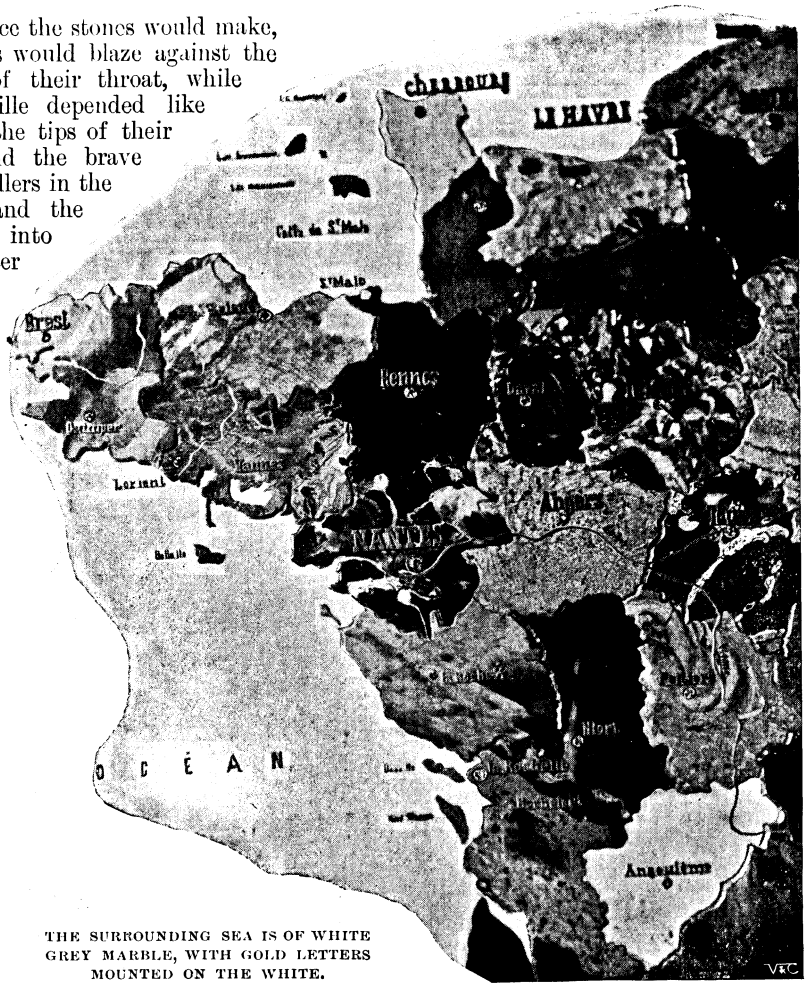
magnificent necklace the stones would make, or how lovely Paris would blaze against the milk-white skin of their throat, while Bordeaux and Lille depended like living suns from the tips of their dainty ears. And the brave display in the jewellers in the Rue de Rivoli and the Palais Royal fade into insignificance after their eyes have rested on this *carte de France en pierres précieuses.*

It might be a fantastic conception from the "Arabian Nights" realised. If we could have read of it in the sixteenth century or earlier as the present of one king to another, we might have marvelled at the donor's generosity and remained incredulous. Seeing it now, none can fail to be struck with its wondrous beauty and impressed by its value intrinsically; nor can any thinking person fail to appreciate the compliment the making of the gift implied to the French nation. The map was the present of the Emperor Nicholas, Czar of All the Russias, and given to the Republic at the time when the Franco-Russian *entente* was the only thing thought of in the land of *Liberté*, *Egalité*, and *Fraternité*, and the Anglo-French *rapprochement* not even a hazy vision.



THE SURROUNDING SEA IS OF WHITE GREY MARBLE, WITH GOLD LETTERS MOUNTED ON THE WHITE.

At the great Exposition of 1900 it conveyed to the provincial Frenchman a sense of the great friendship the Czar bore for France—more than all the newspaper articles ever written on this subject could have done; and so it may be said to have been a map with a deliberate purpose. But our interest is only concerned in it as the most wonderful map in the world, for that as such it is entitled to rank there exists not the slightest doubt, and it raises the admiration of all who gaze upon it.

It stands in the Louvre, in a huge frame of carved wood, confined in a glass case, to prevent, as the secretary of the great museum naïvely put it to me, kleptomaniacs digging out the precious stones. Had it not been thus secured, protected, and guarded by a watchful custodian, it is probable that there would now be more "relics" of it outside than inside the Louvre. The waters of the ocean are a whitish-grey marble, while where portions of England, Germany, Switzerland, Spain, and Italy are indicated, these countries are in slate-coloured jasper, in which the whole is also framed; and as the eighty-seven departments of France itself are in variously coloured jasper, highly polished, these latter are made even more prominent from the contrast of their surroundings.

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I have stood before this map and endeavoured to find words in which to convey adequately to the reader some idea of the beauty of the effect obtained by the ingenious arrangement of the colours of the jasper used in its composition. But I have to confess to failure. There is every colour represented, from pure white to blood red, and every gradation of colour, while the veining of some of the pieces of jasper used is wondrously beautiful. And the various departments have been fitted together with a regard to the effect the contrasts and blending of the different colours would produce, that could only have been exercised by an artist. In the whole composition there is nothing to offend in the slightest the artistic eye, and yet this would have been the easiest thing in the world for one inexperienced to have accomplished. Any one department represented in any other colour, and the whole would have been spoiled, the effect hard and jarring instead of soft and soothing. And it must be understood that the departments have not been outlined anyhow, but shaped faithfully along the lines apparent in the Government maps of the country. They are cut in outline so exactly that where, thin at the sides, the departments fit one against another, leaving an indented, sinuous route to demonstrate their limits, it is impossible to detect their joints; the whole, from its perfect fit, might have been carved from one piece of wood and afterwards coloured, so skilfully has this part of the work been executed.

THE WESTERN COAST, SHOWING BORDEAUX, A LARGE AQUAMARINE, A STONE WITH ALL THE LIFE AND FIRE OF A DIAMOND.

Now let us

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turn to the cities and towns, blazing here in the form of precious stones. Of these there are no less than one hundred and six, represented by all the various kinds of gems common to the buying public, and by many more whose names and qualities are known only to the lapidary. The names of the cities thus indicated are given in letters of solid gold, many being in bold capitals half an inch in depth.

Naturally the eye travels to Paris; and there it stops, enchanted by the sight of a magnificent ruby which must be worth quite a small fortune. It is probably the finest and most valuable stone in the whole map. Away in the north is Lille. It looks like a pure white diamond, throwing out a thousand spears of multi-coloured rays, like the eye of some eastern idol through which internal fires reflect their light. A trifle smaller in size than the ruby just mentioned, this stone is not a diamond, as anyone might be forgiven for supposing. but a phenakite, a variety of rock crystal that is very rare.

Bordeaux is another large gem that all would mistake for a diamond. But little smaller than the phenakite, it is a very fine aquamarine. Havre, in the north-west, is a magnificent emerald, though not nearly so fine as the egg-shaped emerald of Marseilles on the Mediterranean. Nantes sparkles like a tiny pool of champagne, a particularly handsome specimen of a beryl, while Rouen is a sapphire, Lyons a tourmaline, Nice a garnet, and Cherbourg a stone known as an alexandrite, whose chief peculiarity is that while it looks green by daylight, it is seen by artificial light as a mixture of red and blue.

TOULON, MARSEILLES, AND NICE, EACH VERY VALUABLE SINGLE GEMS; MARSEILLES BEING AN EGG-SHAPED EMERALD OF PARTICULARLY FINE COLOUR.

One could fill columns enumerating the different stones and dwelling upon their beauties and peculiarities; but I must compress by stating that of the other towns, thirty-eight are shown in quartz crystals, diamonds, and the like, thirty-five are tourmalines, and twenty-one amethysts.

The rivers of France are numerous and long, and they wind their white courses from their sources to the seas, thin trails of polished platinum, that shine like silver, sunk in the brilliant jasper.

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HINTS ON SEA-SWIMMING:

MR. MONTAGU A. HOLBEIN GIVES ADVICE, AND SUITS THE ACTION TO THE WORD FOR PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATION.

Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.

IT was in his own especial element that I sought and obtained an interview. He was plugging along at twenty strokes to the minute during a six-hour practice swim off Dover—the strokes were not of his favourite back type, but the even more powerful side-stroke action, which is now gradually ousting the back-stroke from its proud position of favouritism—when the sturdy Dover 'longshoreman whom I had chartered to row me out to the swimmer drove the nose of our boat abreast of the man qualified above all others to convey interesting information upon the subject of sea-bathing.

DIVE OVER THE STERN, NOT FROM THE SIDE.

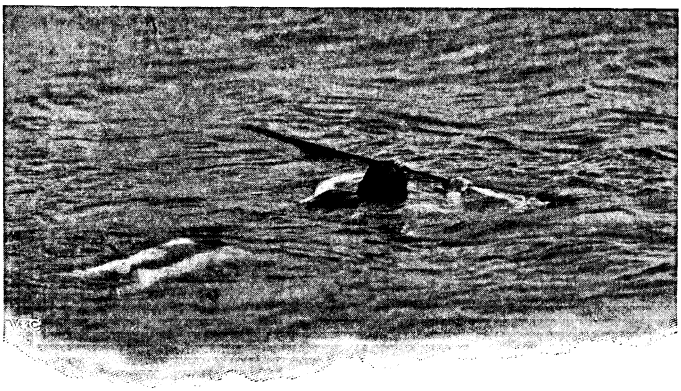
Montagu Allalo Holbein needs no introduction. For close upon twenty-five years his walking, cycling, and swimming records, created year after year with unfailing regularity, have made his name a household word, whilst his Channel swims capping his career, proclaim him, at forty-three years of age, still the greatest "stayer" of his time.

Needless to say, such a man has no great opinion of the sea-bather who steps gingerly out of his machine, and wading out to middle depth, bobs up and down in the sea-water, returning in a very few minutes in all haste whence he came, feeling that he has extracted all the pleasure possible from his dip.

Mr. Holbein rightly urges that it is every bather's duty to himself and others to learn to swim. Apart from its utility as a life-saving accomplishment, swimming opens up a field of water pleasures from which the non-natator is debarred.

Everyone who has made the experiment will agree that the pleasantest of sea-baths is obtained from a boat pulled half a mile or more from shore. To miss the delicious shock of the first dive over the stern—not from the side, as in the photograph, which shows the incorrect and dangerous method—is

TO ENTER A BOAT WITHOUT LADDER, SWIM SMARTLY UP TO STERN, SPRING AS HIGH AS POSSIBLE OUT OF WATER, AT THE SAME TIME CATCH STERN AND RAISE BODY.



THE WRONG WAY TO TRY AND KEEP HEAD OUT OF WATER BY HOLDING OAR IN HANDS.

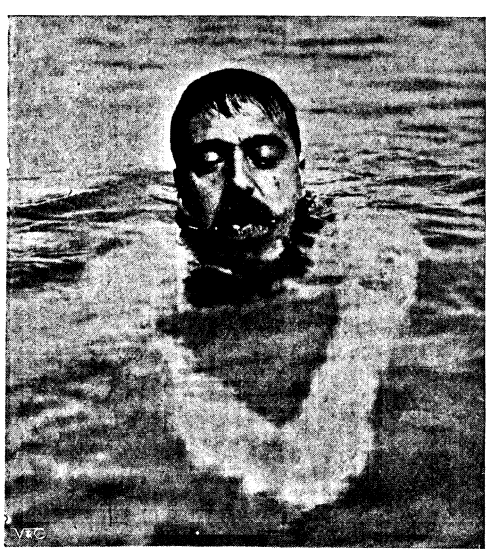
to lose an exhilarating sensation which cannot be described, but must be experienced to be understood.

To re-enter the boat, swim partly up to the stern and spring quickly up to the position in our second illustration. Never attempt to clamber over the side or bows of the boat—the former would bring about an upset in nine cases out of ten, whilst the latter is both unsafe and most awkward of accomplishment.

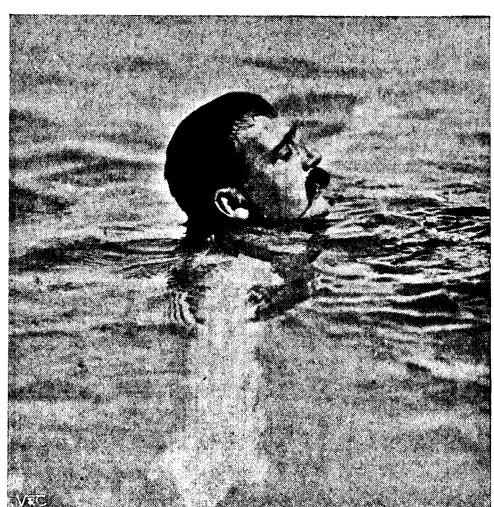
The dip will generally be more enjoyable if the time in the water is spent on practising useful and interesting water feats, rather than in merely swimming till tired.

Most swimmers swallow a good deal of the salt element. Holbein, in his long swims in rough weather, has had much of this bitter experience. In his case, it is more or less unavoidable; but the average bather can

TO USE AN OAR AS A LIFE-SAVER, PLACE ONE END BETWEEN LEGS AND BALANCE WITH HANDS. IT WILL THEN KEEP THE HEAD ABOVE WATER.



HOW NOT TO TAKE IN BREATH.



THE CORRECT METHOD OF BREATHING.

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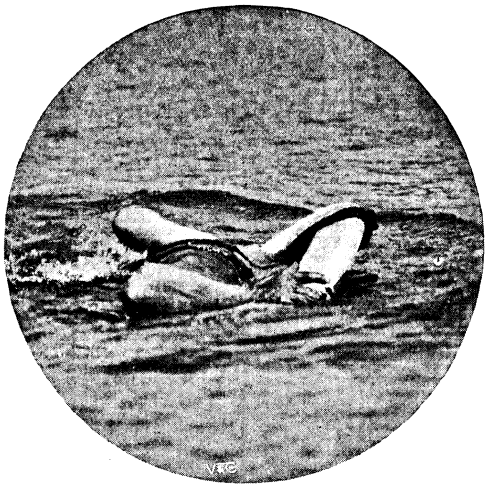

HOW NOT TO GET INTO A LIFEBUOY.

save himself this inconvenience by correct breathing. Never inhale at the commencement of the stroke. When the arms reach a backward position and the stroke is three parts through, then take in a long breath. It is at this instant that the head reaches the highest point above the surface.

Very few people know how to get into a lifebuoy; and as in this uncertain world one never knows when one may need to make use of a buoy in real earnest, a little practice might prove of real value in an emergency.

Now, when the buoy is thrown into the water, the temptation is to try to lift it over one's head and shoulders, or to dive through it, as in the illustration; which, however, is impossible. The correct thing is to grasp the two sides of the buoy, with fingers of the hands uppermost, lower yourself *under* the buoy and come up through the centre, then rest your arms upon the sides, and you will be comfortably supported as long as it is necessary.

More often than otherwise, in case of accident, a lifebuoy is not at hand. In such event, an oar may be used as a substitute. Now, there is some little art in saving oneself by this means, for an average-sized scull is not buoyant enough to support a person if grasped as the first impulse would direct. There is only one way in which the oar will support a human being. It must be ridden

HOLD BUOY LIKE THIS.

DUCK, AND THEN COME UP INSIDE; THEN BRING ARMS THROUGH.

SAFE INSIDE.

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like a hobby-horse. The haft is put between the legs, and the blade allowed to project above the surface of the water in front of one. By this means the head is kept well above water.

I asked Mr. Holbein his advice for the novice who desired to learn to swim. He advised learning, if possible, in open river or sea water, in preference to a swimming-bath. The best assistance possible that a novice can have is a friend who swims well, as companion and teacher. He will induce confidence in the learner, both by example and by supporting the novice with his hand under his chin whilst instructing him in his first attempts at the arm and leg movements. A manilla rope which floats, fastened to something on shore, is of great use at the first lesson or two.

"Now," says Holbein, "wade in quietly without any hurry or anxiety, until the water reaches your waist. Stop here and just paddle about for a moment or so. This will give you confidence and get you used to the feel of the water. Turn your face to the shore, grip your rope tightly, and suddenly bob down, immersing yourself completely.

"Don't shirk it—go right under. Many a man who does this for the first time is ready to swear that he has gone quite three feet under the surface, when in reality the water has only got into his nose, mouth, and ears, *and the back of his head is dry.*

"This is the way to duck: Put your left hand on the top of your head, grip the rope with your right, then go right down until you feel that your left hand is completely under water.

"Then come up, puff and blow, try to wipe the water out of your eyes with your wet hands, and generally enjoy yourself for a moment or two. There is no hurry. Now jump up and down a bit, and you will learn that the water is buoyant. This fact will make you reflect that it requires very little effort on your part to keep yourself afloat. Move about as much as you like in the water, but don't leave go of the rope yet. In fact, I would strongly recommend that the first time of entering the water should be entirely devoted to making oneself confident about wading in up to the chin.

"A person who is unaccustomed to the water, finding himself gradually wading into deeper depths with every two or three inches he advances, is apt to feel qualms on the subject of his safety, whether an able swimmer be in the vicinity or not."

Floating should be learned before the beginner attempts swimming, is Mr. Holbein's opinion. After one is a good swimmer, floating is both useful and an enjoyable relaxation from the more strenuous pastime of swimming.

FLOATING.

To learn to float: Walk out into the water until it is almost up to your shoulders. With your back to the shore, bend the knees until the water is level with your chin. Lay the head well back, keeping the mouth closed until the water is up to your ears. Now stretch the arms slowly behind your head with the palms upwards. Inhale a deep breath, and you will feel your legs desirous of rising to the surface. Throw your head a little further back, and they will do so. You are now floating. When you exhale the air from the lungs, your difficulty commences, for you will feel yourself sinking—the body always sinks in the water whilst breathing. Don't be nervous, but draw in the fresh breath as quickly as possible, and your chest and head will rise an inch or so further out of the water at once.

Before attempting to swim, Mr. Holbein advises that confidence be first obtained as follows. Walk into the water up to shoulder height and face the shore. Hold your arms out straight in front, with the palms of the hands downwards, and about a couple of

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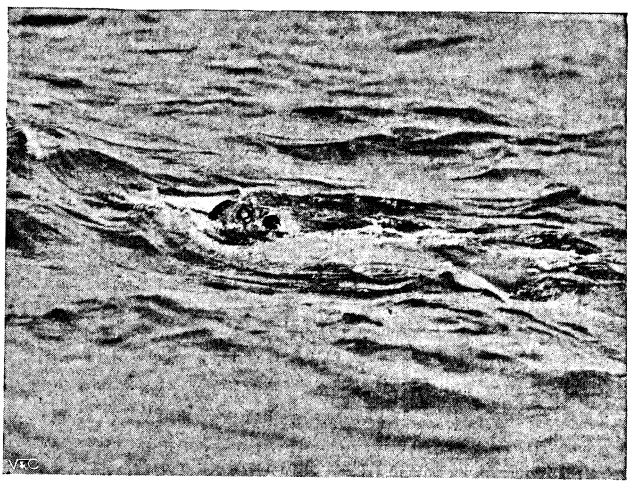
inches below the surface of the water. Throw your head well back, and inhaling a deep breath, push gently off from the ground with your feet, and bring the arms round with a steady sweep. Let your feet touch the bottom once more, and you will find that you are a yard or two nearer the shore. Repeat this over and over again; for so soon as you have confidence, letting yourself be carried upon the water in this manner, you have fought more than half the battle of learning to swim.

It only remains now to make the legs do a share of the propulsion. This they do as you stretch the arms before you and push off with the feet. Draw up the knees and kick out the legs, opening them to their widest extent. Now bring the heels together with as determined a sweep of the legs as possible. This forces the water out from between and propels the body forwards. After one joint leg-kick and arm-sweep, touch bottom again, and on recovering your breath, repeat this until you find you can combine the arm and leg action comfortably.

What Mr. Holbein does not know about overcoming unexpected difficulties which occur in the water, both to the experienced swimmer and the novice, is probably not worth knowing. He has several times been attacked with cramp. Whilst undoubtedly a most unpleasant and serious seizure, the cramp is not nearly so dangerous as is universally imagined. It is the loss of presence of mind which usually causes the deaths which are attributed to the cramp. This is what Mr. Holbein has to say about it: "When seized with cramp in any part, if the shore is handy, lose no time in reaching it. Remember that even should both legs be disabled, you can paddle ashore with your hands. If both arms are seized, you have only to lie upon your back, and get to the land by striking with your legs.

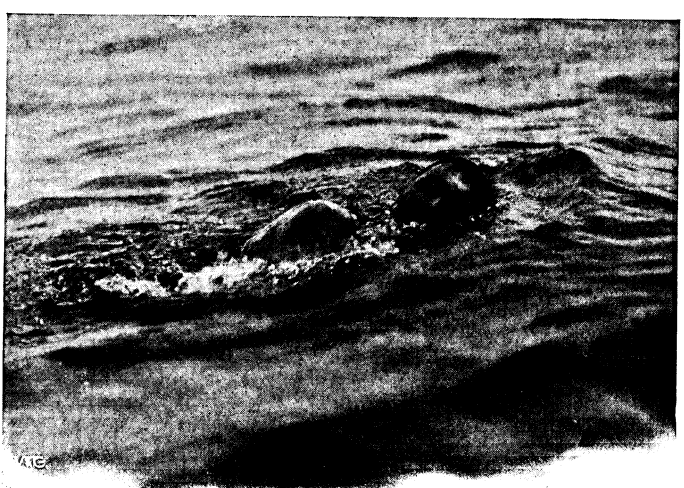


STROKE ON BACK USED BY HOLBEIN.

"Should, however, assistance not be at hand, and the shore far away, different tactics must be adopted. First of all, retain your presence of mind. If the cramp is felt in the calf of the leg, just below the knee (the most frequent place), turn on your back at once, bend the toes upward, kick out the affected leg in the air, ignore the pain, paddle with one hand, and with the other rub the spot smartly."

Cramp usually comes as an after-effect of indigestion. In other cases the coldness of the water brings it on. Some people are much more subject to attacks than others; such persons should never go out of their depth.

Should one have the misfortune to fall into the water with one's clothes on,



HIS FAVOURITE STROKE FOR THIS YEAR IS ON SIDE.

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they form a considerable encumbrance—not to say, in some circumstances, a source of great danger. Hence it is as well to practise undressing oneself in the water. To take off a coat, tread water and throw off the garment. Boots are disposed of one at a time, lying upon the back, paddling with one hand, and undoing the buttons or laces with the other. When this is done, push the boot off by pressing with the toes of the other foot upon the heel of the boot that is being cast away. Trousers are dispensed with as follows: Swim on the back, giving short leg-strokes, undoing the braces or belt as quickly as possible. The trousers may now be slipped down to the knees. Next, paddle with the hands and shake the feet, which allows the garment to slip off.

Weeds in sea and river and pond are often a hidden source of danger, for they sometimes grow at a depth beneath the surface which is just sufficient to conceal them from view, and yet such that the swimmer's feet and legs will be entrapped. In such *contre-temps*, just as in the case of cramp, presence of mind is the most important matter. The swimmer should lie as flat as possible and make a few short, rapid kicks of the legs, simultaneously *pulling the water towards him* with hollowed hands, with the fingers tightly pressed one against the other.

If the water is rough, Mr. Holbein suggests two methods of tackling the waves. The novice should watch the coming wave carefully, keeping the arms stretched at almost right angles to the body, and, slightly forward, he should spring upwards as the wave begins to rise. It will roll away under the feet, and its force will scarcely be felt. If the wave appears to be a very large one, the best plan is to point the hands together in front, stoop down, and allow it to roll right over one.

The experienced swimmer tackles the rollers in quite another fashion. As the big wave comes, he runs out to meet it into the sea, and is carried well out on its ebb. Once through the breaker line, he swims over small waves and dives through great ones.

Jelly-fish bites are thought to be very dangerous. This is not often the case; and once again it is the loss of presence of mind which they occasion wherein lurks the danger. A slight sting is cured by bathing the part in a solution of carbonate of soda, which is to hand in almost every house. For a more serious bite, which leaves a large, blistering, red mark, bathing with lead water is the best cure.

Some people suffer from deafness whenever they bathe in the sea. This may be prevented by wearing ear-plugs of cotton-wool or other description.

A popular error is the idea that colds are never caught from sea water. This is quite a mistake, and Mr. Holbein insists upon the importance of a sharp rub down with a Turkish towel directly upon leaving the water. Then if you wish to obtain full benefit of your dip in the briny, follow this up with a sharp walk along the beach, without either shoes or socks, and finish off with a sun bath on the rocks.

HAMILTON BLAIR.

OLD CORRESPONDENCE.

SPILL not the wine in your ancestral cup:
Pluck not the flower sown on your father's grave!
They say that you should tear old letters up,
Yet still I save and save!

Old eyes, kind eyes look on me as I read;
Old words, old voices echo in my ears:
Even the smallest faded trivial screed
Grows hallowed in long years!

But if I were to live an age—why, then
I should be buried under written loads!
Houses in cities are too small for men
Who love their hearts' abodes!

VICTOR PLARR.

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STRONG MAC.

By S. R. CROCKETT.*

CHAPTER XL.

THE SHIEL OF THE BLACK WATER.

IT was to the Shiel of the Upper Airie, above the sullen muirland courses of the Black Water of Dee, that Roy McCulloch had withdrawn himself. To others his purpose might have seemed Quixotic and irrational. It was definite and clear to himself.

Said his father, who took, though quietly, the former view: "Lad, the jury of your countrymen and the guid word of a judge o' the land should be enough for you, as it was for me. But—let every man be fully persuaded in his ain mind."

It was his favourite Scriptural maxim, and further than that he made no attempt to influence his son. He silently accepted Roy's help at critical seasons of lambing or winter feeding. For to a vigorous moorsman like Roy, the distance was not great between Sharon McCulloch's property and the Shiel of the Black Water. So from that time forth Roy was constantly on the great wide-open world of the hills, lying out there so still with its face to the skies. Never had Adam McQuhirr, that excellent farmer, had such a herd as Roy was in these days. And, indeed, he often stated in company his admiration for the young man.

But Aline did not at all agree with his praises. She was silent under them. For to her Roy's fault was that he came no more to the cottage by the loaning-end, where he well knew that a welcome was waiting for him. Adora seemed to be fretting, or went about with a face proud or haughtily cold.

Was it not for the sake of Roy McCulloch?

At all events, Aline of the Silver Braids did not believe in any young man who had "made a practice o't" ceasing all at once to make visits of faith and loyalty, and performing no more his due feudal service to her beloved.

But up among the rocks and far yont the sinister gash of the Marches of Barnbarroch, Roy kept to his steadfast purpose. He had not ceased to love Adora Gracie. Having once begun, men like Strong Mac do not cease so long as the chest lifts with the breath-heave.

Roy McCulloch stood often at his door and looked in one direction. The Shiel was a little wooden house with a ridiculous chimney of granite and clay, weathered and imperfect, but the only built part of the rude shelter-hut. However, Roy had banked the walls up with stones and led a trench all round to draw off the surface water. There was no window in the Shiel, save a little pane of glass by the side of the fireplace, which at night could be secured in the inside by a stone that the present inmate had brought in from the moors and chipped square. Few were the men who could have lifted that stone into position every gloaming, as Roy did with one hand before he lit his lamp.

Not that he spent much time in his bothy, or lay down to sleep. When he did, it was usually after day had broken chill and grey over the long backs of the hills.

His two collies and his deerhound had followed him from the House of Muir, and now regularly patrolled the front of the Shieling during the time their master was asleep. Ailsa, the senior collie, a short-haired beast with quick intelligent eyes, cocked ears, and a head turned habitually to the side, could be trusted to take a letter down to Sharon at House of Muir. Roy folded and secured the missive about the dog's leathern collar, and then, pointing in the direction of House of Muir, he gave the talismanic words, "*Hame, Ailsa!*"

Whereupon Ailsa, who had followed every movement of her master with her eyes, would trot off across the yard with a sniff of contempt for her companions (useless four-legged things all unfit to be trusted with a letter). Then, once over the first dyke with some dignity, she made a bee-line for the heights—long whale-backed ridges, over which the boulders poked their noses, like Polar bears seen over the ice-floes—beyond which lay House of Muir and Sharon McCulloch waiting for his son's message.

Thus in the Shieling of the Black Water, Roy McCulloch fronted his problem, as once

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on a day, far down by the lilied waters of Lowran, Adora had wrestled with hers.

Morning after morning Roy McCulloch looked out upon that vast plain face of the moors, which yet for its lovers has as many and as great changes as the most beautiful Lowland country. This that he looked upon was scarred with cleuchs down which the water ran rustily red. It was rifted with black viscous cracks that would swallow a man or a horse as fast as any quicksand, if either had the misfortune to fall within. Farther away, Roy could see the moss-hags, pitted like the scars of small-pox here and there along the margin. But these were less lonely, for they told where men long dead and gone to dust had cut fuel to warm them and theirs through the frosts of forgotten winters. All around him, far and near, this world of the farthest uplands was sown with gigantic boulders, grey and water-worn, as if scattered from the pepper-pot of some careless Titan.

Young and lusty, though a trifle less self-confident than he had been, Roy went about among his sheep with no other defence than his strong arms and the fists which no one in his world would dare to encounter. Only sometimes at night, he would take with him a stout blackthorn cudgel, with which, once in time of need, he had felled a young bull to the ground with one blow.

Adam McQuhirr's sheep were his first care. But then he had been brought up among them, and he could do what work there was to do, and yet have most of the day and all the night for his own affairs. His eye, skilled as only that of the shepherd is, saw things naturally in "scores." If you had asked Roy how many peas were in a dish, or kirk-folk in a congregation, he would instantly have replied, "Oh, about six-score!" So not a sheep could absent itself from his colonies without leave; yet as he went his ways along the marvellous labyrinth of hill-tracks, only a few inches wide, worn by the constant trafficking of the little pattering "cloots" of the black-faced people, Roy's mind was on one thing only.

And that one thing—to his shame be it said—was not Adora, but that he might put a name and an end to the dangerous and mysterious Thing which had twice brought terror upon the land—and changed his life. Adora was Adora, but she was not for him—now, or perhaps ever. At any rate, Roy had this fixed in his mind—that while a single doubt remained in any mind as to his guilt in the matter of the death of Alexander Ewan, he would not soil any woman's good name by bringing it into connection with his own.

"Folly!" said his father. "Guilt!" cried his enemies. "Those strange unaccountable sulks that afflict all men!' thought, but did not say, Adora Gracie. But no one of these was even near the truth, least of all she who should have known him best. Less swift than Adora, but far more enduring and patient, Roy set himself to watch and, if need should be, to act on his own responsibility.

There was one spot well out on the ridges, from which, perilously balancing himself on a "logan," or rocking-stone, Roy could catch a glimpse beyond the wild Glen of Pluckamin, of the fair lowland breadths and sleeping waters of Lowran. And also—what, indeed, brought him daily to that spot—he could discern a certain speck of white upon a field of green, which was the cottage at the loan-end of Gairie, where Adora dwelt. He liked to come there and look, though there was a barrier between them—not of wide air-spaces, rifted glens, and still waters, white with anchored lilies, but that dread inexplicable Something that had wrecked his life and made him, while yet a young man, an outcast from the world.

Somewhere it was lurking there—the Thing. Roy was more and more sure of it. It had murdered Alexander Ewan—or, at least, slain him. Beast, was it, or man become even as the beasts? Something, at least, of dangerous and deadly there was, which had well-nigh also been the death of Sidney Latimer, which had done the deed of horror upon the boy Daid, and left Roy McCulloch without self-respect in his own eyes, or honour untarnished in the eyes of others.

It was small wonder, then, that with so much at stake, Roy's keen eyes perused that world of bog and bent and heather, under all changes by sun or moon and at all hours of the night and day. But for long he did so without any result.

The seasons passed in their order over the uplands. The winter grey and brown were invaded by the keen pale emerald of the water-plants along the "flowes," or dangerous shaking bogs. The heather tipped itself with viridian, and by the edges of the paths, and in all sheltered places, the hand of Spring set the small sweet grass-blades thick, ready for the ewes to convert into milk for their lambs.

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"Roy raised him in his arms."

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But upon the face of the upland world, the young man's keen and wary eyes could pick up no speck his brain could not account for. That black streak was where a rush of slaty shale had fallen during the night from the heights of Bennanbrack and scarred the sappy pastures beneath, always apple-green with the drip from the rocks. Yonder touch of fresh orange on the hillside was where a dog-fox, in quest of dead lambs, had begun to dig himself a shelter. Roy had heard him barking in the night, his passage sending Ailsa and her peers into a short-lived clamorous madness.

But one morning, in the time of the shortest nights, when the sun, rising by half-past three, found oftentimes hoar-frost on the heather and on the croziers of the uncoiling ferns, and seared them on the spot with his rays for sprouting untimely, Roy was returning to the Shiel of the Black Water after a long night of fruitless watching. He had lain with unshut eye on the lip of the cup which looks upon the Marches of Barnbarroch. All through the hours of darkness he had remained there. It was his favourite watch-tower on the moor. Yet not a harebell had moved, till the young grouse began to peep and chunner about him in the thick heather, and the peewits awoke to the fact that there was a stranger in the vicinage of their eggs, and forthwith chased him off their policies with clamorous cries, and much swift delusive flapping of broken wings.

A little sick with hope deferred, Roy was walking homeward somewhat carelessly—more so than was his wont—when all at once the sound of voices in anger caused him to drop to the earth with the swift instinct of hiding which, in these days, had become second nature to him.

Who could be in that wild place, at that early hour, speaking loudly and in anger? Roy was still well up on the ridges, but the sound certainly came from above him. The plain side of the fell spread away right and left, bare even of sheep. Only at one particular place a boiling cloud of the same irrepressible peewits, which had expressed their disapproval of his own presence, circled and swept over a dip in the long whale-back of the ridges.

"That is at the Dhu Loch," said Roy to himself, but speaking half aloud, as is the wont of men who hear few voices. And without stopping to think of danger or to argue with himself as to who might possibly be in that place at three in the morning, the young man took his way uphill with all the speed and caution he was master of.

Now, in the southern uplands of Galloway, which still lie bare, desolate, and remote as when Bruce hid in them, and will lie so till the Day of Judgment, there are many "Dhu Lochs." High among the summits and out on the rugged sides of the hills, you will come upon them unexpectedly. They are generally oblong in shape, and guard the reputation of being unfathomably deep. The water is a clear peaty brown in the palm of the hand; but looked at from above, it is black as ink.

It was to one of these that Roy made his way as he climbed. He had mounted the heights of the ridge, so, keeping cautiously to the left, he circled about so that the Loch would lie beneath him when he came in sight of it. Thus he would have the hill of what persons soever were holding altercation in that secluded spot at so untimeous an hour.

Cautiously he drew himself up till his chin and then his breast rested on the verge. The water was still hidden by a screen of heather thick and strong. He continued, however, to hear the angry voices, but they seemed, perhaps owing to the elevation at which he now lay, to be farther away. Roy put aside the heather with his hand and looked forth.

Beneath him, near enough, as it seemed, to flip a penny into, lay the Dhu Loch, a sheet of ink, motionless under the heavy sky of the morning. Pale-grey rocks of coarse-grained granite fended it about, and at the farther end two men stood facing one another with angry threatening gestures. One of them—the one with his face turned in Roy's direction—held a gun in his hand, which apparently the other had been trying to wrest from him. The man with the face still hidden from Roy was of a strange aspect, more like some beast risen on its hind-legs to engage in a death-grapple than a man made in the image of God.

"I will not—I tell you I will not!" cried the voice which Roy had heard before; "you shall not have the gun! We have had enough of blood!"

There ensued a hoarse growling snarl of anger, a quick leap—and lo! the man with the gun was pushed down, falling on his back with the misshapen inhuman creature on top of him. Instantly Roy McCulloch rose to his feet.

"Hold there!" he cried. And in a moment he had precipitated himself down the steep towards the farther end of the Dhu Loch, where, on a little green V-shaped pad

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of land the struggle was fast reaching its climax. At the moment when Roy shouted, a shot went off, the white smoke from the muzzle of the piece curling lazily up in the morning air. The creature took one swift frightened look over its shoulder, showing a mass of tangled hair, with scarcely any sign of definite features, and then with inconceivable rapidity rushed headlong down the slope. Roy hastened to aid the fallen man; and so rapid were the young man's movements, trained as he had been by weeks of exercise on the hills, that the reek of the gunpowder had not died away when he arrived upon the scene. The man's face was a little turned to the side into a bush of heather, but he was apparently uninjured. Indeed, as Roy raised him in his arms, he opened his eyes and presently staggered to his feet, holding his hand uncertainly to his head. The man was Jonathan Grier, the head-keeper on the Lowran properties. His first question was a curious one.

"Did you see him?" he asked.

"See him?" said Roy—"the man who attempted to murder you? Yes, I saw him!"

"Did you see his face?"

"Unfortunately not with any clearness. It did not look like a face," answered Roy. "But if you are better, I may catch him yet!"

The man gave a sigh, mingled of relief and pain, and sat down again.

"No, stay with me," he said. "It would be useless. He runs like a deer."

But without waiting his words, Roy had hastened to the top of the little gully down which the gamekeeper's assailant had precipitated himself with such incredible violence. There were marks of shod feet on the rocks and gravelly shale. Roy's trained eyes followed the line of flight. Already the man had put an almost unbelievable distance between himself and his pursuers. Roy made him out crossing with painful care the pale green scum of a flowe. Then, apparently on all fours like a beast—or, rather, squat like a crab or noxious creeping insect—he saw him clambering up the grey rumble of slaty *débris* which cumbered the mountainside. The fugitive kept a definite direction, probably towards some secret hiding-place.

Roy descended again to the edge of the Dhu Loch. The gamekeeper had to some extent recovered from his rough handling, but with his recovery his natural evil temper had also revived.

"It is as I told you!" he snarled. "Next time you will perhaps mind your own business! The man is gone, and there is an end of it."

"If I had minded my own business a few minutes ago," said Roy, somewhat nettled, "in all likelihood there would been an end of you, Jonathan Grier. You would have been dead and buried in a moss-hole."

"You mean you wish I had been," sneered the head-keeper. "Well, I am glad it is not so, for that would have prevented me from having the pleasure of being present at your hanging!"

"You did your best to hang me once," returned Roy quietly. "It is not likely that you will have another chance."

"Oh! as to that, I would not be too sure," retorted the keeper. "You run some remarkable risks, you McCullochs. This is your land, I believe; and even now it would be a pretty near thing for you if I were to report I had been attacked and well-nigh murdered under your very eyes."

"Yes," said Roy quickly, "at three o'clock in the morning."

The keeper looked up with a sudden frown. He understood the allusion.

"I have a right to be upon the muirs at any hour," he said sullenly enough. "I do not need to ask your leave. And more than that, my friend, it has been told to me that you have been manifesting a great interest in our Lowran properties. I will thank you to keep away from the Cleuch of Pluckam——"

"And also from the Marches of Barnbarroch, where your master was well-nigh murdered?" queried Roy, meeting him eye to eye.

The gamekeeper muttered something like an oath, but for a moment found nothing articulate to reply. When he spoke again, it was in a more reasonable tone.

"It would be as well if we could both agree to say nothing of this," he said. "It would only bring up old controversies, which you of all men have most cause to wish forgotten."

"Who was the man?" demanded Roy suddenly.

The gamekeeper shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

"Oh, some gipsy tramp, doubtless, or Irish rascal," he said. "There are too many of them about. It is the time of year when they hide away on the muirs in order to plunder the lowlands, and live on the whaups' eggs betweenwhiles. You know that as well as I."

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"At least I have seen none of them,"

said Roy calmly. "And I would ask one more question, if you will give me permission."

"Ask away."

"What did you mean when you cried out: 'I will not, I tell you! You shall not have the gun! We have had enough of blood'?"

Turning a shade paler and setting his mouth, the gamekeeper regarded Roy fixedly, as strong men do when they lie.

"I never said that," he said. "I never heard anyone else say it, either."

"I heard you, and knew your voice," Roy persisted.

"It is easy to hear what you want to hear," said the gamekeeper. "We are not all so bloody-minded as you McCullochs, who think of nothing else."

And without a "Thank you" for Roy's timely intervention, or even so much as a "Good day," Jonathan Grier took his gun and strode away to the south, keeping carefully to the open crown of the moorland, so that none could approach him unseen. He had loaded and primed his gun before he went. And Roy McCulloch went back to the Shiel of the Black Water, his mind filled with a new and surprising turmoil of thoughts. What had he learned? What did it mean? Was the mystery now more or less mysterious after what he had been witness of upon the hills by the Dhu Loch?

CHAPTER XLI.

THE HEART OF ADORA.

THINGS had on the whole turned out much as people had expected. In spite of the warning he had received, in spite of the narrow shave he had of it at the assizes, Roy McCulloch had not taken to reputable courses. He lived (so they said) in a lonely shieling among the hills, a mere shelter for fodder, that had been run up many years ago on a "led" farm which marched with his father's property.

A dreadful thing, surely, said the clash of the country, thus to leave "an aged parent" alone in that solitary place! But at House of Muir, needless to say, there was no such thought.

The McCullochs lived within themselves, self-contained, self-content, asking no man's opinion upon their actions, and sharing theirs with none. And the elder McCulloch, whatever his thoughts may have been as to the wisdom of his son's proceedings, was too old a campaigner to care whether he went or stayed. He granted that full liberty to others which through life he had so consistently claimed for himself.

The haunting terror which for months had brooded over the hills and valleys of middle Galloway little by little died away. Already Sandy Ewan's slaying became almost like a tale of long ago. Confidence was gradually re-established. Lovers again met in tryst at stiles into cornfields, or ran the risk of taking cold under the alder-trees on the meadow edges. It was no longer considered a dangerous thing to go alone to the byre for the cow-milking. The farm lads were not so particular to have company when they entered the stables to "supper the horse."

Yet there were some who remained alert—Roy McCulloch being the chief of these, in his lonely Shiel of Loch Dee, where he was left in charge of Adam McQuhirr's sheep on the Upper Airie, the farm which, after the death of Sandy Ewan, Aline's brother had taken up.

Also a certain deformed boy, now recovered from his "accident" and beginning to run about among the brackeny knowes and round the craggy hummocks at the back of the cot-house of Airie, had not forgotten—much less forgiven. Few in these days saw Daid McRobb face to face. Since he had been taken to the Circuit Court of Drumfern, something seemed to have weakened in his head. Even to Adam and Aline he was never quite the same again—as clever, certainly—but now shy as a wild wood-thing, ever ready to take to a tree or dart among the bushes, where he would lie, effaced and lost to any human sight as long as it pleased him.

Daid had long ago abandoned the garret chamber at Aline's, where he had lain so long. But whereas since the assizes he could no more be depended upon at meal-time in Aline's dainty parlour, food was conveyed to him three times a day in the barn of the Gairie farm. At first Adam's wife had been frightened and had forbidden his admittance within the stack-yard at all. But when she observed that this made little difference to Daid, who would just as lief climb in at a wicket, or lie hid among the piled straw or the machinery of the thrashing-mill, especially when her son Roderick began to play with curious wooden guns and cross-bows which had been made for him by Daid, her opinions changed, and now she would even take out to "the Dumbie," with her own hands, his morning platter of porridge,

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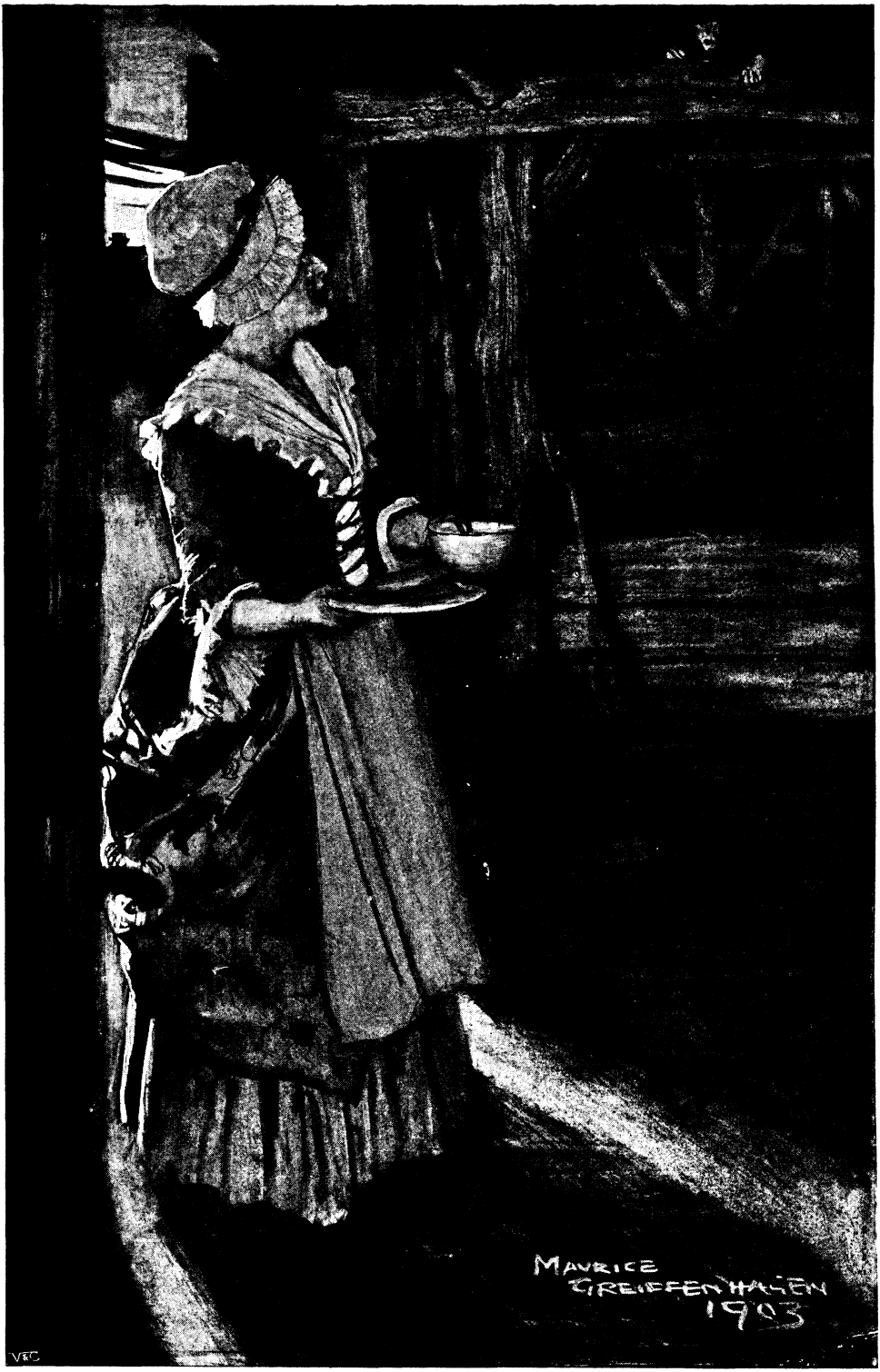

"'Daid—come out, good Daid!"

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or set apart for him in the milkhouse one of the great bowls of curds which he loved.

It was sometimes eerie work enough, however, to take such things to the barn—especially in the gloaming, when the sheaves had turned a deep brownish orange, when the shadowy beams overhead were purple black, and the door which opened out into the orchard gave upon a sea of blue swimming haze.

"Daid!" you would cry, with the bowl in one hand and the fresh supply of oat-cakes in the other, warm and crisp from the fire. He to whom you spoke could not answer you in words.

"Daid—come out, good Daid!"

Then, if the maimed boy were in good humour and nothing fretted, soft as a bat's wing fluttering against your cheek in the twilight, a dark form would appear by your side without a sound or a rustle. A hand pressed your arm in unspoken thankfulness, and, silent as a shadow shifting, the boy would disappear as he had come.

But it was otherwise if anything had ruffled him during the day, and any work done about his hiding-place tended to drive him crazy. At the sound of your calling, there would ensue, first silence, and then, if you persisted, a rustling as of rats among the straw of the great shadowy mow. If you called a third time, there would arise from you knew not where the strangest, faintest, unearthliest whinny of mingled protest of discontent, which, though you were brave as Wallace and of stature like unto Samson, sufficed to make you set down the bowl as quickly as possible upon the earthen floor, and take yourself off to the friendly ingleside of the farmhouse, brisk with the hither-and-thither of kitchen traffic and human with the hum of gossip.

To this rule, however, there are two exceptions. In his worst moods Daid would run like a dog to Adora's most distant call, and when none could find him about the outhouses of the Gairie, his sturdy protector, Adam McQuhirr, by whose grace he remained where he was, would go out with a lusty hail of "Daid, lad, come this meenit to your parritch, or by my faith! I'll be aff wi' ye the morn's mornin' to the Red Judge!"

Whereat, though he had lain safe in *cache* all day long, Daid would instantly appear, sitting astride on some outhouse rigging, or coming up through the shadowy orchard trees like a gigantic crab.

"Daft? Weel, maybe," the farmer of Gairie would say, in answer to some protestation against harbouring such "vermin" about his place, "daft—but no that verra daft! There's mony i' this parish wi' their names on the kirk-roll wha micht learn a lesson frae puir mishandled Daid! An' sae lang as the craitur does nae ill, and as lang as the breath o' life bides in Aidam McQuhirr, the hairmless bit thing will no want either bite or sup, an auld coat to cover his nakedness, and twa-three corn-sacks to keep him warm amang the strae o' the barn. And as for the farm-lasses bein' feared to gang their gaits for Daid, if nane o' the hizzies gang ony waur gate than Daid will lead them, there will be fewer mistrystin' jobs afore the Lowran Kirk-session, I wot! Hearken ye to that, ye hempies; it's your maister that's speakin!"

Thus there was for a time great quietness over the parish. The troubles of the past eighteen months had well-nigh been forgotten, except, perhaps, when the herds forgathered on the hill and passed the news, smoking their pipes at some dyke-back.

But, as has been said, there were two who knew that this peace was only on the surface. Roy McCulloch continued to dwell in the lone shieling by the lochside. Every night he took his way across the heather, and always in one direction—towards the Marches of Barnbarroch. And the reason why Daid slept so much in the barn during the day was that he, too, kept silent and sleepless watch, all night and every night, about the dwelling of Adam McQuhirr, and especially about the cottage at the end of the Gairie loaning.

These two knew, what most had forgotten, that the Terror still walked in darkness upon the moors of Lowran and Bennanbrack. They kept watch and ward, apart from each other and unknown to each other. Others might be troubled with a passing suspicion, which was as easily explained. For instance, when Sharon McCulloch lost an occasional sheep, he loaded his shot-gun and set it behind the door, or he took a walk with it under his arm up the waterside and among the heathery knolls where his flock was grazing on the short succulent hill-grasses, or, lower, with their heads down and only their rumps showing among the pretty waterside meadows.

But Sharon saw nothing, save on one occasion his son Roy, who came over the dyke like a deer whom the hunters pursue, and whose sharp signal whistle caused his father to throw up his gun just in time to escape a charge of shot that might have spoilt Roy's dyke-jumping for ever.

Sometimes also Adam McQuhirr grumbled

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that he had lost a sheep or two, but these were at his lower farm, and not among the flocks which were committed to Roy McCulloch's care. Nevertheless there were "Egypt folk about" to bear the blame, besides ex-soldiers returning from the wars, and harvestmen from Ireland, the straggling advance guard of the great August stream of scythemen going towards the English harvests.

"There is no saying," Adam truly remarked, "what is at the bottom o't. Ye see, there's a natural kindness atween a gaun body's hungry belly and an orra sheep aff the hill. We'll be findin' the skin an' ribs o' the puir beasts in some moss-hole, I'se warrant. But bless me! in my day I hae seen a man's neck in danger afore my Lords Justiciary, and it shallna be for the sake o' a bit wether or twa that Aidam McQuhirr will be the means o' bringin' ony mither's son to yon awsome place!"

Meantime, while these things, covert and overt, drew to a head in different parts of the parish of Lowran, Strong Mac lived alone with the wild birds and the sheep, nourishing his soul upon the Bible, the poems of Burns, the works of Shakespeare, and a curious book called "The Life of Samuel Johnson," by an author of whom Roy had never heard, but whom on one page he took for a genius and on the next for an idiot.

And Adora Gracie abode in the cottage with her father and Aline. The girl was in a strange frame of mind—fretful with others, sometimes even with Aline, inclined to snap her father into silence when he began his interminable moralisings. Adora was sick, that was clear, and there was none to diagnose the trouble that was upon her.

Certainly she could not do it herself. Aline, with all a gentle woman's penetration, lacked experience and was equally at fault. Adora tried a book—several books. But with all her clearness of vision and analytical power, she had not Roy's stolid masculine endurance of the dull drift of days, the useless reduplication of hours without object or solace save the slow boom of the spinning-wheel. She had no use for these things now. Her soul took no pleasure in them.

Even the prospect outside offended her. The same dull humps and hillocks to be seen from the door—the gleam of silvery water, the waterlilies white and golden in the little cove into which the Pluckamin water brought down the granite sand, the blue barrow of Ben Gairn asleep on the horizon. It might be a fair place, yet to the heart of the sick girl its very beauty was an offence. Surely, after all her labour, she had not deserved to be left thus? She had broken prison-bands. Roy McCulloch was free. Sidney Latimer had done her will. Her calculations had met to a hair's-breadth. All had gone as she had hoped, and yet she was not content. Had she not argued the matter out? Had she not seen the end from the beginning? Did she not resolve that she would keep Sidney Latimer at a distance during the voyage, and set Roy McCulloch in his own place upon her return? She had set out to prove to these two that there was something better, something higher than what was called love—the friendship between men and women which is able to say: Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther, and here shall thy proud swelling waves be stayed!

Though she did not know it, Adora was working out an old, old sum, and it was pride that had made her go wrong from the start. For Love is humility. It is not heralded by drums or the sound of a trumpet. Seldom, even, does it come with observation. Love in the heart of man or woman is not magnificent, imperial, all-conquerant. Neither, on the other hand, can it be logically apportioned beforehand, resolved upon with exactitude, fenced about with clipped hedges and formal pales. Least of all (as old Francis Roos, in his "Version of the Psalms in Metre" hath it), is love to be treated

> *. . . . . like the horse or mule*
> *Which do not understand;*
> *Whose mouth, lest they come near to thee,*
> *A bridle must command.*

The door of Love's palace is low. And those who enter there must go upon their knees.

CHAPTER XLII.

"HOLD YOUR TONGUE, WOMAN!"

ALINE saw the girl's trouble, and her nature, softly persistent and clinging like her native mists, reached out to find a remedy.

Comfort more than comparative had come to the little house at the loaning-end. Captain Ebenezer's steadfast resolution to receive no farthing of passage-money had kept intact the proceeds of the schoolhouse sale. As of yore, Adora's industry as a spinner was the pride of the village. Work flowed in, and it was one of Adam McQuhirr's crosses that she would take from him no

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more than the statutory price. But, in a hundred ways, laboriously kept secret, the good man saw that the difference was more than made up to Aline and, through her, to Adora.

Nevertheless Aline's mind, anxiously on the track of her friend's unhappiness, traversed the whole field of (unwedded) human experience in search of a cause. But how should she succeed when Adora herself had failed ?

The truth was that of a long season Adora had attempted the impossible. A man, when Love is on his probation, may for a time remain in a pleasing state of uncertainty as to which of two girls he is in love with. But from the start a woman must make no mistake, or there will be trouble. For her there are no provisional allotments, no First Offenders' Act, no essays without prejudice. That is, for a good woman, to whom love is not all self-love, and whose idea of sacrifice is not that others must be sacrificed to herself.

But Adora had frankly attempted the impossible. Without the least coquetry, she had tried to treat Roy and Sidney with an absolute equality. Nay, more and worse, she had attempted to keep them equal in her own thought—a thing which no woman can do for a day when two men are in the balance-scales of her favour.

Nevertheless the girl had a heart, and the time was coming when that heart would take the reins from her head and carry her whither it would. But, though near, the time was not yet.

* * * * *

It was the centre of many things, that cot by the wayside, white and quiet, Aline's innate delicacy showing even in the creepers upon the wall. In the "ben" room, an old man was reading; in the "but," a girl spinning and spinning on with a far-away look in her eyes. She was thinking as she span. Aline of the Silver Hair went to and fro, thinking also. The floors, "but" and "ben," were scoured like a dining-table. The very flat-irons and "gauffres" for Aline's sweet box-pleated "mutches" shone like jewellery on the walls. Through the windows came in the peace of valley and the spread of hill. There was peace in the sunshine about the cottage of Gairie, a Sabbath rest in the air.

Yet the universe of Lowran, its strange histories and tragedies centred and circled about that little home at the end of the Gairie loaning, where, to all outward appearing, Peace dwelt as of vested right.

It was the deepest drowse of the summer afternoon—July from verge to verge. The little house sat as sweetly, sunning itself among its flower-pots and clambering white Ayrshire roses, as if it, too, were wont to be visited as only a larger honey-bloom by the wandering bee-folk on their quests. Two women came round the turn of the Great House avenue and so down the brae in the direction of Lowran. But they had not the intention of entering the village. Their path led through the rustling green silences of the policies and so ultimately in the direction of the Gairie.

As they came, they talked one to the other. "It is a hard thing for a lad's mither to do," said the Lady Lowran to her companion, "hard, indeed, Purslane. You that have neither kith nor kin—neither ancient name nor——"

Purslane stirred uneasily, sighed vaguely, and laid this away with all the other spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes. She did not even answer—a rare virtue with Purslane.

"But they tell me—I have it from the best authority, that Balgracie is a fine place, and a brave stocking-foot of siller the auld laird had. They say, too, that the young laird made mony a pickle—no that he was sae muckle younger than yoursel', Purslane. But this was the way o't—the way that sic a wealth o' siller cam' into the Hoose o' Balgracie, and the way, too, that the Balgracies are some far-off kin to oursel's, the Latimers o' Lowran."

Whereat Purslane sighed, a little wearily. She had heard the way o't so often during these last days, with all the *pros* and *cons* discussed and digressed upon a dozen times over. But her mistress was accustomed to deal faithfully with all the world, except only her son, and now she noticed at once her companion's unwillingness to listen.

"Of course," she added with a certain tartness, "it couldna be expectit! It's only a woman o' family that cares to keep mind o' sic things. But ye are paid to listen, and hearken ye shall. In the auld days, there was a Balgracie o' Balgracie that married wi' a Latimer o' Lowran—weel, maybe no exactly the Lowran stock, but the Threep-ma-Thrapple branch—whilk, ye ken, are nearly as guid. For it was Latimer o' Threep-ma-Thrapple that gied the second Chairles a leg up the tree after Worcester day, and wha has the preevilege o' haudin' the King's

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"The old lady stamped her foot and, catching her companion by the arm, shook her."

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stirrup to this day ilk time his Majesty gangs by Threep-ma-Thrapple liggate. And the last wha gat the leg up was that blessed and high-mighty potentate, the present Prince Regent. He was gaun by Threep-ma-Thrapple on his errands (some o' them gye queer yins), and there was oor cousin Threep at his yett. Sae he asked the Prince to come in and taste a drappie. And his Highness seeing Threep's dochter, a bonny bit thing, juikin' ahent his shoulder, thought that maybe he micht do waur. And when he was ready to gang on again, there was Threep ready to haud his royal stirrup, according to the auld tenure o' his ancestors' lands. But when Threep, wha ye ken, is as roond-bellied like a Yester pear, an' gye short i' the puff, gied the hoise to put his Majesty — his Highness, I mean—i' the saddle, the Prince Regent, wha is nae licht wecht, brak through and cam *ker-whallop* to the grund! And ere he gat gathered up, a' his lords cam' rinnin' to help him, and there was puir Threep standing wi' his mooth open like a roan pipe in a drought, no kennin' what to do! And says his Highness to him, says he: 'Laird o' Threep-ma-Thrapple, if your ancestor had gi'en mine nae better a leg up on the day o' Worcester fecht, its little likely that I wad hae been here this day! Fetch me a kitchen chair!'

"Though Guidness kens what he had to do wi' the maitter! For there's precious few draps o Stuart bluid in him, or ony amang the crew o' them!"

To this interesting family reminiscence Purslane had appeared to listen with her usual attention. It was not more than the five-hundredth time she had heard it, and she would dearly have liked to ask at what date his Royal Highness the Prince Regent was in Scotland, but instead she only interjected a question designed to bring Mrs. Latimer's scattering ideas to a point.

"And sae ye hae made up your mind that Sidney shall mairry the Dominie's lass?"

This was said sadly and dispassionately, with the air of one washing his hands of innocent blood in the sight of the people. The old Lady of Lowran tossed her head.

"Purslane," she said irritably, "it's little that ye ken aboot the anxieties o' a mither, wi' a son o' auld descent and landed estate, wide in acres, but sair shrunken in siller an' consequence, though by nae faut o' his——"

"Then I tak it," rasped Purslane, "that Sidney Latimer o' Lowran is to mairry the dochter o' the drucken Dominie wha was pitten oot o' his place for bein' incapacitate before the Presbytery. Weel, mistress, I'm but a puir body, I ken, and as ye say, hae nae landed estate. But I hae my ain proper pride, and I wad raither see my son, if I had yin, bendin' his back in a ditch—aye, or wi' a musket ower his shooder, mairchin' again' the enemies o' his country, than that ony bairn o' mine should sae sair bemean himsel' to mate beneath his degree!"

This fixed in the moment the determination of the Lady of Lowran.

"Purslane," she cried, "ye are an insolent ill-bred woman, and as soon as ever we enter the door o' Lowran Hoose, ye shall get your fee and your leave! The maid is a guid maid. Naebody has a word to say again her. She it was that, o' her ain accord, thinking hersel' to be but what she seemed to be, forbade my son the door, and has keepit him to his word—what think ye o' that?"

"What think I o' that?" cried Purslane sarcastically. "I think that in my young days that was the very way to mak a man think three times mair o' a woman than he did before! But I'm auld, and I am stupit (or ye gie me the name o't), and maybe lassies that cunningly flout and men that foolishly follow are changed since then. Hech, sirs! it will be a sair change in Lowran. But withoot doot ye ken best. Ye are the mistress, and wha else should ken if ye dinna?"

"Purslane, the like o' ye for impertinence I never did see!" cried the old lady. "I forbid ye to speak o' my dochter-in-law—in ony siccan fashion——"

"Bide a wee," said Purslane, mildly persistent. "Surely ye will gie the lass the chance of sayin' 'No'? But maybe that is altered, too. There's heaps o' new fashions since you and me were young."

Mrs. Latimer disdained this, her mind being occupied with higher things.

"And ye wad venture to suppose that a maid wi' siccan a reputation, and clever, that has ga'en a' the road to Spain to bring a puir lad hame to his mither and his duty—and after bidin' wi' him in the same ship for weeks, will no mairry him when he speers her? Certes, she'll be prood to get the chance."

"Ay," said Purslane drily; "she fetched him hame, truly; but it was to save another man's neck."

The old lady stamped her foot and, catching her companion by the arm, shook her with a senile outbreak of temper.

"Hear ye!" she cried. "Gang hame wi' ye

and bide till I come to pay ye your wage. I'll hae nae mair to do wi' a woman that can think siccan thochts. Back wi' ye!"

"No one foot, mistress," said the indomitable Purslane. "Mistress Latimer, ye are not fit to bring hame a dozen o' hens' eggs in a basket, let alane a wife to your son. When ye gang hame, I will gang. Neither later nor earlier. And after that we can talk o' feein' and leavin'."

The Lady of Lowran, recognising the futility of prolonging the discussion on the very threshold of the cottage of Aline McQuhirr, contented herself with saying: "Noo, hear ye this, Rebecca Purslane; ye hae had your say. I hae borne your ill-regulated tongue, speaking concerning things that ye ken naething aboot. Noo, either bide here by the dykeside, or, if ye come ben where I am to speak my mind for my son's honour and happiness, *hold your tongue, woman!*"

And as she turned to tap genteelly within Aline's rose-shaded porch, be it recorded that the obedient Purslane took her mistress at her word, and held her tongue with the tips of her finger and thumb, while, under the pretext of adjusting her dress, her feet beneath the widow's weeds danced a little contumelious dance, quite unbecoming her years and general deportment.

CHAPTER XLIII.

BALGRACIE OF BALGRACIE.

"MADAM, your servant. Will you be pleased to enter?"

Aline's greeting, chill, yet full of the simple equality which a consciousness of good family lends to the demeanour, was mixed with just the right amount of Scottish deference to the feudal superior on whose lands she lived. Still there was a ring of defiance in the old lady's voice which passed unnoticed save by Adora, who was listening from within to the unwonted sound of visitors at the cottage door.

The girl was at her work as they entered. The window stood open, and the air came pleasantly off the water. Aline had been about to make the tea, and the lid of the caddy was raised. "The mortal sin" was what Adora called it. For upon some consciences, tea bought at a price above the means of their possessors can weigh heavier than all the Law and the Prophets. Blessed in the last days shall these be! And Aline carried her tea-caddy, honestly and simply, "to a throne of grace," as something which might affect her eternal future.

"*Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.*"

Donald Gracie was supposed to be reading, but he had dozed over, with the easily coming, easily disturbed sleep of old age. The steady *whoo-whoo* of Adora's spinning-wheel was the music that soothed him, and he awoke from dreams of walking hand in hand with one long dead, by the rivers of water. It was beside the Water of Leith that he and she had walked, that landlady's daughter who had cost him so much. But in his dream the frowsy froth of Canonmills again ran crystal-clear over sands of silver, the trout swam red-speckled in the amber pools, while from the green bank they watched them hand in hand, he and the landlady's daughter—over whose head the twenty-year-old turf was growing.

Small wonder that Donald Gracie woke up with a start, or that the book slipped from his knee. He was young Donald Balgracie again, and in the moment his ancient manner returned to him. He rose and, setting chairs for the ladies, stood erect before them till they were seated. Then he remembered that he was in Aline's cottage, and he turned to her apologetically. But the old gentlewoman had vanished. For the request of the visitors had been that they might see Mr. Balgracie and his daughter.

Aline went out and sat on the knoll behind. But even through the bright haze of the summer afternoon, a vague uneasy feeling of being secretly watched drew her down to the roadside, along which the hay-carts were passing, and she could hear the men chattering to the girls on the hayricks down in the meadow. But she kept far enough away from the cottage, for Aline was no keyhole-listener.

Within, Adora had simply ceased her toil upon their entrance, accepting the compliments of the Lady of Lowran with a bow. If her father had forgotten the road from the House of Muir and the words that had been spoken there, she, for one, had not. The Cleuch of Pluckamin rose before her, and she heard the words: "You—you alone have bewitched him! He left me to seek the Strange Woman! Give him back to me!"

So Adora bowed, as only a woman on the defensive can bow to another. And she stood still in her place by the window, waiting. Whenever it was a matter of the head,

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none was more completely armed at all points than Adora Gracie. She was not excited by her unusual visitors. Her pulse went never a beat the faster. She was not even angry, for anger mars the judgment. Behind the smooth young brow, Adora's brain lay cool and ready, and her lips never so much as paled, only firming themselves a little to speak to the enemy in the gate.

It was otherwise with the Lady of Lowran. Her brain was perverse, her will contrary, her judgment *nil;* but within her she had a woman's heart, with all its strengths and weaknesses. And so in a way she was Adora's match and more. Instinctively, therefore, she took the only line with the girl that would have compelled her to listen to Sidney Latimer's mother with any degree of sympathy or even patience.

The Lady of Lowran began in that clear semi-Biblical English which Scots folk of every degree still used on any occasion recognised as important. "I beg you to listen to me for a moment," she said. "I have spoken things which are beyond pardon. But I was a woman—out of myself, seeking a son lost to me, an only son, in whom was my life. I do not ask you to pardon, but only to forget—to pass from them. At such times one is apt to speak words that are but as wind. Let them be as wind—and forgive an old woman!"

This was said with considerable dignity, and it was Donald Gracie who answered.

"I am not aware," said the old Dominie courteously, "to what madam refers."

It was the simple truth, but Mrs. Latimer took it for the natural refinement of the born gentleman—a quality which, truth to tell, it would have been long before she had noticed in humble Donald Gracie, the village schoolmaster.

"It is good of you to say so," said the Lady of Lowran; "but only what I would have expected from Mr. Balgracie of Balgracie."

At the word the Dominie half rose from his chair, while his face flushed up with a strange scared look.

"Madam," he began, his voice suddenly tremulous, "you have addressed me by a name which—a name I do not claim any connection with. My name is Gracie. May I ask who informed you that I—that the name you used——?"

Rapidly increasing agitation did not permit him to finish his sentence. Adora moved to his side and made him sit back in his armchair.

"You forget—I heard you state the fact yourself, Mr. Balgracie," said the old lady. "But, truth to tell, we were all of us somewhat out of ourselves on that occasion, and maybe more was said than you or I would care to stand by. At least, I speak for myself. Let that go. But pardon me if, in calmer mood, I ask whether you are indeed Donald Balgracie, the son of sometime Archibald Balgracie of Balgracie, and the brother of the late William Balgracie of that ilk?"

The eyes of the old Dominie flashed fire. He rose, tremulously holding on to the arms of his chair and steadying himself by the mantelpiece.

"*The late?*" He almost screamed the words. "Did you say 'the late' William Balgracie of Balgracie?"

Mrs. Latimer nodded with the satisfied air of one who is the first to convey an important piece of news.

"William is dead—my brother William!" he said. Then with a spasm of remembrance transported from days very far in the past, he murmured: "He was kind to me—sometimes. He cut me switches out of Balgracie Wood. They were of willow, and I wanted them to play horses with."

"But, sir, I do not think that you yet understand fully the position of affairs," said Mrs. Latimer. "I have under my hand a letter from a lawyer in Edinburgh, which says that your brother William died without heirs, and that you——"

She, in her turn, did not get time to finish. The Dominie suddenly shot erect. The bent old shoulders straightened themselves. The head was thrown back, and the nostrils filled out.

"Then *I* am Balgracie of Balgracie," he said. And letting go the arm of his chair, he paced the floor of Aline's little "ben" room with some of the *verve* of youth suddenly come back to his shrunken form. Then, as rapidly recalling himself, he asked the ladies' pardon with a pleasant antique grace.

"When these things arrive late to a man," he said, smiling, "they make him forget his manners. I hope" (he added the words with his hand upon his breast) "that on a future occasion I may have the pleasure of receiving you elsewhere—more fittingly—in the home of my ancestors—if, upon a fitting occasion, you will do me that honour."

Then it was that Adora interposed, speaking for the first time.

"You are sure, madam," she said, "that

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"He rose and, setting chairs for the ladies, stood erect till they were seated."

what you say is true? Otherwise it were cruel to play with the weaknesses of an old man. Neither of us has heard anything of this; but if you will state plainly what you know to me, I shall be deeply grateful to you."

The old lady took from her pocket a letter.

"My glasses, Purslane," she said, searching in her side-pocket. She had to pull up her stiff skirt of flowered silk to do it, and as she groped vainly, Adora felt the first kindly human feeling come into her breast towards

the woman who in her hour of pain had most deeply insulted her.

But the glasses were not to be found, and so Mrs. Latimer was compelled to relate generally the purport of the lawyer's letter to whom she had applied for information. It ran as follows: Mr. William Balgracie was dead. He had lost a great deal of money in his latter days through unfortunate speculations, and it was believed that he had to some extent impaired the estate which his father had transmitted to him; but as to that, nothing definite was yet known. He had lived a very strange irregular life, and had died intestate. Heirs had been advertised for, but so far none had been forthcoming. However, if Mrs. Latimer knew of anyone likely to benefit, they should apply at once to Messrs. McKnight and McMath, Writers to the Signet, at their office in Parliament Close, Edinburgh.

Adora heard as it were with enchanted ears, that took in the words, but left the meaning knocking vainly without. Even then it was to her as a tale that is told. "Balgracie of Balgracie," and her father strutting about as if the word were but an appendage of the family name! Nevertheless she had a question or two to ask. And first of all, one of her father.

"Is aught of this true, father?" she said. "And if so, why have you never told me?"

The Dominie hung his head, suddenly halted in mid-stride.

"There were reasons. You were very young," he said. "And afterwards you did not believe when I told you. *I do not blame you!*"

He sighed as he uttered the last words.

"Then you are really a rich man's son," she continued, "and may be heir to an estate?"

"If this be true, as there seems no reason to doubt, I am both," said the Dominie, not without a certain dignity. He had never expected it; but now, when the thing came upon him in a moment, everything seemed as if it could not have happened otherwise.

Then there flashed through Adora's heart a strange mixed feeling. If it were so, if they were indeed rich—and a little would be riches to her—she could repay Aline. She could make it up to Captain Sinclair, to the brave Adam. She could take Daid away from all the trouble and provide for him a new life—somewhere where he could be cared for, and not let run wild like a beast on the hills.

There remained Sidney Latimer and Roy McCulloch.

Ah! what of them? What difference would her father's position and her heirship (the word was as strange to Adora as the thing) have on these two? First of all, and she thought it as she looked at his mother, it would put her on an equality with Sidney Latimer. The reason she had given for Sidney not visiting at her father's house would immediately disappear. Difficulties would be resolved. But did she wish them to be removed? Ah! there was the question.

Remained Roy McCulloch. What of him?

And at that moment something sent a sudden chill shudder through Adora's body. At every step she was being forced nearer the parting of the ways. And one of the roads seemed easy and open — that which led directly to the Great House of Lowran.

But the other? Ah! that was harder; but there were heartsome blinks upon it, too, sunlight and shadow cunningly intermixed, drifts of shower and bursts of glorious light. The wide arch of the sky was lifted above it. The path led over purple moors on which one could breathe, and a man used to walk by her side along it—one whose presence she had never yet lacked, yet never been grateful for, all her life. That road, which now seemed to be barriered against her, led to the House of Muir.

And lo! for the first time, the girl's heart threatened to overwhelm her head in a tide of feeling she had never known the like of before. A voice she had never heard began to speak with her, somewhere deep down, and would not be put to silence.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE NAME.

THE Lady of Lowran and her far-seeing companion Purslane took the way homeward through the warm mid-afternoon silences. About them the broad skirts of the avenue trees spread like crinolines, already losing their first spring freshness of attire, and taking on the dull sage-green which is the livery of fullest midsummer.

They did not talk much. Purslane was inly pleased with the success of her manœuvres, and now occupied herself in pretending the necessary sulks. At the first clash of eyes the Lady of Lowran had recognised that with Adora as Sidney's wife, she would have one at Lowran who would meet and possibly

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master her at her own weapons. But was it equally certain that even if Sidney asked, Adora would accept him? Ah! Mrs. Latimer was a fond mother, and the thought that any woman born of woman could long resist her son had not once occurred to her.

To Purslane and her mistress thus progressing silently homeward there entered a third—a woman who rushed distracted through the brushwood and burst upon them with flying footsteps and the crashing of underbrush. The Lady of Lowran and Purslane started back. The companion screamed. And small wonder. For it was a time when the aftermath of legend concerning undiscovered crime still predisposed the more nervous sex to scream a little when a plate dropped or a rabbit scatted quickly across the path in front of them.

"Quick, quick! Come with me!" cried the woman. She was panting, her hands on her breast. "I was sent to fetch you. Jonathan must speak with you. He is dying."

And in her haste and eagerness she clutched Purslane's arm a little above the wrist.

"Hands off an honest man's wife!" cried the widow. "I have heard of you, woman! What has happened to Jonathan Grier? Answer me!"

For the moment the woman, a dark gipsy-faced quean, on the borderland between reckless youth and battered womanhood, took no notice of the insult.

"Ay," she said, looking at the pair before her, "and ye'll be Mistress Latimer o' Lowran. I have been at the House to seek ye. They sent me here. Come wi' me. Jonathan is dying, I tell ye. He has had a stroke, and he canna die easy till he has spoken with you—with you first, mistress, and with your son afterwards. He bade me bring ye baith."

"Who are you, woman?" demanded the Lady of Lowran, "and what have you to do with Jonathan Grier?"

"What has any woman to do with a dying man," cried the woman with some point, "but to bring him that which will let him die happy, without the guilt of blood on his soul? But, if the thing concerns you, my name is Lizbeth Dearborn."

The face of the Lady of Lowran whitened, but all the same she turned at the word, and the three women took their way hurriedly through the policies towards the cottage of the chief gamekeeper. Poor Lizzie Dearborn, the bunch of tashed ribbons in her lustreless black hair waving this way and that in mockery, would run a little way on in front; and then, as if bound by a promise not to return without her companions, she would turn back again to hasten their march.

Jonathan Grier's cottage was placed in a retired part of the Lowran policies. A high wall, all that remained of the enclosure of the former deer-park, protected it on one side. Behind, a great sombre clump of spruce firs cast a blue-black barrier of shadow. The river ran in front and made a pleasant murmuring, if the three women had had any ears wherewith to listen to the summer silences. Dragon-flies darted hither and thither, the red and the green together, in matrimonial and artistic complement, and also, lower down on the water-edge, the blue and the orange.

Everywhere without was the still indifferent beauty of Nature; within, a man suddenly stricken down in his pride and sufficiency. Ageing a little, but still prodigal of strength, Jonathan Grier had in a moment fallen helpless, as if the finger of God had touched him. In the simple, terrible speech of the place and time, he had "had a stroke."

It was his left side, and there was little hope, the doctor had said. But he must speak to the Lady of Lowran, he himself reiterated even to weariness, otherwise he could not die at ease. The gamekeeper was lying on a bed, roughly undressed, the coarse day-shirt he had had upon him cut away from the neck. But the sheet that was drawn across his breast was clean and cool—an island of freshness in that chamber of guns and pipes and masculine disarray. Over the mantelpiece a cheap looking-glass bought at a fair, and framed in gaudy ribbons, obtruded a strange note of discordant colour. There was also a fiddle, with all the strings broken, hanging against the wall; but the case was smashed, as if someone had put his foot through it in a fit of anger or drunkenness.

"Set the leddies chairs, Lizzie," said the sick man, in that strange whisper which the dying use—hoarse, and yet restrained, as if there were someone waiting in the next room whom they did not wish to summon too quickly. "Noo gang oot, Lizzie, but bide by the door. Let nane come in."

"God be thankit! here's the maister! They hae keepit their word and sent for him," said Lizzie Dearborn at that moment. And, indeed, it was Sidney Latimer who passed the window as she spoke.

"Well," he said to the woman, with a reassuring briskness which his countenance belied, "what is the matter with Jonathan? I heard he had a bad turn in the woods—a

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touch of the sun, likely. Has the doctor been here? Is he well enough to see me?"

The woman did not answer, but motioned the laird with her hand to enter.

"Mother!" he cried, seeing Mrs. Latimer sitting by the bedside, with Purslane somewhat nearer the door on the other side.

Mrs. Latimer made a gesture requiring silence; Jonathan Grier was struggling for utterance; Sidney Latimer, instantly recognising that the gamekeeper's case was far more serious than he had anticipated, went softly up to the bed. The sick man moved his hand in instinctive salute. It was the habit of a lifetime.

"I hope this is nothing—that you will be about again in a day or two," said the young man. Jonathan Grier smiled bitterly.

"Better—yes, better than the other!" he murmured, still in that same low, hoarse whisper. Then with a sudden movement he thrust his contorted face forward. "Better than to go about kennin' that there may be a knife waiting for ye ahint every dyke. Better—aye, better a heap than that!"

"What is it, Jonathan?" said his master gently. "What has been disturbing you?"

"Have I been a faithfu' servant to you and yours—ay or no? Answer me that," said the gamekeeper.

Sidney nodded. Sometimes, indeed, he thought Jonathan Grier's fidelity to the family might have been even in overplus.

"I have striven to serve you according to the thing I could," he continued. "At times, maybe, wrongously. But—when I'm ga'en, I hae ae thing to ask o' you, Sidney."

"And what is that?" said the young man, in his quietest tones, for he feared what he was about to hear.

"Ye saw that lass at the door?" said the stricken man. "Ye hae seen her afore. She has her fauts, Guid kens, and a' folk hereaway ken them. But dinna ootcast her a'thegither. That helps neither man nor woman, least o' a'—woman! Mony is the time puir Leezie has saved me frae death. Even noo she is watchin' oot yonder amang the black spruces, that I may hae time to speak the word in peace to you, and at the last mak a gentle end.

"Ay," he said, repeating himself as if the words pleased him, "mak a gentle end. No that I deserve it. I had as guid a mither as ony in the land—ye mind her, mistress? She aye thocht mickle o' you. And at schule I was a brave guid learner, and juist special in the Scriptures o' the Auld and New Testaments. I could spell every word in the Buik frae ledd to ledd!* Ay, I could spell Maher-shalal-hash-baz, and be never feared. An', Lord! when I think on't, mickle guid it has done me. And then a' the texts I learned never gied my conscience the skart o' a preen. The ministers preach that they do, and maybe it's true wi' some folk. A' I can say is, me they never bothered. *Na, no even noo!* Though 'gin there were time I could gie ye rare blauds o' Scripture, frae 'In the beginning' to yon awsome bit i' the Revelation about the dogs and the idolaters and the murderers bein' sent withoot——!

* * * * *

"Open the window, sir, an it please ye. I can see the well frae here. Thank ye. There was a troot that loupit. Did ye notice? That's Tailie. I caa'ed him that because he has a split tail like a blackcock. I wadna put him an ounce under a pund and a half—a grand troot, Tailie! But it's no worth buskin' a flee for him the day, sir; the water is ower clear for him to tak. But if ye were keen o't and if there was a chance, it wad be wi' the Grey Drake that ye wad nick him."

So the gamekeeper wandered on, passing from one thing to another, no one daring to interrupt him.

"Ay, it's fell bonny," he whispered, shading his eyes from the light to look out of the window; "and if a' tales be true, it'll be ocht but bonny where I am gaun. *Speak wi' the minister?* Na, I thank ye, sir. A heathen man hae I leevit for fifty odd years on the earth, and what for should I mak a mock and an insult o' the Almichty to His face, and me to stand afore Him maybe before the sun is set? Na, na, I thank ye, sir. It's kindly thocht, I'm no denyin'—and the custom o' the countryside. Forbye the doctor is a very decent man and a guid curler. Though he can fish nane—and I quastion whether he kens the way to heeven a whit better than me. Na, na; as the tree faa's, sae maun it lie. The Buik I learned frae as a laddie says sae. And Jonathan Grier has fa'en—aye, fa'en as an auld aik faa's i' the saft land o' the forest—that has a brave spread aboon, but nae grip beneath. And sae maun he lie—sae maun he lie!"

After this the gamekeeper remained silent for a while, till Sidney Latimer, fearing that he might not have time to speak at all what he had on his mind, ventured to remind him that there was something which he had desired to tell them.

The gamekeeper put the hand which was

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* *I.e.*, board to board.

"'Write, sir, write!'"

yet untouched of the paralysis to his brow. Then taking it down, he looked at it curiously and long.

"It is clean," he said thoughtfully, "thank the Lord—clean o' the shedding o' bluid. Yet it has been sair entangled wi' the bluid-shedder. I am no denyin' that. Yet will I not tell you his name—lest my

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curse, the fear I hae carried in my heart every hour and day, pass to you. Yes, I am the man wha, at Drumfern Assize, wadna declare Roy McCulloch guiltless of the bluid of Muckle Sandy Ewan. Yet I kenned different. There is paper on that shelf. There—the powder-flask is lyin' on it. *Ink?* There's some i' the trance—no, in the aumrie. Ye hae a pen? Then write as I bid ye, for ye are a lawyer, or should be, and I will sign—a' but the name—I canna tell the name. I maun mak shift to write the name mysel' on a place apart. And after I am deid, ye shall gie it to the Sherra, and he will richt the innocent. For Roy McCulloch is an innocent man, and was righteously acquitted, though I wadna gie my voice for him. But I hae paid for it since—oh, that wullcat! that ettercap! that son o' perdition! That ever I had ocht to do wi' him! I had been a deid man lang syne, had it no been for poor Lizbeth there—Lizbeth Dearborn, that ilka body can find a stane by every dykeside to throw at.

"*Write, sir, write!*

"I, Jonathan Grier, gamekeeper upon Lowran for thirty years, being about to die and gangin' fast to my account, but wishing no back-castings when I am gane, do hereby declare (that's the lilt o't?) that Roy McCulloch is guiltless of the death of Alexander Ewan, though I held to the contrar' in the jury-chamber at Drumfern. And it happened this wise and no other.

"Sandy Ewan was angered at Roy McCulloch, and me and Anither saw our chance to wile the siller oot o' him. (Eh! but he was the bitter weed, Muckle Sandy!) He wad pay to hae Roy McCulloch charged wi' sheep-stealin', and either hung or transported. Weel, we managed to get Roy pitten' i' the gaol; and when that was dune, we were to gang and claim the first o' the siller frae him. Sae it was me that listened at the room door in Boreland, a loaded gun in my hand, wi' Dickie Dick and his mate lyin' tremblin' in the next chaumer till they shook a' the hoose, as weel we kenned, for we had seen them gang in. A guid job it was for them that they werena called upon. Then Muckle Sandy put us aff wi' fair promises. He hadna the siller—anither time—the job wasna finished yet. So, seein' that nocht was to be made o' him there, wi' his cotmen hearkenin' wi' their lugs at the keyhole, we cam oot as yin o' us had gaed in, by the lang window into the garden. By and by Sandy followed—to look roond the place, he said. And there, lookin' ower the yett into the Glebe Road, he saw the twa o' us speakin' thegither, me an'—Him that I'll no name! And wi' that the great black anger cam sudden upon him, and he up an' ordered us to gang aff his farm. Then, being sair disappointed and in want o' siller, there were some sharp answers. When a' on a sudden Sandy puts up his hand to strike. It wasna me he struck. Weel for him had it been. But I saw the bricht steel flash—and the next I kenned was Muckle Sandy Ewan lying at my feet wi' a knife hafted sax inch in his throat!

"That's a'. I'll sign it and write the Name o' the man if ye fold it, sir, and sair obleeged to you I'll be. And maybe ye will mind that, sinner as I am, it wasna a'thegither for the siller that I was led into this o't, but because I had a notion that—that if Roy McCulloch was out o' the road—ye micht maybe get mair o' your ain way wi' a lass that ye thocht muckle o'. Ay, sir, I thank ye. There ye hae it, all and hale, the confession o' Jonathan Grier, a dying man, and yin that asks only to be let gang in peace to bear the reward of the iniquity he has wrocht.

"And thank ye again, sir, and you, madam. Ye will find a' the accoonts richt, and the week's wage, the siller to pay the foresters, is in the far drawer to the left hand. And I meant ye nae ill, Maister Latimer, whatever I intended to ither folk. I was first day an' last your faithfu' servant. Sae maybe, oot o' your kind heart, ye willna let puir Lizzie starve. Thank ye, sir."

Then in the completest silence of the afternoon there fell three taps, light, distinct and clear, on the green glass of the little leaden window above the sick man's head.

Jonathan Grier started up, balancing himself on his still untouched arm and thigh.

"No, no!" he cried—shouted rather. "Mercy, mercy! I never mentioned ony Name! I swear it! Maister Latimer, ye will bear me oot, ye will swear to that! Dinna—dinna blame it on a dying man!"

His face contorted itself. A thread of foam showed grey at the lips.

With a loud sudden clang that jangled all nerves, the ribbon-wreathed mirror fell on the flagged floor and smashed into atoms. Something rattled like a wheel on gravel, and Jonathan Grier, murderer's accomplice and faithful servant, fell back—*dead!*

(*To be concluded.*)

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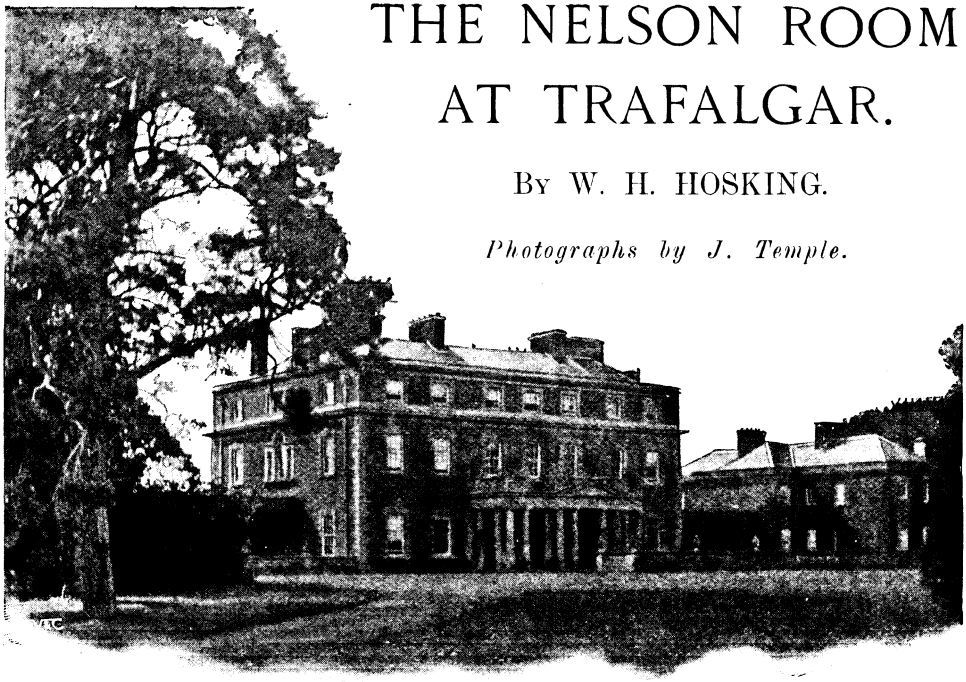
THE NELSON ROOM AT TRAFALGAR.

By W. H. HOSKING.

Photographs by J. Temple.



THE APPROACH TO TRAFALGAR HOUSE.

NEAR the little village of Downton, some few miles from Salisbury, in the centre of one of those beautifully undulating parks which are only to be found surrounding the seat of an English country gentleman, stands the home of Lord Nelson, presented to the great Admiral's descendants by a grateful country to perpetuate the name of his greatest victory.

Trafalgar is one of those "stately homes of England" which have no comparison in other countries, combining with all its dignity an irresistible air of homeliness that makes the visitor feel quite at ease within its walls. The genuine and thoughtful hospitality of both the mistress and master of the house do much to aid the surroundings in awakening this feeling in the fortunate guest who finds himself beneath their roof.

Passing through the handsome entrance-hall, with its trophies of arms which were returned to the Admiralty in 1806, after the war, we proceed to the "Nelson Room," in which have been placed several relics of of the great Admiral.

Unpretentious though the apartment is, one cannot look around it without being struck by the wealth of interest which it contains—an interest appealing to every English man or woman the wide world over.

The first group of relics consists of the bed-sofa used on board the *Victory*—a plain and by no means seductive-looking couch—on which Nelson rested the night before Trafalgar. On this sofa stands one of his telescopes and a tray, while beside it a place is found for a small table with circular indentations for plates—the original form of "fiddle"—evidently used when the vessel was unsteady. This table, too, contains an extremely valuable presentation cup, to be described more fully later. Next the table we come to Nelson's armchair, its right arm padded with silk, lined with hay, upon which he used to rest the stump of his mutilated arm.

This was left by the then Captain Hardy (to whom the present Lord Nelson's grandfather, George Anson Thompson, had been a friend on board his yacht) to the present Lord Nelson's aunt, Isabella Thompson, and was taken out of the *Victory* in 1805, to the house of his grandfather in Chapel Row, Portsea, as an interesting letter which my host showed me proved. The sofa was left to Lord Nelson by his grandmother, and the telescope given to him by Lieutenant Atkin-

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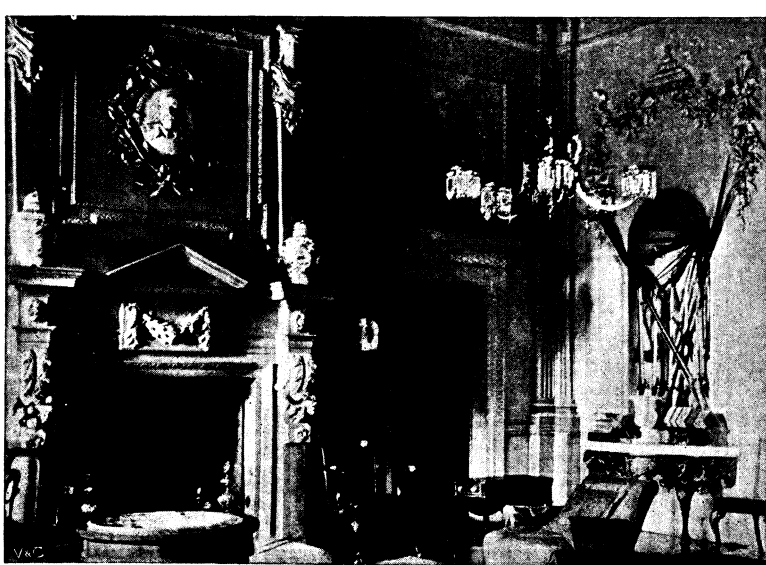
son, son of his godson. Over the sofa hang two very interesting pictures of the Admiral, the upper and larger one being a painting by the Italian painter, Guzzardi, executed by him for the King of Naples, with the French ship *L'Orient* blowing up at the battle of the Nile in the rear. An interesting peculiarity of this canvas, which has been exhibited in London, is that the Admiral's hat is placed at the back of his head, in order to expose the wound in his forehead which he received during the battle. The smaller painting beneath is a head and bust, taken by A. W. Devis, who was the assistant-surgeon on board the *Victory*, showing the peculiar fact that he wore a green shade over his good eye.

THE GARDEN FRONT OF THE HOUSE.

There is a second sofa in the room, which was left to Lord Nelson by Admiral Hocking, and is very similar to the other. It came off the *Theseus*, and the bloodstains, which are still visible, are reminders of the amputation of his arm after the battle of Teneriffe.

Behind the cup and over the tray are two very unique prints—one representing the positions of the Admiral's ships and those of the enemy's in going into the engagement at Trafalgar, the other being a delineation of Nelson holding a council of war with his captains. Among the names of the latter, which are set out in the print, are those of Captain (afterwards Sir Charles) Bullen and Rear-Admiral Lord Northesk. An interesting anecdote is told of these two officers. Being on the same vessel, Bullen was dissatisfied at the pace at which they were going into action at Trafalgar, and smarting evidently under a feeling of disappointment against Northesk for not crowding on more sail, went up to him and blurted out—

"One of us two is a coward; but, by God! it's not Charles Bullen!"



ENTRANCE-HALL, WITH STAND OF ARMS.

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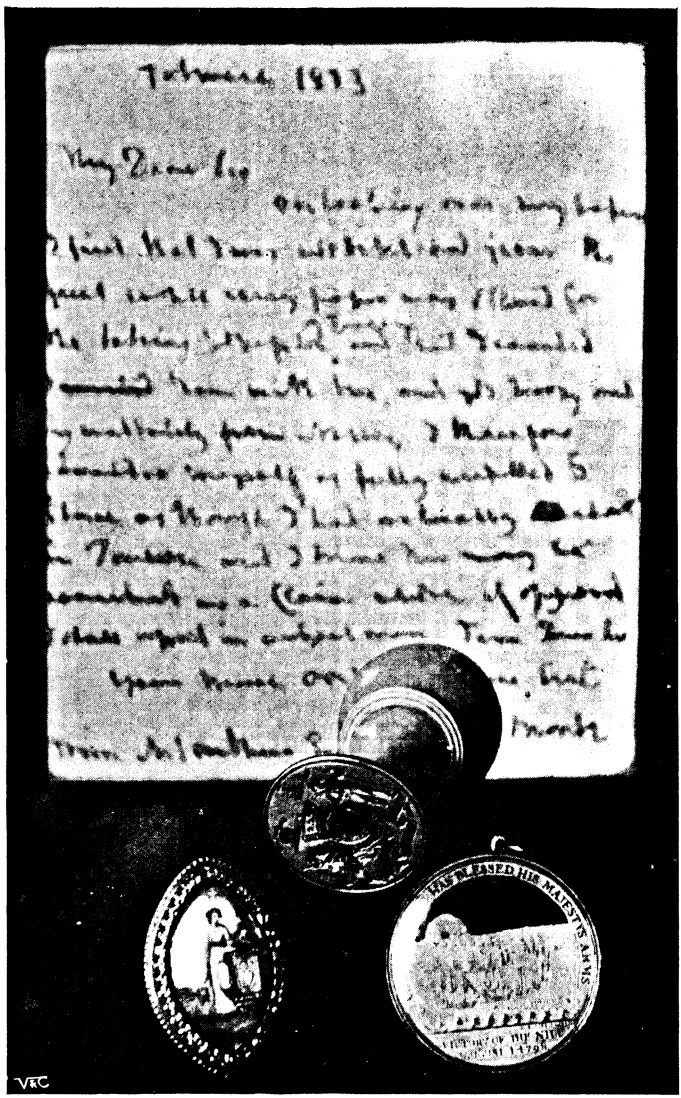
What Rear-Admiral Lord Northesk replied, history does not relate.

Hanging on one of the walls is a very powerfully executed pencil drawing of the Admiral, with a wealth of character in the face, taken by Simeon de Kestel in 1801, and brought to him at Piccadilly a few days before he sailed under Parker for Copenhagen.

The cup, by no means the least interesting relic of the group, is a massive and handsome piece of plate. It was presented to the Admiral, as acentrepiece, after the battle of the Nile, by the English merchants trading in the Levant at the time, and at his death was willed to his eldest sister, the present Lord Nelson's grandmother. The inscription runs thus:—

Presented to the Right Honble. Rear-Admiral Baron Nelson of the Nile by the Governor and Company of Merchants of England trading into the Levant seas in commemoration of the Glorious Victory obtained by his Lordship at the mouth of the Nile on the first of August 1798 *and on which ever memorable day by the defeat and capture of a French squadron superior to his own he restored to His Majesty's Arms the Dominion of the Mediterranean and to the British Merchants the free enjoyment of their ancient and valuable trade to Turkey.*



THE COPENHAGEN SEAL, HAMILTON LOCKET, AND NILE MEDAL.

Above the inscription is a circlet of wreaths chased on the chalice, and within each wreath is inscribed the name of the commander and what happened to the vessel. Thus:—

Le Franklin
80 *Guns*
800 *Men*
Adml.
Blanquet
Taken.

Flanking the cup in our illustration stand a pair of very handsome vases, modelled from pictures of the time, while the rear is taken up with the title-deeds of the family titles, Earl Nelson of Trafalgar, Viscount Merton of Trafalgar, and Baron Nelson of the Nile. Immediately behind the cup, the seals attached to these deeds are to be found, in their round tin cases.

The space above the fireplace is occupied by a handsome silver overmantel, while a crescent above it contains the words of Nelson's immortal signal, "England expects every man will do his duty," in letters of

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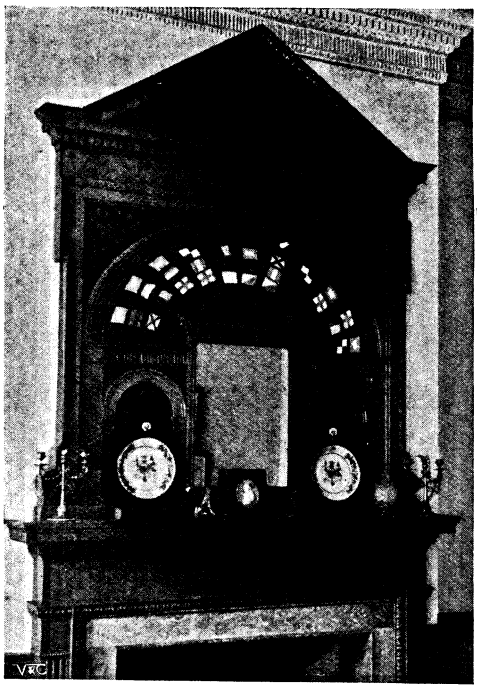
gold, the flags denoting each word being beautifully depicted below it. In the centre of the overmantel the eye rests upon a small mirror which was on board the *Victory* at the battle of Trafalgar; and on the mantelpiece itself, flanked by two plates which were used in the Admiral's service, are two finely executed Wedgwood medallions.

Close to this we come upon an interesting table, the support of a large glass case, in which is seen a carefully designed model of the old mast of the *Victory*, showing the wounds it received at Trafalgar. The masts of the vessel are now of steel. On the same table lies a volume entitled: "A Treatise on Shipbuilding and Navigation by Murrys Murray," with the earliest signature of the Admiral extant, upon the flyleaf. It reads

Horatio Nelson—Lowestoft 1777

BUST OF NELSON BY FRANZ THALLER AND MATTHIAS RANSON.



OVERMANTEL SHOWING THE SIGNAL, "ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY."

and was written when he was a lieutenant on board that vessel.

While I was inspecting this table of relics, the present Lord Nelson told me a very good anecdote which will bear repeating.

It appears that he was on a visit at Aberystwith some years ago, and an old lady, hearing he was in the town, went to church with the express intention of seeing him. Asked how she would know him, she replied—

"Oh, easily, because he's only got one arm!"

One corner of the room is occupied by a glass-topped stand which the present owner keeps jealously locked. This contains some priceless mementos of the great sailor. The stand is fittingly made of the wood of the old *Victory*, and contains, among other articles, the Admiral's gold Nile medal, which he always wore; the seal he used at the battle of Copenhagen, and for which he sent on shore, instead of using a wafer, to show that "he was not in a hurry"; a lock of his own pigtail; a handsome miniature of him; and that interesting relic known as the "Lady Hamilton locket." A small oval trinket, it contains on one side a miniature of Lady Hamilton, surrounded by

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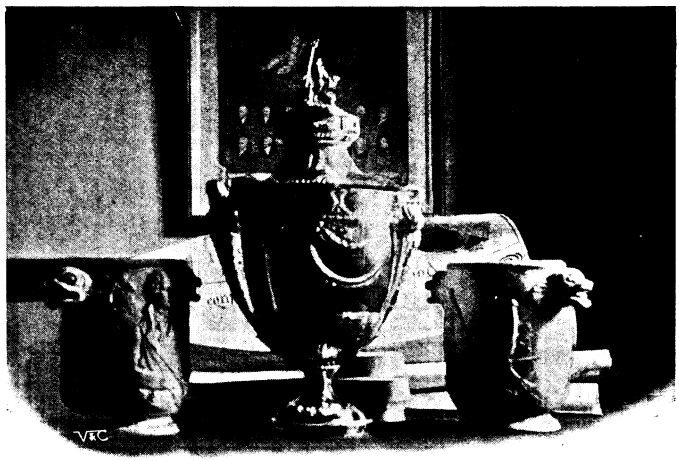
brilliants, while on the back are inscribed the words—

Lady Hamilton, from Horatio Nelson, 1796.

The locket evidently contained in the first instance a lock of his hair, and the side of the crystal is scored where this was hurriedly gouged out. The romantic part of the affair is that this locket was unearthed in an old curiosity shop at Brussels by a gentleman, a Captain Molyneux, from whose possession it came into that of the present Lord Nelson. When one remembers the sad end of poor Emma Hamilton, and to what straits she was reduced in her latter days, the trinket tells its own painful story. Our illustration shows a letter of the Admiral in the rear of these relics.



CUP PRESENTED BY THE ENGLISH MERCHANTS TRADING IN THE LEVANT, TO THE ADMIRAL, AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE NILE; OTHER VASES MODELLED FROM PICTURES AT THE TIME: AT THE BACK, TITLE-DEEDS OF THE FAMILY.

Mention must also be made of a large glass cabinet which contains, among other things, a part of the Admiral's private log, written up before the battle in 1805, together with a letter to Lady Hamilton, dated: "*Victory at Sea, May 16th*, 1805," and is addressed to "*My dearest Lady Hamilton.*" The subject of the epistle is the taking his "adopted daughter," Horatia Nelson Thompson, from under the guardianship of Mrs. Gibson, her nurse, and placing her under that of Lady Hamilton. In this case is also to be seen a sailor's charm, consisting of a brass medallion of the Admiral, with an anchor surrounding it, worn smooth with friction against some poor fellow's breast, who doubtless considered it a safeguard against all the dangers of the deep and the enemy. Three faded stars, very old and frayed, which the Admiral wore upon his coat, complete the contents of the case.

Amongst the pictures which adorn the walls, several of which we have already referred to, there are two with a peculiar history. One is a quaint coloured illustration of the Admiral, Lady Hamilton, another gentleman and a dog crossing the water at Merton in a boat. The other, a most curious print, was bought by the present Lord Nelson, in Salisbury, quite accidentally. Facial resemblances in this to those in the former picture there are none, but Lord Nelson discovered by a careful comparison that the print was intended to represent the Admiral strolling with Lady Hamilton and the identical

A CORNER IN THE NELSON ROOM, WITH NELSON'S ARMCHAIR, COUCH, TELESCOPE, CANE, TRAY, AND PRESENTATION CUP.

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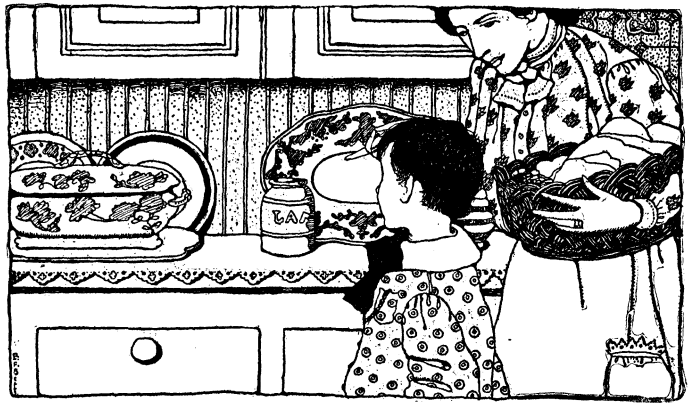
dog pictured in the former one. The points that led to this discovery were, first, that in this print the Admiral wore a plain black coat, a custom of his while on shore; secondly, the figure of the lady, which was so in accordance with the well-known figure of Lady Hamilton as to admit of no doubt; and finally, the markings of the dog, which on careful scrutiny were found to be identical with those of the dog in the former picture. In the handsome dining-room, too, several objects bearing on the same subject attract our attention, among them a copy of the well-known portrait of the Admiral, the original of which is in St. James's, and another less known. This portrait—the first ever taken—depicts Nelson at the age of twenty-two, when he was captain, and in the background is the port of a South American town. Executed by a French artist, this canvas was exhibited with the other valuable paintings in Lord Nelson's possession, at the National Gallery. The other is the beautiful bust which stands at the foot of the dining-room table. This was executed at Vienna, in 1801, by Franz Thaller and Matthias Ranson.

Passing through a corridor, one notices a presentation wheelbarrow and spade. According to the inscription, it was presented to the present Countess on Feb. 3rd, 1864, on the occasion of her cutting the first sod of the Salisbury and Dorchester Railway.

Before leaving the subject of the Nelson relics, it may interest our readers to know that there are in the possession of Mr. J. Griffin, the well-known naval publisher, and a magistrate of the Borough of Portsmouth, some very interesting coins, eighty in number, known as the "Nelson guineas," which formed the contents of the Admiral's wallet at the time he was shot on board the *Victory*.



THINGS.

GROWN people do not seem to know
Things happen of themselves;
That books walk off just when you want them,
And jars fall down from shelves.

"How did my damson jam get here?
I put it on the topmost shelf."
It's very simple to understand,
It climbed down by itself.

I cannot keep things in their place,
However hard I try.
They hide themselves or break themselves,
To unknown corners betake themselves.
Of course you never see them do it,
For things are very sly.

FLORENCE WILKINSON.

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THE BAG OF GOLD.

By HENRY HARLAND,*

Author of "The Cardinal's Snuff Box," etc.

WE were walking in an embroidery, my philosophic friend and I—an embroidery of sight and scent and sound. We were walking in Kensington Gardens, on a morning in May.

Before us, inviting us, stretched long avenues of greensward, still wet with dew, sparkling in big, fantastic patches of sunshine, darkling in crisp masses of shadow, dotted by many newly shorn, sheepish-looking sheep. Over our heads the sky was scintillant, of the tenderest English blue, and great, lazy, white clouds floated luxuriously in it—white, yet iridescent, with pale rose and pale violet reflections. About us the trees, those imperial trees, clad in sumptuous new foliage, almost seemed to mimic the clouds in the fulness and softness of their outlines; whilst every vista was bedimmed, enriched, by that wonderful pearl-dust into which the smoke and mist of London are transmuted when they reach the Gardens. And then there were the birds: blackbirds and thrushes, repeating and repeating the self-same songs they have sung from the beginning of the world—things of beauty that have never passed into nothingness; blackbirds and thrushes, sometimes a robin, sometimes even a wren, and always, of course, sparrows, sparrows, sparrows—those shrewish plebeians of their kind.

I, in a moment of unrestrained enthusiasm, cried out: "It is an embroidery—an embroidery of sight and scent and sound!"

"It is very nice," my philosophic friend assented, beaming amicably upon it through his spectacles; "it is very nice indeed. The greensward is green, the sheep are sheepish-looking, the flowers are flowery, the sky is skyey, the clouds are like whipped cream. There's a visible agreement between the names of things and their appearances which satisfies our brute instinct for congruity. However, my remarks are made without prejudice to the scene about us. It is a very pretty scene; and to place my approbation of it beyond cavil, I intend to remain here and enjoy it till hunger drives me home for luncheon. It is a beautiful instance, with these smiling lawns, benignant oaks, and cheerful colours, of what a charming pet Nature may become when man has got his foot firmly planted on her neck. There are many foolish people who will boast to you that they are Nature-lovers. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand the person who asseverates his love for Nature merely proves that he is profoundly unacquainted with her. Nature, *in puris naturalibus*, before man has whipped and cowed and tamed her, is the fiercest and the most obscene of monsters. My dear fellow, Nature, Nature untamed by man, free Nature, Nature in a natural condition, is—the Devil!"

My friend paused (to take breath, perhaps). I could scarcely do less than encourage him with an interrogatory "Oh?"

"Oh, yes," he assured me. "Nature is the Devil. The forces of Nature are in constant opposition to the forces of morality. Morality exists only by dint of a constant struggle against Nature. If you doubt it, set a watch upon your own natural impulses. Every natural impulse in man is evil. Pride, covetousness, lust, gluttony, anger, envy, and sloth—the seven deadly impulses—are all natural impulses. Revenge is a furiously natural impulse. The savage is a child of Nature, and, in obedience to his natural impulses, he devours his neighbour. Just as you can only walk upright in body by overcoming your natural impulse—your impulse

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to yield to the attraction of gravitation, and crawl supine like the beasts that perish—so you can only walk upright in spirit by overcoming your natural impulses. Upright walking is an art which we have painfully to learn; and art is perfectly anti-natural. Morality is an art; each separate virtue is an art by itself—the result of anti-natural education—the education of ourselves, or the education which we have inherited from our forebears. And *à propos* of our forebears, has it ever struck you to consider what a different sort of place the world might have been if our forebears had forborne?"

I laughed at my friend's sudden inconsequence, and for a while we walked on without speaking. Perhaps he was only gathering himself together for a fresh attack. Anyhow, by and by we came in sight of the Bayswater Road, along which numberless omnibuses, laden with humanity, were rolling Citywards; and there upon he began:—

"Look at those poor, witless woodcutters going into the wood, to cut their load of fagots. If they had an ounce of wit among them, they'd dismount, every man of 'em, and come and spend this Heaven-sent morning as Heaven sent it to be spent. Do you think Heaven sent a morning like this to be spent in a dingy wood, cutting fagots? No, by Hercules! If those poor, witless mortals had a pennyweight of wit, they'd come and enjoy themselves, here in the Gardens, along o' you and me. The prodigals! the Goths and Vandals! Was there ever a bluer, a more fragrant, a more melodious day? An embroidery, I believe I called it a minute or two ago. No? The word was yours? It doesn't matter. The day is an embroidery—a perfumed embroidery, an embroidery of jewels, richer than all their tribe; and the poor, witless plodders spurn it beneath their feet, and plod on — to cut a load of fagots."

"Well," I ventured to suggest, "it is possible the poor woodcutters have wives and children, whom they feed by cutting fagots. And, anyhow, you must do them the credit of admitting that they're bravely defying their natural impulses. To abandon luxurious idleness, and set your face resolutely towards stern toil——"

"*Caro mio*," my friend interrupted gently, "it grieves me to hear you utter such ready-made platitudes. As for their wives and children—you gross materialist!—what's the use of feeding? And as for their natural impulses, believe me, they're obeying the very lowest. They're obeying the impulse of avarice. They go, indeed, to cut fagots; but down in his secret heart every mother's son of them dreams that some day he will find a bag of gold. If it weren't for that—if you could dispel that dream—he'd give up going on the instant. What! for mere fagots? And merely to fill the gaping mouths of wives and children? Pay the labour, the sweat, the blood of a precious human lifetime? Not he! He is led on by his itch for that bag of gold. A vision of it swims in the air, before him, like the Cross of Constantine. It is what 'keeps him hup,' as he might himself express it. Poor fool!"

"'Poor fool!' as much as you will," said I; "but isn't there a tremendous element of pathos in his folly? And, after all, such things as bags of gold have been found by lucky searchers in the past. Why should you be so cocksure that he'll never find his?"

"I'm not cocksure. He may find it. But if he does, he'll find, too, that he's given more for it than it is worth. Here is a maxim which I recommend you to write down in your commonplace book: 'A bag of gold is never worth anything near what the finding of it costs.' If our witless brother yonder could only read, he'd see that the legend round his vision runs—not 'In this sign shalt thou conquer,' but 'For this sign shalt thou sell thy soul.' He'd be far better advised to relinquish the quest, get down from his omnibus, and come and pass the morning toying here with tamed Nature, the charming pet, along o' you and me."

As we turned our backs on the Bayswater Road, my friend said: "Speaking of woodcutters and bags of gold, if you like to offer me a penny chair, I'll tell you an edifying little story."

So we established ourselves in penny chairs, under a chestnut tree, looking off towards the glimmering Long Water; and my friend began his story.

"Or, rather," he explained, "it is not a story. It is merely a fragment of a story. It's the fragment of a fairy tale that I read when I was a child. However, I dare say you know that fragments—either fragments of things unfinished, or fragments of things destroyed—are always more suggestive to the really superior mind than things whole and entire. And as this particular fragment happens to be particularly suggestive, I trust you'll feel that it's worth the penny you'll have to pay for my chair."

I produced a penny and laid it in my

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friend's palm. "You can pay for the chair yourself now," I said. "Go on."

"Well," he went on, "the story related how a poor woodcutter dwelt in a cottage at the edge of a vast wood alone with his little daughter. And though the poor woodcutter was very poor indeed, he loved his little daughter with a quite extravagant tenderness; and though his little daughter was only a poor woodcutter's daughter, she was as sweet and as pretty as pretty and sweet can be. She had blue eyes and rosy cheeks, and hair like spun sunshine, and lips like the petals of an oleander, and teeth like tiny petrified drops of milk, and, in fact, all the personal advantages that the maiden in a fairy tale ought to have. She had, besides, a good heart and a musical voice. But they were exceedingly hard up; and by cutting fagots all day long, day after day, it was just as much as the poor woodcutter could do to provide his little daughter with black bread and coarse raiment. As for her feet, she had to run bare, like the geese, because she'd no shoes. Now, their excessive poverty distressed the poor woodcutter very much—not on his own account—he was used to roughing it, and didn't mind—but on account of his little daughter. Solely for her sake, because he loved her so tenderly, he longed for riches. He longed to be able to buy her all sorts of expensive things—frills and furbelows, ribbons for her hair, strawberries and cream, and especially a pair of shoes—smart red shoes, by preference. Nothing, he felt, could be too good for her. And yet, by cutting fagots all day long, it was the very utmost he could do to provide her with *Schwarzbrod* and a smock. But one day, when he was at work as usual in the wood, a fairy appeared to him. And the fairy said: 'I hear you are extremely hard up, and that you long for riches. Very good. You know the tall pine tree that grows a hundred yards from your cottage door. If you will dig at the roots of that pine, you will find a bag of gold. Only there is a condition: You must dig there without thinking of the bag of gold.'"

My friend emphasised the last seven words by means of seven emphatic nods of the head; then he fell silent.

I waited for a minute expectant. At last I prompted him with a "Well?"

"Well, what?" he asked.

"Well, the rest of the story?" said I.

"There's no rest of the story," said he. "I warned you it was a fragment. It was in a broken-backed old volume, and at the point where I leave it several pages were missing. So the end of it I never knew. But the fragment is suggestive. The woodcutter would find a bag of gold if he could fulfil an impossible condition—if he could dig for it without thinking of it. That is the way of life. There is always an impossible condition attached to the finding of our bag of gold."

"I don't know whether it will interest you to learn," said I, "that I happen to be in a position to supply the end of your story."

"The deuce you are!" said he.

"Yes," said I. "The woodcutter dug at the roots of the pine tree morning and evening for many days; but he never found the bag of gold, because, try as he might, he could not help thinking of it. And then, by and by, in despair, he dug no more. And they became poorer and poorer; and at last his little daughter died. And the woodcutter, broken-hearted, carried her body into the wood, and dug a grave for her at the roots of the tall pine tree. And there he found a bag of gold."

"Did you invent that ending—or do you chance to have read the same fairy tale?" my friend inquired.

"Never mind," said I. "It's a pretty good ending, isn't it?"

"Yes," he consented, "it's a good ending. And if you invented it, it was very intelligent of you. But you see the conclusion: You can only find your bag of gold by the loss of something infinitely more precious, and, as like as not, by the loss of the very thing that made you wish for it."

My philosophic friend rose, and we walked on. The collector had not come to take our pennies, so my friend philosophically dropped the one I had given him into his waistcoat pocket.

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THE CAVE-DWELLER.

By ALICK MUNRO.*

WELL, they're off, and good luck to 'em! We've tipped the guard, we've dangled an old shoe by a string from the carriage door, and we've arranged that they shall get a telegram, with sixpenn'orth of good wishes in it, at every station they stop at between here and Parkeston Quay, Harwich. That may annoy them, perhaps. But we've done our duty. Here's luck to the Troglodyte and his bride! Bumpers!

Why do I call him the Troglodyte? Ask Pinkey Warburton there, the Trog's best man—he knows. But he thinks I'd better tell the yarn, does he? Oh, very well; but I warn you it's a queer yarn, and until two nights ago I never really knew the rights of it myself. So if you fellows think what I tell you needs corroboration, you'll have to get it from Pinkey.

Well, you see, Laurie Craig was always called a good chap by everybody in Lisbon; but queer—even before he became a cave-dweller. I liked him, perhaps more even than most people did; and so when I heard that he'd proposed to the sister, and she'd said "No," I felt wild. The other fellow—of course there was another fellow—was a long, tailor-made clothes-horse from the Legation, Winans by name, with a waxed moustache and a drawl; talked Ruskin, you know, and said he wrote poetry. I believed he cribbed it from the Christmas crackers.

Craig was hurt, of course, hurt pretty badly; but he didn't howl. He wasn't one of those weak-kneed chaps who wear the what-you-call-it for everyone to see, when a girl gives them the go-by. If it had been the other man, now, the Legation exquisite, *he'd* have refused his food for a week, gone black under the eyes, and written more poetry. But Craig didn't take it that way. He merely got an extra crank or two more than usual into his head; but instead of talking about them, which was all he had done hitherto, he began to put his rummy ideas into action. That was how I knew he'd been stabbed.

I talked to Muriel like a brother, but she told me to mind my own business. So after that I did, more or less.

Then Craig got mopish; wouldn't go to the club in the evening, or to bullfights on Sunday afternoons; said that Lisbon was unhealthy in early summer, and that the smell of the roses and wisteria in the Estrelle gardens gave him a headache; took to spending his evenings with the submarine telegraph men down at Carcavellos, chucking pebbles into the sea and talking Omar Khayyám with Pinkey Warburton. It's a bad case when a fellow develops symptoms like those, and I thought it my duty to fire in a bulletin to Muriel.

I needn't have bothered. The Legation fashion-plate had just asked her if she would accept the dedication of his new volume of sonnets to a caddis-worm, or glow-worm, or something of that sort.

Then Craig announced to the rest of us that he was going to try the life of a natural man for a bit. We didn't know how a natural man was supposed to live, so we asked him to explain. He told us that the natural man didn't smoke cigarettes, or play poker, or drink kümmel and cognac at the Café Tavares, or live in a flat in the Rua de San Bernado, or attend subscription dances in the New Assembly Rooms, or do any of the hundred odd things which make life in a foreign capital worth living. Quite so, we remarked, we should suppose he didn't; but what *did* he do? Then Craig told us. The natural man lived in a cave.

Craig took a cave, unfurnished. He found it about twenty miles north from Lisbon, in the lines of the Torres Vedras. I knew the place, because there was a ruined monastery near there which had been the goal of picnics, and those twenty miles were the best bit of bicycling road in Portugal. Well, the old monastery was visited more than ever after this, by the Carcavellos men chiefly, and some of them were continually dropping in to see the English cave-dweller. Craig kept a bicycle there himself, and used to return these visits of the telegraph men. He did not explain how a bicycle fitted into the life of the natural man, but there were

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other sufficiently pleasing anomalies in the hospitality which his cave offered to callers; so we accepted the good things which the Gods and Craig gave us, and did not press the point. I never heard that a social experimentalist was required to be logical.

One afternoon, when I was just mounting my machine to ride back to Lisbon, the Trog suddenly asked me if I thought I could bring Muriel with me next time.

"You'd like her to come?" I asked.

"She's the only one of my friends who has deserted me," he answered a trifle wistfully.

"She shall come," I declared. "I'll make her. But, Craig, old man, those two yards of drawling poet are still dangling round her, you know."

The Troglodyte hesitated a moment and then said—

"Bring him, too. Next Sunday, shall we say?" And I told him I would, if I had to drag the fellow all the way with a rope.

I hadn't much difficulty in persuading Muriel; and as for the tame bard, Muriel said "Come!" and he came. We got up there about five o'clock in the afternoon, and found the Trog practising with a bow and arrows outside his cave. He was making himself proficient in the weapons of early man, he told us; but I noticed, with some relief, that he hadn't gone so far as to carry out the early man idea in his costume. He put down his quiver and pulled a flint knife out of his pocket to show us. That, he said, he used at his meals.

"How interesting!" cried Muriel eagerly.

"Quite idyllic," murmured the spring poet.

"How does it work on a chunk of salt horse?" I grinned. "Chops a bit thick, doesn't it, old chap?"

"The slices would not," admitted the Troglodyte, "do for afternoon-tea sandwiches. But I must show you my cave, Miss Helbert. You've not seen it yet."

He dived in through the entrance, which wasn't more than four feet high by a yard wide; and we followed him. The cave widened out into a pretty big beast of a hole inside, and Craig had lit it up by a hanging oil lamp.

I stopped at the entrance.

"Hallo!" I asked. "This is new?"

There was a slight splashing noise, and a stream of water fell from a hole in the rock wall, and ran in a little rill down one side of the cave until it was lost in the darkness of the furthest corner. It hadn't been there four days ago.

"That happened last night," explained Craig. "There was a fall of rock, and the water came after it. It gave me a bit of a scare at the time. But it's good water. I'm thinking of making a basin to receive it."

"And goldfish," I suggested. "You should have goldfish."

"Perhaps," laughed Craig. "I'll see."

"Oh! certainly, Mr. Craig," drawled Verses; "there ought to be goldfish. By all the canons of art——"

"Where does the water go?" I cut in a trifle rudely. I couldn't stand that drawling twaddler—even when he agreed with me.

"Somewhere into the mountain," said Craig. "I don't know. I haven't followed it up yet. But wouldn't you people like something to eat after your ride?"

If the natural man was in the regular habit of sitting down to meals such as Craig gave us now—well, I for one have been born a few thousand years too late, that's all. We had everything, from cuttle-fish salad to iced fizz and Cintra strawberries. It was a table spread in the wilderness, and uncommonly well spread, too. And I didn't notice that the Troglodyte bothered to use his flint knife, either.

We had to wait on ourselves, of course; but that, and the unlimited supply of fizz-cup, only made the party the merrier. Craig was in his best form and kept us jumping with laughter; Muriel was positively radiant and, I couldn't help thinking, glanced far oftener at the Trog than she did at the other fellow; the poet himself became more poetical; and I—well, I began to admit to myself that the idiot wasn't such a bad sort, after all. And that shows that I was in a very charitable, not to say optimistic, frame of mind.

Suddenly, in the midst of a ridiculous speech of thanks to our entertainer, the Legation paper-waster broke off short, and we all, except Craig, jumped to our feet. A strange, long-drawn sound came from the outside, like the lowing of a cow for her calf, like the moaning of a liner's fog-horn in the Channel, like the wail of a tormented devil.

Craig laughed and told us to sit down and smooth our hair. "Fill up your glass," he said to the rhyme-twister, whose funk had spotted his brow with cold beads.

"But what is it?" cried Muriel, in a shaking tone of fright.

"Oh! a dog howling on the hills," said Craig carelessly. "I've heard it before. It scared young Dicksee of Carcavellos so badly the other night that he went clean over the handles of his machine and ploughed the

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"Muriel screamed, sprang into Craig's arms, and clung there, sobbing."

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road with his nose. He believes, though, that it is what the country people say it is."

"What's that?"

"*Lobis-homem*—wehr-wolf. But that's nonsense, you know, Miss Helbert."

"Oh! rank nonsense, of course," I agreed hurriedly; but my hand shook as I held out my glass to be refilled. I never heard a dog's howl that sounded quite like that awful wail out on the hills.

"But I hear stranger sounds than that sometimes," went on the cave-dweller in a meditative voice. "Generally about half an hour after sunset. I dare say you'll hear them, too, presently."

"What sounds, Craig?" we asked, with an interest that was more than three-quarters nervousness.

But instead of answering us directly, he went off into a long, rambling discourse about his cave. He told us that it extended back into the mountain further than he, or anyone else, had ever explored it. There was another cave, too, about half a mile away down the hillside, and a villager had told him that one of his dogs once chased a cat into that cave, and the cat's dead body had been found afterwards a few yards from the mouth of this cave. "So the two are probably in communication," said Craig; "and I dare say that may account for the sounds I hear. You see, when the sun goes down, masses of heated air will cool and cause currents through the passages, and these currents may produce musical notes. There is another explanation, though."

"But what is it you do hear?" I asked again impatiently.

For answer, Craig held up his hand.

"Listen," said he. "You may hear it for yourselves. This is about the time."

We kept quiet and listened, more than a trifle nervously. There was the faint, plashing noise of falling water near the mouth of the cave, and the gentle whisper of the rill that flowed away into the darkness of the mountain. The brute, or devil, howled outside in the distance, and the sound of our breathing made a rustle near at hand. But that was all.

"No," said Craig, after a moment; "we're too soon. But to go on with what I was saying. You all know the old monastery near here. Well, it is said that when the Jesuits were driven out of Portugal, these chaps didn't go with the rest. They disappeared right enough, but tradition says they built a new monastery for themselves near at hand. Tradition also says that the new monastery is somewhere in the depths of these limestone caves." He paused, glanced sharply at each of us in turn, and then added: "And that's just what I hear!"

"You think you hear the monks?" cried Winans, almost eagerly, I thought.

"Yes, the monks—singing masses. That's what I think it sounds like. It may be nothing but the currents of air humming in the passages of the caves. I want you to tell me. S—sh!"

A dull, droning sound rose from far back in the mountain, like the pedal note of some great organ. We looked at one another and, speaking for myself, shivered.

"That's how it always begins," whispered Craig; and, to our disturbed imagination, the whisper seemed to clang round the cavern like a discord. The droning note grew louder.

Craig glanced at the poet, who was biting his moustache and drumming with his fingers on the tablecloth.

"If you're afraid, Winans," he suggested, in a slightly contemptuous tone, "take Miss Helbert outside and wait for us. Helbert and I will stay here."

"No, no!" cried Muriel, and moved a pace nearer to Craig, and consequently further from the other fellow. I was shaking in my shoes, but I nearly laughed when I saw that.

The weird droning grew still louder, and began to rise and fall in curious modulations, as though some controlling musician were forcing the big notes into harmonious successions of chords. Craig had told us that it was only a trick of temperature, a natural orchestra caused by changing currents of air in the passages of the cavern. No doubt he was right. But if he meant us to give a critical judgment on the phenomenon, he shouldn't have suggested the other idea about the monks. The cave was a big one, you know, and Craig's oil lamp didn't get into the corners very well. So, when you consider everything, I don't think there's much wonder that the monk idea was the one which came to the top and stuck there; and I tell you it wasn't very long before I began to think I could hear the voices, too, as a sort of undercurrent to the big organ notes. And even if Craig had not mentioned masses, I think I should have said that the music sounded somehow churchy.

I looked to see how the others were taking it. Muriel and the Trog were about a foot

nearer to one another than they had been a minute ago. The poet was watching them with an expression which suggested that something was annoying him and at the same time amusing him. I'll admit I didn't quite see what it could be.

There was a sudden sharp crack, like the firing of a pistol; then the rattle of a few small stones falling, and then a rumble, and a roar like the salute of a broadside. Muriel screamed, sprang into Craig's arms, and clung there, sobbing. Winans swore; and I—well, I don't know that I did anything in particular. The next minute something went wrong with the fastenings of the hanging lamp. It fell with a crash on to the middle of the table, and, luckily, went out. We were in pitch darkness, and there was a most villainous smell of paraffin in the air; but I murmured "Thank God!" because there had not been an explosion.

"What the mischief has happened, Craig?" I shouted.

"Don't know," he answered, "but I fancy it's a second fall at the entrance. The lamp cord is fastened there, and I don't see any light coming from the outside. I'm afraid we're shut in."

I could hear Muriel sobbing gently, and from the direction of the sound I fancy she was still clinging to Craig. The splashing of the rill of water was a good deal louder than it had been before, as though a bigger stream had been liberated by the falling stone. And the drone of the singing monks rose and fell steadily through the other sounds.

Then I heard Craig saying something to me. He spoke quietly and evenly, but he couldn't quite control the quaver in his voice.

"There are a couple of bicycle lamps," he was saying, "under the small table. Light them, Helbert. We won't try to get out till we see how things are. There might be another fall."

I groped for the lamps, and in doing so bumped up against the Legation man. He seized my arm with a firm, steady grip.

"Frightened, Helbert?" he asked in a whisper.

"No," I replied. I was, but I didn't see that I need admit it to him.

"All right. Then you'll come with me?"

"Where?"

He struck a match and helped me to find and light the lamps. While he was doing so, he went on in a whisper—

"I'm going to unearth those monks. I don't believe in the heated air notion Listen! The imitation of human voices is just a little bit too good, don't you think? Give one lamp to Craig, and you and I will take the other and explore. If they're ghosts, they won't hurt us; if they're men, perhaps we may have a chance of hurting them."

"You think it's a trick?" I asked in a low whisper.

"No," said he, "I don't. The fall of the rock, and the fall of the lamp, are not trickery, or friend Craig wouldn't be so scared as he is. I believe in the legend of the monastery."

"You do?" I exclaimed. "And yet——"

"And yet I am going to investigate—in your company."

Now, when eerie things are happening, and a man first tells you that he believes the cause to be supernatural, and then asks you to help him to seek for that cause, I claim that there is some excuse for feeling shivers down your back. My spinal marrow was crawling up and down like a big, cold worm, and I could hardly hold the match steady to the wick of the bicycle lamp. But if a confounded poet wasn't afraid, I wasn't going to admit that I was.

"You will," I asked a little bit maliciously, "leave Muriel?"

He shut the door of his lamp with a snap, and waited for me to finish lighting mine.

"You think me a fool," he said, in a rapid, sneering whisper; "but I'm not quite blind. When your sister was frightened, she went to Craig, not to me. D'you think I don't see what that means? He seems to be soothing her now fairly successfully. I don't think you and I will be missed if we take ourselves out of the way for a few minutes."

There was sense in what the fellow said, though I had not expected him to take his blow with so much pluck. Craig was speaking in a low, rapid voice to Muriel, and at that moment I heard her give a sharp little laugh, which did not sound half so hysterical as one might have expected from the sobs which had gone before. No doubt, as the rhyme man said, Craig was soothing her.

"We won't interrupt them," said Winans. "Leave one of the lamps on the table and come along."

He moved off quietly, and I followed him, carrying the lamp. The weird music still rose and fell in mournful cadences, and the note of the water seemed in some strange way to harmonise with it. Musical Johnnies say that no two sounds of Nature are ever in

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"Winans gave a low cry of delight."

discord with one another. Perhaps that was why.

"Which way?" I whispered.

"We'll follow the stream. The noise of the water should warn us in time if there are pitfalls. Throw your light down, though; it's bound to be pretty rough."

We went about fifty yards back into the heavy shadow of the cavern without coming to any sign of a wall. The roof was still high above us, but in front nothing more substantial than the black, eerie gloom itself barred our way so far. We heard a muttered exclamation from Craig, and then a shout—

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"Where are you going?"

"All right, old man!" my companion answered. "We'll be back presently. You look after the front door, and see if there's a way out."

"Come back," cried Craig insistently. "It's not safe."

The poet gripped my arm and laughed softly.

"Don't answer," he said. "He's our host, so we ought to do what he asks us. But we won't; we'll be rude. Ah! there's the passage!"

At the point which we had reached, the roof seemed to swoop down suddenly to within a foot or so above our heads, and at the same time the sides of the cavern closed in on either hand. The cave narrowed like a bottle-neck. A denser blot of darkness in front of us seemed to be the entrance of a narrow gallery, and the stream at our feet ran straight to it. The water spoke with a sharper rattle now, as though the speed of its flow over the rocky floor had been considerably increased. The gallery obviously trended pretty quickly downhill; but though we listened carefully, we could not hear the splash of a fall. "And so long," said Winans, "as the water doesn't jump over too big a precipice, I fancy we shall be able to go where it goes. Keep the light steady, old man."

"Where do you think the water goes?" I asked.

"Gets out on the hillside somewhere lower down," he answered. "If nothing stops us, I shouldn't wonder if we reached that other cave Craig spoke of—by the path of the cat."

"If nothing stops us!" I cried nervously. "What do you mean?"

"Well," he answered with a short laugh, "there are the monks, you know. They're still singing. But for Heaven's sake, man, keep the light steady! We shall be tripping over something."

Now, if you chaps want to know what my feelings were at that moment, I'll sum them up in the one word "funk." I couldn't keep the light steady, simply because my whole body was on the jump with fright. That confounded singing was rising and falling, rising and falling, in long, droning cadences, and my imagination was strung up to such a pitch that I actually thought I detected a sort of flavour of Latin words. And before you laugh at me, just remember that I was with a man who had as good as said that he believed it was the work of ghosts. Now, I thought I didn't believe in ghosts, and in daylight and the open air I'd have laughed at the idea of such things. But this was neither daylight nor the open air, and that eerie sound was all round us and growing louder at every step. Under the circumstances, I'm not a bit ashamed to admit that the heated air theory did *not* appeal to me, and that the monk theory did strongly.

I don't think Winans was afraid in the slightest. I confess I was amazed at that, and I think it shamed me a little. It certainly forced me to go on when I would have given anything to turn back. If a man does not believe in the supernatural, scoffs at it, and keeps his head when queer things are happening which he doesn't understand, why, then he's a brave man or an ignorant fool, according to the way you look at it. But if he does believe in the supernatural, says so, and still goes ahead boldly, there's only one way of looking at it: he is a brave man, an uncommonly brave man. This poet chap was like that. I hadn't thought so up till now, you know; in fact, I'd put him down as a long, overgrown weed of a fellow, good for nothing but to be laughed at and snubbed. But he wasn't—not an ounce of him! He was sand, clean sand, all the way up his awkward, shambling six feet and down again. And mind you, I didn't admit that at all willingly.

Here and there clusters of stalactites hung from the roof like icicles, and occasionally a single large one would reach right down to the floor and swell out into a pediment. Fallen fragments littered the path and made the going difficult. But I didn't mind that, because the care with which I was forced to pick my way kept me from thinking of more unpleasant things. Presently, however, I made a false step and fell. The lamp clattered from my hand and of course went out. And when the darkness shut down round us, I gave a wild yell, though my fall had not hurt me in the slightest.

The answer to my yell was a crack ahead of us like the snap of a broken tooth, and then a rattle of falling stones. And I believe I yelled again, and in a frenzy of pent-up terror went on yelling, till Winans struck a match and held it down near my face. I heard him asking anxiously if I was hurt.

Funny thing what a difference light makes! When the splutter of that match stabbed the darkness, I stopped in the middle of my howl; and, from the feeling, I fancy I must have blushed half way down my chest. I was pretty completely ashamed of myself.

"You fool!" said Winans. "Don't you

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know yet the danger of shouting under virgin stalactites ?"

I picked the lamp up and relit it. Fortunately it was not broken.

We went on again. The mass that had fallen from above made a craggy heap on the floor in front of us, which we had to clamber over. About a ton of stone had fallen, and if we had been under it——!

"Notice anything ?" asked Winans.

"The passage seems to be getting wider," I said.

"And the sound ?"

"By Jove ! it has stopped !"

There was a dead silence round us, except for the whisper of the running water and the occasional pat of a heavy drop from the roof. The singing had frightened me before, but I think the silence was worse. I could feel my heart thumping somewhere up in my neck ; and if Winans hadn't forged ahead as though it never occurred to him to do anything else, I admit I should have gone back there and then at a run.

"Muriel laughed—a strange little laugh."

We went on, however, another thirty yards, and then something happened —sharp and unexpected, like a trick change in a pantomime. I've hinted that I wasn't in a condition to keep the lamp very steady, and so the light was continually striking on the walls on either side and being reflected back from them in white splashes. Well, suddenly, without any warning, the beams shot straight out in a fan, making a conical path in the darkness, and not striking on anything solid at the end. We had come to a huge hole in the middle of the mountain.

"Sweep the light round slowly," said Winans in an eager whisper.

I did so—as well as I could, you know, because I was still shaking like a pup in a shower-bath. At first we could make out nothing at all, but in a minute the light struck on two heavy grey lines standing up from the floor on our left. I clutched the lamp in my fist to keep down my trembling, and focused the beam on those lines. They were two rows of roughly hewn stone seats, facing one another like choir-stalls. Winans gave a low cry of delight.

"We're in the hidden monastery, Helbert !" he whispered. "Then the story is true !"

I didn't answer, for I was staring at the end of one of those rows of pews, and I had

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a feeling that my hair was lifting my cap off. I saw something—something moving! And it was grey like the stone! And the top of it looked like a cowl!

Have you ever thought what you would do if you saw a ghost? I remember saying once that I should yell and throw a book or something at it. Well, that turned out to be a good guess. I did yell, and I threw—the lamp! I heard the glass crash into splinters where it struck the rock, and then I turned and fled up the passage, howling. In the black darkness, of course, I didn't go far. I tripped over a fallen stalactite and came down so heavily that I didn't know anything more till I felt Winans' hand on my face.

"You've broken the lamp," was all he said. Somehow I didn't feel like asking him questions just then.

We made our way back silently and painfully along the passage, taking it in turns to light matches and hold them till they burned our fingers. When we got to Craig's cave again, it was in pitch darkness, and there was no sign of either the Troglodyte or Muriel. I hurried to the entrance. Craig had scraped a hole through the litter of fallen rock, just big enough to let us out. At that moment the awful singing broke out again, and with a shudder I squeezed through the hole, and the poet followed me. Then we saw Craig and my sister, waiting for us beside the bicycles.

Well, I don't think there's any harm in admitting now that we caught them in a very sentimental attitude. Winans gave a queer, sharp laugh which ended in a kind of sucking catch of the breath. Craig and Muriel jumped apart from one another.

"Hallo!" said the Trog, with a guilty sort of heartiness. "Are you ready? We've been waiting for you. I think I'll ride back to Lisbon with you."

That was all that was said. We none of us seemed to want to talk, though our reasons for silence were probably not all the same. Winans and I went off first, and the other two came behind. The *lobis-homem* was still hooting away dolefully on the hill above us; but the moon was up now, and there was light enough for fast riding, so we soon left the horrible sound far behind us.

About two miles from Lisbon we were overtaken by half-a-dozen of the telegraph men, on their way back to Carcavellos from a Sunday in the country. One of them shouted to Craig that they were coming to see him in his cave to-morrow.

"You needn't," answered Craig. "I'm going out of residence there. I shall spend my evenings in Lisbon for the future."

And Muriel, who was riding close beside me, laughed—a strange little laugh, half nervous, I thought, but wholly happy. Well, it was very hard lines on the other man, I considered.

Two mornings afterwards, Winans rode up to the cave alone, spent the day there, and went to see Craig when he came back. I met him coming away and I asked him what he had discovered. He looked at me queerly.

"I have been congratulating Craig on his engagement to your sister," he said.

"Yes, yes, of course; thank you," I answered absurdly. "But the monks?"

"Ask your sister," he said, and that was all I got out of him.

Well, I did ask Muriel, and Craig, too; but neither of them would tell me anything. As I said, it was not till two nights ago that I learned the truth; and then Craig and Pinkey Warburton got me between them, threatened me with sofa-cushions if I said a word, and told me the story.

Of course, it was a trick—or, rather, most of it was. It was Pinkey's idea mainly, an inspiration born of the news that the poet was going to visit Craig. The notion was to give Winans a scare. The other result, of bringing Muriel and the Trog together again, though acceptable, was not foreseen. Well, they didn't scare Winans, but they did scare me; and that fall of rock which brought the lamp down and nearly sealed up the entrance scared Craig himself; because that wasn't in their programme at all; it was an accident, and might easily have been dangerous. Still, the trick was a low one at the best, and I think the Trog really deserved a good deal bigger fright than he got.

How was it done? Simply enough. The underground monastery was a fact, you know. Pinkey and Craig had discovered it about a week before. The six Carcavellos men who passed us on the road were the choir of monks, and the organ effect was got by the echoes and a euphonium.

Oh! and the wehr-wolf—that was Pinkey himself, performing melodiously on a big shell horn. Queer yarn, isn't it. But, as I said, if you don't believe it, ask Pinkey, the Trog's best man.

And, if Pinkey doesn't back me up in every word, I'll—I'll reduce him—sartorially—to the condition of Craig's "natural man." And I'll do it violently.

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THE MONEY KINGS OF THE MODERN WORLD.

By W. T. Stead.*

No. V.—SOME EUROPEAN POTENTATES.

EUROPE, according to the *Almanach de Gotha*, is governed by the Tsar and the Kaiser, Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary, the Kings of Italy and of Spain, and the President of the French Republic. The minor monarchs of the smaller kingdoms need not be enumerated. But the Crédit Lyonnais is more potent in France than M. Loubet. M. Witte overshadows the throne in Russia. The Pope, with his millions at the Vatican, is more powerful than his royal neighbour at the Quirinal, and in Germany the Kaiser would be powerless without his financiers.

Of all the money kings of Europe, by far the most conspicuous and by far the most powerful is the Russian Minister of Finance. He is the modern Joseph of the Muscovite Pharaoh. He, more than any modern statesman, has realised the sovereignty of money. The Imperial sceptre, backed by its Army of millions of armed men, is to him almost as much an anachronism as the blunderbus. When he wishes to annex a province, he does it not by a soldier, but by a banker. When he wishes to consolidate the power of the Government, he does it not by freeing the Press or by conceding Parliamentary institutions, but by consolidating great industries, monopolising national trade, until people begin to wonder whether any property will be left in Russia that is not owned and administered by the State. But M. Witte's astonishing exploits in converting the historic Empire of the Romanoff into an immense monopoly of the means both of production and of distribution will, I understand, be dealt with by another pen. So with this brief allusion to the most remarkable and significant of the money kings of the Old World, I proceed with a rapid survey of our other potentates and millionaires.

There are many millionaires in Russia, but the autocracy is too strong for them even to aspire to convert it into a plutocracy. Some of the Russian nobles are immensely rich, but their wealth gives them no direct voice in the affairs of the State. The merchant millionaire and the Siberian mine-owner have no ambition to wield political power. Many of them can hardly sign their names, and many of them prefer the primitive abacus to the multiplication-table. Yet they are not without public spirit.

There is only one other case on record, I believe, of a multi-millionaire with anything like Mr. Rhodes's wealth leaving all his fortune for public purposes. That instance occurred in Russia, just a year before Mr. Rhodes's death. The testator, Mr. G. G. Solodovnikoff, was a Moscow millionaire, who had made his immense fortune chiefly by colossal speculations on the Bourse, and partly by the immense appreciation which has taken place in the value of real property in Russia. He was one of the largest shareholders in the Moscow-Archangel Railway, prior to its purchase by the Crown, and made enormous profits out of this railway. M. Solodovnikoff was also the biggest shareholder in the Moscow-Kazan Railway. He held shares in so many different undertakings that it was said the handling of coupons alone gave constant employment to ten girls. M. Solodovnikoff was a miser. He lived in a dilapidated two-storeyed little house, surrounded by rotting furniture. He lived a life almost altogether locked up in himself, spending nearly all day at home, and half of it in a dressing-gown. He had been abroad and knew Western European life ; and, like Mr. Rhodes, had journalistic ambitions, once actually going so far as to buy the Russian *Illustrated Gazette*. He carried on negotiations with various journalists, and had arranged everything when, on the day the contracts were to be signed, he drew back, fearing the risk of losing a few thousand roubles. Moscow perpetually rang with anecdotes of the penuriousness and at the same time of the extraordinary business capacity of Solodovnikoff. Towards the end of his life he aged rapidly, and was fond of sitting in his ancient saloon telling his visitors of the celebrities who had sat on his dirty, threadbare sofa.

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M. Solodovnikoff apparently had never done any good in his life. But he was determined, nevertheless, that his wealth should not be spent unproductively after his death. When the will was opened, it was found that he had left his immense fortune —estimated from about 40,000,000 roubles,

Photo by] [*Chapiro, St. Petersburg.*

M. WITTE.

The Financial Tsar of Russia.

or £4,000,000, to 100,000,000 roubles, or £10,000,000—to public purposes. His property was to be realised in the course of the next ten to fifteen years, and after payment of a few small legacies of from £5,000 to £30,000 to relations and friends, the whole was left to the public. The millions were divided into three equal parts, the first portion to be spent on the building of secondary schools for girls on the model of the female gymnasium in the town of Orloff; the second third to be spent on industrial training-schools for men and women, the building and organisation of which was to be left to the *Zemstvos*, or county councils; the third part on the building of cheap lodgings for the working class.

Curiously enough, almost on the same day died another Moscow millionaire, K. T. Soldatenkoff, a neighbour, co-shareholder, and benefactor like Solodovnikoff. But whereas Solodovnikoff had left his millions to charity after his death, Soldatenkoff had spent his in good works during his life, and had gained the name of the best man in Moscow.

In Austria the most notable of millionaires was the late Baron Hirsch, who made most of his money in building railways in the Balkans and in speculation on the Bourse. His immense wealth gave him a position in Austria to which no Jew but a Rothschild had previously dared to aspire. Like the Moscow millionaires, his chief renown arose for his benefactions. There is something magnificent in a bequest of £7,000,000 given by one of the richest of the sons of Israel, to improve the condition of his poorer compatriots. It is to be regretted that, although Baron Hirsch's intentions were of the best, the application of the enormous sum has by no means realised the hope of the munificent founder.

Another famous Jew who made millions in railway construction was M. Jean Bloch, the eminent Warsaw banker and political economist. M. Bloch, although influential as money king, was much better known by his writings, and especially by the prophetic, encyclopædic work on the Future of War. M. Bloch was a statesman and a seer as well as a great railway builder and financier. He spent his money lavishly in the promotion of his ideas, and on his death he left large sums devoted to public charities and to the education of girls.

In Scandinavia the manufacture of dynamite gave Alfred Nobel an almost regal position. The dynamite king abstained during his life from taking any part in public affairs, but on his death he left a fortune of £2,000,000 to found prizes to be distributed annually in lump sums of about £8,000 each to the five

Photo by] [*Mayall, Piccadilly.*

THE LATE BARON HIRSCH.

persons who have rendered best service to their fellow-men. The Nobel prizes are awarded annually—first, to the man who has made the most important discovery in the domain of physical science; secondly, to the man who has made the most important discovery or introduced the greatest

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improvement in chemistry; thirdly, to the author of the most important discovery in the domain of physiology or medicine; fourthly, to the man who has produced the most remarkable literary work of an idealistic nature; and, fifthly, to the man who has done the most and the best work for the fraternity of the nations, the suppression or reduction of standing armies, and the formation and propagation of peace congresses.

It is worth while to record the testimony of this master of many millions as to the evil of inherited wealth. Speaking shortly before his death, he said: "I am a thorough social democrat, but with moderation. Experience has taught me that great fortunes acquired by inheritance never bring happiness, they only dull the faculties. Any man possessing a large fortune ought not to leave more than a small part of it to his heirs, not even to his direct heirs—just enough to make their way in the world."

In Denmark the only money king is Jacobsen, the brewer. Jacobsen I. presented to the State or spent in scientific or philanthropic purposes about £1,000,000. The Carlsberg Fund, which he founded, celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary in 1901, when his son Jacobsen II. handed over the famous brewery, the source of all their wealth, to the fund, only reserving for himself and his family one third of the income for fifty years. Jacobsen also presented Copenhagen with the largest private collection of sculpture in the world, the estimated value of which was not less than £600,000.

I shall say nothing about the money kings of France, who, although they are personally of small account, are collectively omnipotent, nor of the wealthiest nobleman in Spain, who is almost the only aristocrat who has displayed great financial and business capacity; nor shall I even dwell on the Pope, whose exchequer is fed by the offerings of the faithful all over the world. I will proceed at once to describe the money kings of the German Empire.

The rapid growth of the money power in modern Germany dates from the Franco-German war. When the victorious legions of the newly proclaimed German Emperor came home, bringing with them the war indemnity of £200,000,000, the whole nation flung itself with passionate earnestness into industrial pursuits.

The distinctive features of the evolution of German industry are due to the men who led the advance, and, most of all, to the measures which a paternal government took to purge the economic body of the young Empire of impurities which tend to imperil the reputation of the German nation. The fate of German *Banquiers* who ventured to experiment with the stringent company law of their country offers a curious and instructive contrast to that of similar speculators

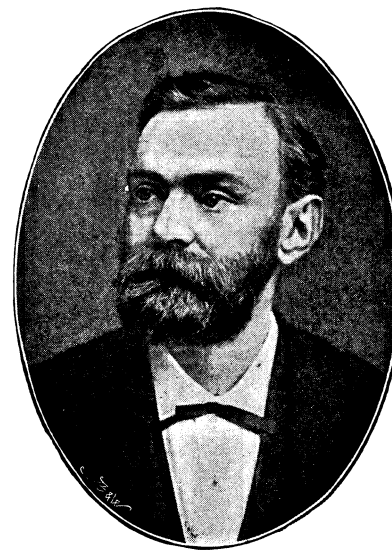

Photo by] [*Bolas and Co., Oxford St.*

THE LATE MR. ALFRED NOBEL.

Inventor of dynamite.

in England and America. And in this contrast lies one of the secrets of the standing which Germany's commercial and financial grants enjoy at the present time among nations. The thoroughness and many-sidedness of education, the close union between commerce and science in Germany, have done much to enable her to dispute the commercial supremacy of Great Britain.

After the Franco-German war, the establishment of a central banking institution for the whole country removed many barriers to free commercial relations. The Imperial Bank of Germany (Deutsche Reichsbank) is, strictly speaking, only a local institution, which, like the Bank of England, Banque de France, and nearly all other national issuing banks, is unable to establish branches outside its immediate sphere of activity. As Prussia was the predominant partner in the young Empire, it was only natural that the leading banking institution of the closer confederation of the various States should spring from the State Bank of Prussia, or, as it was called, the Royal Prussian Hauptbank. The directorate of this old-established

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company was partly nominated by the Government, which, a few months before the outbreak of the Franco-German war, promoted to that body a young lawyer, named Richard Koch, who was born at Kattbus, in Brandenburg, thirty-six years previously. He had at that time a distinguished record behind him, having been appointed an assistant-judge before he was thirty-two, and acting as secretary to a Royal Commission which deliberated on the Prussian Civil Code from 1868 to 1870. The eventful years following the establishment of a united Empire led to far-reaching changes in every sphere of public life, and when the new Reichsbank had overcome the initial difficulties of the gold standard, it soon directed its attention to the growing needs of the commercial community, which, by means of the new currency, had attained a much more important position in the world's trade.

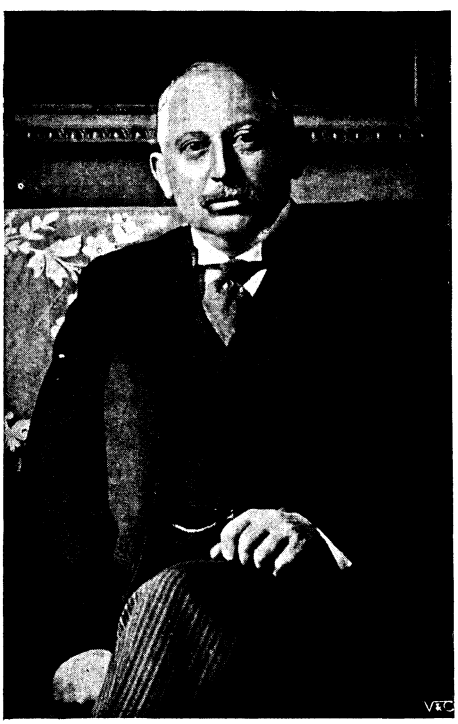

Photo by] [*E. H. Mills*

MR. ALFRED BEIT.

The introduction of a modern banking and credit system was one of the earliest requirements, and when the directorate in 1876 decided upon the adoption of the English method of cheques and "clearing," Director Koch was invited to assist in the carrying out of the reform. It may be mentioned here that his plan of cheques taking, to a very large extent, the place of banknotes, and thereby acting in relief of the issuing bank, has never yet been fully realised. The German trade, both large and small, prefers ready money in the shape of cash or notes to the cheque, which, with its greater security in transmission, only ranks as money after it has passed through the "clearing-house." Herr Koch became vice-president of the Reichsbank eleven years after he had joined its board, and at the death of its first president, Herr von Dechend, he assumed the direction of the institution.

If the Reichsbank played an important part in the growth and development of the national credit of Germany, the financial foundations of the Empire were certainly laid by the banking firm of S. Bleichroder, which dates back to the early days of the nineteenth century, but which only became important when it was connected with the Rothschilds, whom it has represented in the capital of Prussia since the 'twenties. Gerson Bleichroder, the son of the founder of the firm, whom he succeeded in 1855 at the age of thirty-three, soon gained the friendship of Prince Bismarck, and assisted the Government in several important financial operations, which preceded the war of 1864 and 1866 against Denmark and Austria. The success of the Prussian State railways is largely due to the skill by which the acquisition and the building of new lines were carried out. The rapid mobilisation and concentration of the German armies on the frontier, after war had been declared against France in 1870, were entirely due to the smoothness with which the railway system was worked. Not many months elapsed before the position of Bleichroder as the chief financial adviser of the Government was still more signally recognised. Before the conclusion of peace, and whilst the headquarters of the German army were still at Versailles, Herr Gerson Bleichroder was summoned to that place to give his opinion as to the amount of the indemnity to be demanded from France and as to its utilisation. No equally huge financial transaction was ever carried through with greater facility, and which fully bore out the prediction of the Berlin banker, on whom, in return for his manifold services, a patent of nobility was conferred. Herr *von* Bleichroder remained at the head of his firm, which he had raised to its present position of importance, until his death in 1893, when the management of the business devolved first

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upon his cousin, Privy Councillor Schwabach, who died about five years ago, and then upon his two sons, Hans von Bleichroder and Dr. Georg von Bleichroder. The former was killed not many months ago in a motor-car accident, and Dr. Georg von Bleichroder is now the chief partner. The standing of the firm at the present time is maintained through its participation in the deals of the "Rothschild group," and through judicious abstention from the craze of financing industrial undertakings, which have reduced many prominent German banks to the level of mere promoting concerns.

One of the best-known German financiers is the son of the founder and present head of the Direction der Disconto-Gesellschaft, Privy Councillor Adolf von Hansemann.

THE LATE HERR KRUPP.

This bank also owes no inconsiderable part of its importance to its connection with the Prussian Government, in which the founder of the company, David Hansemann, held the post of Minister of Finance until his death in 1864. His son Adolf joined the board in 1857, and represented the family interests during the years of office of his father. The financial operations following the conclusion of peace in 1871, and even more so the growth of German foreign trade, helped to raise the Disconto-Gesellschaft (as it is usually called) to the leading position it now holds. It introduced German capital in Italy, Chili, Brazil, and latterly also in China, where its affiliated banks act as important aids to German commerce.

A German banker whose name was well known and respected all over the civilised world, Johann Georg von Siemens, one of the founders of the largest German bank institutions, the Deutsche Bank, died early in 1902. His career, since he joined the directorate of the new company in 1870, at the age of thirty-one, shows perhaps more clearly than that of any other German financier a truly wonderful change which the consolidation of the Empire effected in the commercial position of the company. It was the aim of his life, and therefore became the main purpose of the Deutsche Bank, to cultivate and extend the trade with oversea relations, among whom many Germans had already found new homes, but had in the process lost sight almost completely of the growth of the commerce of their native country. The new bank became not only a pioneer of German industries, but also an important factor in the foreign relations of the Empire, which it helped by the introduction of German capital to Turkey in Asia Minor, thereby securing the German Government a much more influential position with the Porte than it ever held before. The Anatolian Railway and the Bagdad Railway, when finished, will be monuments to Herr von Siemens's activity, a fact which was appreciated by the Emperor when he raised the financier to the Prussian nobility, two years before his death.

The Deutsche Bank has had a strong footing in British South Africa ever since the goldfields were discovered at Witwatersrand. The late Mr. Adolph Goerz, who founded the famous firm which bears his name as a limited liability company, was practically the pioneer of the vast interests now controlled by the mother institution in the Transvaal and German South-West Africa. The Dresdner Bank, another powerful group of Teutonic capitalists, is represented in equally extensive mining and industrial investments in the Transvaal goldfields by the Brothers Albu. The British ruefully admit that the gold-mining industry of South Africa—Anglo-African, as it is often called—is more German than British. Herman Eckstein was the leading founder of the Rand industry—Mr. Alfred Beit being his faithful and powerful financial backer on the European side. Messrs. Wernher, Beit and Co. are to-day the premier house of mining circles in the City of London, controlling as they do gilt-edged investments rolling into a value of £14,000,000,000. Messrs. S. Neumann, with their clever junior partner, Mr. C. S. Goldmann, follow closely. Mr. J. B. Robinson's vast interests are intimately asso-

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ciated with the Hirsch and Lilinfeld firms—hailing from Cassel. Messrs. Albu Brothers, Ludwig Ehrlich, Goerz and Co., Ltd., are too well known in the premier financial world to require fuller description. Messrs. Lewis and Marks—seemingly British names—both hail from Eastern Germany, becoming naturalised Britons on their successful work in South Africa; and numerous other instances could be quoted to prove that the German financier has managed to locate himself firmly in the gold-bearing districts of South Africa.

Among other leading financiers of modern Germany may be mentioned the members of the Berlin banking-house, Mendelssohn and Co., the descendants of the eighteenth-century philosopher and writer, Moses Mendelssohn, whose sons founded the firm in 1805, and of the composer Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. Since the dissolution of Rothschild's bank in Frankfort early in the present year, this name may no longer be mentioned in any account of modern German finance; the "branches" in London and Paris had long since reached much greater importance than the original Frankfort house, and the interests of the "group" are now guarded by the firm of Bleichroder and the Disconto-Gesellschaft, which took over the Frankfort business. The old German capital on the Main has naturally had to occupy a secondary position compared with Berlin, although it was also the cradle of another world-house, which has mainly profited by its connection with New York—*viz.*, the firm of Speyer Bros. Hamburg and Bremen have, in contrast with the banking centre of the Empire, given birth to no prominent financiers; their great men, such as Herr Ballin, the head of the Hamburg-American line, Herr Wiegand, the managing director of the North German Lloyd, are, however, almost as well known as the great German captain of industry, Krupp, of Essen.

No sketch of the money kings of the modern world would be complete without an account of the greatest of all the industrials of the old world. Krupp, of Essen, has long been a household word throughout the world. The Cannon King, whose batteries did almost as much as the breechloading needlegun to found the German Empire, was much more than a gunmaker. Only 30 per cent. of the output at Essen was dedicated to the service of the God of War. But as *inter arma silent leges*, so the roar of the Krupp cannon has drowned the praises which would otherwise have paid tribute to this veritable Vulcan of the industrial world.

The story of the creation of the Krupp dynasty is one of the heroic romances of the nineteenth century. It is a story of indomitable perseverance, of far-sighted patriotism triumphing, after interminable delays, over almost inconceivable difficulties. When Krupp the Third died, last November, the newspapers of the world were filled with glowing accounts of the magnificence of the estate—richer and more important than many a kingdom—which he left to his heirs.

Krupp's works at Essen had practically converted a village of 10,000 inhabitants into a Birmingham or Pittsburg, with a population of from 100,000 to 150,000. The number of workmen on the pay-roll of the firm numbered 46,000. Nearly 40,000 cannon, cast in the Krupp foundries, were to be found in the arsenals of every State, from China to Peru. Krupp owned great steel works near Magdeburg; an artillery range at Meppin, and the Germania shipyard and dock at Kiel. They owned and worked three large coal-mines in Germany, and many iron-mines in Spain and in Germany. A fleet of steamers owned by Krupp had their headquarters at Rotterdam. His agents travelled more like ambassadors than commercial travellers in every part of the civilised world. To feed the forges of this German Vulcan, four tons of coal and coke were consumed every minute every day in the livelong year. Emperors were eager to do Krupp honour, kings sat at his table; titles they disdained—to be plain Herr Krupp was sufficient distinction for any man. Finally, it was recorded with awestruck breath that Krupp was the richest man in Germany, paying income-tax these last years on an income of a million pounds per annum.

The whole of this gigantic establishment was built up on the foundations laid a hundred years ago by Frederick Krupp, Krupp the First. It is noteworthy that the incentive to begin the manufacture of steel came to the first Krupp in the shape of a desire to rival the success of Sheffield, which was then the leading steelmaking centre in the world.

Krupp was born at Essen, and there in 1818 he built a small furnace and began the manufacture of steel. In 1822, he found that he had lost a fortune and impaired his health. He moved with his family into a little one-storey cottage, which now stands in the centre of the works at Essen. There he lived in sickness and comparative penury for four years, and there he died in 1826, leaving his son Alfred, a lad of fourteen, to carry on

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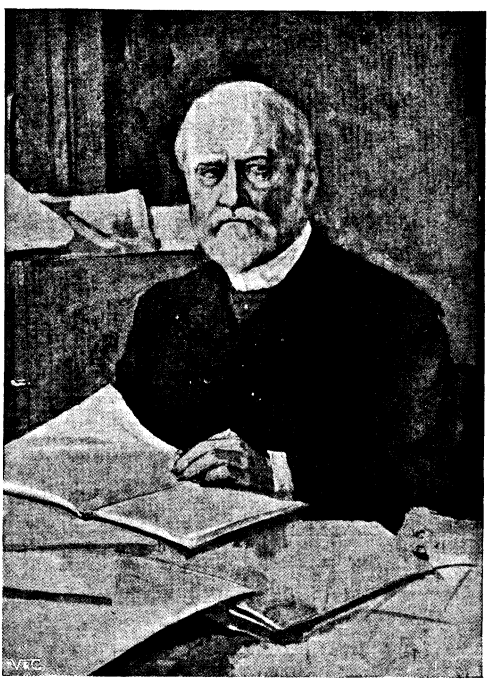
the business, to support his mother and the younger children; he had no capital, his only assets were a factory and four workmen.

Years afterwards, when Krupp was famous throughout the world, Alfred, then Krupp the Second, ordered that the little cottage where he had spent hundreds of sleepless nights should be put in exactly the same shape as it was originally. He said: "I desire that it shall be kept intact as long as the factory exists, in order that my successors, like myself, may look with pleasure upon the memorial, this origin of the great works. This house and its history may give courage to the faint-hearted and help him to persevere. May it preserve him from despising small things, and preserve him from vanity!" The Krupp Cottage, like the humble hut at Zaardam, where Peter the Great lived when he worked in Holland as a carpenter, is among the most interesting of the historical buildings of the Old World.

Alfred—Krupp the Second—was fortunate in having a noble mother. It is noteworthy that the success of the Rothschilds and of the Krupps may be traced back to the character and capacity of a woman. Mrs. Krupp was her son's best friend and business adviser; like Mr. Carnegie, he did not marry till his mother died. Mother and son for twenty-six years laboured hand in hand to build up from such small beginnings the greatest iron and steel works in the world.

It is a curious coincidence that as it was a desire to rival English steelmakers which spurred Krupp the First to begin steelmaking, it was the lucky sale of a patent for making silver-plated spoons to an English firm which gave Krupp the Second the capital with which to realise his father's ambition. He set to work to manufacture the best steel in the world. No good steel could be made, he said, excepting from good iron, and from the first he aimed at making his works self-supporting. It was not till twenty-one years after his father's death that he began making guns from cast-steel. He made his fortune in making railway plant—his weldless steel for car-wheels alone made him a fortune. What he made in manufacturing articles of peace he spent in making weapons of war. So far from being encouraged, the Prussian War Office did all it could to damp his ardour. Twelve years passed before—in 1859—he received an order to supply Prussia with three hundred cannon. In 1866 his guns aided in the defeat of Austria, and in 1870 they consummated the overthrow of the French Empire.

From that year all was plain sailing. But the obstacles over which he had to triumph before he reached that point were almost inconceivable. It was very surprising that officialdom, especially Prussian officialdom, which is nothing if not paternal, looked askance at the proposal that the batteries of the King should be armed by a private manufacturer. Most governments make their own cannon, but Germany, which owns its own railways, and is as jealous of private enterprises as not to allow a man to hire his own cart to carry his neighbour's goods, depends



THE LATE M. JEAN DE BLOCH.

for its artillery upon a private firm, which supplies at the same time all the armies of all its rivals.

Krupp II. reigned till 1887. When he died, he handed over the works, which he inherited from his father sixty-one years before, to his son Frederick, who died under somewhat suspicious circumstances last November. He began with four workmen. When he left the works to his successors, there were more than 20,000 men on the pay-roll. He reigned over his men very much as a Prussian king reigns over Prussia. He was benevolent and intelligent, but he was an autocrat. The management

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of the business he deputed to a cabinet of fourteen heads of departments, presided over by a chairman whom he named. But the works were his works; no one ever was permitted to forget that; the name of the Man on Horseback was Alfred Krupp. He looked after his men in his benevolent, paternal fashion; the works at Essen became the model industrial establishment in Germany. It was a kind of German Pullman. The sick fund, the pension fund, and the insurance fund which he founded, the first two in the 'fifties, the last in 1877, became the model of the imperial social reforms of the close of the century. He built model workmen's houses, started a co-operative society, and supplied his men with all the appurtenances of civilisation in the shape of hospitals, baths, schools, and libraries. The contribution of the firm to the various funds, savings-bank, etc., is said to amount to £200,000 per annum.

When Krupp II. died, and Krupp III. came to the throne, a change came o'er the spirit of the dream. Frederick Krupp was an able man, with artistic tendencies. But he had not the energy of his father, and according to current report was addicted to tastes which caused his frequent retirement from public life.

Whatever truth there may have been in this story, there is no doubt as to the desire of the Kaiser to do honour to the deceased ironmaster. Never before has a money king been laid to rest with an emperor as chief mourner.

THE WIND.

O WIND! what saw you in the south,
In lilied meadows fair and far?
I saw a lover kiss his lass
New-won beneath the evening star.

O wind! what saw you in the west
Of passing sweet that wooed your stay?
I saw a mother kneeling by
The cradle where her first-born lay.

O wind! what saw you in the north
That you shall dream of evermore?
I saw a maiden keeping tryst
Upon a grey and haunted shore.

O wind! what saw you in the east
That still of ancient dole you croon?
I saw a wan wreck on the waves
And a dead face beneath the moon.

L. M. MONTGOMERY.

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BICESTER'S DIRECTORATE.

By HAMILTON DRUMMOND.*

"IT'S good of you," said Sharman, "very good, indeed, to answer my note so promptly."

For one brief moment his Grace of Bicester thought of murmuring something about having business in the City anyhow, and killing two birds with one stone; but more prudent counsels prevailed and he told the truth.

"When a man like you wants to see a man like me, I'd be a bigger fool than I am if I played on the way."

The financier nodded. He knew his own value even better than Bicester did, and the innuendo pleased him. Not for its flattery—he had no more "side" about him than the Duke—but because of its blunt fact. When Robert Sharman wanted to see a man, it was worth that man's while to be seen.

"I have a scheme on hand," said he—"a company, quite a small affair, which I am about to launch, and it struck me you might care to join the board. I myself will be a member of it. The work won't be heavy, and the fees are five hundred a year apiece."

The Duke gaped astonishment. He had hoped something of the kind was in the wind—therefore his haste; but his estimate of the possibilities had been much more modest. In his intense surprise he blurted out his self-depreciation.

"But, good gracious, Sharman! what use can I be to you? Why don't you get some of the Bank of England fellows?"

A gleam of sardonic humour lit up Sharman's face for an instant, and passing, left it grave again.

"Because I wanted an expert," he answered quietly. "Surely by this time I may be trusted to know my business?"

Bicester was puzzled, or, as he might have put it, floored. Beyond the spending of money and evading his creditors, he could not recollect that he was expert at anything. Even of these, the first was chiefly a matter of heredity, his immediate forefathers having taken most earnest care to see that there was precious little left for him to squander when he came to his own. The little soon followed the much, and his second branch of expert knowledge had been growing ever since. Not that he had leisure to recall all that as he sat staring at Sharman; his wits were otherwise occupied.

"Yes?" he said resignedly, hardly venturing to throw an interrogation into the monosyllable. "Of course, if you're satisfied, it's all right?"

"Quite so. Your colleague—a board of three will be enough—will be Clegg. I think he has to do with racehorses or something of that sort."

"Clegg! Not Jimmy Clegg, the bookie?"

Sharman nodded.

"That's the man."

"But look here. Oh! come, you know—Jimmy Clegg! Why, Jimmy's the biggest sport——"

"I know all that," interrupted Sharman impatiently. "He's straight, isn't he?"

"Plumb straight."

"That settles it. He's our man."

"But, Great Scot, Sharman! what sort of a plant is this at all?"

"If by plant you mean swindle, Bicester, I'll ask you to change your word. My hands are as clean as the Lord Chancellor's, and I mean to keep them so. I never yet launched a scheme that did not make money on its merits, and I never will."

"Oh, I say, Sharman, I never meant——"

"No, I understand that. Now, since you have decided to join us—Clegg's letter of acceptance is here—I'll give you an outline of the scheme. It is self-descriptive. The company I propose to register is 'The Peerage Supply Association, Limited.'"

For the second time that day the Duke admitted to his private conscience that he was knocked out; and being an ingenuous, honest-hearted young fellow, his face showed his perplexity.

"Look here, Sharman, you're not jokin', are you?"

"Never was more serious in my life. The nominal capital will be fifty thousand pounds, in ten thousand shares of five pounds each. On these I propose to call up two shillings per share. That will give us a thousand

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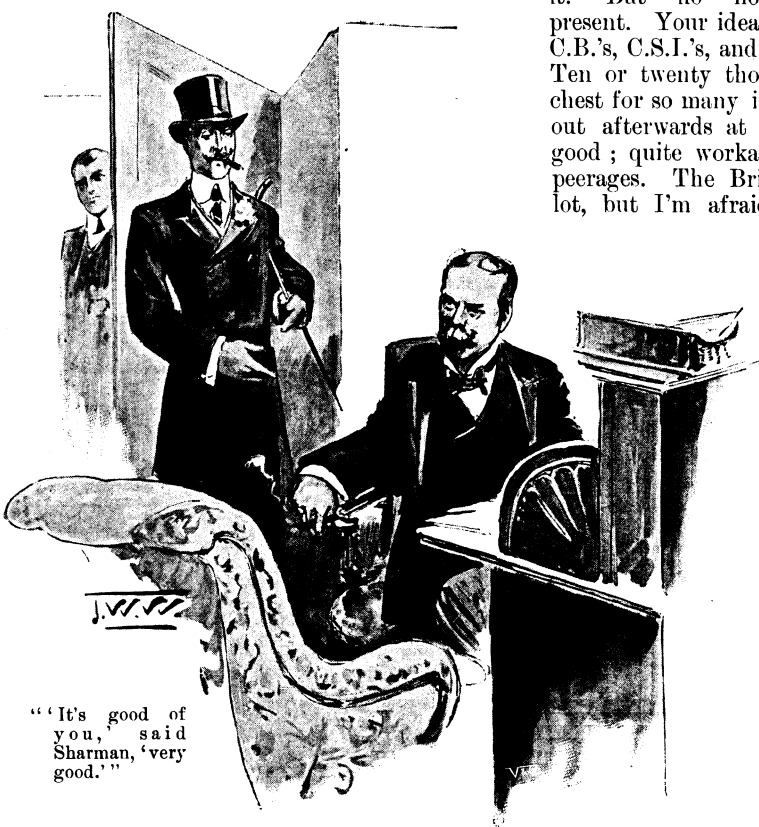
pounds, which I consider ample to start operations upon."

"But, I say—I'm not a financier like you—by Jove, no! wish I was—that won't pay stamps and that sort of thing. The Government shark must have his whack; and there's printin'—and—and—lots of things. Where are they to come from?"

"Preliminary expenses, you mean? I pay these."

"And"—his Grace thought he saw his way to a shrewd stroke, "do you join the board after allotment?"



"'It's good of you,' said Sharman, 'very good.'"

He did not know what that meant, but he had seen the phrase on the face of more than one prospectus, and it sounded both safe and clever.

"No," answered Sharman gravely. "Subject, of course, to you and Clegg, I propose to allot the shares."

"I see. But—you don't mind my askin' the question? I know I'm stupid at times—how do you propose to supply peerages?"

"Eh?"

"Peerage Supply Association, y'know. How are you goin' to——"

"Ah! I see, I see! By George, Bicester! that's an idea. Curious that it never struck me that way," and Sharman sat back in his revolving chair, wrinkling his nose after that peculiar habit of his when in deep thought. "Peerage supply. H'm! I wonder, now, is that what Steinberg meant," he went on absently. "Not that it matters; I can choose my own way, and I don't choose that. I quite catch your thought, though, and there's a good deal in it—a good deal in it. But—no—no—that's beyond us at present. Your idea was to buy knighthoods, C.B.'s, C.S.I.'s, and such rubbish wholesale. Ten or twenty thousand to the party war-chest for so many in bulk, and peddle them out afterwards at a profit? The notion's good; quite workable, too, but hardly with peerages. The British public will stand a lot, but I'm afraid even it would kick at stocking the Upper House at a profit."

"Then—I hate to be curious, Sharman, and of course I have perfect faith in you; but as my name——"

"No apology is necessary. You're a director, or will be, and have a perfect right to know everything. It's this: about how many suburban entertainments are given in the year?"

"Music-halls?"

"No, no; dinners, dances, and such-like."

"Haven't a notion, and don't see what it has to do with us."

"You will presently. Take Beckenham, Richmond, Norwood; or, nearer home, Brixton, Bayswater, and so on. Would ten thousand a year be too many?"

"Haven't a notion," repeated Bicester, shaking his head. He was beginning to wonder whether Sharman's wits had flown away, carrying his five hundred a year with them; and, to do him justice, he was more concerned for his friend's loss than his own, which shows what a kindly fellow he really was, since at that very moment he had a dozen uses for five hundred a year.

"Take my word for it, the figure is too small, but I prefer to be conservative in my estimates. Now, look here, Bicester, you

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know me pretty well by this time, and that I wouldn't for the world hurt your feelings; but I think you're not—particularly—flush."

"Say deuced hard up, and you'll be nearer the mark," replied his Grace cheerfully. "Blank pauper's the word, and—I say, Sharman, really, I'm awfully grateful——"

"That's not the point," interrupted Sharman hastily. "By George, no! It's this: you are not the only one that's——"

"Stoney broke? More's the pity, I'm not."

"Well? You see the scheme, don't you?"

"Blest if I do. I told you I was on the thick side."

"How many of these Beckenham and Brixton people would like a lord to—what shall I say?—gild the entertainment?"

"If they entertain some that I know," said Bicester bluntly, "the silver-plating will be the other way round. They'll have to look after their spoons."

"We'll avoid these. That's where you come in?"

"But I say, Sharman, you're not serious?"

"Serious as fortune, and there's a fortune in it. We'll supply——"

Bicester burst into a roar of laughter, such a roar as Sharman's solemn chambers had not heard for many a day.

"Ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! What a joke! Barons to brokers; marquises to wine merchants; peerages on tap; no home complete without one; dukes are cheap to-day." Then he suddenly grew serious. "We draw the line there, you know, Sharman?"

"Oh! you're a director," returned Sharman evasively. "What do you think of the idea?"

"Mad as Bedlam. Surely there are not such fools——"

"Aren't there? I know more about that than you do. My estimate is twenty per cent. of fools; again a most conservative figure. Don't you think so? Ask your own experience. Well, then, that gives us two thousand aching voids a year; quite as many as we can fill."

"More, by a chalk. Where is the—the—stuffing to come from?"

"You and Clegg come in there, but I can give you a rough hint. There's old Crabs."

"Deuceace, you mean? The Earl?"

"Yes. The Griffin money that came into the family in 18— has, of course, gone long since. Or there's Verisopht, the nephew of the man Sir Mulberry Hawk shot. The estates, as you know, didn't follow the title. Steyne is no better off, nor Bareacres; oh, pshaw! I could name a score for you, and Clegg twice as many. He has to know them

Jimmy Clegg, the third director.

so as to avoid 'em; a valuable man Clegg! Do you begin to see?"

"But, hang it all, Sharman, these fellows—gentlemen, you know—they wouldn't——"

"I see. Rather bilk tradesmen? More honourable and all that sort of thing, eh? Why wouldn't they?"

"The publicity."

"Absolutely no publicity. The Beckenham man may be one kind of a fool, but he is not fool enough to advertise the fact that

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he paid fifty guineas for the honour of the Earl of Crabs' company to dinner. Naturally we don't talk, nor Crabs either."

"But——"

"Go on; you're as full of 'buts' as a cellar. What next?"

"The disgrace; to hire themselves out——"

"No disgrace; no hiring. The fee is paid to us, they receive a courteous invitation: 'Mrs. Plebs, At Home.' You know the thing? It's merely a new profession open to a limited class. They have something to sell which Mrs. Plebs desires to purchase. Mrs. Plebs' reception shines resplendent with the Earl of Crabs; the Earl of Crabs puts three thousand pounds a year into his pocket, where it is sorely wanted, and we pay twenty per cent. dividend."

"Three thousand a year?"

"Why not? Fifty guineas a night is not dear for an earl. Half goes to him and half to us. Three times a week; for, of course, we mustn't overwork them—no sweating or anything of that sort. Three times, that's—let me see—hundred and fifty by fifty, divide by two—shillings, as Mr. Mantelini would say, be demmed!—call it three thousand seven hundred and fifty a year, and his sons a thousand or two apiece. Why, supposing only a tenth part of the fools come to us the first year, I calculate we would clear expenses and pay five hundred per cent.—on the called-up capital, of course."

"Five hundred per cent.!" gasped Bicester, limp from bewilderment and utterly collapsed by the magnitude of the figures. "It's colossal! colossal! But—a last one, really, a last one—Sharman, will the public come in? Will they subscribe? It *seems* a mad scheme, y'know!"

"My friends guarantee the capital."

"Oh!" said his Grace, with an inspiration of cunning. "What's the commission?"

"I said friends, not brokers," answered the financier shortly. "The issue is guaranteed."

"Then why print a prospectus?"

"For advertisement. Fifty thousand will be posted. By the way, the qualification is a hundred shares."

"Ah!" said the Duke. "Ten pounds? I'll find that. May I apply for more?"

"As many as you like. Is there anything else you want to ask?"

"Just this. Won't some of these fellows—they only get half the—the—client's fees, y'know—won't they want to go into business on their own account?"

"Play scab and blackleg? They might—if it paid them. But it wouldn't. Who is to know they are open to professional engagements? No one; and we would strike them off our books. That all? Well, good day; glad you're going to join us. Meet Clegg here at noon the day after to-morrow, to approve the prospectus. It will be issued on Saturday morning to private addresses only; that brings it in for Sunday reading."

With a wave of his hand, Sharman buried himself anew in his papers, while, still half dazed, Bicester walked down the broad stone stairway to the thronged pavement. Even there the hum of life passed him by unheeded, and the immaculate respectables of Cockspur Street were scandalised by the spectacle of a bucolic-looking young fellow of twenty-eight, or thereabouts, clinging to a lamp-post in the broad midday and laughing like a lunatic.

The week following, the echo of his merriment rumbled from Harrow to Woolwich, from Waltham Cross to Croydon. Never had London read such a prospectus. It was a satire, a hoax, a bitter jest, men told themselves; a sardonic gibe at Society tricked out in all the current jargon of the Money Market. It was well done, they admitted, chuckling, and for pure sport read it over a second time. But as they turned back to the first page, "Robert Sharman, Esq., Managing Director" caught the eye, and they grew grave again. The veriest tyro who dabbled to his own hurt in stocks knew Robert Sharman, and that the Archbishop of Canterbury was as likely to lend his name to a skit on the Westminster Confession as Robert Sharman to a piece of mere financial horseplay. The second reading, therefore, was critical and with an eye to profit.

"Capital, fifty thousand pounds"—a toy company for a man like Sharman, and—hallo! what was this? "Only two shillings per share will be called up for at least six months, nor will further calls be made unless the directors have a reasonable expectation of paying a minimum dividend of ten per cent. upon the entire nominal capital." Out came at least a thousand pencils in as many suburban residences, and hasty calculations were jotted down on the margin of the page, which looked as if it had been left broad for that very purpose. Why, by Jove! the whole thing was only a thousand pounds, and with such a man as Robert Sharman "reasonable expectations" meant absolute certainty. It

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read like a gold mine, only more so, and the only risk was the initial florin a share. "It is considered," the prospectus went on, "that the amount thus yielded will be ample. The working expenses will be little more than nominal, as the directors do not propose to advertise."

Some figures followed, even more conservative than those given to Bicester, but this entire paragraph was so cautiously worded that not even the most touchy possessor of a Beckenham villa could take offence. Indeed, the chief impression left upon the reader's mind was that this drawing together of social elements, unhappily estranged, would consolidate the Empire, raise up a bulwark to the Constitution, and apply an alleviative to the pin-pricks of France, Germany, and Russia. Needless to say that though the voice might be the voice of the board, the hand throughout was Sharman's.

Next came a clause to the effect that in return for the privilege of underwriting one thousand shares without commission, Mr. Robert Sharman undertook the payment of all preliminary expenses, including printing, postage, and stamp duties. "No promotion money," it ended, "has been paid or will be paid, and the capital upon which the directors will proceed to allotment is the entire now offered for subscription."

But perhaps the final paragraph was the one that caused the greatest pursings of lips. It ran: 'The directors give notice that no transfers of shares will be recognised until eighteen calendar months after the registration of the Company. A consent to this effect has been introduced into the application form to be signed by intending subscribers.'

"Ah ha!" said the knowing ones when they read this novel provision, "what a long-headed fellow Sharman is! There is some deep game in that, some scoop for himself that has to do with his thousand shares." Though when they came to consider it more closely, they failed to see where the scoop came in.

Bicester had opposed the clause.

"I say, Sharman," he objected, "that's rough on the beggars who come into this blind pool. If they want to clear out, why shouldn't they?"

But Sharman was firm, and Clegg backed him up in his decision.

"I'll have no stags on this allotment-sheet. More companies are ruined—in reputation, I mean—by greedy, irresponsible speculators than you, and the like of you, dream of. Our chief asset is our decorum. If the public thought our shares were merely a market counter to gamble with, we'd be wrecked the day we floated. Once launched, the less publicity we have, the better. Within a month our name will be forgotten except by those who mean to deal with us. That is just what we want."

"Right you are," said Clegg. "Besides, we ought to give the Johnnies who back us up a run for their money," and so the clause stood.

The second reading of the prospectus brought much pondering and but little laughter. The public checked off the points on its fingers thus, and found them all good: Robert Sharman, managing director; no preliminary expenses; no underwriters' commission nor deductions from subscribers' capital; all charges paid by Robert Sharman for a nominal consideration; no liability beyond the paltry florin a share except with a ten per cent. dividend in view; and the conclusion come to was that Robert Sharman, the astutest financier in the City—except, perhaps, Steinberg—and far and away the straightest, knew he had a big thing.

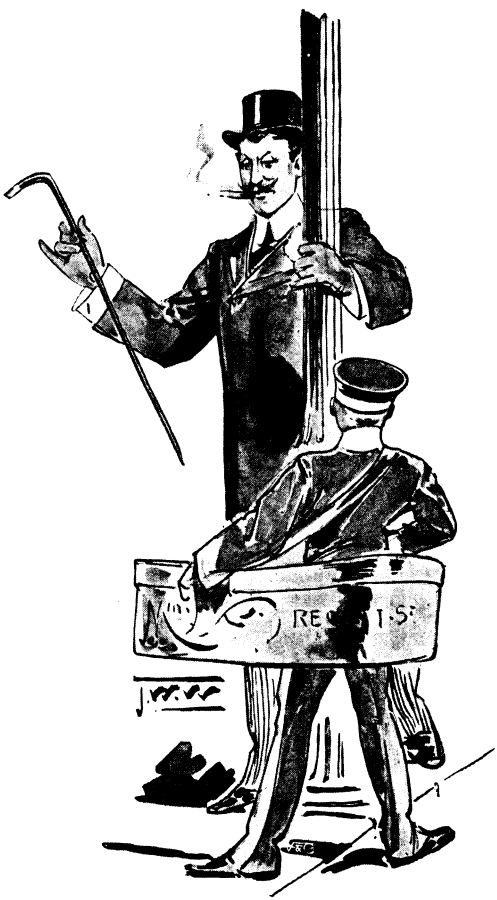
The subscription-list opened in the London and Westminster Bank, head office and branches, at noon on Monday, and closed on or before 3 p.m. the Wednesday following. By closing time on the first day the capital had been subscribed three times over; on Tuesday the three had risen to ten times; by Wednesday morning five pounds a piece were offered for application forms, with no sellers; and when the lists finally closed, Robert Sharman had been offered a potential million. And yet, notwithstanding the enormous number of applications, the directors that afternoon proceeded to allotment. Clegg wanted five hundred shares, and got them; Bicester a thousand, and got them; a dozen single shares were allotted to as many clerks in the managing director's office; Steinberg received all he asked for, ten; the balance went to Robert Sharman himself.

Then followed another innovation in company promoting. The original application-form and applicant's own cheque, uncancelled by the bank, were returned with astonishing promptitude, a remittance taking the place of the cheque to those who had made their deposit in cash. A circular letter accompanied these, regretting that in consequence of the enormous number of applications, it was found impossible to make even a *pro rata* allotment, but that in the probable event of the Company being

greatly enlarged, the applicants for the present issue would receive the first offer of shares.

To do Bicester justice, he had opposed the course adopted by the majority of the board; but when Sharman pointed out that only one share and a small fraction was available for each applicant, and that if a general distribution were made, it would be necessary to cut down Bicester himself to his bare qualification, the Duke withdrew his objection.

"No, no," said he, abandoning the point gracefully, "I dare say you're right. Anyhow, I feel a director should hold a substantial stake in the Company, and with fees of five hundred a year a ten-pound investment hardly seems enough, does it?"



"Clinging to a lamp-post in the broad midday and laughing like a lunatic."

Naturally the public were less placid. An acrimonious letter or two appeared in the financial papers, but no more than asserted the unpurchasable independence of their respective editors, and, for reasons which Robert Sharman could have explained, even these soon ceased. The bursting of a West Australian—or was it West African?—bubble drew off critical attention, and within a month the public's wholesome laughter and less wholesome excitement were apparently alike forgotten.

But only apparently. From the first the practical joker was the chief danger to the Company, and had not Sharman set his right-hand man to—literally—sift the "chaff" from the wheat, disaster must have followed. Demands to have a dozen assorted dukes sent by parcels post were easily dealt with, and in most bogus inquiries the asses' ears plainly showed themselves. But there were others which might have been genuine, and there it was that Firman's tact and experience saved the situation. Nor did the jests long continue. Stories leaked out of biters bit, and more than one would-be joker had reason to know that Robert Sharman was an ill man to gibe at.

But the daily bushel of correspondence was not all chaff; and though every inquiry did not lead to business, a sufficient number did to enable the managing director, who was also chairman, to announce to the statutory meeting that the board had decided to declare a quarterly dividend of twelve and a half per cent.

Curious how birds of the air carry a matter. The Press was not represented at the meeting, and yet particulars as to the dividend appeared in the next issues of most of the financial papers in plain, blunt, businesslike notices. The effect of this publicity upon the Company's affairs was magical, and within the next three months its clients increased fourfold.

Then came a day when Bicester's sympathy with Job for cursing the hour of his birth was profound. A board was to meet, and shortly before its sitting Sharman threw a letter across the table, saying—

"I think you had better attend to that. A hundred guineas a day for a week-end in Hampshire are fair terms. Marlay, who writes, is a rare good fellow—an Australian millionaire, with a nice place in the New Forest and a yacht at Cowes fit for a king. I know him well."

Picking up the letter, Bicester read it slowly through, his face, as he did so, growing the colour of "Kelly's Directory" on the mantelshelf behind him.

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"Oh! you know him, do you? Then you had best go yourself."

"So I shall, my dear fellow; but you notice the order is for a duke."

"Duke be hanged, Sharman! You know I told you at the first that I drew the line at this sort of thing. Dash it all! I can't hire myself out to be patronised by a lot of bounders and——"

"I think I told you I would be a guest?"

"Yes, but you're different. I won't go, that's flat."

"Won't, eh?"

"Won't."

"I think you will. Take an hour or two to think it over. Here's Clegg, and we had better get to work; this meeting is rather an important one."

Presently it transpired that the important business was to make a further call upon the shares. This, Sharman explained, was made necessary by the rapid expansion of the Company's engagements. He believed the time had now come when the establishment of branch offices in Dublin, Glasgow, and several of the chief Midland centres of trade would have to be considered. Should this be decided on, a large increase in the liquid assets would be necessary. He therefore proposed a resolution "That a call be made upon the uncalled capital of the Company, of such amount and payable at such a time as the managing director should decide." Passed unanimously.

"About five shillings a share, I suppose?" said Bicester, who had been making laborious calculations on a sheet of foolscap. He had half a year's fees coming to him; and though his credit had improved of late, his "liquid assets," to adopt Sharman's phrase, were, by a paradox, still "stoney."

But the chairman shook his head.

"Quite insufficient. I shall call up the entire balance, payable—let me see"—leaning forward, he took up the Hampshire letter and glanced over it—"payable next Tuesday."

"But, great Christopher!" cried the Duke, "where am I to get five thousand pounds in four days, or—or four years, for the matter of that?"

"Where the Company's interests are at stake," replied Sharman gravely, "I cannot see that the convenience of a director can be considered. The notice of the call will issue to-night."

"But—Clegg?"

"Out of our hands," said Clegg. "Just passed that resolution, y'know. Beastly things, resolutions! I never keep 'em in private life; but dealin' with the public that's different, ain't it?"

"'Then the long and short of it is, I can't pay."

"Oh, yes, you can," replied Sharman, flicking the letter with his finger-nail into the middle of the table. "As I said to you a while ago, take an hour or two to think about it."

During the rest of the business Bicester never opened his mouth, but sat staring before him, drumming his finger-tips on the frame of his chair. When at last it concluded, he gave Clegg a curt nod and still sat stolidly on. But when the two were alone, he turned in wrath upon Sharman.

"This is a confoundedly mean trick to play a man! I suppose you call such dodgery clever, but I——"

"Better say nothing you'll be sorry for afterwards," interrupted the other. "What do you complain of? Did *I* ask you to apply for more shares than you can take up? Who thought he was clever then, tell me that? What is the use of bickering? Come down with me to Hawley Chase this day week?—the call can wait."

"I'm blest if I can see your game!"

"Because there's none to see! It's like the Spanish fleet."

"Well—I'll go. But there'll be no confounded fees! I'd—I'd sooner pay over to the Company its loss of profit than have it said——"

"All right—we won't ask that! Waterloo 3.45 on Friday, eh? You'll like Marley. Good day, Bicester."

"Good day—hang you!"

Whereat Sharman laughed good-humouredly, but the Duke, as he passed the lamp-post in Cockspur Street, was as dejected as a wet cat. He was beginning to realise that the way of the money-maker is not always a primrose path.

It must have been some six months later that, as Sharman sat in his private room, with the Company's rough balance-sheet before him, Bicester was announced. He seemed ill at ease, broached half-a-dozen irrelevant topics, glanced wanderingly round the room, but at last, catching sight of a paper lying on the chairman's blotting-pad, found his text.

"I say, Sharman, it's about this business I want to see you," said he, tapping the balance-sheet with the quill he had been tearing to pieces. "It seems a petty kind of a thing, doesn't it?"

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"The profits are £9,385 14*s.* 6*d.*, the final dividend will be fourteen shillings a share, and there will be a substantial carry forward," replied the financier tersely.

"Yes, I know all that. A thing may be mean and yet make money. The idea's petty, degradin', y'know."

"I cordially agree. You thought so that day you went with me to Marlay's place. Are you sorry you went?"

The Duke blushed prodigiously. When a man who has rubbed shoulders for almost thirty years with both the satin and the seamy sides of the world undertakes to grow red in the face, a rosy sunset is but a feeble parallel. Perhaps it is that he is making up his arrears.

"By Jove! no! I'd be an ungrateful hound to say that. Mary thinks——"

"Miss Marlay?"

"I said Miss Marlay."

"You said Mary, and I wasn't sure. There may be more than one Mary in the world."

"Not for me," said Bicester stoutly, and Sharman, with a twinkle in his eye, honoured him for his outspoken loyalty.

"That's why I brought you down," he said quietly. "A good girl is Mary, a girl with a heart of gold. I have known her these twenty years, and was sure you would suit each other."

But the bubble of his Grace's elation had been suddenly pricked.

"I say, Sharman, she didn't know——"

"Confound you, Bicester! how dare you insult her by such a thought! No! nor Marlay either. Be at ease. Fate did its own work; the Company has no claim on the settlements. Well, now; Mary thinks——?"

The sunset took on, if possible, a deeper glow.

"A woman, y'know — delicate sense o' honour——" he stammered—"thinks it a lowerin' of dignity, panderin' to unworthy aspirations and—that sort of thing."

"And you agree with her?"

"Well"—Bicester smiled a little foolishly—"there's a lot in what she says, ain't there, now?"

"Again I cordially agree. You won't object, these being your views, to second a resolution which I intend to propose at the annual meeting: 'That the Company be wound up voluntarily'?"

"Eh? And it paying fourteen per cent?"

"Eighteen is nearer the mark. That just pays me back my out-of-pocket flotation expenses."

"Then why on earth did you start the confounded——"

"Don't you, of all people, say a word against it. You draw a dividend for life, payable daily in what gold can't buy—a good woman's love. It was Steinberg who really set the idea going."

"Steinberg?"

"Yes. I bet him a new hat I would float any company he named, and make it pay ten per cent. the first year."

"And he named——"

"Just so. It's a lesson to him, isn't it? I say, Bicester, you'll ask me to the wedding, I hope?"

A WITHERED ROSE.

I CHERISH now the withered rose
That died in Sylvia's hair;
And scorning every flower that grows,
I cherish but that withered rose,
From whose crushed petals ever flows
The fragrance she left there.
I cherish now the withered rose
That died in Sylvia's hair.

C. A. MITCHELL.

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A TOKEN OF ESTEEM.

By B. A. CLARKE.*

WHEN Roger Ford (alias the Rabbit) was invited to tea at the Tyrells', they all resolved to be very kind to him; but within five minutes of his arrival, with one exception, they had forgotten this completely and were treating him as one of themselves. At the tea-table he was allowed an equal share of the conversation, but no more. Each of the Tyrell boys (as their wont was) talked the whole time, and their visitor was at liberty to do the same. On these terms, as on any other, the Rabbit was quite equal to holding his own. But perhaps he was favoured in the direction of the conversation. Max, for example, made himself hoarse trying to catch the visitor's ear. He recalled episodes of his youth, describing himself as he was at young Ford's age, without a trace of self-patronage. Walter and Claude, who caught snatches of their elder brother's vociferous confidences, were aghast at his condescension. If Roger had not been entirely absorbed in what he himself was saying, he would have been greatly interested. Mrs. Tyrell alone maintained the altruistic attitude. Her idea of the lower classes was that they were people to be given things to. After tea she marched the visitor up to her bedroom, and gave him a parcel of collars and socks, and also a still presentable sailor suit of Claude's.

"You won't want the things you are wearing, again," she said, "so you can make the change at once."

Mrs. Tyrell left the boy to himself for a quarter of an hour; and when she returned, the change had been effected. To her own surprise, as much as to the child's, she stooped down and kissed him. Now that he was dressed like one of her own sons, she no longer saw in her *protégé* a representative of a class, but a little boy with no mother to scold him and fight his battles.

"Now," said the Rabbit, "I must go and show myself in these togs to the little Miss."

"Do," said Mrs. Tyrell. "I am sure she will be very glad to see you."

The invalid, who, like her brothers, had been won by the small boy's manliness and self-reliance, welcomed him very heartily. Claude was in the room, and Roger, as though to challenge comparison, went over and stood beside him.

"I am bigger than young Claude," he remarked complacently, "and we are the same age."

"We are not," said Claude hotly. "I have only just had my birthday, and yours was last January."

"My birthday is in seventeen days exactly," said Margaret. "It seems silly to count the days, because I have already had my present from papa and mamma."

"She will have heaps more," said Claude. "That girl gets hundreds."

"Who gives them to her?" asked the Rabbit suspiciously.

"Oh! we all do—Max, and Walter, and I, and the servants, and all our friends."

"Does she get any from boys?"

"A few. There is a fellow next door who gives her something every birthday. This was from him. It's a real ivory penholder, and if you look through that speck of glass in the middle, you can see Eastbourne pier."

"I don't believe it is ivory."

"It is. Now you just take a look. Isn't it ripping? No one would think you could see a pier, and boats, and sands, and things through a mite of glass."

The Rabbit took a long look and then returned it.

"When you are writing," he said, "you don't want views of the seaside; and if you did, you couldn't see it. The picture ought to have been let in at the top."

"You are not meant to look when you are writing."

"And other people couldn't see, either. Where are they to be sitting?"

"Silly kid! The view is not to be looked at when anyone is writing. When you want to write, there is the pen; and when you don't, there is the picture."

"Then why didn't he give her two things, a pen *and* a view? I expect he was too blooming mean!"

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"I took that pen to school one day," said Claude, "and used it in the writing lesson. You don't know how jolly it is to be doing your copy-book, and in between, when you get tired of writing, hold the pen up to the light and see all those boats."

"And have the ink run down into your eye! No, thank you. If I couldn't give a girl a better present than that, I wouldn't give her one at all."

"I bet you never gave one as good."

The Rabbit was very indignant at this, and it was not until a couple of hours afterwards, when he was well on his way home, that he realised its truth. He had never given a good present, and how should he? Nevertheless, young Claude had no right to say it. "If only I could find a sovereign lying on the pavement, I'd show him." And almost as he said this he saw a gold coin. It was only a half-sovereign, and it was lying in the gutter, but the coincidence was remarkable, although less so than if the finder had been anyone else. Finding sovereigns upon the pavement was his favourite day-dream—indeed, most of his imaginations started with this. If he was ever to find money, it was likely that the discovery would come when his thoughts were busy picturing it.

Upon arriving home, Roger Ford sewed up the half-sovereign in his waistcoat; and when he went to bed, he wore this garment next to his skin.

Bill, who was spending a very pleasant evening with a friend leaning up against a post, found it hard to tear himself away, and did not stumble up the crazy staircase until after midnight.

Roger, when he awoke, had his plan of action cut and dried. In sixteen days was Margaret's birthday, and in eight the summer holidays came to an end. The period, therefore, seemed to divide itself naturally into two equal parts—eight days for the joys of shopping, and eight days for those of gloating over the article purchased. Devoting the whole sum to a present for Margaret Tyrell was not one of the points he had deliberated. It was as a gift to her that he had seen the coin in the first instance.

Roger started off as soon as he had given Bill his breakfast. The next seven days he meant to spend visiting shops that could not possibly supply what he wanted. He saw himself telling pompous shopkeepers and their prim wives that they had nothing good enough, with a keen anticipatory enjoyment. Having walked to the end of Trafalgar Road, he ascended Pentonville Hill, and found himself in Upper Street, Islington. Nobody here was likely to know him. The first shop he entered was a sixpenny bazaar. The proprietor pledged himself to sell you any article displayed for sixpence. If you should light upon a thing worth a shilling, or two shillings (there was really no limit), the loss was his. And his liability was not limited to displayed things. This had been proved. A gentleman (one of the real kind, with patent-leather boots) once entered the shop, placed a sovereign upon the counter, and demanded the very best vase that money could purchase. The shopkeeper brought to light an almost priceless piece of glassware in chocolate and gold. But the gentleman had put back his sovereign into his pocket, and now insisted that the vase should be sold to him for sixpence, and the law upheld his claim. It was calling the shop a sixpenny bazaar that did the mischief. Another man would have had the dangerous words painted out, but the proprietor was confident that he could protect himself. As for the story, he would neither confirm it nor deny it? It might be true, or, again, it might not; but he would take precious good care that no one else humbugged him. Deluded man! Not a day passed since the story had got about without the woman he left in charge being similarly victimised. Children would ask for an article to cost five shillings, and, when it was produced, claim it for sixpence. If the woman demurred, mere toddlers would threaten her with the police. It was creditable that she never allowed defeat to sour her.

"Seeing as you insist, I suppose you must 'ave it; but if the boss knew that that corfy-jug had gorn for sixpence, he would give me the sack, and a bag to put it in."

Some people can jest upon the edge of a precipice.

The Rabbit entered the shop ignorant of all this; indeed, he had not noticed that it was a sixpenny bazaar.

"I want a work-box for a lady," he said loftily, "to cost ten shillings."

"Ten shillings," said the saleswoman, in a thick whisper, "then I have got the very thing for you."

She spoke in a whisper because a crowd of ragged children had congregated at the doorway, and she did not wish to be overheard. But they heard, bless you! and repeated the remark among themselves.

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The woman dived behind the counter, and rose breathless to the surface with a shell box.

"How much?"

"'Arfer sovrin."

The bewildered boy could only gasp "Why?"

"They are all real shells," said the woman. "There is not a single imitation shell on the box. If you buy it and can find an imitation shell, you may call me a liar."

It occurred to the boy that to pay ten shillings for this privilege was excessive.

"I could get it for sixpence," he said contemptuously.

"If you say that," said the woman, "you must have it."

"What for?"

"Sixpence, of course."

"But you said half a sovereign."

"I said 'arfer sovrin, and it is worth 'arfer sovrin, and more. But you have beat me down."

The Rabbit made for the door. He liked cheapening things as much as anyone, but such sudden falls made him giddy.

The children around the door resented this *dénouement*.

"Make her give it to you!" they cried. "She's got to give it for sixpence, or you can have her locked up."

The boy had quite a difficulty to force his way out. Even then the crowd did not disperse. Sharp little eyes followed the treasure to its place of concealment, and dirty little fingers pointed this out. Within half an hour a company had been formed, with a subscribed capital of sixpence, and for this miserably inadequate sum the ten-shilling shell box changed hands.

As for Bunny Ford, he was more than a little disturbed by the episode. The pitfalls encompassing the unwary shopper were evidently more dangerous than he had thought. Who would have supposed that there existed such trade discounts?

The next shop he entered was almost a good one. A lady wearing steel jewellery waited upon him.

"Work-box? Certainly. Here is a very attractive line for five shillings."

She showed this first, not in the least expecting to make a sale, but with a view of humbling the boy, and making him feel how good it was of her, accustomed to these larger dealings, to supply his humble wants.

The Rabbit made a bid of threepence, and came near to being hustled out of the shop. But the half-sovereign, carelessly revealed, saved him.

By its softening light the woman saw in this customer an attractive young gentleman with an enviable gift of humour.

"I wanted to see if you was like the other woman," said Roger.

"Five shillings is our price; and if this was Christmas week, we should be asking five-and-four. It is a beautiful work-box. If you went to Dalton and Pauling's, in Piccadilly, they would charge you ten shillings; but you wouldn't get a better box—you'd pay the other five shillings for the name."

Roger made a mental note that his purchase should be made at Dalton and Pauling's. As for this box, he rejected it contemptuously.

"It's not wanted for a Sunday-school treat kid," he said, "but for a young lady. If I was to give her a work-box like this, she would laugh."

"What's the matter with it?" asked the woman, impressed in spite of herself by the child's superiority. This was the most expensive article of the kind in stock, and hitherto she had admired it greatly.

"It is imitation."

"Imitation what?"

"An imitation work-box. I will go to Dalton and Pauling's, in Piccadilly. They may charge me ten shillings, but they will give me a real one."

He walked out of the shop, the woman looking after him with unseeing eyes. In a beautiful vision she saw herself the mother of this child and chastising him vigorously.

In the days that followed, quite a proportion of the Islington ladies keeping fancy shops had similar day-dreams. The meeker of them wept. To see that serene child, after cheapening one's entire stock, walk out with the half-sovereign intact in his hand, was too much for shopkeeping flesh and blood.

On the eighth day, the last of his holidays, Roger Ford walked to Piccadilly. There was no difficulty about finding Dalton and Pauling's. It was not a large shop, but he noticed that carriages were constantly drawing up at its door. Clearly there would be nothing about a present bought here to remind the little lady that it had come to her from an inferior.

The work-box he selected was the very smallest shown to him at ten shillings. The fittings were not remarkable, but both inside and out the box looked and smelt good. It was of rosewood, and had inlaid

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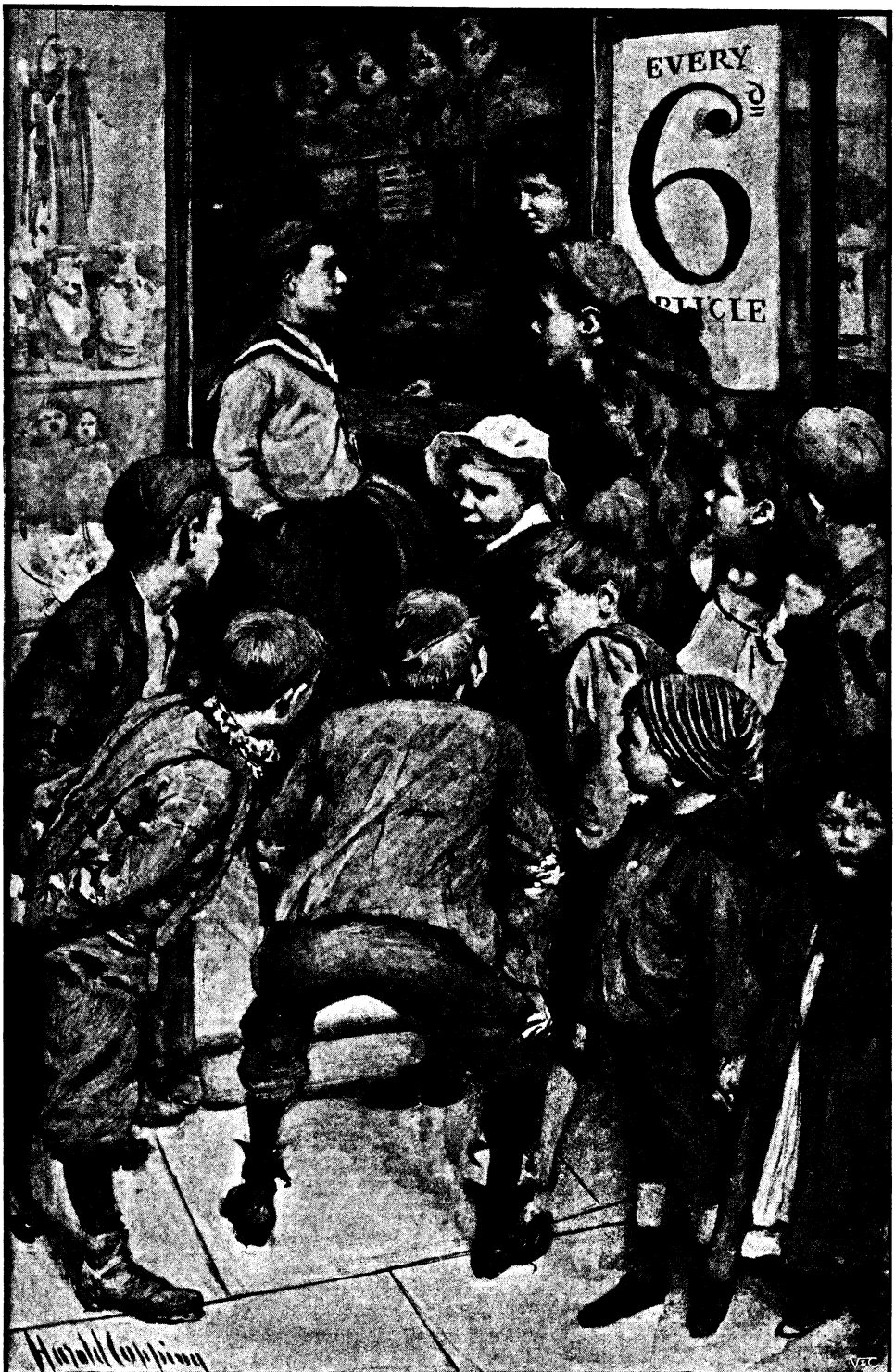

"But they heard, bless you! and repeated the remark among themselves."

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work at the corners, and upon the lid. He was quiet when it was being wrapped up—not remorseful, but awed at spending such a sum.

The gentleman that had served him (the youngster did not doubt that this beautifully dressed shop assistant was a perfect gentleman, and his intuition was a true one) noticed his abstraction, and misread it.

"If you change your mind when you get home, you can return the box and have your money back. We won't even require you to purchase anything else in its place."

For eight days Roger Ford kept the work-box a secret, although there were times when he felt that he must rush out into the street and bring in the first person he met to admire it. The daintiness of it fascinated him. He was glad the wood was dark; it helped him to picture Margaret's hair and eyes. He would dim the lid with his breath, and polish it with his handkerchief until it became a mirror. Having such a thing in the attic was as sweetly incongruous as though the little lady herself in her braided crimson frock were lying there, waited upon by him and Bill. How nice she looked in her room, with her white hands outside the coverlet! He had been struck with her from the first, on that memorable day when he and Claude had nearly fought; but it was only the last few days that he had been conscious of caring so very much for her. He had had dreams of eclipsing Claude Tyrell and all other well-dressed boys, but without tracing them to their source. He could not understand the change. It had been wrought by the work-box. Around this all that had been in solution in his thoughts had collected and crystallised.

One point troubled him. Some writing must accompany the present, and what should this be? "Margaret, with Roger's love," seemed simple and appropriate, but Mrs. Tyrell might disapprove. What did people say when they gave presents? He recalled one case in point, when the pupil-teachers at the Board-school had given an inkstand to a retiring head-mistress. "To Miss ——, as a token of esteem and gratitude from the undersigned." It was hard to see how this could be bettered. "The undersigned" was a good-sounding title, and the Rabbit rather fancied himself under it.

Returning from school on the afternoon of Margaret's birthday, Roger Ford took a step that many would regard as foolhardy. He visited Mrs. Peters, on the first floor back, and intimated that she might wash him—indeed, gave her permission to proceed to any lengths.

"Pitch in," he said, "and don't mind hurting me any more than if I was one of your own kids."

The small Peters were aghast that anyone enjoying the Rabbit's immunities should thus throw them away. Mrs. Peters surpassed herself. The secret of her method was plenty of hard yellow soap, very little water, and a high polish. The effects of her ministrations were still apparent when the object of them arrived at the Tyrells'. Roger Ford entered the dining-room—the company were seated at tea—with his cheeks aflame, and his forehead shining like a halo. He was not the only guest. The boy from next door was present (of course), his younger sister, and two of Margaret's old schoolfellows.

After tea they flocked upstairs, and the birthday heroine received them in state. Roger was a little afraid that Margaret would show surprise at seeing him, but she welcomed him as though she had been expecting him, as perhaps she had. She lay surrounded by presents. The boy from next door had surpassed his folly of the previous year by giving her an inkstand in the form of a miniature cricket set.

"It is a rotten thing!" he said politely, when Margaret praised it. "I only bought it because there was nothing else in the shop."

"And that is the lot," said Max, when all had been shown and praised.

"You have not seen my present yet," said the Rabbit, who had successfully smuggled the work-box into the room.

"How good of you to remember me!" said the girl.

"Is it something you have made yourself?" asked her mother.

"Open it and see," said the giver.

The parcel was put upon the couch, and Margaret fumbled with the string.

"I am sure it is something very nice," said Mrs. Tyrell.

Everyone was prepared to be enthusiastic in a slightly patronising way. Margaret meant to say that this present—poor and shabby as it would appear beside the others—pleased her most of all. Below the brown paper were wrappings of tissue paper, and a sheet with writing: "Presented to Miss Margaret Tyrell, as a token of esteem and gratitude from the undersigned."

"Very nice," said Mrs. Tyrell, restraining a desire to laugh.

And then the tissue paper was removed, and everyone could see the beautiful lid.

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"None of them other kids ever gave you a present like that."

The invalid gave a little cry of astonishment.

"Thank you. But how could you? Oh! how could you?"

"I found some money on the pavement and spent it on this. What's the odds? Nobody's any poorer."

Although the boy did not understand why, he felt himself upon the defensive.

Then there was a period of silence, although everybody was trying to think of something to say. All felt the pathos of this lavish generosity. Margaret bent her head to the box and feigned to be investigating it, but the failure was too complete to be ignored.

"Crying, Margaret," said her mother affectionately, "because you have been given a beautiful present? What a very silly little girl!"

"I promise I won't ever give you anything else," said the poor Rabbit penitently.

Then Margaret burst out laughing, a couple of tears falling on to the coverlet like the last bright drops of a shower in the sun.

Then everyone began praising the present at once, and the tension was over.

"Wherever did you go, to choose such a beautiful one?" asked Mrs. Tyrell.

"Dalton and Pauling's, in Piccadilly."

The lady opened her eyes.

"You must have spent a fortune."

The girl visitors meanwhile were examining the fittings, and revealing their feelings in staccato shrieks of appreciation.

"Good old undersigned!" cried Walter, and smote the giver upon the back.

"My birthday is in December," said Max. "I should like a gold watch."

"Thank you very much indeed, Roger," said Margaret. "I shall never use another work-box as long as I live."

"Plenty of hard yellow soap, very little water, and a high polish."

The Rabbit was quite happy now. This was how he had pictured things. There had been a terrible minute when he had seemed very far from these people whom he wanted so badly as friends; but this had passed at the word "Roger."

Mrs. Tyrell left the juveniles to themselves, and they settled down to play "White Horse." Roger was ignorant of this noble

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game, but he quickly mastered it, and Margaret supervised his purchases of cards. They were not partners, but very friendly neighbours. It was a most hilarious game. Max was tremendously funny as auctioneer, surprising players into absurd bids for cards that were almost worthless. The girl from next door was a frequent victim. Max would put up the bell and hammer, and advance the price rapidly—entirely by his own bids—until, carried away by excitement, the next-door girl's shrill voice would join in, and then in a flash the card would be knocked down to her. For a second the round little face would be clouded; but Walter, who sat beside her, would slip a number of his cowries into her hand, when she would become more radiant than ever. So the transaction pleased everybody, and the pool benefited, which shows what a capital auctioneer Max must have been.

Then they had a party supper, the boys carrying round lemonade and sandwiches and cakes to the girls, who sat up against the wall. There was space in the middle of the room, but things have more the right party relish when one's chair-back is against the wall. Roger waited upon the one that did not sit by the wall.

"You will come and see me again, Roger," Margaret said at the end of the evening, when Claude and he were about to start for the railway-station. (Mrs. Tyrell insisted upon the child riding, and paid the fare.)

The boys did not talk much on their way to the station; but when they were promenading the platform, Claude told Roger a great secret. When they were grown up, Walter would marry the girl from next door. It had been settled that evening.

"She is only a kid," said Claude, "and Walter might have had a much bigger girl, but she is very pretty."

"I did not look at her," said the Rabbit.

Perhaps Roger Ford had never felt so happy as during that train ride to King's Cross. Even while the events of the evening had been happening, they had not given him the pleasure they did in this golden retrospect. There had been so many claims upon his attention then that he had had little time to realise how happy he was. Two hours afterwards he was looking back upon this journey, almost incredulous that he could ever have found the world so bright. The change in his outlook occurred while he was climbing the dirty stairs leading to the room that was his home. On a landing above, two voices were contending—Mrs. Peters' and Bill's. Some time since, the latter had borrowed a few shillings for boots, and the first floor considered that there had been remissness in the matter of repaying. There was nothing alarming in this, or particularly novel. Mrs. Peters had lent money before, and recovered it by uncivil process, and no doubt she would do both again.

"I can't help it," Bill was saying. "You know I'd pay if I 'ad it."

"'Ad it! You could 'ave it fast enough if you didn't go trapesing about with that Louisa, as you call her." (Mrs. Peters' tone suggested that a sensible and right-feeling young man would have called the girl by some other name—Emily, perhaps, or Kate.) "You 'ad the money to take your Louisa to the theatre. Don't you say you didn't, now, because I can bring those who saw you both there with their own eyes."

"She paid. It was as much as I could run to, to buy 'er a penn'oth of suckers."

"And what do you call yerself, letting a girl pay?"

"She gets better money than me," said Bill sullenly, "and I 'ave the kid to keep."

"More fool you! Why don't 'e earn somethink for 'isself, imperdent little beggar? I'd like to box 'is ears."

"You let the Rabbit alone," said the hobbledehoy hotly, "or I'll get my gang to put a mark on you—see?"

"'Oo wants to touch 'im? 'E could bring 'ome somethink if 'e liked; but 'e prefers acting the lord and sponging upon you. Hallo!" she continued in a different voice, "if it isn't the noble Rabbit 'imself returned from visiting 'is lady! Come down and tell me and Peters all about it. Come down, both of you boys, and have a whack at my cold meat."

The woman had only been rowing for the sake of rowing, and wished to make the child forget—if he had overheard—her cruel remarks.

But the child passed her with set face, and Bill followed him into the room, and shut the door.

"Who minds what that old hag says? She doesn't pay for you."

"You was listening to her."

"You young idiot! You know if I have ever grudged you."

"I can go away," said the child.

"I've a great mind to lam you with my belt."

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The Rabbit turned his back upon his

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THE FISCAL POLICY OF THE EMPIRE

By JOHN HOLT SCHOOLING.*

PART II.

"A country cannot be expected to renounce the power of taxing foreigners, unless foreigners will in return practise towards itself the same forbearance. The only mode in which a country can save itself from being a loser by the revenue duties imposed by other countries on its commodities, is to impose corresponding revenue duties on theirs."—*John Stuart Mill*, "*Principles of Political Economy.*" *Book V. Chapter IV.* [Quoting his own essay on International Commerce.]

THE first part of this article, published in the last number of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE, related to the broad, general considerations of the principle suggested by Mr. Chamberlain—a principle that, if adopted, will enable us to defend British commerce against the unfair attack to which it is exposed, by reason of our spurious "Free Trade"; to secure our Colonial Trade against foreign aggression; and, most important of all, to unite the British Empire in a strong bond of commercial policy. We have now to consider some of the more detailed matters that are concerned in the proposed change of our fiscal policy from our system of Free Imports to a system of Defended Trade. I purposely use the words "Defended Trade"—not Protection; first, because our commercial interests actually need rational and proper Defence; and second, because the word "Protection," as applied to commerce, is liable to be misread in the old, narrow sense of an artificial bolstering-up of this or that industry—a policy wholly different from that now under consideration.

A.—WILL FOREIGN COUNTRIES "RETALIATE"? SHOWING FOR ALL THE FOREIGN COUNTRIES (WHOSE COMMERCE IS KNOWN) WHO IS THEIR BEST CUSTOMER, SECOND BEST CUSTOMER, AND THIRD BEST CUSTOMER. *See Diagram* 1.

Selling Country. (*a*)	Buying Countries.		
	The *Best* Customer of (*a*) is—	The *Second Best* Customer of (*a*) is—	The *Third Best* Customer of (*a*) is—
Norway	*United Kingdom*	Germany	Sweden
Sweden	*United Kingdom*	Germany	Denmark
Denmark	*United Kingdom*	Germany	Sweden
United States	*United Kingdom*	Germany	Canada
Chile	*United Kingdom*	Germany	France
Argentine Republic	*United Kingdom*	Germany	France
Germany	*United Kingdom*	Austria-Hungary	United States
France	*United Kingdom*	Belgium	Germany
Portugal	*United Kingdom*	Brazil	Spain
Spain	*United Kingdom*	France	Cuba
Greece	*United Kingdom*	France	Belgium
Egypt	*United Kingdom*	France	Russia
Russia	Germany	*United Kingdom*	France
Holland	Germany	*United Kingdom*	Belgium
Switzerland	Germany	*United Kingdom*	France
Austria-Hungary	Germany	*United Kingdom*	Italy
Mexico	United States	*United Kingdom*	France
Belgium	Germany	France	*United Kingdom*
Bulgaria	Turkey	Belgium	*United Kingdom*
Italy	Germany	Switzerland	France
Roumania	Belgium	Austria-Hungary	Germany
Uruguay	Brazil	Belgium	France
China	Hong Kong	Japan	United States
Japan	United States	Hong Kong	China

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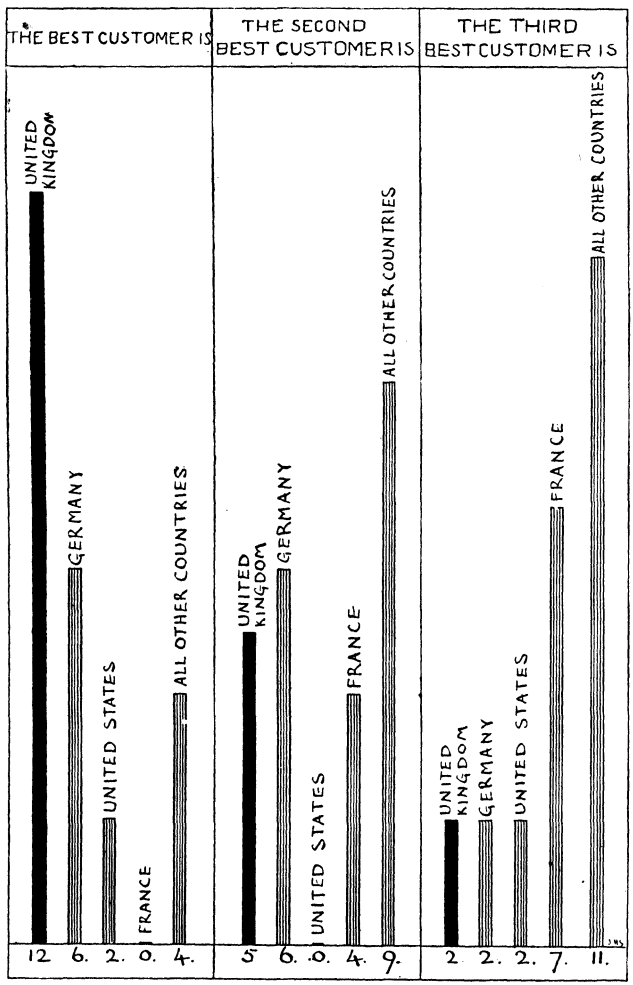
WILL FOREIGN COUNTRIES RETALIATE?

We are told that if we decide partly to abandon our fiscal system of Free Imports, foreign nations will retaliate by making their already adverse tariffs still more disadvantageous to British exports. But if, as we are also assured, the whole cost of the proposed change is to be paid by us, and is to make distressful the condition of the British consumer, why should foreign countries object? Some foreign countries, who have derived very great benefit from our policy of Free Imports, do object to the proposed change, and they have been eager to teach us a lesson from the learning of which they have themselves carefully abstained. Does not the attitude of these foreign countries suggest that they realise that the change of principle would be disadvantageous to themselves rather than to us? If we cease to be a common dumping-ground for the surplus products of our commercial rivals, surplus products which are periodically caused by their rigid Protection, it is reasonable to believe that, instead of making their tariff walls higher against us, foreign countries may think fit to lower those tariff walls. Thus, our adoption of a rational Defence of our commerce may very well cause an advance by our rivals in the direction of true Free Trade, which is, of course, by far the best sort of trade. We know that the mere publication of Mr. Chamberlain's suggestion at once caused Germany to moderate her adverse action in regard to Canada.

But however this may work out, there is another reason why we need not hesitate, from fear of "retaliation," to make any fiscal change that seems good to us. Let us note who is the best customer of these foreign nations.

1. WILL FOREIGN COUNTRIES "RETALIATE"? SHOWING FOR THE TWENTY-FOUR FOREIGN COUNTRIES WHOSE COMMERCE IS KNOWN, WHO IS THEIR BEST CUSTOMER, SECOND BEST CUSTOMER, AND THIRD BEST CUSTOMER. *See Table A.*



EXAMPLE.—The United Kingdom is the best customer of twelve out of the twenty-four foreign countries.

The facts in Table A are pretty conclusive. The United Kingdom is by far the best customer of the rest of the world. We buy much more largely than any other country buys, although we cannot now say this with regard to our selling.

We see in Table A that of the 24 selling countries (*a*) therein named—

12 have the United Kingdom as their best customer.
5 have the United Kingdom as their second best customer.
2 have the United Kingdom as their third best customer.
19
5 have each three better customers than the United Kingdom.
24

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These facts show that we are far ahead of any other country as a buyer; and among the twelve foreign countries who have the United Kingdom as their best customer are the United States, Germany, and France.

Now, bearing in mind that the proposed change in our fiscal policy means a rational Defence of our commerce, and not a going back to narrow, old-fashioned Protection, is it reasonable to think that foreign countries would offend their best customer for the reason that we choose to buy more from our relations than heretofore? Prudence would cause foreign countries to conciliate us in order to retain as much as possible of our custom, not to drive more trade away from themselves by increasing their hostile tariffs against British exports. The facts in Table B support this opinion.

We see in Table B that in fifteen of the twenty-four foreign countries, the percentage of their total exports that comes into the United Kingdom is greater than the percentage of their total imports that goes to them from the United Kingdom. And these fifteen countries include the United States, France, Holland, Russia, Germany, Belgium, and Austria.

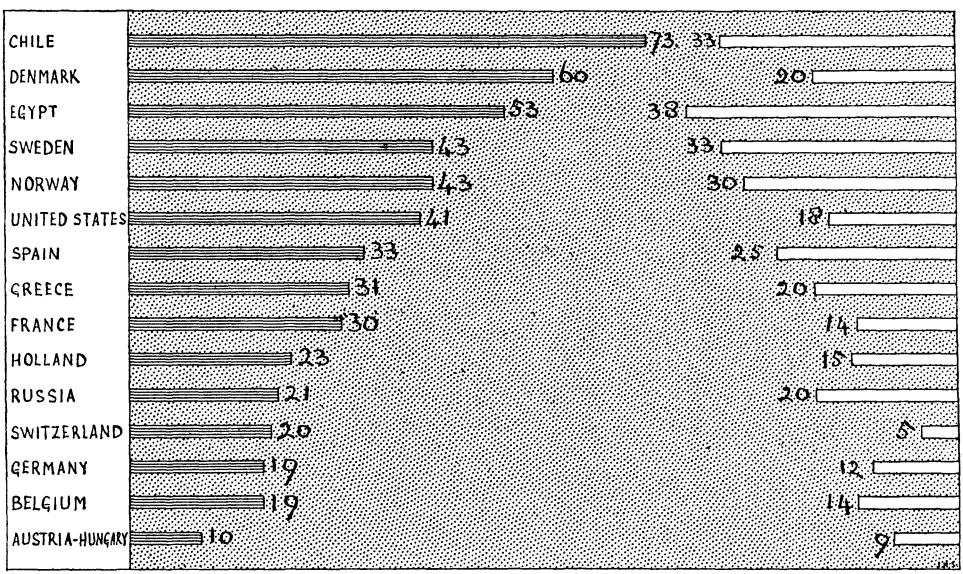
For example. The United States send to us no less than 41 per cent. of their total exports, receiving from us only 18 per cent. of their total imports. Can we believe that the United States would think it wise to "retaliate"? France sends to us 30 per cent. of her total exports, and receives from us only 14 per cent. of her total imports. Germany sells to us 19 per cent. of her total exports, but buys from us only 12 per cent. of her total imports. And so on.

Italy is the only important European country that reverses the conditions just stated. Italy sells to us 12 per cent. of her exports, and buys from us 21 per cent. of her imports.

Regarding all the twenty-four foreign countries as one whole, Table B shows to us that we receive from them 26 per cent. of their exports, and that only 17 per cent. of their imports go to them from the United Kingdom.

Table C shows the actual imports for home consumption by each of the ten principal trading countries, thus enabling us to see how greatly the United Kingdom exceeds any other country as a buyer in the markets of the world.

2. SHOWING, FOR EACH FOREIGN COUNTRY NAMED BELOW, THE PERCENTAGE OF THEIR TOTAL EXPORTS THAT CAME FROM THEM INTO THE UNITED KINGDOM [STRIPED COLUMNS], AND THE PERCENTAGE OF THEIR TOTAL IMPORTS THAT WENT TO THEM FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM [WHITE COLUMNS].
See Table B.



EXAMPLE.—The United States send to us 41 per cent. of their exports, and receive from us only 18 per cent. of their imports.

Foreign countries readily dump their surplus products upon our open market, thus underselling our own manufacturers and reducing the wages and employment of our men, but they are not ready to receive our exports, which are shut out of foreign markets by hostile foreign tariffs.

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B.—WILL FOREIGN COUNTRIES "RETALIATE"? SHOWING, FOR EACH FOREIGN COUNTRY, THE PERCENTAGE OF THEIR TOTAL EXPORTS THAT WENT INTO THE UNITED KINGDOM, AND THE PERCENTAGE OF THEIR TOTAL IMPORTS THAT CAME FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM, DURING THE YEAR 1900. *See Diagram* 2.

Foreign Country. (*a*)	Percentage of Total Exports from (*a*), that came into the United Kingdom.	Percentage of Total Imports into (*a*), that went from the United Kingdom.
	per cent.	per cent.
Chile	73	33
Denmark	60	20
Egypt	53	38
Sweden	43	33
Norway	45	30
United States	41	18
Spain	33	25
Greece	31	20
France	30	14
Holland	23	15
Russia	21	20
Switzerland	20	5
Germany	19	12
Belgium	19	14
Austria-Hungary	10	9
Argentine Republic	15	34
Portugal	26	32
Uruguay	7	26
Japan	5	24
Italy	12	21
China	6	20
Mexico	8	17
Bulgaria	11	16
Roumania	6	14
All the above 24 Foreign Countries	per cent. 26	per cent. 17

With the facts before us which are shown in Tables A, B, and C, I suggest that in place of retaliation by foreign countries following upon our partial abandonment of our system of Free Imports, there is at the least estimate an equal chance of this change in our fiscal policy actually causing foreign countries to lower their tariffs adverse to us, and thus to take one step towards true Free Trade.

PROPORTION BETWEEN OUR FOREIGN TRADE AND OUR COLONIAL TRADE.

A very frequent adverse criticism of Mr. Chamberlain's suggestion is to say that we should risk the loss of three birds in the hand for one in the bush; and, to justify this statement, we are told that our foreign trade has three times the volume of our Colonial trade. Let us look into this and see just what the facts are.

Table D shows our average yearly trade during 1898–1902 with foreign countries and with British Possessions, respectively. We see that the adverse criticism mentioned is based on Section IV. of Table D—namely, upon our total imports and exports. On this basis our foreign trade *is* three times as large as our Colonial trade. But, and omitting for the moment the question whether we should, by the change, really "risk the loss" of any trade at all, it is clearly not correct to say that we risk a loss of three to one. For this reason. If the proposed change is to cause any loss of trade injurious to us, the loss will occur in our exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures (Section II. of Table D); there is no question of our not being able to obtain from foreign countries as much of their exports as we choose to buy. Therefore, instead of "risking a loss" of 3 to 1 (Section IV. of Table D), as we are told we shall by the opponents of the suggested change in our fiscal policy, we see that the measure of that part of our trade mainly affected by this talked-of "loss" is the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures, of which we send 175 millions to foreign countries, and 96 millions to British Possessions—a proportion of only 1·8 to 1, or less than 2 to 1. Omitting exports of coal, the proportion is only 1·6 to 1.

And with regard to this bogey of a threatened "loss of our trade with foreign countries," we have seen in Tables A and B facts that may cause us to believe that foreign countries would not be eager to do anything

C.—THE IMPORTS FOR HOME CONSUMPTION [*i.e.*, SPECIAL IMPORTS], BY EACH OF THE TEN PRINCIPAL TRADING COUNTRIES, DURING THE YEAR 1900.* *See Diagram* 3.

Country.	Special Imports.
	Millions.
United Kingdom	460
Germany	288
France	188
United States	168
Holland	163
Belgium	89
Austria-Hungary	71
Russia	69
Italy	68
Spain	38

* The year 1900 is the most recent year included in the current "Statistical Abstract for Foreign Countries."

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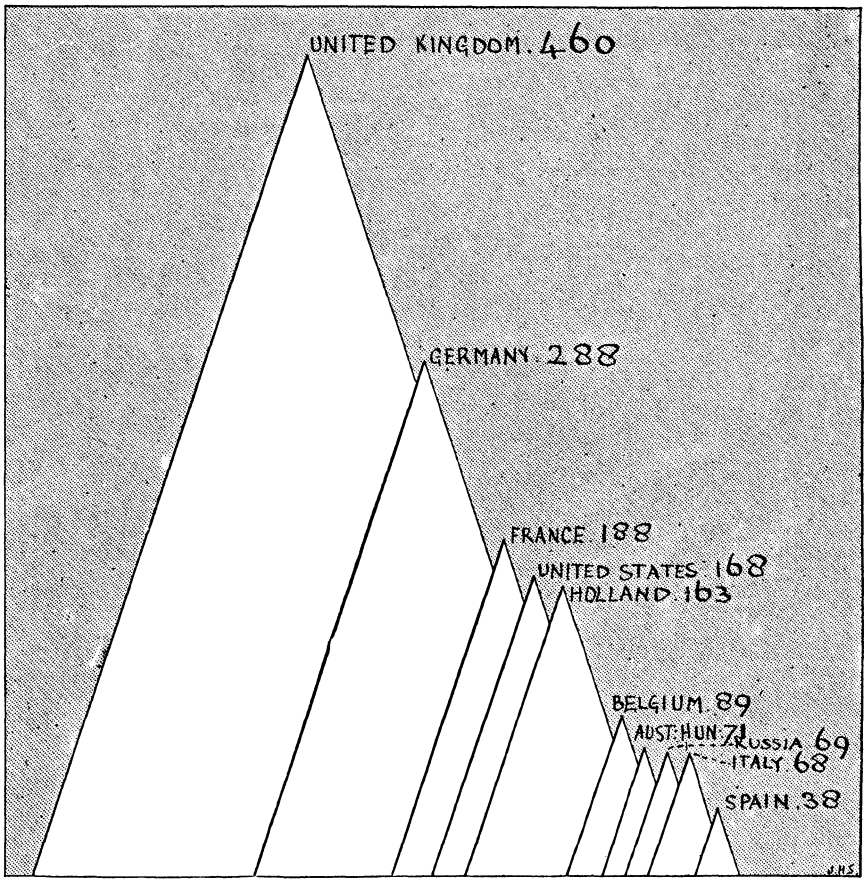
to lose our custom, especially if we held a commercial weapon which would enable us to defend our now defenceless trade. The most probable result of the change would seem to be that the figures in Table D which relate to our trade with foreign countries would not become smaller, and that the figures which there relate to our trade with British Possessions would become larger. There would be no loss of trade, but we should do a larger proportion of trade within the limits of the British Empire, and a smaller proportion of trade outside of those limits. This is the plain reduction of the bogey "loss of our foreign trade" to its simplest and most likely terms.

3. THE IMPORTS FOR HOME CONSUMPTION BY EACH OF THE TEN PRINCIPAL TRADING NATIONS, DURING THE YEAR 1900, STATED IN MILLIONS, AND REPRESENTED BY THE RESPECTIVE HEIGHTS OF THE TEN CONES BELOW. *See Table C.*



NOTE.—A considerable part of our enormous imports consists of the surplus products of our trade rivals, who dump these surplus products upon the United Kingdom at prices that undersell our own manufacturers and take work from our men. Foreigners are enabled to do this by reason of their severe Protective Tariffs working against us simultaneously with our system of Free Imports.

OUR FOOD SUPPLY.

As a part of Mr. Chamberlain's proposal consists in putting an import duty upon food received in the United Kingdom from foreign countries, and in admitting food-imports from our Colonies free of duty, we must examine these food-imports and see whence they come to us.

In this respect it seems to me useful to obtain rather full information as to our food-imports, and thus I have gone through the detailed official lists of imports and picked out the food-articles. Tables I. and II. in the Appendix contain the results. These facts relate to the year 1902. Food-articles

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free of import duty in 1902 are in Table I., and food-articles subject to duty in 1902 are in Table II. In each Table, food-imports from foreign countries and from British Possessions are stated separately. The quantity and the value of each food-article is given, and also the name of the foreign country or the British Possession that sent to us the largest supply of each food-article. So far as I know, we have hitherto lacked a statement of this sort, and Tables I. and II. in the Appendix enable us to see where our food comes from. We subsequently export a part of our imported food, but the bulk of it is retained for home consumption. Some of the principal results gathered from Tables I. and II. are as follows :—

Thus, the value of our food-imports from foreign countries is rather more than four times as large as the value of our food-imports from British Possessions. If beer, spirits, and wine were included, the disproportion would be considerably increased. Mr. Chamberlain's plan would transfer many of these millions from foreign countries to British Possessions, thereby adding greatly to the wealth, strength, and increase of population in our Colonies, and simultaneously giving to us a tool for legitimate use in the war of commerce which is to dominate the twentieth century. Also, there would be a much increased Colonial demand for our manufactured goods, which are being more and more ousted from the world's markets by competitors who, rightly enough, make full use of the same tool. The use of the tool of tariffs is explicitly advised by John Stuart Mill (see the quotation at the head of Part II. of this article) in those very circumstances where we now are—that is to say, when real Free Trade cannot exist by reason of the foolish refusal of other nations to play the game, which we have tried to start

D.—Proportion between the Foreign Trade and the Colonial Trade of the United Kingdom. Average Yearly Results during 1898–1902. *See Diagram* 4.

Description of the Trade.	The United Kingdom's Trade with Foreign Countries.	The United Kingdom's Trade with British Possessions.	Proportion between the United Kingdom's Trade with Foreign Countries and with British Possessions respectively.	
			With Foreign Countries.	With British Possessions.
	Millions.	Millions.		
I. Imports into the United Kingdom	400	106	3·8 to 1	
II. Exports of British and Irish Produce and Manufactures from the United Kingdom	175	96	1·8 to 1	
III. Exports of Foreign and Colonial Merchandise from the United Kingdom	57	7	8·1 to 1	
IV. Total Imports and Exports into and from the United Kingdom	632	209	3·0 to 1	
Distinguishing Exports of Coal.				
II. (*As above.*) Exports of British and Irish Produce and Manufactures from the United Kingdom .	175	96	1·8 to 1	
V. Deduct Exports of Coal	27	2	13·5 to 1	
VI. *Exports, other than Coal*	*148*	*94*	*1·6 to 1*	

NOTE.—It is specially important to observe this distinction between our Coal-Exports and our Exports-other-than-coal. Foreign countries must have our coal, and we see from Section VI. above that in regard to all our *Exports-other-than-coal*, the proportion between our Exports to Foreign Countries, and our Exports to British Possessions is only 1.6 to 1. The proportion is even smaller now, but I have preferred to take the average results during 1898-1902, so as to run no risk of overstating the case.

Value of Food Articles Imported in 1902. *See Diagram* 5.

	From Foreign Countries.	From British Possessions.
	£	£
Free of Duty in 1902 .	87,835,793	19,648,795
Subject to Duty in 1902	*85,334,785	*22,306,138
	£173,170,578	£41,954,933

* Not including beer, spirits, wine.

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—and failed. We must not continue in the error of thinking that our system of Free Imports is the Free Trade that all clear-minded men must desire. As we cannot have Free Trade, we must—if we are to hold our position—adapt ourselves to the conditions of non-Free Trade. "The only mode," says Mill, "in which a country can save itself from being a loser by the revenue duties imposed by other countries on its commodities, is to impose corresponding revenue duties on theirs." And yet J. S. Mill was a high-priest of Free Trade—which we have never had. A man so clear-minded and logical as the great economist would surely support Mr. Chamberlain if he were now living, as these clear words of Mill most surely support Mr. Chamberlain, their author being dead.

Another point. Glance down Tables I. and II. (Appendix), and you will see that nearly every article of food supplied to us by foreign countries can be and is also supplied to us by British Possessions, though to a smaller extent. There is thus the capacity in our Colonies ultimately to supply all the needs of the British Empire. Is it wise for us to continue on a course which brings to us four-fifths of our total food-supply from foreign countries, and only one-fifth from British Possessions? The problem we have to decide upon necessitates a broad survey of our conditions, such as the one just named. We must not judge it solely upon the relatively small basis of cheap food (although, as I shall point out, we may be quite mistaken in thinking that food would not be as cheap under the proposed fiscal change as it is now). It is a matter of general principle—this fiscal problem — which involves broad, general, national, and imperial affairs, rather than the smaller and narrower interests that are so constantly put before us.

Another result taken from Tables I. and II. (Appendix) is—

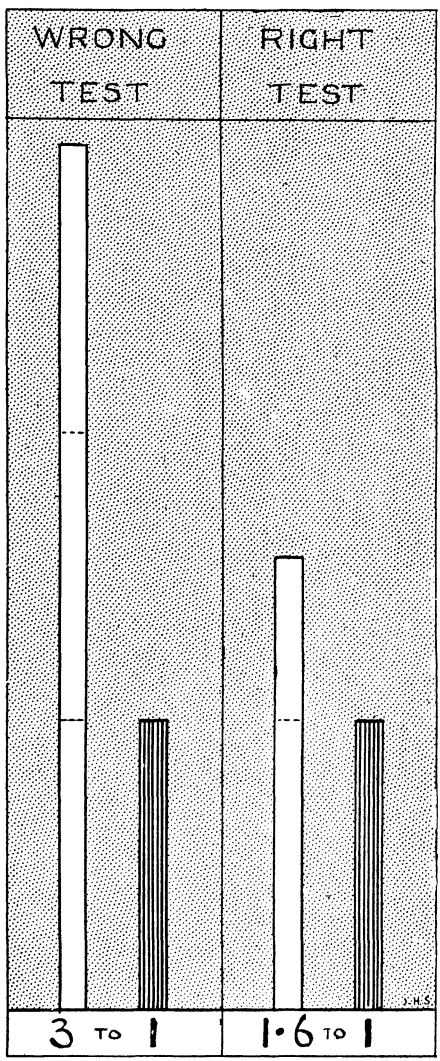
VALUE OF FOOD ARTICLES IMPORTED IN 1902. *See Diagram* 6.

	Duty Free in 1902.	Subject to Duty in 1902.
	£	£
From Foreign Countries .	87,835,793	*85,334,785
From British Possessions	19,648,795	*22,306,138
	£107,484,588	£107,640,923

* Not including beer, spirits, wine.

We see that our food-imports during 1902 were one-half duty free and one-half subject to duty. With these facts before us—which, by the way, have not hitherto been seen—one is rather surprised to see the large extent to which our food is already taxed, and it would

4. PROPORTION BETWEEN THE FOREIGN TRADE AND THE COLONIAL TRADE OF THE UNITED KINGDOM. AVERAGE YEARLY RESULTS DURING 1898-1902.
COMPARING THE WRONG TEST AND THE RIGHT TEST. *See Table D.*



White columns = Our trade with foreign countries.
Striped columns = Our trade with British Possessions.
The Wrong Test is based on all trade without distinction.
The Right Test is based on our exports-other-than-coal—*i.e.*, upon our exports of manufactured goods, etc.

seem that the rallying-cry of Mr. Chamberlain's opponents, "Free Food," has not been very soundly based on fact. And many of

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the taxed foods are essentially food for the working classes, as well as for the rest of the population: coffee, corn, sugar, condensed milk, tea, tobacco. The value of these six articles (Table II., Appendix) amounts to 102 millions out of the 107 millions of articles subject to duty in 1902.

It is true that the import duty on corn has been taken off, but as it is now known that the foreign exporter paid the duty on corn imported in 1902, not the consumer here, this fact is of no importance, and, in fact, we should be two or three millions per year to the good if the duty on corn had been maintained.

Will Food Increase in Price?

If we decide in favour of Mr. Chamberlain's proposal, it is quite possible that food will increase in price—at any rate, for a while, until the new conditions of trade have settled down. And we are told that wages will go up. But these alterations are by no means a certainty; for there are a good many different results that may follow the change in our fiscal policy. It is on points of this sort that experience teaches one to distrust the prophecies of political economists; witness the coal-export duty of 1901, which was paid by the foreign importer, not by us, and the corn-import duty of 1902, which was paid by the foreign exporter, and not by consumers in these Islands.

Here is a statement of all the possible conditions in regard to price of food and wages which may follow the change in our fiscal policy:—

1. There may be *no change* in the PRICE OF FOOD, and *no change* in WAGES.
2. There may be *no change* in the PRICE OF FOOD, and *a rise* in WAGES.
3. There may be *no change* in the PRICE OF FOOD, and *a fall* in WAGES.
4. There may be *a rise* in the PRICE OF FOOD, and *no change* in WAGES.
5. There may be *a rise* in the PRICE OF FOOD, and *a rise* in WAGES.
6. There may be *a rise* in the PRICE OF FOOD, and *a fall* in WAGES.
7. There may be *a fall* in the PRICE OF FOOD, and *no change* in WAGES.
8. There may be *a fall* in the PRICE OF FOOD, and *a rise* in WAGES.
9. There may be *a fall* in the PRICE OF FOOD, and *a fall* in WAGES.

All these nine different results are possible, although they may not all be equally likely to happen—*so far as we can foresee.* But of these nine possible results, only two seem to have been thought of. Mr. Chamberlain's supporters would perhaps assert that No. 5 is the result which will happen—*viz.*, a rise in the price of food and a rise in wages. And Mr. Chamberlain's opponents insist that No. 6 will happen—*viz.*, a rise in the price of food and a fall in wages.

I do not pretend to foresee which of these nine results will happen—one of them must happen, and, in the forecasts of political economy, as in horse-racing, an outsider often wins. Looking at the nine possible results just set out, we may sum them up thus:—

I.—*Results that will be favourable to our population.*

No. 2.—No change in the price of food, and a rise in wages.

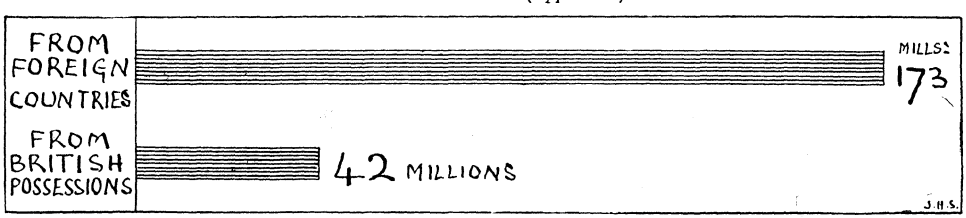
No. 7.—A fall in the price of food, and no change in wages.

No. 8.—A fall in the price of food, and a rise in wages.

II.—*Results that will be unfavourable to our population.*

No. 3.—No change in the price of food, and a fall in wages.

5. THE VALUE OF ALL FOOD-ARTICLES IMPORTED INTO THE UNITED KINGDOM DURING 1902, FROM FOREIGN COUNTRIES AND BRITISH POSSESSIONS RESPECTIVELY. NOT INCLUDING BEER, SPIRITS, WINE. *See Tables I. and II. (Appendix.)*



Is it prudent for us to buy so much of our food from foreign countries? Under Mr. Chamberlain's plan a part of our foreign food would be taxed, and any extra cost that might be thus caused to the British consumer can be returned to him by an equivalent cheapening of tea and sugar, and even on beer if desirable. Of these 173 millions of food-articles imported from foreign countries in 1902, 85 millions were taxed.

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No. 4.—A rise in the price of food, and no change in wages.

No. 6.—A rise in the price of food, and a fall in wages.

III.—*Results that will be neither favourable nor unfavourable to our population.*

No. 1.—No change in the price of food, and no change in wages.

No. 5.—A rise in the price of food, and a rise in wages.

No. 9.—A fall in the price of food, and a fall in wages.

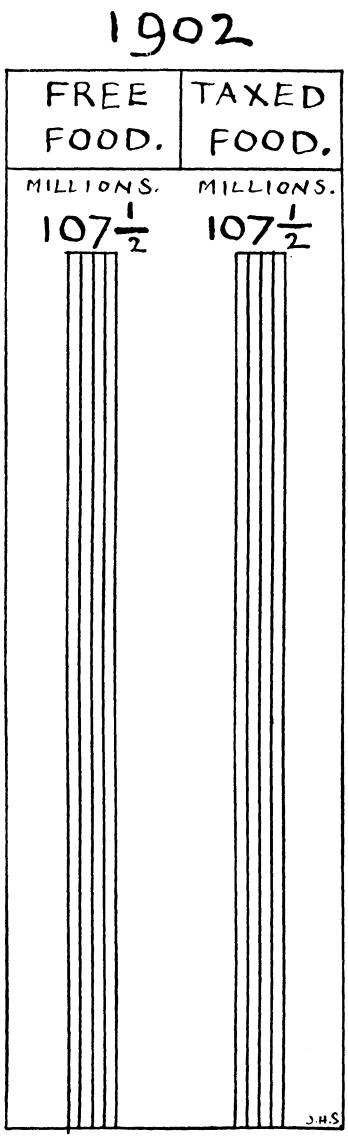
We begin to see that there are many more possibilities than the bald two which have been urged upon our notice. It wants more boldness in economic speculation than I possess to assert which one of these nine possible conditions will follow the change in our fiscal policy.

If one of the three favourable results in I. should follow, we should have a favourable result as regards food and wages, still further enhanced by a commercial union of the Empire, by having in our hands a weapon to defend our trade, and by possessing a large amount drawn from import duties to spend in social and other reform, or upon reduction of present taxation on food, such as tea, sugar, coffee, tobacco, etc.

If one of the three unfavourable results in II. should follow, we should be able to set against this unfavourable result the union of the Empire, a weapon to defend our trade, and the large amount drawn from import duties.

If one of the three results in III. should follow, which are all neither favourable nor unfavourable, we should have to the good the union of the Empire, a weapon to defend our trade, and the large amount drawn from import duties.

6. THE FALLACY OF OUR SO-CALLED "FREE FOOD." DURING 1902, OUR FOOD-IMPORTS AMOUNTED TO 215 MILLIONS, OF WHICH ONE HALF WAS FREE, AND ONE HALF SUBJECT TO IMPORT DUTY. *See Tables I. and II. (Appendix.)*



Not including imported beer, spirits. wine. If these are included as food, the Taxed Food greatly exceeds the Free Food.

Is it not pretty clear that the balance of advantage is distinctly on the side of making the change that Mr. Chamberlain suggests? We can get as far as this, although we may not be able to foresee which of these nine results will happen.

And we must bear in mind that the net result now arrived at, by consideration of all the nine possible conditions of food and wages that may follow the change, relates only to food and wages. It does not directly touch the much larger and more general questions of imperial policy and international commerce, some of which have been dealt with, and upon which there is a much more general agreement than there is in regard to this matter of food and wages. In regard to this matter of food and wages only, a careful looking at the conditions causes one to be in favour of Mr. Chamberlain's proposal. And this quite apart from the ultimate use to be made of the money gained by import duties, which, in one way or in another, would go into the pockets of the people.

Food-Production in the United Kingdom.

The gradual and constant abandonment of food-production in the United Kingdom is a frequent theme for lament by publicists. It has been mainly caused by our system of Free Imports, under which it does not pay the British farmer to grow wheat. The agricultural population drifts into towns and cities, increasing industrial competition and industrial poverty, and deteriorating our breed of men and women.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, speaking at Perth, on June 5, 1903, after extolling

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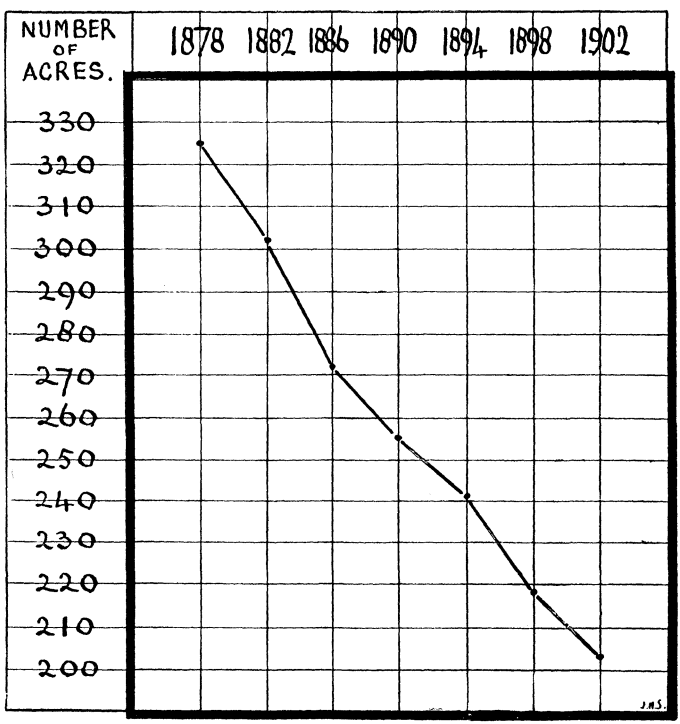
the "blessings" brought to us by Free Imports—which he calls Free Trade—went on to say: "In this country, thanks to the investigations of Mr. Rowntree and Mr. Charles Booth, we know that there are about thirty per cent. of the population underfed and on the verge of hunger, and that meant something over twelve millions." Is this one of the present-day blessings of "Free Trade"? It is, to a large extent, one of the results of our system of Free Imports. Not wholly, of course; for want of work, improvidence, and drink must always bring these distressful conditions to a greater or a less degree into any country. And the crowding of our population into the towns is a frequent source of this misery.

7. THE FALL IN THE ACREAGE UNDER CORN CROPS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM, 1878–1902. SHOWING THE NUMBER OF ACRES UNDER CORN CROPS PER 1,000 OF THE POPULATION. *See Table E.*



The adoption of Mr. Chamberlain's plan might stop this continued decline in British agriculture, and draw people back to the land, away from the overcrowded towns.

Table E shows very plainly the unceasing decline in the acreage under corn crops in the United Kingdom during 1878–1902. Corn crops are our main food crops—wheat, barley, oats, rye, beans, and peas.

We see that during the last twenty-five years the acreage under corn crops has fallen from 325 acres per 1,000 of the population in 1878, to only 203 acres in 1902. And this notwithstanding that in 1878 agriculture was already well on the down grade.

Now, it may be that if Mr. Chamberlain's plan is adopted, some encouragement will automatically come from it to our agricultural industry; and if so, this would be another advantage in addition to those we have already taken into the account. It would be most beneficial to the country as a whole if the depletion of our agricultural districts could be stopped. The depletion must increase if we adhere to our present fiscal system, whereas, if we make the change, there is at the least a chance of improvement in this very important industry.

I have already shown that in 1902, four-fifths of our imported food came from foreign countries, and one-fifth from British Possessions. To emphasise the dangerous extent to which we are relying upon countries outside of the British Empire for our food-supply, I show the accompanying facts, Table F.

The facts in Table F are specially instructive, as they relate to the consumption of these imported articles *per head of population* in 1887 and in 1901 (the years covered by the current "Statistical Abstract for the United Kingdom").

We see that there has been an enormous increase in our consumption of imported food. For these ten articles only, the increase *per head of population* was 133·6 lb.!

With such facts as these before us, and noting also that four-fifths of our imported food come from foreign countries, and only one-fifth from British Possessions, we are strongly urged by prudence to adopt a fiscal change that will in time cause the most of our imported food to come to us from British Possessions, not from foreign countries. And this quite apart from the other weighty reasons that point to the same course of action—some of which have been

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E.—ACREAGE UNDER CORN CROPS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM DURING 1878–1902, WITH POPULATION, AND ACREAGE PER 1,000 OF POPULATION. *See Diagram* 7.

Year.	Acreage under Corn Crops.	Population of United Kingdom.	Acreage under Corn Crops, per 1,000 of the population.
	Millions of acres.	*Millions.*	*No. of acres.*
1878	11·03	33·94	325
1882	10·62	35·21	302
1886	9·88	36·31	272
1890	9·57	37·48	255
1894	9·37	38·90	241
1898	8·82	40·42	218
1902	8·52	41·95	203

dealt with. Tables I. and II. (Appendix) show that the United States largely predominate as our foreign supplier of food, and year by year this predominance becomes greater. One main reason of our cheap food has been the vast natural supply of food in the United States; but the increasing emigration of American farmers to Canada, and some other

F.—QUANTITIES OF THE UNDERMENTIONED IMPORTED FOOD-ARTICLES RETAINED FOR HOME CONSUMPTION, PER HEAD OF THE TOTAL POPULATION OF THE UNITED KINGDOM: THE FIFTEEN YEARS, 1887–1901.

Imported Article.	Quantity Retained for Home Consumption per Head of Population.		Excess of 1901 over 1887.
	In 1887.	In 1901.	
	Lb. per Head.	*Lb. per Head.*	*Lb. per Head.*
Bacon and Hams	11·4	19·9	8·5
Beef	6·9	22·0	15·1
Butter	4·4	9·8	5·4
Cheese	5·5	6·8	1·3
Corn: wheat, maize, wheatmeal, and flour	318·8	384·7	65·9
Mutton, Fresh	2·4	9·7	7·3
Pork	1·3	2·8	1·5
Potatoes	8·3	18·5	10·2
Rice	7·8	11·4	3·6
Sugar	74·2	89·0	14·8
Total Lb. per head of the above 10 articles *	441·0	574·6	133·6

* There are many other imported food-articles of which the consumption per head has largely increased during 1887–1901.

facts, suggest that the top-note of American food-production has been reached. If any change of conditions occur in this respect, the price of our food imported from the United States would undergo a permanent rise. And we have not the slightest justification for continuing to act upon the belief that no such change will occur in the United States. Is it wise to deal so hugely with one shop? On the other hand, if we now take steps to encourage our Colonies to send us a continually increasing supply of food,

G.—SHOWING WHERE OUR IMPORTS OF WHEAT AND FLOUR CAME FROM DURING THE FIVE YEARS, 1898–1902. *See Diagram* 8.

British Imports of Wheat and Flour.	Quantity of Wheat and Flour Imported into the United Kingdom during 1898–1902.	Percentage of Wheat and Flour Imported into the United Kingdom from each Country.
From Foreign Countries.	*Cwt.*	*Per Cent. of Total.*
United States	311,534,000	62·2
Argentine Republic	47,165,000	9·4
Russia	22,634,000	4·5
Austria-Hungary	6,138,000	4·9
France	4,361,000	
Germany	4,194,000	
Roumania	3,884,000	
Chile	1,394,000	
Bulgaria	1,286,000	
Turkey	1,189,000	
Other Foreign Countries	1,566,000	
All Foreign Countries	405,345,000	81·0
From British Possessions.		
British North America	45,276,000	9·0
British India	29,920,000	6·0
Australia and New Zealand	19,972,000	4·0
All British Possessions	95,168,000	19·0
FROM ALL SOURCES	500,513,000	100·0

we shall to a large extent avoid the serious risk of a permanent rise in the price of food that may come to us at any time by reason of a change in the present conditions of American food-production. Our supplies of food will be much more widely spread than they are now. In this matter we are risking too many eggs in one basket. See Table G.

One fact stands out prominently in Table G—namely, that the bulk of our imported wheat comes from the United States. During the five years, 1898–1902, we imported more

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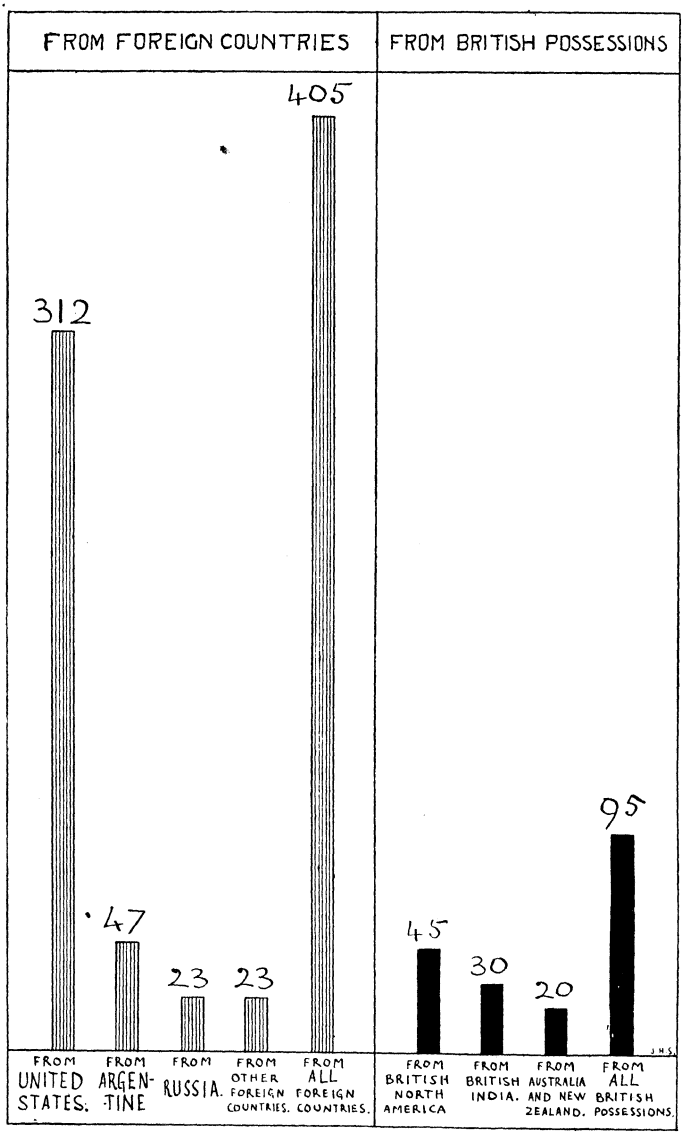
than 500 million cwt. of wheat (100 million cwt. per year, nearly 14,000 tons per day), and we see that of this huge amount the United States sent to us no less than 311,534,000 cwt.—62·2 per cent., or nearly two-thirds of all the wheat and flour imported by us from all sources. From British Colonies, etc., we imported only 95 million cwt. during 1898–1902—namely, 19 per cent. of our total imports of wheat and flour. And our imports of wheat and flour from All Foreign Countries amounted to 81 per cent. of the total imports. One-fifth of our imported wheat and flour came from British Possessions, and four-fifths came from foreign countries; and nearly two-thirds of our imported wheat and flour came from the United States alone.

8. SHOWING WHERE OUR IMPORTS OF WHEAT AND FLOUR CAME FROM DURING THE FIVE YEARS, 1898–1902. MILLIONS OF CWTS. *See Table G.*



It is imprudent for us to depend so greatly upon foreign countries for our wheat, instead of upon British Possessions. It is dangerous for us to depend so greatly upon *any one* foreign country as we depend upon the United States for our supply of wheat. Detailed reasons for these statements are given in the text.

I have already suggested that it is not prudent for us to depend for our wheat supply so hugely upon *any one* country as we now depend upon the United States. And I go on to emphasise the danger of this dependence. In the United States the yield of wheat is not increasing at anything like the rate at which the population of the United States is increasing. Roughly, their rate of increase in population is twice as large as their increase in wheat production. It is certain that, sooner or later, all the wheat grown in the United States will be wanted for consumption in the United States, and long before this condition obtains, we in England will be experiencing the effect of this increasing American demand for American wheat, in the shape of a permanently increased (and increasing) price in our imports of wheat from the United States. Although Mr. Chamberlain has, as yet, said nothing upon this very important point, we may be sure that it has not escaped his attention, for he is in a position to be well informed as to a vital issue of this sort. But if we adopt Mr. Chamberlain's suggestion, we shall avoid this serious danger, by spreading the area of wheat production for our use over British Possessions to a very much greater extent

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than obtains now. We shall, in fact, be actiug as a prudent man acts, if we foresee the coming increased cost of our wheat supplies from the United States, and take action in good time to provide ourselves with wheat imports from British Possessions to a very much larger extent than obtains now. On the other hand, if we do not accept Mr. Chamberlain's suggestion, we shall inevitably have to pay more for our principal food, for which we now depend upon the United States, and this as a permanent condition of our life, and without any compensating set-off—if we adhere to our system of Free Imports.

The adoption of Mr. Chamberlain's plan may—it is quite likely—cause a temporary increase in the price of food, but this increase will be automatically accompanied by an increase in Customs receipts upon imports, which can be used to make good to the British consumer any extra cost of food that may temporarily result. [I have in the first part of this article pointed out the serious objections to the use of these extra Customs receipts to provide Old-Age Pensions.] This is an absolutely plain statement of the conditions of the present day, without any entanglement of political economy or theory of any sort or shape. And we have to decide whether we are going to meet this food-danger (see Table G and Diagram 8) and divert it from our path by prudent action *now*, or whether we intend to let the danger drift down upon us without any attempt by us to get out of its way. Some of our political-economy "medicine-men" advise us to let things slide, as their nostrums and omens oppose the change that Mr. Chamberlain—a prescient, constructive statesman of the first order—wants to bring about. We are face to face with a serious Imperial problem, and there is no man now opposed to Mr. Chamberlain who has at any time shown a tithe of Mr. Chamberlain's ability in the successful solution of Imperial questions.

Should we Benefit the Colonies at our Expense?

In some quarters the objection is raised that if we adopt Mr. Chamberlain's plan we shall benefit the Colonies at our own expense. Now, whether we do or do not bring about the commercial union of the Empire, we must for our own sake defend our trade against the injurious combination of Adverse Foreign Tariffs *plus* our system of Free Imports. At the present day, and in the present circumstances, these two things work together to our loss. If we decide to defend our trade by a partial abandonment of our system of Free Imports, and, in so doing, let this wise policy combine with a plan of commercial union with the Empire, we shall benefit ourselves as well as the Colonies. As I have pointed out at considerable length, it is not possible to foresee what will be the immediate temporary effect upon the price of food. It may go up for a while, or it may not. But, as has just been stated, we are now running a distinct risk of a permanent rise in the price of our food, owing to our great dependence upon the United States in this respect.

The British Consumer.

As one of the members of this important body, I do not wish to lose sight of the interests of the consumer. But I beg leave to point out that, omitting children and persons with no occupation, we are nearly all producers before we can be consumers. Therefore, to pay undue regard to our position as consumers, to the partial or complete ignoring of our position as producers, is a mistake. As I have already stated, it is by no means sure that our position as consumers will be rendered less advantageous than at present by the adoption of Mr. Chamberlain's plan, for the money gained by the increased import-duties on food, etc., will most certainly be returned to us in one form or in another. And as regards our position as producers, I suppose that no one will deny that our position will be one of increased advantage. If the cutting-out process of British goods by foreign nations is to continue, our position as producers will be still more weakened, and the buying-power of the working-classes will be further decreased. And what, then, will be the good to us, as consumers, of having things on sale cheap, if, as producers, we are without the means to buy? There seems good sense in the notion that we ought to pay attention *first* to our position as producers, for most of us double the part, and are producers before we are consumers.

Increase in Pauperism under Free Imports.

As I have shown in various essays on British commerce, published in the reviews, etc., during the last few years, the effect upon our trade of Foreign Tariffs *plus* our Free Imports has become much marked since

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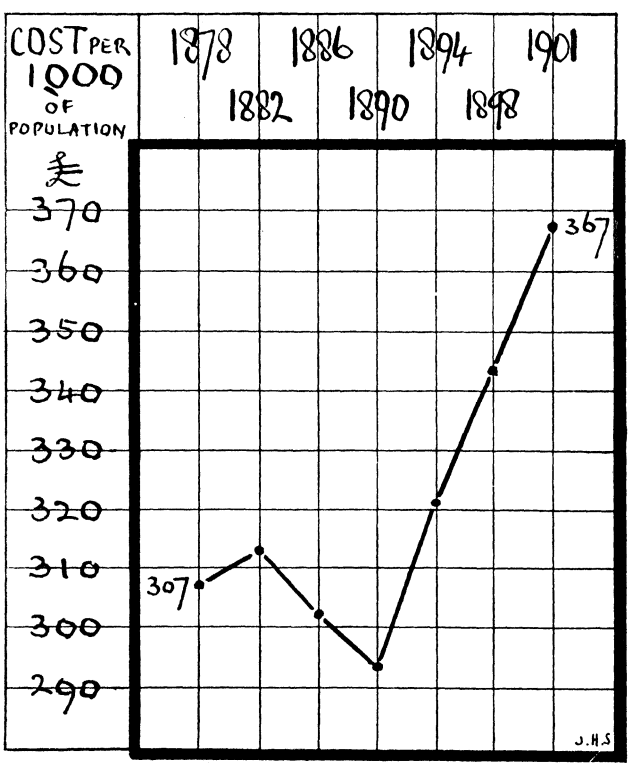
1890. In Table H, this unsatisfactory result is confirmed. Table H shows the number of adult able-bodied paupers receiving indoor relief in workhouses during 1878–1902, and the expenditure in Poor Relief. The facts relate to England and Wales, as those for Scotland and Ireland are not published in the same form.

The very large increases in columns (*a*) and (*b*) of Table H, relating to the number of adult able-bodied indoor paupers and to the expenditure on Poor Relief, which have occurred since the year 1890, substantiate the unsatisfactory conclusions previously drawn from an examination of the records of our trade. But these facts in columns (*a*) and (*b*) of Table H must be looked at relatively to population, in order to see them in a true light. Columns (*c*) and (*d*) of Table H contain the results, relatively to population, and these are not encouraging. Diagram 9 makes the results quite plain to the eye. The rapid increase since 1890 in the cost of pauperism should not escape attention.

9. SHOWING "EXPENDITURE IN RELIEF OF THE POOR," PER 1,000 OF POPULATION, DURING 1878–1901 [FACTS FOR 1902 NOT YET KNOWN]. ENGLAND AND WALES. *See Table H.*



This large increase since 1890 in the cost of poor relief, per 1,000 of population, is one of the results of our system of Free Imports. The surplus products of foreign nations are let in here at prices that undersell our own manufacturers, and our own men are therefore deprived of work or of a sufficient wage.

The Summing-up.

The main features of this fiscal problem are as follows :—

It is necessary for us of the United Kingdom to take definite and constructive action to prevent the continuance of injury to our commerce, which is being caused by the simultaneous working of Adverse Foreign Tariffs *plus* our system of Free Imports. Ample proof, drawn from a wide survey of international commerce, exists to show that action of this sort is necessary, while, for those who prefer the authority of political economy to the consideration of actual facts, there is the plain statement made by John Stuart Mill, quoted at the head of Part II. of this article. Both kinds of proof teach us that we must abandon our system of Free Imports to an extent necessary to place in our hands a weapon of negotiation in our commercial dealings with foreign countries, without which we lie defenceless at their mercy.

It is most desirable that any action we may take to defend our trade be joined with a plan to link up the British Empire in a commercial union. By so doing we shall benefit our Colonies as well as ourselves.

The weight of opinion upon commercial policy outside of the British Isles is immensely against a fiscal system of Free Imports. We have for two generations been mistaken in calling this system Free Trade.

It is not desirable to link with our change of fiscal policy the establishing of national old-age pensions. The money to be gained by us from duties on imports from foreign countries should be used to make good to the British consumer any extra cost of food that may for a while result from the change in our fiscal policy. It is by no means certain that food would increase in price; but if it should, then the revenue from import duties would go to pay this increase.

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It is a mistake to think that our

prosperity has been *caused* by Free Imports. Our position when a policy of Free Imports was introduced was immensely stronger than that of any other nation. Nowadays, when other nations have vastly developed their commerce, we no longer possess the unassailable position of sixty years ago, and we cannot prudently continue to neglect the warning given to us by facts, and by the words of a high-priest of true Free Trade, quoted at the head of Part II. of this article.

If we adopt the change in fiscal policy, and refuse to let these British Isles be a free

H.—THE INCREASE IN PAUPERISM, ENGLAND AND WALES, 1878–1902. *See Diagram* 9.

Year.	No. of Adult Able-bodied Paupers in Workhouses on 1st January. (*a*)	Expenditure in Relief of the Poor during each year. (*b*)	Population of England and Wales.	No. of Adult Able-bodied Paupers in Workhouses, per 100,000 of Population. (*c*)	Expenditure in Relief of the Poor, per 1,000 of Population. (*d*)
	No.	*Millions of £'s.*	*Millions.*	*No.*	£
1878	21,407	7·689	25 03	86	307
1882	25,462	8·232	26·33	97	313
1886	26,016	8·296	27·52	95	302
1890	25,917	8·434	28·76	90	293
1894	38,919	9·674	30·14	129	321
1898	40,698	10·828	31·55	129	343
1902	39,852	*12·120	33·00	121	*367

* These two figures relate to 1901, the facts for 1902 not being known yet.

dumping-ground for the surplus products of foreign nations, thrown here at prices that undersell our own manufacturers, it is quite likely that the ultimate result will be a general advance by foreign nations towards true Free Trade. We are such a huge buyer of their goods that they could not afford to offend their best customer. We should hold a weapon in our hands, to be used if necessary, and there have already been several indications that foreign nations see that they would have to stop playing all sorts of complicated fiscal tricks to the detriment of British commerce.

The importance of our trade with foreign countries has been greatly overstated by opponents of Mr. Chamberlain's plan, and the importance of our trade with British Possessions has been greatly understated.

It is not prudent for us to continue to rely upon foreign nations for at least four-fifths of our imported food. And it is specially imprudent for us to let the United States or any other one foreign country be our principal supplier. We have no guarantee whatever that the conditions which have caused cheap food to come to us from the United States will continue (there are, indeed, indications to the contrary); and if the price of food from the United States goes up owing to the top-note of food-production there having now been reached, this means a permanent increase in the price of our food. But by Mr. Chamberlain's plan, our supply of food would be much more largely spread over the world than it is now, and this danger would be avoided by us.

The change of fiscal policy might stimulate British agriculture. If so, nothing but good could come out of this wholesome revival of a great and truly British industry.

Mr. Chamberlain's proposal is not a proposal to benefit the Colonies at the expense of the citizens of the United Kingdom. If adopted, there will be an all-round advantage.

The British consumer is an important person. So is the British producer. Nearly all of us, leaving out children and persons of no occupation, must, however, be producers before we are consumers. We nearly all play both the parts. Therefore let us take action to defend the interests of the British citizen as producer. It is not of much use to guard the British citizen solely in his part of consumer if we leave without defence his position as producer. Our present system of Free Imports puts the cart before the horse. It gives every attention to the British citizen in his part of consumer, and it leaves him as a sport to foreign nations—like a leaf in the wind—in his part of producer: the more important of the two parts we all play. And let us not forget that Mr. Chamberlain has the habit of prescience and of successful action.

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APPENDIX.—TABLE I.—FOOD-IMPORTS INTO THE UNITED KINGDOM DURING THE YEAR 1902, FROM FOREIGN COUNTRIES AND FROM BRITISH POSSESSIONS, RESPECTIVELY.

Articles Free of Duty in 1902. *See Table II. for Articles Subject to Duty.*

Food Articles. *Free of Duty in* 1902).	Imported from Foreign Countries.			Imported from British Possessions.		
	Quantity.	Value.	*Country that sent to us the largest supply of each food-article.	Quantity.	Value.	*Colony, etc., that sent to us the largest supply of each food-article.
		£			£	
Animals, Living: Oxen and Bulls	No. 323,569	6,129,598	United States	No. 91,790	1,613,875	Canada
Cows	,, 857	15,086	,,	,, 3,082	55,273	,,
Calves	,, 8	17	—	,, 182	904	Channel Isls.
Sheep and Lambs	,, 238,170	367,921	United States	,, 55,033	86,501	Canada
Butter	Cwt. 3,449,898	17,992,404	Denmark	Cwt. 525,035	2,534,286	,,
Cheese	,, 784,727	1,978,981	United States	,, 1,761,485	4,433,021	,,
Eggs	Gt. Hunds. 18,448,245	6,099,418	Russia	Gt. Hunds. 518,550	209,567	,,
Fish: Fresh (not of British taking)—						
Herrings	Cwt. 414,046	150,912	Norway	Cwt. 952	486	—
Other sorts	,, 174,316	326,211	Holland	,, 59,659	64,700	—
Shell: Oysters for Food	,, 149,096	146,066	United States	,, 58	50	—
Other sorts	,, 92,117	34,147	Holland	,, 3,424	11,812	West Indies
Cured or Salted: Canned Sardines	,, 252,174	638,247	Portugal	,, 273	444	—
Canned Salmon	,, 452,486	908,156	United States	,, 368,938	890,631	Canada
,, Lobster	,, 13,353	70,423	,,	,, 37,325	190,532	,,
,, Other sorts	,, 30,198	71,988	Norway	,, 209	235	—
Not Canned, All sorts	,, 383,681	443,266	,,	,, 149,754	157,404	Newfoundld.
Fruit: Raw: Apples	,, 1,743,444	1,160,273	United States	,, 1,100,073	763,201	Canada
Apricots and Peaches	,, 15,714	32,008	France	,, 398	1,383	—
Bananas	Bnchs. 1,837,295	829,962	Canary Isls.	Bunches 567,405	230,301	West Indies
Cherries	Cwt. 166,359	216,421	France	Cwt. —	—	—
Currants	,, 76,080	92,112	,,	,, —	—	—
Gooseberries	,, 27,564	16,919	Holland	,, —	—	—
Grapes	,, 603,529	580,251	Spain	,, 29,403	96,741	Channel Isls.
Lemons, Limes, and Citrons	,, 1,002,971	416,938	Italy	,, 327	214	—
Nuts, Almonds	,, 148,733	551,392	Spain	,, 841	3,068	Gibraltar
Other Nuts, used as Fruit	,, 537,696	540,228	France	,, 246,092	101,166	Ceylon
Oranges	,, 6,471,242	2,332,216	Spain	,, 46,865	26,492	West Indies
Raw: Pears	,, 482,271	427,741	France	,, 9,635	11,795	Channel Isls.
Plums	,, 539,358	511,267	,,	,, 1,778	3,792	—
Strawberries	,, 40,193	58,005	,,	,, 18	75	—
Unenumerated	,, 490,631	296,773	Spain	,, 10.048	12,225	West Indies.
Dried: Dates	,, 346,050	253,218	Turkey in Asia	,, 13,098	10,357	East Indies.
Unenumerated	,, 30,672	53,949	United States	,, 1,660	2,031	Canada
Preserved without sugar (other than Dried), Canned, or Bottled	,, 141,513	122,372	,,	,, 41,261	41,187	,,
Preserved without sugar, other than Canned or Bottled	,, 469,203	215,998	Spain	,, 2,193	994	—
Fruit Juice	Gall. 239,700	24,633	Italy	Gall. 664,306	42,434	West Indies.
Honey	Cwt. 10,829	15,608	United States	Cwt. 9,095	11,518	,,
Lard	,, 1 557,763	3,883,105	,,	,, 93,067	235,887	Canada
Imitation	,, 155,162	280,098	,,	,, 2,530	4,732	,,
Locust Beans	,, 1,049,473	231,111	Cyprus	,, —	—	—
Margarine, etc.	,, 965,980	2,569,153	Holland	,, 190	350	—
Margarine Cheese	,, 788	1,387	United States	,, 30	71	—
Meat: Bacon	,, 4,627,191	12,223,603	,,	,, 462,513	1,203,364	Canada
Beef, Fresh	,, 3,383,371	7,316,853	,,	,, 324,016	588,211	New Zealand
,, Salted	,, 149,542	236,487	,,	,, 4,032	7,515	Canada
Hams	,, 1,318,355	3,438,581	,,	,, 163,932	420,321	,,
Mutton, Fresh	,, 1,745,230	3,152,240	Argentina	,, 1,914,369	3,762,671	New Zealand
Pork, Fresh	,, 654,101	1,443,164	Holland	,, 1,275	2,981	Canada
,, Salted (other than Bacon & Hams)	,, 194,907	285,158	United States	,, 10,352	20,426	,,
Rabbits, Dead	,, 110,420	314,199	Belgium	,, 341,037	420,127	Victoria
Unenumerated, Salted and Fresh	,, 637,393	1,161,894	Holland	,, 17,630	37,216	New Zealand
Preserved, otherwise than by Salting—						
Beef	,, 503,826	1,471,557	United States	,, 74,600	238,826	Queensland
Mutton	,, 8,796	20,310	,,	,, 76,700	186,252	N. S. Wales
Other sorts	,, 202,259	776,295	,,	,, 45,175	92,954	Canada
Milk: Fresh (in Cans or Drums)	,, 13,559	6,224	France	,, —	—	—
Cream	,, 5,413	27,386	,,	,, —	—	—
Condensed, Unsweetened	,, 45,688	86,660	United States	,, 860	1,547	—
Preserved, Other kinds	,, 2,834	3,699	France	,, 224	304	—
Oleo-Margarine, or Oleo-Oil	,, 141,527	287,205	United States	,, 2,617	5,783	Canada
Pickles, and Vegetables preserved in Salt or Vinegar	Gall. 2,292,122	119,799	Holland	Gall. 17,172	1,998	—
Poultry and Game (Alive or Dead)	(not entered by Quantity)	1,035,000	Belgium	(not entered by Quantity)	24,044	Canada
Sauces or Condiments	Lb. 2,495,411	44,463	United States	Lb. 275,375	7,843	East Indies
Vegetables: Dried	Cwt. 56,273	33,910	Germany	Cwt. 1,112	830	—
Preserved by Canning	,, 263,415	281,984	Italy	,, 1,360	1,079	—
Raw: Onions	Bushels 7,597,219	998,292	Spain	Bushels 8,270	1,650	Malta
Potatoes	Cwt. 4,408,240	1,099,336	France	Cwt. 1.290,850	490,096	Channel Isls.
Tomatoes	,, 648,039	485,747	Canary Isls.	,, 135,855	214,379	,,
Unenumerated	(not entered by Quantity)	399,768	France	(not entered by Quantity)	68,643	,,
Total Food Imports *Free of Duty in* 1902	—	87,835,793	—	—	19,648,795	—

NOTE.—Table I. does not include as imported food-articles cider and perry, hops, isinglass, liquorice, mineral waters, spices, vinegar.

* The "largest supply" is based on value, not on quantity. As a rule, but not always, value and quantity each give the same result in this respect.

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APPENDIX.—TABLE II.—FOOD-IMPORTS INTO THE UNITED KINGDOM DURING THE YEAR 1902, FROM FOREIGN COUNTRIES AND FROM BRITISH POSSESSIONS, RESPECTIVELY.

Articles Subject to Duty in 1902. *See Table I. for Articles Free of Duty.*

Food-Articles (*Subject to Duty in* 1902).	Imported from Foreign Countries. Quantity.	Value.	*Country that sent to us the largest supply of each food-article.	Imported from British Possessions Quantity.	Value.	*Colony, etc., that sent to us the largest supply of each food-article.
Chicory—		£			£	
Raw or Kiln-dried	Cwt. 98,702	43,129	Belgium	—	—	—
Roasted or Ground	Lb. 153,221	1,896	,,	—	—	—
Chicory and Coffee—						
Roasted and Ground, mixed	,, 2,761	112	—	Lb. 42	2	—
Cocoa—Raw	,, 32,839,156	945,044	Portugal	,, 25,298,208	749,545	West Indies
Cocoa or Chocolate, Ground, Prepared or in any way manufactured	,, 8,746,191	895,401	France	,, 2,162	136	—
Cocoa Butter	,, 226,789	10,916	Holland	,, 616	32	—
Coffee—						
Raw	Cwt. 784,272	2,113,779	Brazil	Cwt. 137,850	499,976	East Indies
Kiln-dried, Roasted or Ground	Lb. 51,823	2,169	Holland	Lb. 1,819	85	—
†Corn, Grain, Meal, Flour—						
Wheat	Cwt. 58,301,637	19,410,799	United States	Cwt. 22,700,590	7,669,024	Canada
Barley	,, 25,107,646	7,106,888	Russia	,, 93,191	24,824	,,
Oats	,, 15,262,351	4,856,624	,,	,, 594,816	184,699	,,
Rye	,, 756,503	205,516	,,	,, 391,008	106,690	,,
Buckwheat	,, 78,501	23,943	France	,, 470	162	,,
Peas (not fresh)	,, 633,808	293,296	Holland	,, 1,356,438	425,935	East Indies
Peas, Split	,, 42,524	19,819	Germany	,, 2,340	1,073	—
Beans (not fresh) other than Haricot Beans	,, 1,861,920	647,277	Egypt	,, 203,673	56,382	East Indies
Beans (not fresh), Haricot	,, 112,083	61,633	Roumania	,, 80,209	21,998	,,
Lentils	,, 44,663	14,604	Germany	,, 81,123	25,401	,,
Lentils, Split	,, 3,146	1,831	,,	,, 1	1	—
Maize or Indian Corn	,, 44,089,824	11,606,736	Roumania	,, 403,153	106,396	East Indies
Rice, Rice Meal, and Flour	,, 599,988	266,685	Holland	,, 1,948,700	662,535	,,
Rice (other than whole and cleaned)	,, 399,372	144,393	French Indo-China	,, 1,180,105	372,705	,,
Rice (whole and cleaned)	,, 357,837	210,558	Holland	,, 358,666	139,052	,,
Rice, other	,, 59,208	23,391	,,	,, 494,434	167,708	,,
Wheatmeal and Flour	,, 17,411,193	8,041,748	United States	,, 1,975,148	883,869	Canada
Shredded Wheat	,, 6,401	18,981	,,	—	—	—
Barleymeal and Flour	,, 337	201	—	—	—	—
Barley, Pearled	,, 10,107	4,603	—	,, 11	6	—
Oatmeal and Groats	,, 399,495	284,839	United States	,, 61,452	33,774	Canada
Quaker Oats	,, 134,902	153,913	,,	,, 2	2	—
Rolled Oats	,, 16,070	13,356	,,	,, 681	357	—
Ryemeal and Flour	,, 37,441	14,282	Germany	—	—	—
Buckwheat, Pea, Bean, etc., Meal and Flour	,, 40,677	22,667	Holland	,, 15,636	5,635	East Indies
Maizemeal, etc.	,, 240,466	82,738	United States	,, 2,375	532	—
Flour and Meal, unenumerated	,, 148,940	37,184	Argentina	,, 300	152	Canada
Malt	,, 1,903	642	Holland	—	—	—
Miscellaneous	,, 1,755,030	388,336	French Indo-China	,, 1,551,459	336,637	East Indies
Arrowroot	,, 104	216	—	,, 27,933	38,787	West Indies
Cassava Powder and Tapioca	,, 88,114	41,636	Holland	,, 386,993	178,748	East Indies
Dextrine	,, 21,642	13,268	Germany	—	—	—
Macaroni	,, 39,995	40,810	Italy	,, 55	73	—
Mandioca or Tapioca Flour	,, 11,550	5,056	—	,, 25,929	7,735	—
Sago, Sago Meal and Flour	,, 2,011	1,016	Holland	,, 571,172	214,948	East Indies
Starch, Farina, etc.	,, 1,330,382	769,053	Germany	,, 14	16	—
Other Farinaceous Substances, etc.	,, 62,000	178,992	United States	,, 855	100,943	East Indies
Fruit, Dried or Preserved, except in sugar—*viz.*: Currants, Figs, Plums, Raisins, etc.	,, 2,267,035	2,838,124	Greece	,, 569	1,179	—
Sugar—						
Refined	,, 18,365,158	9,692,656	Germany	,, 259	243	Canada
Unrefined: Beetroot	,, 9,451,008	3,385,460	,,	,, 30	15	—
,, Cane, etc.	,, 1,963,295	713,434	Argentina	,, 1,807,159	940,498	West Indies
Molasses	,, 1,369,821	266,858	United States	,, 11,781	3,316	,,
Glucose	,, 1,140,544	570,726	,,	,, 6,976	3,466	Canada
Saccharine, etc.	Oz. 1,045,568	56,910	France	Oz. 192	12	—
Food Articles containing Sugar	Cwt. 45,653	84,532	Germany.	Cwt. 12,041	20,103	East Indies
Confectionery	,, 42,733	147,012	United States	,, 71	331	—
Fruit preserved in Sugar	,, 93,954	207,254	,,	,, 160,396	174,581	East Indies
Ginger, Jams, etc.	,, 10,442	19,345	—	,, 44,495	64,909	Hong Kong
Milk, Condensed, Sweetened	,, 869,767	1,731,047	France	,, 976	1,887	—
Other articles	,, 14,464	86,801	United States	,, 20,785	11,027	Hong Kong
Tea	Lb. 28,070,679	810,090	China	Lb 265,295 625	7,980,203	East Indies
Tobacco—						
Unmanufactured	,, 126,194,950	3,890,792	United States	,, 25,683	1,333	—
Manufactured: Cigars	,, 2,392,735	1,497,872	,,	,, 355,088	80,860	East Indies
,, Cavendish, etc.	,, 2,031,474	78,019	,,	,, 11,902	1,020	Canada
,, Snuff	,, 128	11	—	—	—	—
,, Cigarettes	,, 706,945	230,284	Egypt	,, 12,167	4,360	Malta
,, Other sorts	,, 60,117	7,582	France	,, 2,934	220	South Africa
Total Food Imports *Subject to Duty in* 1902	—	85,334,785	—	—	22,306,138	—

NOTE.—Table II. does not include as imported food-articles—beer and ale, spirits, wines.

* The "largest supply" is based on value, not on quantity. As a rule, but not always, value and quantity each give the same result in this respect.

† Corn, etc., being subject to duty during the greater part of the year 1902, is included in Table II.; corn imports are now free from duty. The totals for corn, etc., in Table II. are—"From foreign countries," £55,007,530; and "From British Possessions," £11,766,799.

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"SKIN O' MY TOOTH":

HIS MEMOIRS, BY HIS CONFIDENTIAL CLERK.

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

THE BARONESS ORCZY.*

V.—THE CASE OF MRS. NORRIS.

I HAVE always known Skin o' my Tooth to hold the axiom that justice is invariably on the side of the cleverest lawyer. I might as well at this point record the fact that he held the learned gentlemen of the Bar in complete and withering contempt. "They are a necessary evil in the High Courts," he would say; but then, to my esteemed employer, everybody in a court of law, from the judge downwards, was "a necessary evil." He would have liked some arrangement by which he could have argued out a criminal case with another lawyer; that side to win who got the best of the argument.

I can recall one or two very narrow shaves, where a judge and jury's decision really seemed a matter of tossing a halfpenny; it might go either way, and my chief fully deserved the nickname which the public had now universally bestowed upon him. But, of the many interesting cases with which Skin o' my Tooth was associated after the Duffield peerage case had brought his name so prominently before the public, none, I think, seemed at the first glance so intricate, and demonstrated his weird gifts more marvellously than the case of Mrs. Norris.

She was a pale, delicate-looking woman—I should say not more than twenty-five years of age, and no doubt among her own friends would be called pretty. Of course, when Skin o' my Tooth saw her in Holloway, she was evidently worn out with sleepless nights, and half crazy with the horror of the position in which she found herself. Her speech was very incoherent, and the curious mixture of self-accusations and vigorous protestations of innocence, together with the marked obstinacy of her general attitude, would have irritated any man less devoted to his calling than Skin o' my Tooth.

The facts, as far as they were known to the police and the public, and as far as Mrs. Norris herself was willing to admit, were briefly these:—

On Thursday, April 17th, the inhabitants of Shirland Mansions, Maida Vale, were startled at eleven o'clock at night by loud screams proceeding from one of the flats. Very soon the door of No. 22 was thrown violently open, and Mrs. Norris, who occupied the flat with her husband, came out on the landing loudly calling for help.

To the neighbours, who immediately responded to her call, she seemed like one demented; her eyes were starting out of her head, her face was livid, and with trembling fingers she was pointing towards her own apartments, whilst, in answer to every query, her quivering mouth murmured repeatedly—

"In there—in the sitting-room!"

At last, Mr. Daniell, from No. 23, less nervous and excitable than the other neighbours, made up his mind to ascertain what it was that had so completely shattered Mrs. Norris's nerves. One glance into the sitting-room, where the electric light was fully turned on, told him the whole gruesome tale. The body of Mr. Norris was lying on the floor, with his throat cut. There was no doubt that he was dead—the body was rigid, the face livid, whilst the eyes stared up at the ceiling with a look of infinite terror; in his hand the unfortunate man held, tightly clutched, the razor with which evidently he had put an end to his life.

Following Mr. Daniell's example, a few of the neighbours had crowded into the small flat; a young fellow from No. 20, who owned a bicycle, suddenly bethought himself that perhaps a doctor or the police would be needful at this juncture, so he went off, leaving a select few to gaze awestruck and helpless at the rigid body, and to offer well-meant but wholly ineffectual comfort to the half-crazed young widow.

It was, of course, very late in the night

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when at last the detective-inspector from the station, accompanied by two constables and the police divisional surgeon, came in response to the call from the cyclist. After that, the crowd of eager and inquisitive neighbours had perforce to retire within the precincts of their respective flats.

From the very first the general public refused to believe in the suicide theory. The morning papers already on the following day threw out vague hints of possible sensational developments. The coroner's inquest held on Monday only confirmed what already everyone had suspected—namely, that Mr. Norris had been murdered. The doctor declared that the wound in his throat had not been caused by the sharp razor found clutched in the dead man's hand—it had been inflicted by a much blunter instrument. Now, no knife of any kind was found upon the scene of the tragedy, but a few drops of blood were noticed by the detective-inspector upon the earthenware sink in the kitchen, showing that the murderer had washed his hands and his instrument there. Probably after that he found the razor in the dressing-room, and placed it in his victim's hand in order to raise the question of suicide.

But it was the examination of Mrs. Norris which furnished the truly sensational element of the tragedy. She repeated before the coroner what she already had told the police—namely, that on the fateful night she had been out to dine with a friend in the neighbourhood of Swiss Cottage, she came home at eleven o'clock at night, and going straight into the sitting-room and turning on the electric light, she saw her husband lying on the floor, dead. Horrified beyond measure, she had screamed for help. She, too, had at first believed in the theory that Mr. Norris had for some unaccountable reason committed suicide: certainly he had no enemy, to her knowledge, and she professed herself quite unable to throw any light upon the mysterious affair.

It appears, however, that her attitude when originally questioned by the police was so strange, her confusion and excitement so manifest, that Mason, the detective who had charge of the case, set to work to immediately verify her statements. He saw the friend with whom Mrs. Norris had dined the evening of her husband's death, but he also ascertained that she left that friend's house at half-past nine o'clock.

Pressed by the coroner, now she seemed absolutely unable to give any account as to how she spent her time between 9.30 and 11 p.m. She had walked about the streets, she said; but as the night of the 17th had been pouring wet, this statement was, to say the least, peculiar. Unfortunately for her, no one in the Mansions had heard her come in; the outside doors not being closed until 11.30, anyone could come in or go out easily unperceived.

The owners of the other flats in the same building could not give the police much help in the matter. One statement in connection with the Norrises, however, was quite unanimous among all witnesses—namely, that the quarrels between husband and wife amounted to positive scandal. According to Mr. Daniell, at No. 23, scarcely a day passed in the Norris *ménage* without a domestic squabble. It was generally supposed that the young wife's extravagance and love of dress, and the husband's ungovernable temper, were the causes of this disunion. On the very night of Mr. Norris's death, Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt, in the flat immediately below his, heard at half-past ten o'clock at night the sound of a scuffle overhead. So loud was it that Mrs. Wyatt suggested that her husband should go upstairs and intervene, as she was quite sure Mr. Norris was murdering his wife.

I don't think that anyone could blame the police for the course they adopted in this very mysterious affair: they arrested Mrs. Norris on a charge of murdering her husband. Brought before the magistrate, she pleaded "Not guilty," and repeated her story with wonderful obstinacy — she had dined with a friend, and from 9.30 to 11 had walked about the streets alone. Her whole manner on that subject was confused in the extreme. That there was something here which she wished to hide, was apparent to everyone. But the lie told against her, of course; and were it not for the fact that the magistrate was a peculiarly humane and kindly man, who took pity on her lonely position, and remanded her so that she might obtain legal advice immediately, there is no doubt that she would at once have been committed for trial.

II.

It was at this point that Mrs. Norris's relations approached Skin o' my Tooth, with the view that he should undertake her defence. The case had interested him from the first, and he was quite ready to give the unfortunate woman the benefit of his great skill.

We saw her in Holloway. She was obviously very pleased to have legal advice,

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and seemed inclined to be less reticent than she had been hitherto.

"I may have acted very thoughtlessly, Mr. Mulligan," she said; "but I had no one to advise me; and really, I have been half crazy with this horrible accusation hanging over me."

"I think you were very foolish to make such a secret of how you spent your time between 9.30 and 11 on that fateful night; an *alibi* in a case like yours is imperative. I hope that you have quite made up your mind to be absolutely frank with me."

"I am afraid that when you hear how simple the explanation is, you will think me worse than foolish."

"It doesn't matter what I think at this point," remarked Skin o' my Tooth drily.

"After I left my friend at 9.30," she began, speaking, I thought, with strange nervousness, "I went on to see another friend, in Hamilton Terrace, with whom I stayed until nearly eleven o'clock."

"As you say, it is extremely simple," said Skin o' my Tooth, who had noticed her curious and constrained manner, and was looking at her through his thick and fleshy lids. "The *alibi* is quite perfect. Of course, your friend will corroborate this statement."

She hesitated very palpably; then she added—

"I took a hansom to go home—no doubt the cabman can be found."

"No doubt; but it was a dark night, and the cabman may not be able to identify you accurately. Still, it is additional evidence, your friend's being, of course, the most valuable. Will you give me her name and address, so that I may communicate with her immediately?"

Again Mrs. Norris hesitated visibly for a moment before she replied—

"Lady Ralph Morshampton, 196, Hamilton Terrace."

Her attitude was a puzzle to me, and I could see that Skin o' my Tooth was both mystified and vexed. However, he dropped that point for the moment, and questioned Mrs. Norris of the probable motive for the murder.

"The police tell me that the rooms had evidently been searched through and through, possibly for money or valuables. Do you know of anything that may have tempted a murderer?"

"Nothing," she replied most emphatically. "We were in very modest circumstances; we never kept money in the house, beyond a sovereign or so, and we had no valuables of any kind."

"And you cannot account for the wild search which was evidently made through the rooms for something? You know that the dressing-bag was turned inside out, the drawers emptied; even the books in the bookcase were disturbed."

"I don't understand it," she replied, with a return of that strange nervous wilfulness which was so unaccountable, and which had already so much prejudiced her case; "I cannot account for it in any way."

With marked impatience Skin o' my Tooth rose to go. I could see that he was within an ace of throwing up the case, for it was clear, of course, that Mrs. Norris was not absolutely frank, even with him. But the case had gripped him, and this additional puzzle only aroused his further interest in it; it seemed literally to bristle with mysteries. He controlled his rising temper for the moment and took leave of his client, promising to call again early the next morning.

"Why does that woman lie to me?" he said savagely, the moment we were outside. "She knows or guesses the motive of that murder, I'll swear. Is she guilty herself, after all, or is she shielding a friend? And what in Heaven's name has Lady Ralph Morshampton to do with it all?"

I, of course, could not answer these intricate questions, and we returned to Finsbury Square in silence. We found that during our absence from the office the boy had introduced a visitor into Skin o' my Tooth's private room.

"A lady, sir," he explained. "She wouldn't give her name, and she wouldn't wait here, so I had to show her in."

I followed my chief into his private office, where the visitor was waiting. She was a lady very elegantly dressed, who rose with languid grace to greet Skin o' my Tooth as he entered.

"Mr. Mulligan?" she asked.

"That is my name," replied my chief, as he drew an easy-chair forward for her and seated himself at his desk, viewing his elegant visitor with more than professional interest.

She seemed a little troubled at what to say next, and looked across at me somewhat doubtfully.

"My confidential clerk," explained Skin o' my Tooth. "As trustworthy as myself. Still, if you wish it, he can go."

"Oh, no! not at all. Since he has your confidence, I have nothing more to say. I did not leave my name with your office

"'In there—in the sitting-room!'"

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boy, Mr. Mulligan, as I would wish, as far as possible, that my interview with you should remain confidential. I am Lady Ralph Morshampton. No doubt you know my husband by name; and I came to see you about a matter connected with the murder of a Mr. Norris, in Shirland Mansions."

"Indeed!" commented Skin o' my Tooth.

"'I can explain to you why that cruel crime was committed.'"

"Yes," she continued, with more composure. "I know a good deal about this Mrs. Norris, who is accused of murdering her husband. As a matter of fact, I think I can explain to you the reason why that cruel and dastardly crime was committed."

"Indeed!" repeated my employer, quite unmoved.

"As a matter of fact, Mrs. Norris was in my house only an hour or so before she committed that awful crime. She was pursuing a policy of blackmail against me, Mr. Mulligan; and finding that her poor husband would not be a party to that ignoble policy, she made him its victim."

"I don't quite understand."

"I must try to make it quite clear. Before my marriage, Mr. Mulligan, I was on the stage; and as it happened, just before I was engaged to Lord Ralph Morshampton, a villainous scandal was circulated amongst my envious colleagues, coupling my name with that of Adam Norris, a young dramatic author of much promise. Fortunately that scandal never reached the ears either of the Marquis of Camberley, my father-in-law, or of the exalted society of which I was about to become a member. I was the daughter of a gentleman, and had always acted in Shakespearian drama only. Society, after my marriage, tolerated me from the first, but now, after strenuous efforts on my part, it has finally accepted me. I have a position within its circles which many envy. In the meanwhile, Adam Norris also married. Through some unaccountable carelessness on his part, which amounts practically to a sin, his wife got to know of that old and buried scandal anent himself and me. He had been fool enough to keep my letters. I believe they were distinctly compromising. I really had not remembered them at all, but Mrs. Norris having caught sight of them once by accident, bethought herself of doing a bit of illicit traffic with them. She was inordinately fond of finery and gaiety, passions which her husband's somewhat modest position would not allow her to indulge in. She wrote to me one day offering to sell me my old letters for a couple of thousand pounds and a few introductions in good society. Now, Mr. Mulligan, I am the wife of a very rich man, with plenty of money at my command with which to gratify any passing whim. In this case it was my whim to pay money down and regain possession of those letters sooner than allow my husband and my friends to know of their contents. I wrote to Mrs. Norris asking her to come and see me on Thursday evening, the 17th. She came at about ten o'clock, and we had a short interview, in which it was agreed between us that I should give her

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£4,000, and no introductions, in exchange for the letters. I must tell you that she informed me then that she had not got the letters. Her husband had them still; but she seemed to think that she would have no difficulty in obtaining possession of them. I could not tell you exactly at what hour she left me," concluded Lady Ralph Morshampton coldly, "but I imagine that she went straight home—well—and that she had some difficulty in persuading her husband to give up those letters. What do you think yourself, Mr. Mulligan?"

"I was merely wondering, Lady Morshampton, whether you are really convinced in your own mind that Mrs. Norris actually murdered her husband?"

"I really have not given that subject a thought. I merely came to you to-day because I thought that probably she would have given you her own version of her interview with me, and that you might take it into your head to cite me as a witness on her behalf. You will see for yourself, I am sure, that this would do your client no appreciable good; on the contrary, it would furnish the prosecution with a strong additional weapon against her—a motive."

"You forget, Lady Morshampton," retorted Skin o' my Tooth, taken aback in spite of himself at this extraordinary display of callousness and egoism, "you forget that citing you as a witness would also give me an additional motive in my client's defence."

"I don't understand."

"The question of time."

"Oh! that is very vague," she retorted placidly, "I did not wish the servants to know of Mrs. Norris's visit; that is why I had fixed the hour ten o'clock, when they were all at supper. I was on the watch for her and opened the door to her myself. I let her out when our interview was over—I could not tell you at what time that was—and I am quite sure that none of the servants even knew that she had been in the house."

"But your husband?"

"Lord Ralph was in the smoking-room when Mrs. Norris called. I heard him go out a quarter of an hour or so later, and he certainly did not come in until after she left."

"Therefore, if I cite you as a witness——"

"You do so at Mrs. Norris's risk and peril," said Lady Ralph Morshampton, rising from her chair, and cooler than any cucumber. "I tell you that I could not swear positively at what hour she left me, and I know that she took a hansom lower down the road. I live in Hamilton Terrace, so it was only five minutes' drive at most, I think," she added finally, as she moved gracefully towards the door, "that I have succeeded in convincing you that it would be more prudent to leave my name out of this case altogether, have I not? Perhaps, after all, Mrs. Norris was wise and did not mention her visit to me, in which case there is no harm done, as I know I can rely on your discretion. By the way, I have not got those letters yet; will you tell Mrs. Norris that the bargain still holds good? Thank you so much. Good morning, Mr. Mulligan. A very wet spring, is it not? Let us hope we shall have fine weather for the Coronation. Don't trouble to see me down. I shall get a hansom outside."

When she had gone, Skin o' my Tooth turned to me with a heavy grunt.

"For Heaven's sake, Muggins," he said, "let's have some air! Open those windows. Even the slushy London air is preferable to the moral atmosphere this elegant lady has left behind her."

III.

We saw Mrs. Norris in prison that same afternoon. The interview was somewhat stormy, as Skin o' my Tooth was furious with her. Nothing enrages him so much as a want of absolute confidence on the part of a client, and I am quite sure that in this instance he would have thrown up the whole case and let Mrs. Norris literally go hang, but for the fact that the ever-increasing mysteries in connection with it had roused all his passion for what was interesting in the history of crime.

There was no doubt that Lady Ralph Morshampton's narrative had added fresh mystery to this already bewildering case. Mrs. Norris, sternly questioned by Skin o' my Tooth, corroborated it in every detail. The reason why she had so obstinately held her tongue on the subject was because she felt convinced that her attempt at blackmailing, and her avowed interest in obtaining possession of certain letters belonging to her husband, would furnish the prosecution with an additional terrible weapon against her. Moreover, she felt instinctively—and there her instinct did not err—that Lady Ralph Morshampton would prove a bitter enemy whom it would be unwise to drag into the case more than was absolutely necessary.

"I did not dare tell anyone, Mr. Mulligan," she pleaded pathetically. "Don't be hard upon me. I was quite convinced that some-

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thing would turn up to prove that I did not commit that awful crime. I don't believe now that justice can err quite to such an extent."

"You certainly have done your level best to damage your own case," growled Skin o' my Tooth, somewhat mollified; "but now tell me, at what time did you leave Lady Ralph Morshampton?"

"It was just before eleven. I took a hansom, and told the driver to put me down at the corner of Elgin Avenue. Shirland Mansions are just a few yards further on."

"But what about the letters?"

"I haven't got them, Mr. Mulligan. Just before the inquest, and before I was accused, I looked for them in their accustomed place, but they had gone."

"Where was their accustomed place?"

"Between some books in the bookcase. I don't think that my husband attached much importance to them. Anyway, I knew that I could easily get at them at any time."

"The police did not find those letters, I know," said Skin o' my Tooth to me, later in the day. "It is clear, therefore, that the murderer succeeded in getting hold of them, and clearer still that the crime was committed in order to obtain possession of them. Now, if Mrs. Norris speaks the truth, she was with Lady Morshampton until close on eleven, when she went straight home."

"Perhaps, after all," I suggested, "Mr. Norris committed suicide, and his wife, on coming home, merely hunted for the letters, and not finding them in their accustomed place, turned the room topsy-turvy before giving the alarm."

To my astonishment, Skin o' my Tooth did not receive my suggestion with the scorn which I feel sure it deserved, and which he usually bestows upon my attempts in that direction. It was clearest of all to me that my esteemed employer was completely at sea for the moment.

"You shall find out for me, Muggins, whether Mrs. Norris did speak the truth or not. I give you two days to do it in, and mind you don't mention the subject to me during that time. You know how to set to work, of course?"

"I think I do, sir. In any case, I will have an advertisement ready for all the daily papers to-morrow, and police notices all over the town, for the hansom-cabdriver who drove a lady from Hamilton Terrace to the corner of Elgin Avenue on Thursday, April 17th, at about 11 p.m."

"That's all right, Muggins. You are not quite such an ass as you look. Fire away, then; and, whatever you do, don't speak to me for two days."

The next morning my advertisements were in every paper and my notices all over the town. Twenty-four hours after that, I knew the name, address, and number of the cabman who drove a lady at the hour, on the day, and to the destination I had mentioned. Unfortunately he had not seen the lady's face, and certainly would not know her again.

In the meanwhile, life at the office was anything but pleasant. Skin o' my Tooth was in one of those tempers of his during which it was not good to talk to him. That he had got some fixed idea in his mind about that murder, I was then already quite sure. I knew the symptoms so well. For all the world like a great frowsy hound smelling blood, he sat for hours curled up in his armchair, smoking his long-stemmed German pipe, whilst even his beloved French novels were discarded. Every now and then I would see that weird and cruel spark flash in his lazy, blue eyes. Then I knew that the tracker of blood was on the scent, that he held a clue, and that his mind had already solved the problem which would bring the murderer of Mr. Norris inevitably to justice.

I told him the result of my investigations when the two days had elapsed. It was then ten o'clock in the morning, and we had both just arrived at the office.

"Sit down, Muggins," he said. "I expect a visitor."

I could see that he was very excited. He went himself to the door, when presently a heavy step was heard in the passage. Skin o' my Tooth's visitor was a big, burly fellow, wrapped from head to foot in a huge overcoat. The word "cabby" seemed to be written all over his rubicund countenance. He had a copy of the *Daily Mail* in his hand, to which he was pointing somewhat anxiously as he walked into the room.

"You're the gent, ain't you, sir," he asked presently, "who put this 'ere advertisement in the *Mail?*"

"Yes. I did put that advertisement in; and I got your letter this morning, so you see that I was expecting you."

"Ah!" remarked Cabby, with a grin of satisfaction. "It says 'ere that you'd give 'un a fiver reward. What you want to know is 'oo drove a gent from 'Amilton Terriss to somewhere near Helgin Havenue on the hevening of April 17th?"

"That's it exactly."

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"Now, I drove a swell from top of Carlton 'Ill to the corner of Helgin Havenue and Maida Vale at about a quarter past ten on that night. It was pourin' wet; and when I 'ad dropped 'im, I went in to the 'Lord Helgin' for a drink. Now, about three-quarters of an hour later, that same swell picked me up again just as I was turning into Maida Vale, and I took 'im back to 'Amilton Terriss."

"You don't know to what number?"

"No. I don't; but I'd know that swell again if I saw him. 'E gave me five bob each way. I thought 'e looked as if 'e'd been drinking when 'e drove home—his clothes were all anyhow. 'E 'ad on a silk comforter round his neck, which 'e left in my cab."

"'You're the gent, ain't you, sir, who put this 'ere advertisement in the *Mail?*'"

"I suppose you won't mind throwing that comforter in with the most valuable information you have been good enough to give me," suggested Skin o' my Tooth, "and for which I shall have much pleasure in handing you the promised £5 note?"

A broad grin illuminated the worthy old cabby's countenance. He drew from his pocket a large coloured silk muffler, which he placed on the desk. Then he stretched out a very large and very grimy fist towards the crisp banknote which Skin o' my Tooth was holding out towards him.

"I am mighty glad, sir, that my heffort of memory is worth all that to ye," he said sententiously.

"Not to me, cabby," said Skin o' my Tooth, with a smile, "but to an unfortunate woman whom your excellent memory has saved from the gallows."

"Lor'! it ain't a case of murder, is it? I don't like that."

"Remember that you told this young gentleman here and myself that you would know the swell again," said Skin o' my Tooth sternly.

"Yes. I would," replied Cabby, scratching his shaggy old head, "but I don't like to be mixed up with p'lice and things."

"Must do something for your £5 note, eh?"

"Well, sir, p'r'aps you're right."

He was inclined to be loquacious, but Skin o' my Tooth, having got what he wanted, was eager to be rid of him. I showed the amiable cabby out. I was longing to ask my chief a hundred questions. I found him sitting beside his desk, carefully examining the coloured silk muffler.

"There are stains on it, Muggins," he said quietly. "I am in luck to-day."

"But I don't understand, sir. What was

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the advertisement about, and who was 'the swell' who drove from Hamilton Terrace to Elgin Avenue and back?"

"Why, Muggins, you are even a bigger ass than I took you to be. The swell, my boy, was Lord Ralph Morshampton, the murderer of Adam Norris."

"But——"

"I suspected it the moment I saw that very elegant, very egoistical woman of the world, but I was afraid that it would be very difficult to prove. It was, no doubt, all settled between him and his wife, and Lady Ralph arranged that the interview between herself and Mrs. Norris should take place at a moment when it would be most convenient for my lord to tackle the unfortunate dramatic author; this insured the wife being safely out of the way. I don't suppose for a moment that murder was premeditated. Lord Ralph Morshampton probably lost his temper, and finding Adam Norris obdurate, knocked him down."

"But what made you think of it all, sir?"

"Only this, Muggins, that when people tell me a lie, I immediately look about me for the motive which made them tell that particular lie. Lady Ralph Morshampton, if you remember, told me that her husband is a very rich man, and that she had plenty of money at her command with which to gratify any passing whim. Now, that is not true. Lord Ralph Morshampton is a younger brother of the present Marquis of Camberley. His father, the late Marquis, left each of his sons an annuity of three thousand pounds a year, payable out of the estate.

"My inquiries into Lord Ralph Morshampton's financial position, as compared with the lie his wife had told me, gave me the first inkling—call it intuition if you will—of the possible state of the case, for clearly Lady Ralph could not indulge in the luxury of buying those letters for four thousand pounds, however eager she might be to possess them; her appointment with Mrs. Norris, therefore, was a feint, either in order to gain time, or in order to devise some other means of gaining possession of those letters. After that, Muggins, taking it absolutely for granted that the murder *was* committed for the sake of those letters, it became easy enough to reduce the number of people interested in their possession to three; there was Mrs. Norris, who wanted to sell them, and Lady Ralph Morshampton, who wished to destroy them. Putting aside the question that the murder was really far too gruesome and horrible for any woman of refinement to have committed, it soon became an established fact that the two ladies were actually together at 196, Hamilton Terrace at the time that the murder was being perpetrated. You remember that the people in the flat below the one occupied by Mr. Norris heard the noise and scuffle at half-past ten. There then loomed before me the question of Lord Morshampton, the husband. I made inquiries among the servants at Hamilton Terrace and among the neighbours, and learned that he was passionately fond of his wife, and ever eager to hide her past history before his relatives and friends; he too, then, would have a motive—far stronger than any, since it concerned the woman he loved—to bury for ever a scandal which might injure her position in society. Having got the motive, I soon sought for proof. I remembered that Lady Morshampton herself had said said that her husband left the house at a quarter past ten. I surmised that he would go to Shirland Mansions to see Adam Norris, and that since he would not have much time at his command, he would go there in a cab. I advertised in the terms you know already, and got this morning the very proof I sought for. You see, the whole matter became child's play once I had a clue."

"It was instinct, sir," I said, with genuine admiration, "marvellous intuition."

"Call it reflection, my boy, and you'll be about right. You see, the moment those letters were destroyed, the Morshamptons' name slipped, as it were, right out of the case. My lady was right when she concluded that I could never have cited her on Mrs. Norris's behalf. She was quite ready to see the unfortunate woman go to the gallows, and to swear anything that would achieve that end. That is why I am inclined to think that she planned the whole thing, while her husband was but half willing. Now, Muggins, run along and take this muffler to Scotland Yard. Mrs. Norris comes up before the magistrate to-morrow. Poor woman! she has had a narrow shave; but what a fool she has been!"

Mrs. Norris was discharged by the magistrate.

Everyone remembers, no doubt, the awful sensation caused by the suicide of Lord Ralph Morshampton in his house in Hamilton Terrace. As there is always a special law for those in his position, the whole matter of his guilt in the murder of Adam Norris was most effectually hushed up by the police, and the public never got to know the name of "the swell" who drove to Shirland Mansions at a quarter past ten on that fatal night.

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THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

THE EXPLANATION.

VISITOR: Well, I must say they *are* splendid little things. What *do* you feed them on?

FARMER'S WIFE (who thinks she means the young pigs): Well, mum, they're old enough now to eat up all the refuse of the 'ouse.

THE PIONEER.

"You are the publisher, I suppose?" brusquely demanded a bearded man, bursting in upon me. I hastily hid the much-thumbed MS. of "Carmen's Coronal" in the tattered tail of my coat and smiled somewhat bitterly.

"I? No," I replied. "This is only the decep—I mean the reception-room. That is the lethal chamber. At present it is in use."

He fumed noisily and began to make obtrusive a bulky package of paper.

"A work of some importance?" I was constrained to hazard.

"Fiction, sir, mere fiction," he answered, as though thereby hung a tale.

"Indeed?" I had to say.

"Doubtless it has not escaped you," he began, seizing his opportunity with alacrity, "that the men of the present are the heroes of fiction of the past. Following a 'Childe Harold,' for instance, there came a generation of proud, romantic, gloomy souls, all cloaked and wearing the Byronic collar. Before that, respectable people were troubled with an age of sequels of 'Jerry' and 'the Corinthians.' Think of the responsibility of the author of those works."

"Terrible!" I said. "I believe Macaulay——"

"But we can go back earlier," he interrupted. "Is not Chaucer's 'Yonge Clerke of Oxenforde' the parent of undergraduates of centuries? They may have behaved in the most exemplary manner before. They never have since. But the proposition is true of all ages. Five years of 'Harry Lorrequers' were followed by half a decade of 'Guy Livingstones' and 'Rochesters.' The schoolboy of to-day is precisely the 'Eric' of yesterday."

"Oh, precisely," I agreed.

"I see you take my point," he said, the light of enthusiasm beaming in his eye. "But let me carry you further. These products of fiction are almost invariably of an undesirable type. They are either gloomy, morose, and violent, or else they are frivolous triflers who never pay anything but their respects, and those in the wrong quarter. That being so, the duty of Fiction is obvious. We are becoming backward in the race. Fiction must produce the proper species to counteract this tendency."

Regardless of the sacredness of his surroundings, he emphasised his point by banging his papers down upon the table.

"I am one of the ministers of Fiction—a pioneer in her task. In the volume before you, all the young men are gentlemen in the truest sense of the word—except some who are Nature's gentlemen. The girls are all real ladies."

"Really?"

"Yes, really ladies—of a slightly serious turn. I have thought it well to make the young men take only a moderate interest in athletics, and they don't smoke or drink. None of them ever

JUST IN TIME.

WOULD-BE PASSENGER: Hi, there, mate! is the ark full up?

CONDUCTOR: No, we've just got room for the jackass. (*Pulls bell.*)

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lights another gold-tipped 'Deliciosa,' or quaffs his '74 Brut.'"

"What do they do?"

"Oh, they study, and have improving conversations, and go for walks. You will see when you read the book."

"It's the love interest, I suppose, that supplies the strength, and not the adventures," I suggested.

"There isn't a love interest. Most of them are married to suitable persons. I wished to help the succeeding generation not to waste their time. When the book comes out, you will see that anything like flirtation is looked upon with a good deal of disapproval by the characters. Here, for instance," he added, finding a passage: "Agnes—she's one of the heroines—says to Mr. Johnson, who has made a remark about the lunar parallax: 'The moon is so closely connected in my mind with the foolish sentimentality of irresponsible persons, that I can never regard even the scientific aspects of that luminary with the same interest that I can bestow on the other constellations——' And then she goes on——"

"I dare say," I said, "that the conversations are awfully witty."

"No, not witty, perhaps, in the ordinary sense—more cheerful and edifying. You see, all of the characters are extremely well informed, especially in scientific subjects. The commercial *data* of foreign countries furnish the subject for a good deal of what I may say takes the place of badinage, and——"

At that moment the door of the inner sanctum opened, and a much envied author, who really dines every day, stepped forth, jingling sovereigns. It was my turn, but the other was before me, carried away doubtless by his enthusiasm.

"What a chance!" he exclaimed, pausing on the threshold. "Think of it. This man is presented with the opportunity of regenerating Man!"

His stay was not long. In a few minutes, high words were heard, and on the top of them my friend bustled out in purple indignation.

"Declined—declined, sir, without thanks," he hissed with withering emphasis.

And so I crept in with "Carmen's Coronal."

Harold White.

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH."

THE MAJOR (who has just had notice from his *new* coachman): Confound it! What's the matter now?
COACHMAN: Well, sir, the fact is, the 'orses ain't quite the style I've been accustomed to.
THE MAJOR: The deuce they aren't! You'll stop your month, though?
COACHMAN: No, sir! If you will allow me, I'll write you a cheque at once and go.

MAKING MATTERS WORSE.

A PHILANTHROPIC lady visited an asylum not long ago, and displayed great interest in the inmates. One old man particularly gained her compassion.

"And how long have you been here, my man?" she inquired.

"Twelve years," was the answer.

"Do they treat you well?"

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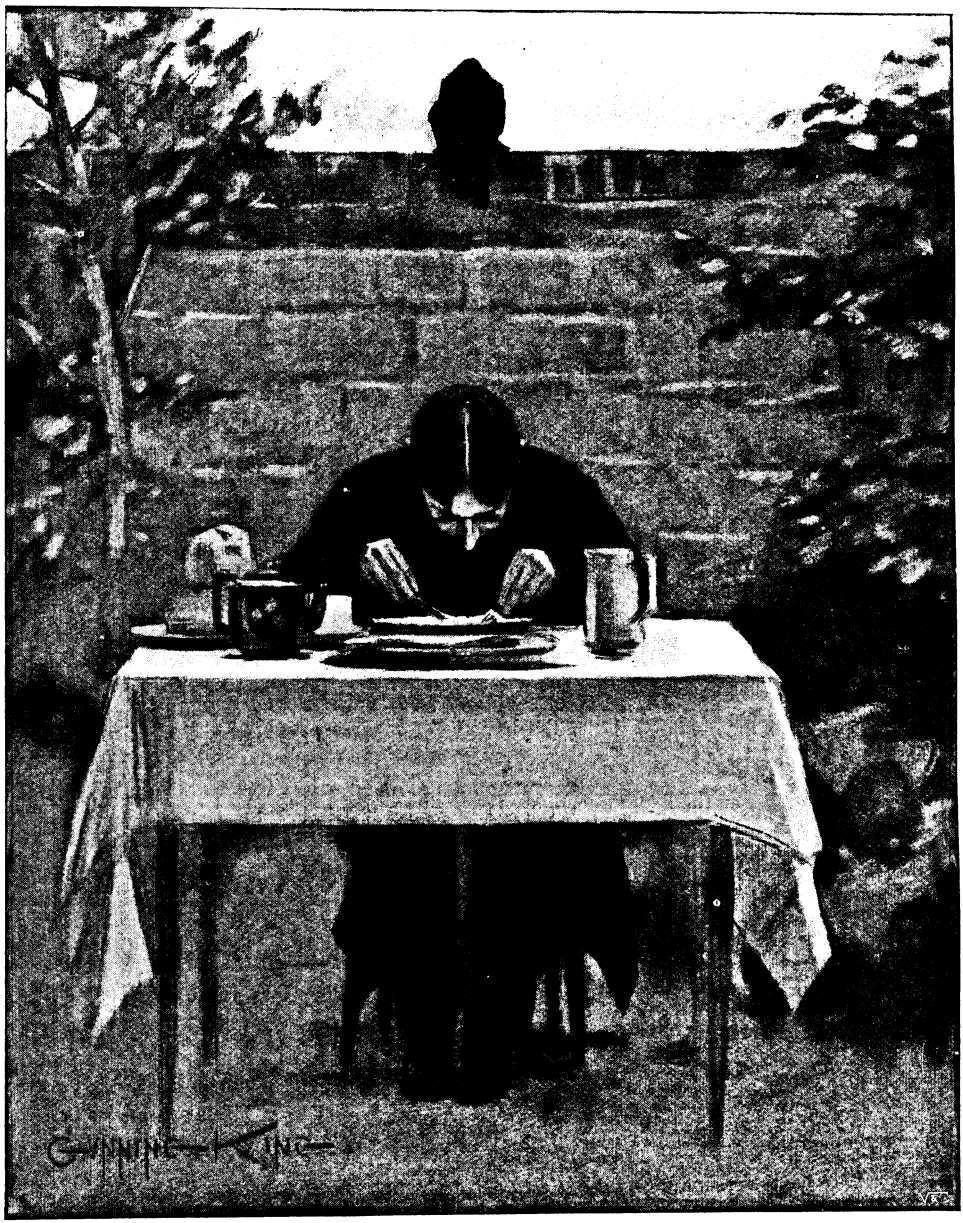

THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES.

"Yes."

"Do they feed you well?"

"Yes."

After addressing a few more questions to him, the visitor passed on. She noticed a broad and broadening smile on the face of her attendant, and on asking the cause, heard with consternation that the old man was none other than the medical superintendent. She hurried back to make apologies. How successful she was may be gathered from these words—

"I am very sorry, doctor. I will never be governed by appearances again."

HAPPY IKE: Have you heard about the man who swallowed six spoons?

HUBBUB: No. What's the matter with him?

HAPPY IKE: Oh! he can't stir.

"How is it you're not going away into the country?"

"My wife changed her mind about going."

"Why, wouldn't you go without her?"

"Yes—that's why we didn't go."

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COMPENSATION IN KIND.

"You have been very good to me, doctor, but I don't know when I can pay you; business is so bad——"
"Oh, well, never mind. Perhaps we can take it out in trade. By the by, what is your trade?"
"I'm an undertaker, sir."

THE twenty-first century man entered his breakfast-room and, seeing his wife as well as his anti-ophthalmic spectacles permitted him, went through the gestures which, for hygienic reasons, had long taken the place of the kiss and embrace. He then peppered his breakfast tabloid of compressed maltine and phosphates with antiseptic in the usual way, lifted his microbe-shield from his mouth, and the morning meal was over.

"I say, James," said his youngest offspring—the old-fashioned way of addressing one's parent as "father" or "mother" had, of course, long ago disappeared.

"Yes, son," replied the father, while he rapidly disinfected his all-wool top-hat.

"I've been reading such a funny old book I found in the library."

"I do hope, son, that you had your germ-proof gloves on," broke in his mother nervously.

"Oh, yes; and, of course, the book had been in the hot-air cabinet first. It was about the people who lived more than a hundred years ago. I must say, James, that I rather wondered that you had such a book. I cannot see how it can possibly help you in any scientific study or in business. However, it was interesting."

By this time the father's outer coat of woollen material had passed through the various microbe-destroying compartments, his boots had been subjected to the Z rays, and his umbrella, which he carried as a symbol of power—for, of course, he never went really out—was dipped in the latest thing in solutions.

"Just fancy," continued the son, "they used to eat pieces of carcasses—horrid things like grilled cutlets and wings of fowls, which they cut up with forks and knives which weren't even boiled, off plates which they never sprinkled with any germ-killer. They used to put away nearly a pound of stuff like that, and it took them nearly an hour to do it."

"Charles, don't be so ridiculous," tittered one of the girls behind her protective mask.

"It's a fact, really," said the son, "and, besides that, they used to go out into the—what do you call it?"

"Air," suggested the father.

"Oh, yes, air, with nothing over their mouths or noses. I believe they thought it was a good thing. They used to run about in it—in fact, drink it all in as hard as they could."

"Oh, Charles, it must be one of your jokes," said the sister, giggling.

"It's quite true, though, of course, it does sound rather strong. But, James, isn't it time you went to the City?"

"And remember that we have nearly run out of 'Vanitas,'" added the wife.

"And if you see a really pretty pink respirator, I should love it so," said one of the daughters, for human nature was much the same as in barbaric times.

As the twenty-first century householder was shot in his special shell to his office, he had quite twenty seconds for quiet thought. "Grilled cutlets—off a plate—with a knife and fork," he murmured to himself. "I wonder whether those old people in their benighted ignorance were really happier than we are. I wonder," he repeated, as the bump came.

REQUIESCAT IN PIECES.

1.

In useful toil their days were spent,
By vain ambition undistressed;
Though humble was their sphere, content
To do their best.

2.

When trampled on, their soles were meek,
No murmur or complaint was heard;
Their tongues no cruel slander speak,
Nor unkind word.

3.

Wherever one might chance to be,
There surely was the other found;
By rare and perfect amity
Their lives were crowned.

4.

When cruel Time had worked his will,
And all attempts to heel must cease,
Two faithful soles unparted still,
Their end was piece.

A. E. Parsons.

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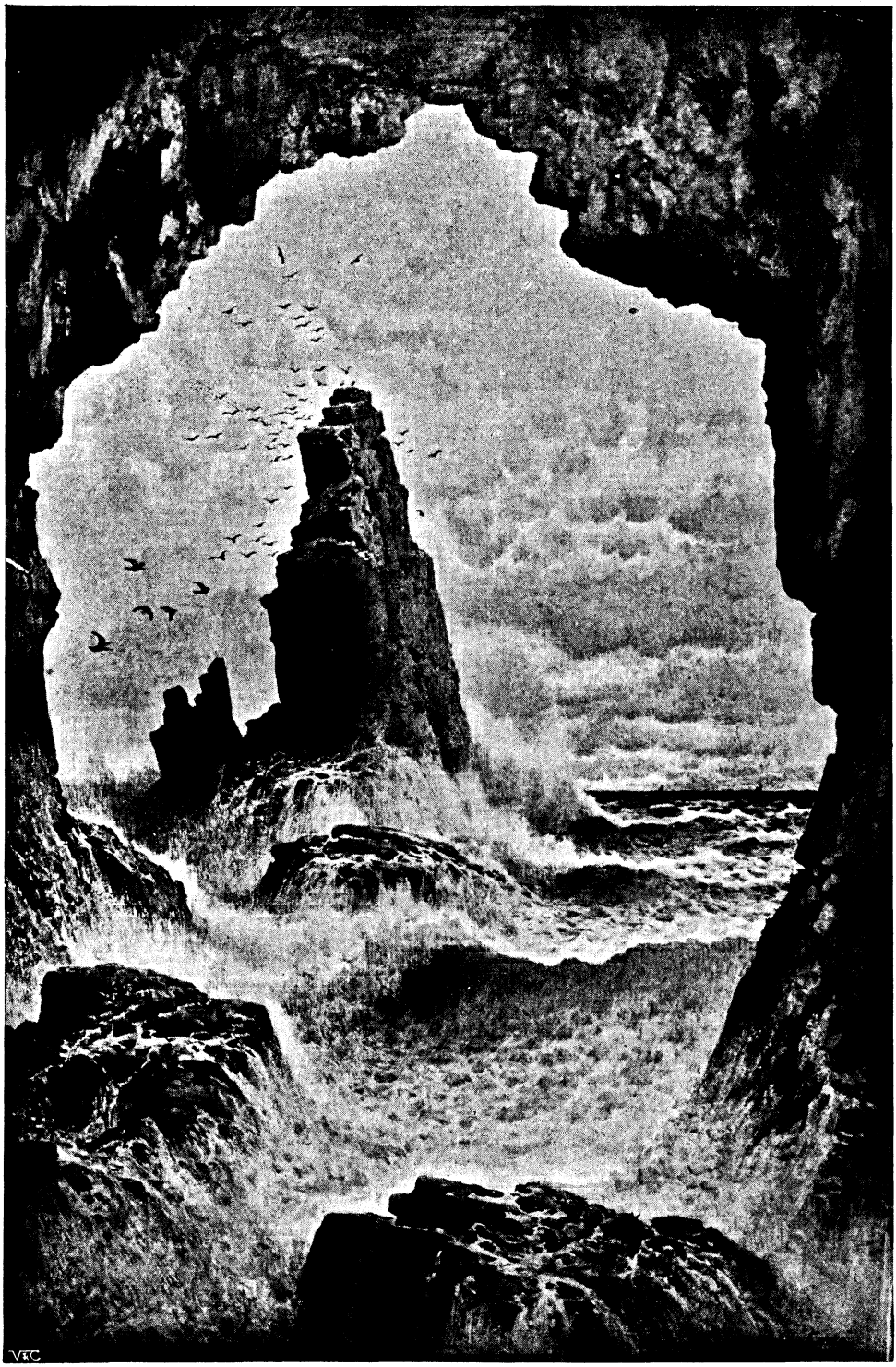

JERSEY CAVES.

FROM A PAINTING BY ARTHUR SUKER.

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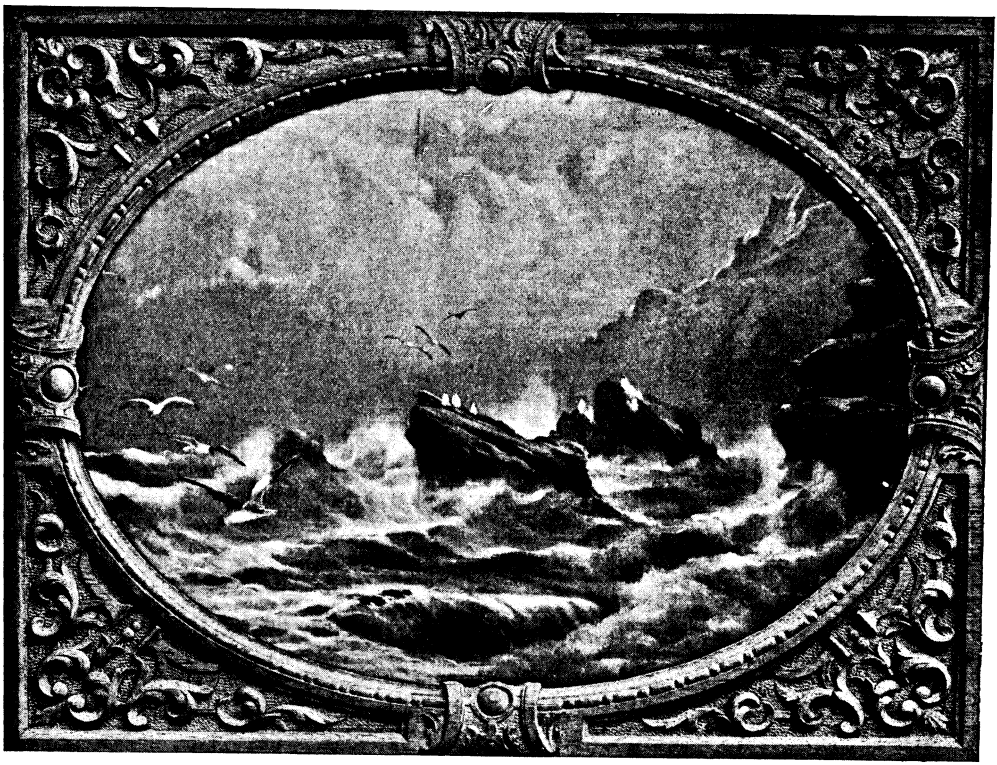

"COAST SCENE NEAR ILFRACOMBE." BY ELMER KEENE.

A PAINTER OF THE SEA-COAST:

MR. ELMER KEENE AND HIS ART.

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NEARLY at the centre of England, Leicester is about the last place in which one would look for a painter of the sea. Yet it is in a suburb of Leicester that Mr. Elmer Keene, whose studies in pastel of coast scenery must be familiar to many of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE readers as reproduced in the printsellers' windows, has chosen to make his home.

"Yes," replies the artist, when I express my surprise at the circumstance, immediately after shaking hands with him on the threshold of Bute House, Uppingham Road. "Yes, I dare say it does surprise you. I sometimes feel like a seagull in a canary's cage myself. And yet Leicester has its advantages, even to a sea-painter such as myself. Altogether it is a long coastline which forms my sketching-ground, and in two or three hours from Leicester I can reach the shore, either north or south, east or west."

Every successful sea-painter, however, must have had such a passion for the sea as can only come from living by the side of it. For ten years, as he tells me when we are seated in his little studio overlooking a pretty garden, Mr. Elmer Keene lived at Scarborough, and it was there, amidst the varied beauties of the Yorkshire coast, that the great impulse of his artistic life came to him. This was between 1880 and 1890, when Mr. Keene was passing through the early thirties. Up to that time his bent had not definitely declared itself; he had

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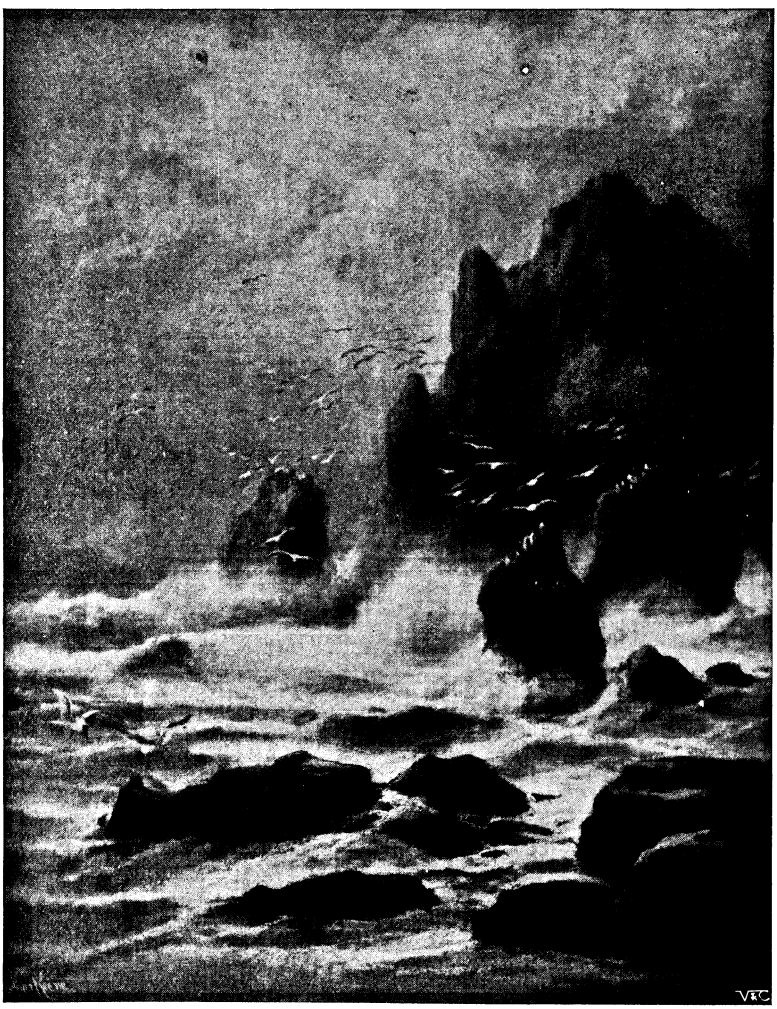
painted landscape and miscellaneous subjects indiscriminately.

"It is the Yorkshire coast, of course, which I know best," he tells me. "I know every little peak and cove between Staithes and Bridlington. I believe I could make you a fair charcoal drawing from memory of any mile of the coast between these points—I have worked at it so much during the past twenty years."



"A BIT OF CORNISH COAST NEAR LAND'S END." BY ELMER KEENE.

But although Yorkshire was his first love, it has by no means monopolised Mr. Elmer Keene's attention, nor does it now hold the first place in his affection. A large map of England hangs in his studio, which the artist occasionally likes to look at, following round the coastline and recalling at almost every part of it sketching jaunts at little fishing-villages. Mr. Elmer Keene has worked pretty well all round England, except East Anglia. The rugged beauty of the Yorkshire cliffs, broken as they are into crags and rocks, on which nestle thousands of birds, attracts him much, and likewise the coast of North and South Devon, of somewhat softer aspect, but with even greater variety in formation. But it is Cornwall which most fascinates his imagination.

"What most appeals to me about the sea," he says, "is its wildness. I don't care for your scenes of soft beauty, although occasionally I have had to paint them; and the flatness of Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk has always repelled me. Huge, overwhelming rocks, with terrible seas dashing against them, interest me most as a painter, and there is nothing finer than the Cornish coast for this sort of thing. Yes, I know the district of the Manacles very well. I saw there the wreck of the *City of Paris*. The sea in this part can be very wicked. After a wreck, you know, the coastguard have to haul up the cliff the mutilated bodies of the poor fellows who have been dashed against the rocks."

As may be supposed from the artist's preference for the sea in its stormiest moods, Mr. Elmer Keene's studies are mostly made in the winter time. He goes and lives by the sea at some little village in Cornwall or Yorkshire or elsewhere for a month or

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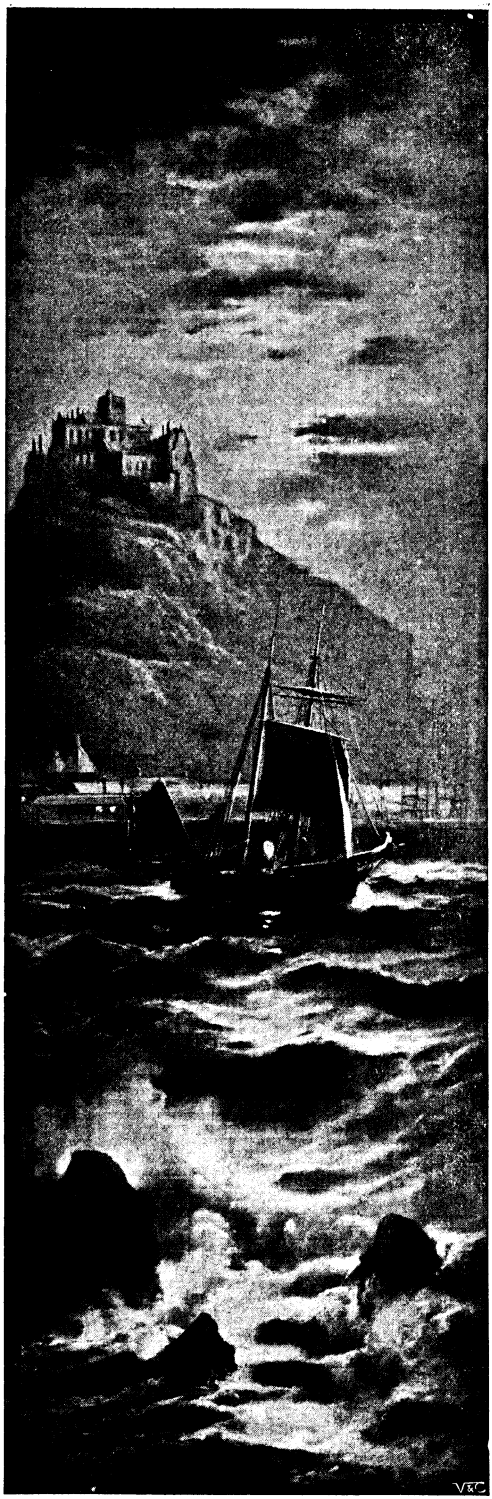
"THE LIGHTHOUSE."



"ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT."

By Elmer Keene.

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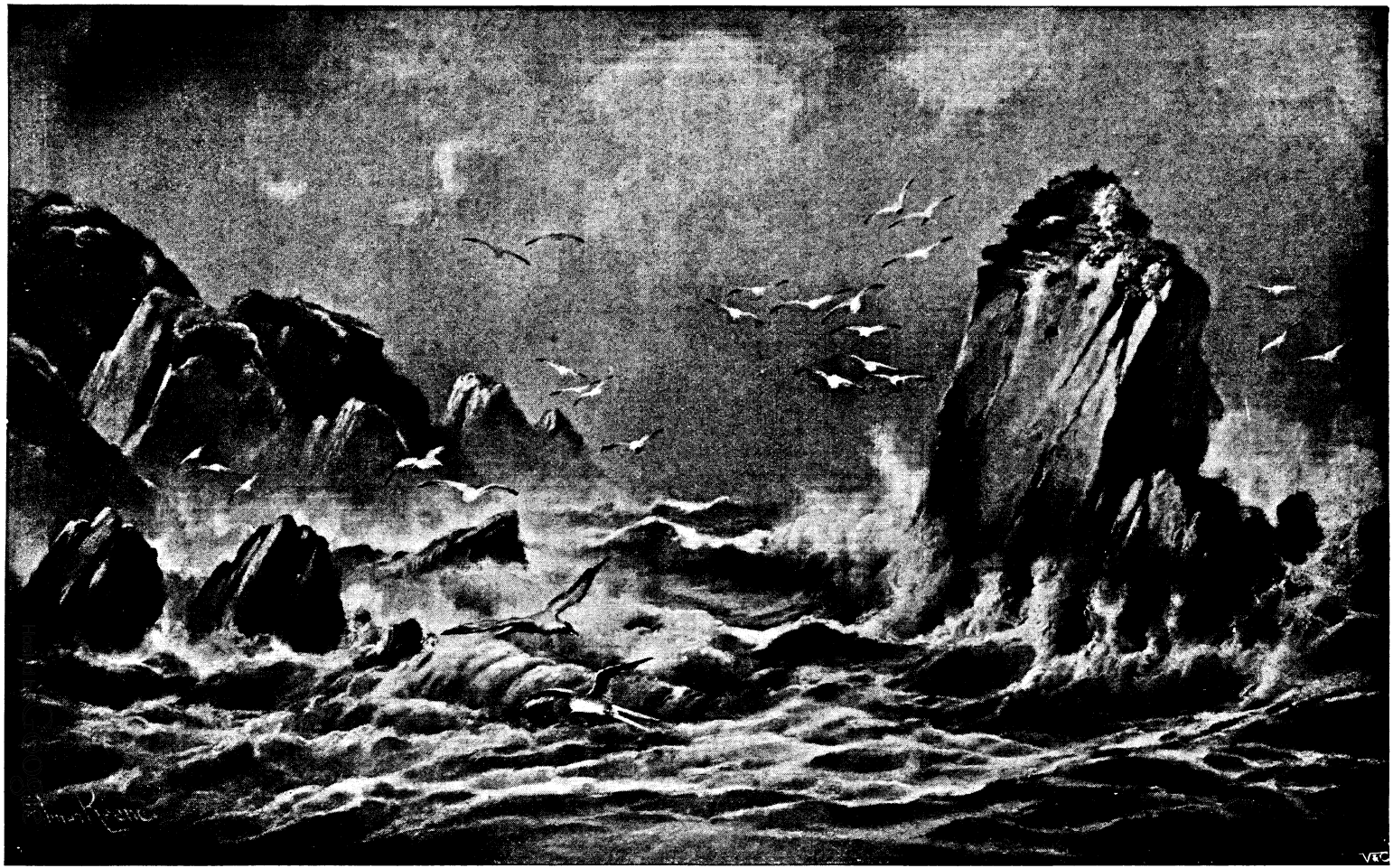


"ROUGH SEAS AT LEE, DEVONSHIRE." BY ELMER KEENE.

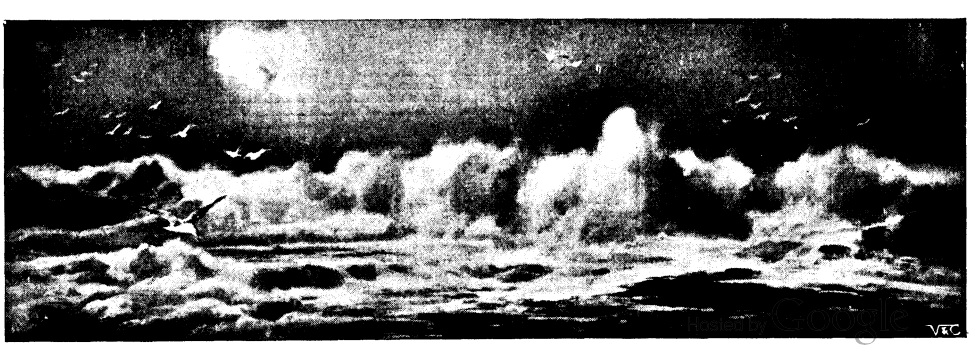
"A WAVE STUDY AT HAYBURN WYKE, YORKS." BY ELMER KEENE.

two at a time, storing his mind's eye with pictures of a stormy coast, to which his sketches in pencil or water-colour are but memory-aids, like the brief notes of a long speech to the orator. With Mr. Thomas Somerscales, the distinguished painter of fine old clippers on a boundless ocean, Mr. Elmer Keene, in his method of work, holds that "there can be no copying the sea as artists copy the model or drapery. I find that I must have my memory stored with impressions which have become fixed through long study, and I endeavour to reproduce these with more or less satisfaction to myself." This is not the method, it may be added, of other distinguished painters of seascape and sea scenes, such as Mr. Napier Hemy, Mr. H. S. Tuke, and Mr. W. L. Wyllie, who, in their work from day to day, find it advantageous to be either close to the waves or actually riding on them.

Having accumulated a great number of studies, and probably a still larger number of mental impressions, Mr. Elmer Keene returns home to turn them into the charming finished pictures, mostly in pastel, such as, in their black-and-white form, fill these pages. When he has painted himself out—when "I feel like an orange which has been sucked dry," as he puts it—Mr. Elmer Keene goes back once more to the shore for renewed knowledge and inspiration.

The artist is a man of forty-seven, tall and stalwart, with clear, fearless eyes and sturdy limbs that tell of robust health. And I should think he needed all these physical qualities to face the exposure, hardship, and even danger involved in making the necessary studies for some of his pictures of a stormy coast, one or two examples of which will be found in these pages. In pitiless rain and amidst a raging gale he has often climbed precipitous rocks and stood on narrow ledges in the endeavour to obtain the best point of view for some striking effect of the spray and the sky. In such circumstances it is often a matter of no small difficulty to wield a brush or even a pencil whilst maintaining a perilous footing amidst the buffeting of wind and rain. I ask Mr. Elmer Keene whether he has any exciting episodes to relate in connection with such work.

"No," he replies. "My most exciting experience was at Filey Brig, and that was not really in connection with my work at all. I had been working on the Brig for the best part of the week, and on the Sunday morning must needs go and have another look at it—in the spirit, I suppose, which leads the actor to spend his holiday at the play, and the



"A SEA STUDY AT SCARBOROUGH." BY ELMER KEENE.

'bus-driver to spend his in taking 'bus rides—taking my son with me for the walk. There is a sharp bend in the coast, as you may know, near the Brig, and we had reached this point when a boy came running, shouting out some warning to us about not going further, as the tide was coming in. Now, the Filey boys are given to practical joking, as I had reason to know; and when I looked at the sea and saw it still a long way off, I simply laughed and went on. But strangely enough, in about five minutes a wave came in which filled up quite half of what had been the intervening space between us and the sea. Another wave came and then another, and I realised with a shudder that before we could reach the bend in the coast our retreat would be cut off. But my fright was only momentary, for, turning to the cliff, I remembered a conversation I had had with a Filey friend earlier in the week. The cliff seemed quite precipitous and absolutely unclimbable; but this friend had pointed out a certain spot to me, saying with a laugh: 'If you should ever be cut off by the tide, this is your one chance of escape—it is the only place at which the cliff can be climbed.' This spot turned out to be quite near, and after a hard climb my boy and I were in safety. But before we had climbed far up the cliff, there were tons of water covering the rock on which we had been standing.

"It was at Filey, too, that I had another experience which, although not dangerous, was rather uncanny at the time. A Filey gentleman asked me to paint a picture of a particular bit of the coast, and after some experiments I found that it could only be painted satisfactorily from a cave which was unapproachable except for a very short time at low water. This time was all too short for any effective work, so I had to enter the cave at low water, and stay there till low tide came round again. Of course, I was provisioned with all possible comforts; but, even so, one had rather an eerie feeling there as one worked amidst the roar of the waves, looking out through a narrow space between the sea and the roof of the cave, and I was always very glad when my imprisonment came to an end."

Mr. Elmer Keene does not always identify his work with any particular locality, although it is easy enough to recognise in most of his pictures the characteristic features of the coasts of Yorkshire and Cornwall. Very often a picture combines the result of a number of studies which may have been

"CLIFFS NEAR SCARBOROUGH." BY ELMER KEENE.

'CLIFFS NEAR STAITHES, YORKS." BY ELMER KEENE.

made at as many different spots. Nor does he indulge in sentimental titles.

"I am often asked for such," he tells me, "and I remember spending a whole Sunday once searching the poets, with a fruitless result. I now leave my titles to the publishers of the engravings—with consequences, I must confess, that are sometimes surprising; the title chosen often conveying some idea or impression which had never once entered my head during the time I was painting the picture. I could not complain, however, as in reply to the request for a sentimental title, I have invariably told them that the sentiment must be found in the painting itself."

It is in pastel that Mr. Elmer Keene has made his name—through the printsellers' windows mainly—as a sea-painter, although he has worked a great deal in both pastel and oils. Mr. Keene frankly tells me that he first took to pastel some ten years ago because he found that it lent itself so well to the representation of rugged cliff and stormy sea, especially in black-and-white reproduction.

"Formerly I could never be at all sure," he remarks, "how my picture in oils or water-colour would come out in black-and-white. The values were often quite destroyed; some very distinctive tones in the original would become mere blurs when reproduced."

The artist's first experiment with pastel, however, as he relates it to me, was not encouraging. For his first picture in this medium he could find no purchaser, and he gladly gave it to the first friend who warmly praised it. But when he found that this friend, who was a man of good critical judgment, had it handsomely framed as a wedding present, the possibility that perhaps it was not quite hopeless dawned upon him. Mr. Elmer Keene tried again, with more satisfying results. When he replaced monochrome, in which his first efforts were made, by sepia, he was convinced that he had found the means of successfully expressing the feeling and impression he had of the sea. Pastel has but one disadvantage in Mr. Keene's work. He cannot employ it for his preliminary studies when the weather is at all damp or rainy—as it mostly is when Nature is in the temperament which, in relation to the sea, has the greatest fascination for him.

Mr. Elmer Keene's studio is a comparatively small and somewhat matter-of-fact apartment on the first floor of his villa. It is evidently intended solely for work, and not for the social relaxation of which a

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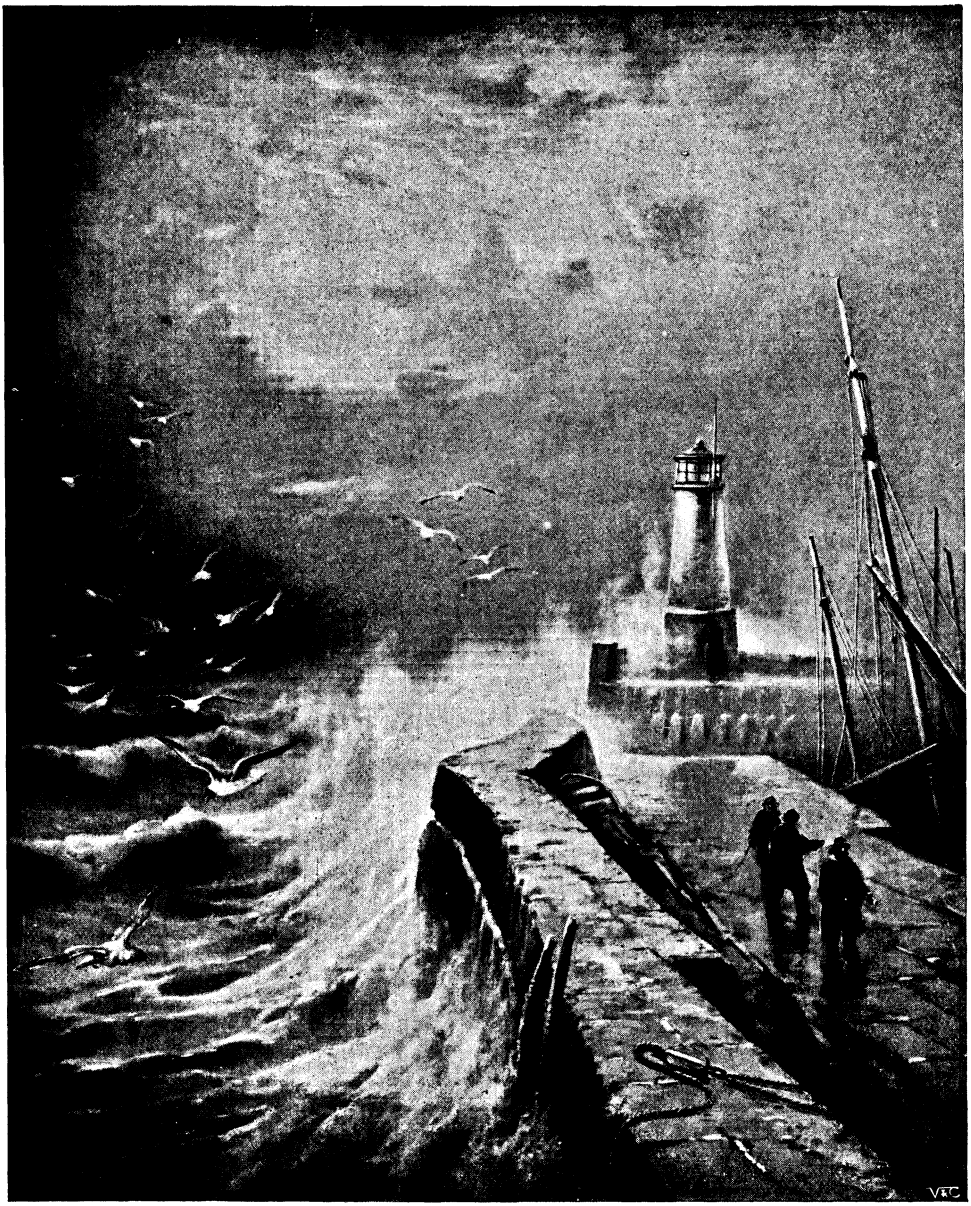

"STORMY WEATHER." BY ELMER KEENE.

London studio is often the scene. Besides the easel and the large map on the wall, of which I have already spoken, it contains, as its most conspicuous objects, a bureau crammed with sketches and other memoranda, and two stuffed birds from Flamborough Head—one a kittiwake and the other a fine specimen of the black shag. The kittiwake at the moment is suspended in mid-air, poised as in the act of flying, with its wings extended. It was evidently Mr. Keene's model for the small picture on the easel when my arrival interrupted his morning's work. On the whole, the studio is characteristic of the man—I should say, of his simplicity of character and devotion to his work.

Mr. Keene is a native of Sherwood Forest, but at an early age his family removed to Strood, near Rochester, and it is with that semi-nautical town that the recollections of his boyhood are mostly associated. After

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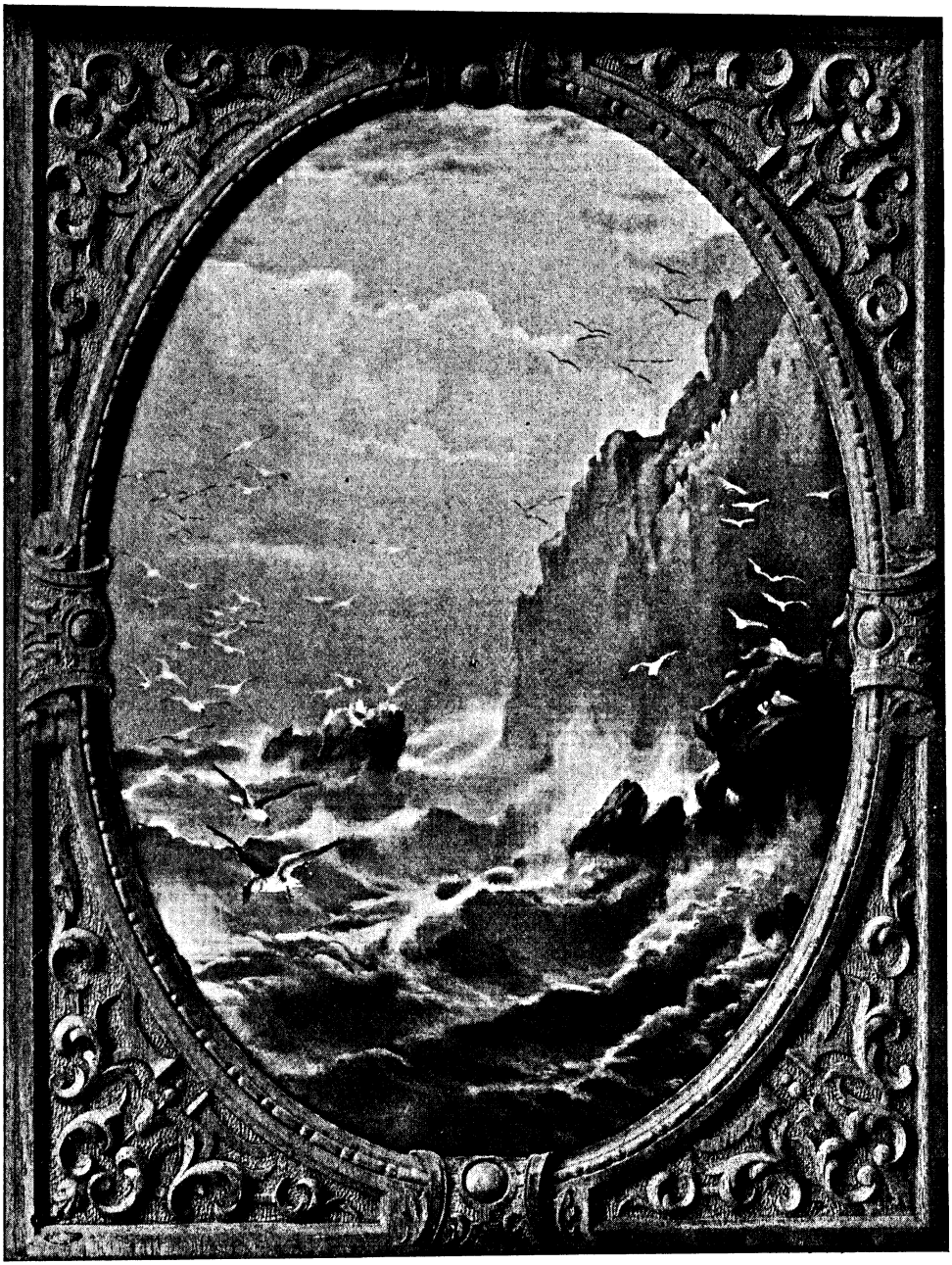

"NEAR CAYTON BAY, SCARBOROUGH." BY ELMER KEENE.

Strood he went to Staffordshire, and it was in that industrial county that Mr. Keene began to work seriously as an artist. His father was a man of some artistic talent, to whom the palette and brushes provided the chief recreation of a business life. The son found out the use of a brush almost as soon as he could handle one, and at school he would execute commissions for portraits of his boyish companions.

Apart from the few hints given to him at the outset by his father, Mr. Keene has never had any art training. Mr. Keene is himself conscious that he may have lost much from this want of training; but, on the other hand, he may find consolation

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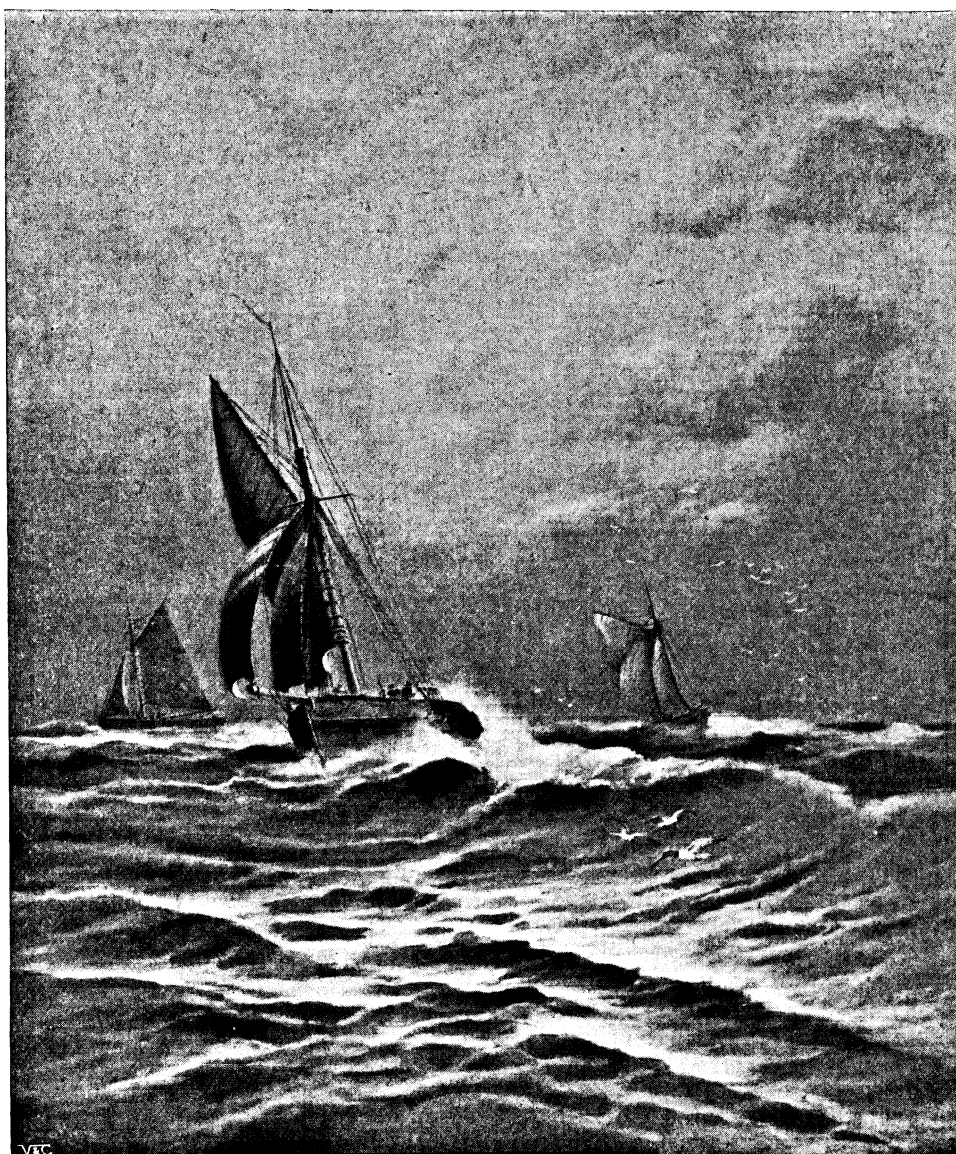
in the fact that the individuality of his work has escaped a danger to which not a few fairly strong artistic natures, going through the routine of the school, have ingloriously succumbed. His work has its own distinctive merit, and in its adaptability to reproduction, as well as in the skill of its presentment of certain phases of our coast scenery, may be said to have its *raison d'être*, even when compared with the achievements of men who, in painting somewhat wider aspects of the sea, have won high Academic honours. I feel the force as well as the sincerity of Mr. Elmer Keene's parting words as he bids me "Good-bye"—

"I have not done what I hope to do; but if I had to begin all over again, I should give my life to painting—and to painting the sea. And such is my love for the sea that, although now living far from it, I know that I shall have to die by the sea, even if I have to drag myself there on my hands and knees."

ADRIAN MARGAUX.



"FISHING-BOATS OFF SCARBOROUGH." BY ELMER KEENE.

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A LEVY EN MASSE.

By B. A. CLARKE.*

THE Mission at the top of Bempton Street is accepted with the respect due to an institution. Once it aroused curiosity and opposition, but this stage was outlived long ago. Only a small proportion of the residents in Bempton Street attend the Mission services, but many send their children; and even when the response to these advances is disappointing, they bear no malice. "Forgive and forget" is an excellent motto.

"An orange!" cried a woman who had been waiting at the door of the Mission Hall for an infant son to emerge from a magic-lantern entertainment. "You goes to Mr. Sampson's Sunday-school for three months, and he gives you a dirty orange!"

But when this woman next met Mr. Sampson, she bobbed, and hoped that his good lady was well; and a fortnight afterwards, when her eldest boy was locked up for playing pitch-and-toss in the streets, it was Mr. Sampson she asked to bail him out. Mr. Stoney, of the Church Mission in Bendel Street, was really more convenient; but Mr. Sampson had attended the police-court when other members of her family were in trouble, and she had no mind now to treat him unhandsomely. Mr. Sampson smiled at the way his services and sacrifices were accepted, but his wife resented it. If help were not always granted so readily, perhaps it would be better appreciated. She had an opportunity of giving this theory a trial.

One Friday morning, the Bempton Street fighting gang, with Bill Dudfield among them, walked to Dalston to "put a mark" upon a tradesman against whom one of their number nursed an ancient grievance. The expedition began successfully. Finding the tradesman before his shop, they hustled him into the gutter, smashed his bowler hat over his eyes, partially raided his store, and got safely away. But the tradesman happened to know Dudfield by sight, and the police arrested that worthy about midday. All this was told to Mrs. Sampson by a breathless member of the gang, who ended his narrative by demanding that Mr. Sampson should visit the Mare Street police-court immediately.

"My husband has something better to do. You had better ask help from someone else for a change."

Mrs. Sampson had no intention of withholding assistance; but her husband was in the City, and could not do anything for a couple of hours, and it would do these young roughs good to be kept in suspense. But something put the incident out of her thoughts, and Mr. Sampson did not hear about it for two days.

Roger Ford was told about seven o'clock Friday evening. He was striding along the Trafalgar Road with his head in the air, for he had been visiting the Tyrells, and Walter had shown him how, on Saturday, with the help of a few urchins (whom he could hire for a sixpence), he might earn two or three shillings. Under the railway-arch a cluster of dejected hobbledehoys stopped him and broke the news. Bill was "lagged," and Mr. Sampson would not stir a finger.

"And its no use arstin' Mr. Stoney, cos' 'es gorn to the seaside."

"Well," said Roger, "and what are you going to do?"

"Us?"

"You got him into this. He never wanted to go with you; he was happier with me. But you must rot him for walking with a kid."

The hobbledehoys quailed before the child's white anger.

"What kin we do? Clever! Why don't you do somefin!"

"I shall bail him out.'"

"When I was in trouble," said one, "it run Mr. Sampson in for ten pounds."

"They will do it for me for five," said the Rabbit.

(Those who know the boy find it hard to refrain from the nickname.)

"Go it, little 'un! We'll 'elp yer."

"If there is any funking to be done, I will come to you first."

And then he walked away. That he could do so unmolested brought home to these youths, as nothing else could have, their fallen state. Roger Ford was ten

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years old. Twenty-four hours ago an insulter of this size and number would have fared badly at their hands. But this arrest had broken them—they were no longer a fighting gang.

Roger had not been talking at random. He thought he saw his way to earning five pounds, and for the rest he trusted to his luck. When it came to a question of that or nothing, he did not believe that the police would refuse five pounds. Walter Tyrell's scheme, enlarged out of knowledge, was his sheet-anchor. Instead of two or three paid helpers, he would call for forty, fifty, sixty volunteers. Directly he turned into Bempton Street, he set to work, and in an hour his list was full. It was as a favour that he included his first-floor neighbours, the young Peters. Mrs. Peters, that conscientious objector to himself and Bill, would not hear of her sons being left out. She had been weeping ever since the news had reached her.

Then Roger went to the Mission Hall and borrowed two armfuls of assorted stumps, and frayed bats festooned with loose string. From the Church Mission he obtained a somewhat similar loan. In the meantime Mrs. Peters, seated up the doorsteps, was receiving contributions of material. When the front door was closed at a quarter past ten, eliminating bouncing balls, large marbles, planks and egg-boxes (for wickets), and a dog-kennel, there was enough to furnish more than twenty separate games of cricket. A small shop lent a number of very cheap, solid indiarubber balls.

Roger was awakened in the dark of the morning by Mrs. Peters, who brought him a cup of tea, and said that already there was a small crowd outside. The little Peters were up and dressed.

Mrs. Peters went down to her room to cut up sandwiches—real meat sandwiches, with a dab of mustard to each to keep the eaters' thoughts from wandering.

"You'll want somethink to keep you up," she said.

The Rabbit dressed and went down to breakfast on the first floor. Mr. Peters was in bed snoring, and his wife continued her sandwich-cutting, working like the entire Mission staff at a parents' tea. She presented an odd appearance. Her costume suggested every season of the year and every period of the day, and her eloquence, whether she was protesting her resolve to stand by Bill, or exhorting her sons to obey the Rabbit that day implicitly, was worthy of her garb. There were large, waving words as gorgeously inappropriate as her new bonnet, and others as homely and as abbreviated as her flannel petticoat.

When they were ready to start, and the Rabbit opened the front door, he was surprised at the number of helpers. Altogether nearly seventy small boys followed him. Mrs. Peters was actually at the head of the procession as far as the end of Bempton Street, her plumes and petticoats giving her somewhat the appearance of a drum-major in a Highland regiment.

Reaching Trafalgar Road, Roger turned to the right, and the contingent walked for a mile until they reached the delta into which the Trafalgar Road flows to lose its identity. It was now definitely announced that the objective was Clarence Park. A hundred yards from the park gates Roger halted his forces, and went on ahead by himself to reconnoitre. It was well that he did so. A dozen boys, much bigger than the Bempton Street boys, were against the railings. Unless he could manage to supplant these, his followers might as well return home. He made his plans quickly. A considerable minority of his party had reached the dignity of trousers. Bats and stumps were concealed down trouser-legs, and the youngsters marched past the park gates quite unconcernedly, the big boys (if they gave them a thought) taking them for a cripple academy out for a very early walk. The only one at all interested in the park was the Rabbit. He ran back and addressed the big boys: "Hallo, mates! what have you got in there?"

"Clarence Park."

"Let's have a look."

They made way for him. His enthusiasm was remarkable, and he shouted to his friends to join him. A swarm of little boys in knickerbockers ran back eagerly, and a smaller number in trousers limped stiffly after them.

"Come right up to the rails; these mates will let you."

The big boys stood back. The newcomers could not tear themselves from the sight, and they would not allow others to perform this operation for them. Stumps and bats (whence produced, goodness knows!) were raised menacingly.

"Don't push!" said Roger, when the park-keeper came in sight. "There is room inside for us all."

The big boys howled with wrath and anguish.

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"Mrs. Peters was actually at the head of the procession."

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"We can race these little cheats to the pitches," said one that kept his head.

But when the gates had been opened, and twenty little boys had pushed through, there occurred a regrettable block, and the gate, in some never explained way, got closed. Before the first of the big boys reached the practice-ground, Roger Ford had worked his will. It is hard to see how he could have done better.

On the Clarence Park practice-ground there are four pitches universally coveted, as much for their intrinsic excellence (there is not a blade of grass upon any of them) as for their closeness to the roadway, and the public eye. Of these the Bempton Street boys had secured three. The park-keeper had reserved the other—an illegal act, but he was a keen sportsman, and could not resist a bribe of five shillings from the two best clubs on this side of the park. It was a grand wicket, but it suffered from a serious disadvantage. On three sides there were bare patches very close to it, and in Clarence Park absence of grass constitutes a wicket, and all wickets may be played upon at once. The Rabbit devoted seventeen of his band, divided into five distinct games, to making play impossible upon this reserved pitch. Twenty more boys were absorbed by the three other good pitches, and with his remaining followers fourteen more games were started in less advantageous positions.

And now came the tedious part of the business—keeping up a semblance of play from seven o'clock in the morning until the afternoon. The park-keeper wanted to dispossess one party that he found fast asleep, but they argued that it was an interval between the innings, and that there was no rule against spending it thus.

About half-past two the clubs began to arrive. They offered the Bempton Street boys a shilling for a pitch, and a half-crown each for the three superior ones. The boys, playing now with immense zest, refused to deal. They had come for a full day's cricket. By three o'clock an angry mob of cricketers, boys and men, had gathered, and their material was heaped up on the roadway. No one seemed to know what to do until a pompous, short-winded gentleman with side whiskers arrived and took the lead.

"Can't play? Nonsense! we must play. It is of importance to society that my lads should not lose their game."

He carried a cricket-set done up in pads under his arm, and was attended by a dozen young roughs.

"I will arrange this for you all."

He walked across and tackled one of the young Peters.

"Look here, you and the other children must play together—a regular match, you know, fifteen or twenty a side."

"Don't want to play twenty a side."

"Well, you must do something of the kind. Those little boys in the next pitch, for example, would be glad to play with you."

"My muvver would beat me if I played with kids like them."

Not knowing that the boys in question were the speaker's brothers, the gentleman lost the joke, and the laughter that followed angered him. He tried other groups, but they all refused to coalesce.

While the gentleman was employed thus, the Rabbit was influencing public opinion against him. The great weapon was his adversary's obvious prosperity.

"He is rich, and he doesn't want us on the park because we are poor. He don't own the park."

Even men that were being kept from their play admitted that there was much in this argument.

"Why don't you pay down your money and belong to a club with a ground of its own? You looks as if you could afford it," said a bricklayer to the stout gentleman.

Obviously it would not be safe to eject the youngsters.

"It is no good," the gentleman said; "the letter of the law is upon their side. We must make the best bargains we can."

In his own case this was not a particularly good one. He wanted the second best pitch (the Rabbit himself was guarding this), and it cost him a sovereign.

Roger hurried off to strengthen his followers, whose games were making a start on the reserved wicket impossible. He had not been playing five minutes when the secretary of the "Victoria Nyanza" approached. The secretary linked his arm affectionately through Roger's and led him aside.

"My dear lad" (he was of that type of philanthropists that addresses boys as "dear lads"), "I sympathise with your stand entirely. You have as much right to the park as I have. Now, my club is very anxious to play this match to-day with the 'Connaught.' It is the match of the season, as neither club has yet been beaten. We can't begin with you little fellows swarming around us. Now, I ask you, as a

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favour to me, to take five shillings between the whole lot of you to go right away."

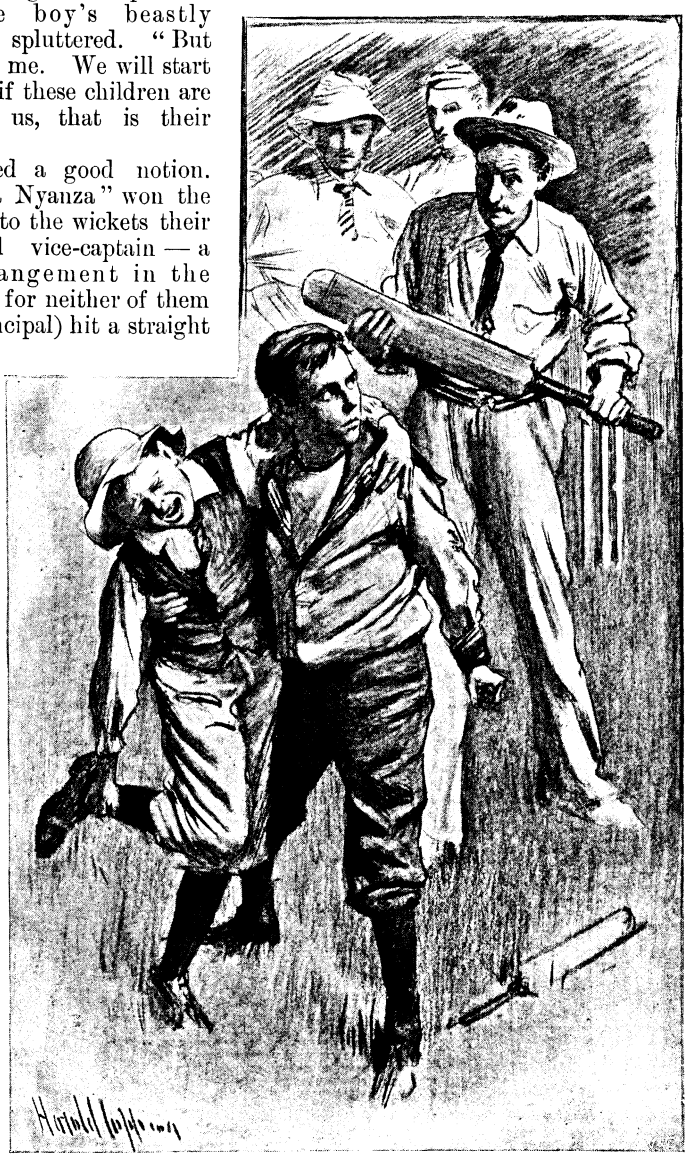
"Make it a sovereign, and I'll speak to them."

The secretary hurried back to the roadway bursting with passion.

"It's the boy's beastly temper!" he spluttered. "But he shan't defy me. We will start playing; and if these children are too close to us, that is their concern."

This seemed a good notion. The "Victoria Nyanza" won the toss, and sent to the wickets their secretary and vice-captain — a humane arrangement in the circumstances, for neither of them would (on principal) hit a straight ball, or could hit any other. But the vice-captain was of the build that leads to leg-byes, while the secretary, owing to inability to use the middle of his bat, sometimes edged balls through the slips. He called this cutting. This favourite and only stroke he brought off in the first over, and the ball struck one of the Bempton Street boys, who was batting where short-slip should have stood, upon the ankle. The child sobbed loudly. Roger led his stricken follower to the roadway. The great match was stopped, and the secretary attempted condolence.

"They did it a-purpose!" screamed Roger.



"Roger led his stricken follower to the roadway."

"I heard them say they was going to hurt us."

An ugly murmur arose from the crowd.

"If you want to stop the kids' play, why don't you give them a trifle, like men, not try to kill them."

The "Victoria Nyanza" was glad to come to terms. A sovereign seemed a large sum, but, after all, it worked out at less than a shilling a player.

After that the end came suddenly. The Rabbit's object became known, and he was made a popular favourite. Haggling about his terms was considered heartless, and people that did not want to play gave him money. The gentleman with the side whiskers was particularly interested, and he directed one of the keepers (who seemed to know and stand in great awe of him) to ascertain the small hero's name and address.

When Roger Ford counted his takings, he found that they amounted to six pounds fifteen shillings. The odd shillings he distributed among his supporters many of

whom had brought nothing with them, and were half famished. They hurried off to the refreshment-room, and did not return. Roger remained. Walter Tyrell's club was playing a match against the stout gentleman's contingent (on the pitch that had cost a sovereign), and the Rabbit wanted to ask his friend not to say anything at home about Bill's trouble. And there was nothing to take him away. Bill's case, he had heard, was adjourned until Monday. The young Peters stopped with him, not altogether to his delight. Walter Tyrell was batting, apparently not meaning to get out.

The Rabbit and his friends sat down to watch, close to short-leg, who was none other than their old adversary, the gentleman with the side whiskers. He had donned a crimson cricket-cap, and the boys called him the red donkey. At first it was "the donkey in the red cap," but this was cumbersome, and they shortened it to "the red donkey." In their defence it must be stated that he had done them a grievous wrong by missing an easy catch.

"Butter-fingers!" cried the little Peters wrathfully.

"The sun was right in my eyes," said the gentleman.

"Don't make excuses," said Roger.

Walter Tyrell stopped in a long while, and made seventeen runs, but the others did little.

In the interval, the gentleman sold sherbet at a farthing a glass, supplying the water from a large urn, at which rate he calculated that the venture would be self-supporting. He attached great importance to this. His lads were not being pauperised; they could drink their sherbet and look the world in the face afterwards. Looking people in the face, however, was not a habit of theirs. A more shifty, unpromising lot of young roughs (their ages ranged from twelve to sixteen) one rarely sees. All of them had been in trouble, and they suspected everyone they met of knowing this. They drank in the same way they played cricket, without enthusiasm, but with more capacity. So that his venture should not wear any appearance of being done for charity, the gentleman sold his sherbet to anyone that came up and demanded it.

"Four," said Roger, laying down a penny.

The gentleman took a glass three-parts full of water, and dipped a dessert-spoon into his sherbet-tin.

"Mr. Bone, of Mare Street, wiped his spectacles."

"That's not a glassful," said the Rabbit.

"It will be up to the top when the sherbet effervesces. You don't want it spilling down your coat."

"Then give it us in two goes."

The gentleman repudiated the suggestion.

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If he increased the farthingsworth, his scheme ceased to be self-supporting, and every glass drunk would lessen the lower classes' self-reliance and self-respect.

The boys had to give way (the custom of merchants was all against them), but they let it be seen that they regarded themselves as the victims of sharp practice.

Roger had a few words of conversation with Walter Tyrell, and then he and his friends started for home. When they were at a safe distance, Sam Peters turned round and shouted back at the gentleman, including his cap, his catching, his person, his side whiskers, and his sherbet in one vast comprehensive insult.

At nine o'clock that evening, Roger was in his attic, sitting alone in the dark. It is hardly fair to inquire what he was doing. He was but a little chap, remember; and if he generally forgot this, and made other people forget it, he was conscious of the fact now. And Bill, who was so fond of company, what were his thoughts alone in his cell? In the excitement of doing something for his friend, the child had scarcely realised the full pitifulness of the latter's fate. And now the reaction after the day's triumph showed him the facts blacker even than they really were.

His bitter meditations were disturbed by a man's footsteps upon the staircase. A child's fear of robbers gripped him; and he looked round nervously to the hiding-place of his six pounds. He hastily lit the candle, and as he did so the door opened, and in walked the gentleman with the side whiskers.

"Is your name Roger Ford?" asked the visitor.

"Yes, sir."

"Ah! you are the little boy, if I am not mistaken, that called me 'Butter-fingers' and the 'Red donkey.' 'Butter-fingers,' although in this instance most unjust, I do not object to—a spectator has an admitted right to say 'Butter-fingers'; but 'Donkey' is actionable."

The Rabbit handed his guest a chair. He had never been in the least degree afraid of this man.

"Perhaps if you had known my name, you would have been more respectful. I am Mr. Bone, magistrate of the Mare Street police-court. I had William Dudfield before me this morning, and had to adjourn his case until Monday, owing to the indisposition of the prosecutor."

"I know. Oh! let him off, sir! Let Bill off! You don't know how decent he is."

"There is nothing," said the magistrate, "to connect him with the theft, or his position would be even more serious than it is."

"Please let him off, sir. Do it for six pounds. It's all I've got. No one would give more for Bill than me."

It may be remarked that the boy's ideas about police-court procedure were vague.

Mr. Bone took out a large note-book.

"If I understand your appeal aright, it is based on the prisoner's previous good character. Kindly acquaint me with the particulars of your own connection with William Dudfield."

"When we come here, mother and me, I was quite a little chap, and Bill used to meet me in the court and tease me and make me cry."

"Ah!" said the magistrate, making a note.

"When mother was out, sometimes he come up here after me. One day he come up when mother and me was playing. Her hair had come down, and I was trying to stop her from putting it up. You know, mother wasn't like a mother. She was pretty, you know—more like a girl."

"I understand."

"Bill stood in the door watching; we didn't see him, and then he arsted mother to play with him, too, and she did, and give him some dinner afterwards. He never got enough to eat at home, and mother said we shouldn't be any poorer for feeding him. Then one day his mother ran away, and he come up and stopped with us."

"And then your mother died?" The child nodded.

"She was ill, but I never knew she was dying. Her eyes were open all the time, and she could talk, and sometimes she would laugh when me and Bill was doing things for her. And then a gentleman come from the Mission—not Mr. Sampson, but one we didn't like. I kept running to mother to show her things I was drawing, and the gentleman wanted me turned out of the room, because, he said, mother was losing her last chance. But mother said I had only her to talk to, and must not be hurried, because it made me stammer. And then all of a sudden she turned towards me and stretched out her arms; and when I run to her, she was dead."

Mr. Bone, of Mare Street, wiped his spectacles.

"This evidence," he said, but more as if talking to himself, "is almost entirely irrelevant. And what happened afterwards?"

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"We jest kept on here. No one interfered with us. We got a little money from a sick club, and Bill went out selling papers. Oh, sir, let him off! You don't know how good he has been to me. Mrs. Peters, on the first floor, will tell you."

"Send for Mrs. Peters," said the magistrate.

Mrs. Peters arrived, shaking and bobbing, and carrying a two-year-old little girl in her arms.

"Please tell me in a few words what you know about William Dudfield?"

"Bill——" began the woman, but the baby interrupted her.

"Bill made me a dolly, so big!"

She stretched her arms wide—really an absurd size for a doll.

"The last witness's evidence is unreliable," said Mr. Bone sternly.

Mrs. Peters drew a character sketch of Bill that was pure eulogy, and the magistrate accepted her testimony with reservations.

"Very well," he said, closing his book. "I need not trouble you any more."

When Mrs. Peters had gone, Mr. Bone took up his hat, and the small boy's also. He clapped the latter on Roger's head.

"You are coming with me," he said. "You are too young to be quite alone, and I am too old. We will have a pleasant Sunday together, and on Monday morning we will see what can be done for Bill."

* * * * *

On Monday morning, Mr. Bone, at the Mare Street police-court, availing himself of the First Offenders' Act, released William Dudfield after severely reprimanding him, binding him over in the sum of six pounds to come up for judgment if called upon. The prisoner stepped down into the court. A small boy went up to him shyly, and the two left the court hand in hand. Mr. Bone gazed after them dreamily. He saw the elder boy a regular member of his Saturday Club, gaining true manliness at cricket and football, and a confirmed consumer of ennobling drinks. And the small boy—— But the magistrate's projects with regard to the Rabbit, and what came of them, must be told some other time.

LINES DURING LONDON SUNSHINE.

MUSE, take me to a cliff-top in the West,
The solitude of old forgotten seas
Spread forth below me in translucent rest,
Strange with submerged sea-trees!

Far down comes oaring through Pentargan Cove,
In th' amethystine lift of th' unform'd wave,
Something that travels o'er the sunken grove
To the sea-lion's cave.

Round the seal's fins twirl whorls of creamy foam
That spire away through deeps of amethyst;
White surf rims round each island's mirrored dome,
Each pearl of sunny mist.

Beryl and rose, each scarpèd island dreams,
Fading afar, of old Arthurian dooms.
Close to my ears London's oblivion streams:
Yonder Tintagel looms!

VICTOR PLARR.

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STRONG MAC.

By S. R. CROCKETT.*

CHAPTER XLV.

LOVER OR FRIEND.

SIDNEY LATIMER convoyed his mother home. The old lady had been inexpressibly shocked at the terrible death of one whom she had known all her life—who had, indeed, come with her from her native place when she married Sidney's father. Her son left her, therefore, to the care of Purslane, while he himself went into the library to face the new problem which presented itself to him in consequence of his interview with the dead gamekeeper.

He looked at the confession. The signature was plain and distinct, but at the moment when the three taps came upon the window glass the already half-paralysed hand had just begun to form the first letter of the murderer's name. The result was only the indistinguishable scribble which the pen had made, as Jonathan Grier had started up for the last time. Probably the knowledge that he was in act to betray the secret he had guarded so long made that light tap on the green swirls of the leaden panes above his head sound loud in his dying ear as the Trump of Doom. The which, indeed, it was.

So now, reviewing all the circumstances, Sidney knew that, though the evidence was strong enough to convince almost any doubter without the name of the actual murderer, Roy could not be more publicly cleared than he had been. Still, what Sidney Latimer had heard made a great difference to his own mind. And for a particular reason this weighed with him. *He must do that which he felt to be his duty.* For though he had refrained from publicly declaring his suspicions, he had not concealed his belief from Adora that Roy McCulloch was far from having cleared himself of suspicion. Indeed, on more than one occasion he had treated him as certainly guilty of the death of Sandy Ewan. Now, Sidney Latimer had a violent temper, but he was a just man and a gentleman. Having done wrong and spoken hastily, he would not shrink from putting matters right. He would go to Adora and tell her what had come to his knowledge. He would take no unjust advantage over any man.

At this moment a low tap came to his door. It was Purslane, with a message that his mother wished to see him before he went out.

With somewhat of an ill grace, for he had been momentarily baulked in a purpose hard to resolve and harder to carry out, Sidney Latimer went upstairs to his mother's room. If the evil day must come, the sooner it was over the better. Sidney, like most men, liked the bad quarter-of-an-hour to be the next one. So he took the oak stairs three at a time and opened the door of her room to find the old lady resting on a chair with her eyes closed. As he entered, she motioned Purslane away with a weary air.

"I wish to speak to Sidney alone—by himself," said Mrs. Latimer.

Purslane gathered up her scattered properties—the black satin bag, the bone knitting-needles, the patchwork, and went out mumbling defiantly to herself.

"Ye needna be that particular, mistress, as if it hadna been me that pit the first notion o't into the head of ye. I ken ye are gaun to bid him gang and speer the lass he has been granin' for this while—the verra lass that yince on a day (and no that lang syne, either) ye miscaa'ed like a tinkler's messan on the road up the Cleuch o' Pluckamin."

"Sidney," said his mother, "sit ye down by me, there—nearer. This has been a shock to me. I am an old woman, Sidney, and, as is natural, I would like to see you married before—before——"

"Mother," said her son, with a man's awkwardness in presence of a woman's tears.

The old lady dabbed at her eyes and continued in a more assured tone.

"And I have to-day seen Mr. Balgracie of Balgracie, whom you have known under the name of Gracie. Mr. Greg, of Frederick Street, sent me word of his succession. I have been to-day over at the Gairie Cottage to give them the news. There is no room for mistake. The estate of Balgracie is in the hands of Messrs. McKnight and McMath, of Parliament Close, the Writers to the Signet. There is no doubt about the heirship at all. Owing to some family quarrel, into which I did not think it wise to enter,

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Mr. Donald Balgracie has thought fit, up to the present, to conceal his whereabouts from his relatives, and now he is, without a doubt, left heir to all the family property and estates."

Sidney Latimer stood still and collected, a little cold, as is apt to be a young man's way with a too fond mother. Mrs. Latimer had accustomed herself to be the suppliant, whether it were a question of whom he should marry or whether he should put on his heavier greatcoat.

"And is it because you would like me to marry an heiress that you tell me this?" he asked of his mother.

"Ay, Sidney, and what for no?" said Mrs. Latimer, suddenly reviving and relaxing her attempt at semi-legal phrase. "I have never seen folk less fond the one of the other because there was a cow or two in the byre, a horse in the stall, and a snod pickle siller in the bank. That's an auld woman's way o't, laddie. And I'm telling ye, I hae seen the lass, and she will mak ye a wife ye need never be ashamed o', though ye should hae to gang afore the King, like your cousin Threep-ma-Thrapple."

"You did not always think so, mother," said the young Laird; "nor would you now, but for the property."

The words were hard, but Sidney Latimer smiled as he said them, and at the smile his mother was glad, as always. She rose and threw her arms about his neck, believing that she had carried her point.

"Well, mother, I will go and see Miss—Miss Balgracie," said Sidney. The new name came not a little awkwardly.

"Oh, my Sidney!" cried the old lady, kissing him fervently, "you have aye been a comfort to your mother. You are the best of sons. And oh! if ye bide late, be sure to take a pistol, for the country is no canny. And mind and turn up the collar o' your coat. There's a mist that lies alang the river-edge that is no kindly for young folk's throats. And ye ken ye hae aye had a weakness there, Sidney, ever since that daft auld Purslane let ye get your feet wat in the Lowran burn at the age of six."

* * * * *

As Sidney Latimer walked along the path by the waterside, and crossed the little bridge, he thought upon the wonderful changes which these months had brought to Lowran. He could not yet conceive of Adora except as the mistress of the little school, the dainty spinner at the wheel, the light-footed girl who went and came on the floor of the little flagged kitchen where he had spent his happiest hours. He wished rather that she had been there still, and that instead of going through his own policies, he had been on his way to that schoolhouse which now turned so cold and reproachful a shoulder upon him every time he passed it. For the sight of Baillie of Hardhills' nominee sitting smoking his pipe in Donald Gracie's seat was enough to send the young man home fast as his mare could gallop.

When Sidney entered the cottage of Aline, he was astonished at the change that had taken place in the Dominie. Instead of an old worn man sitting drowsily over a book in the armchair, he found a man apparently younger by ten or fifteen years, who bowed to the Laird of Lowran with a courtly air and offered his hand as to an equal.

"It is good of you to call upon us so promptly," he said. "We are remaining here for a few days, in the meantime—my daughter and I. We think it is best, and the good woman, our hostess, has been exceedingly kind. But, of course, after so long time, I am anxious to be at work. I have not even seen the old place for years. And as my late brother has also passed most of his life away from home, I fear I may find it sadly neglected."

At this point Sidney made a polite inquiry.

"Oh, yes, my daughter is in the next room," said the Dominie. "There is so much to be attended to—so many things that need to be done in making ready for so important a change in our circumstances. I have had some vague thoughts of taking up again my work in the Church. I hear that one of the parishes of which I am patron is likely to be vacant shortly. You are aware I was bred to the Church, sir. But I fear that my duties in connection with my estates may prevent so desirable an arrangement and one so agreeable to my studious habits."

He turned and looked towards the inner room.

"*Adora!*"

The girl came in at that moment from her spinning, over her arm a long "rowan" of wool, in her hand a "pirn" filled with yarn. At sight of this last her father cried out in reprobation of her conduct.

"Pray think what you owe to your position," he said, "and who has come to visit you! If you have no pride for yourself, consider your father."

Adora smiled—her old smile, firm yet gentle, in which, however, lingered a trace

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"The old lady dabbed at her eyes."

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of that self-confidence which still withheld from her the full heritage of womanhood.

"Father," she answered, smiling, not at the Dominie, but at the young man, "Mr. Latimer has seen me spinning before. He is in good health. He can bear it just once more."

"But," argued her father a little irritably, "circumstances have changed. We will repay this good woman in some more practical fashion. It is not beseeming——"

Adora, who held the Fifth Commandment in so much honour in the spirit that she could afford to treat the letter of it a little loosely, interrupted by laying the filled "pirn" down on her father's knees.

"There," she said, "be good and hold that till I have time to shake hands with Mr. Latimer. There are, I warrant, few coats-of-arms as old as the distaff."

And she hummed the old Jack Cade distich:

"*When Adam delved and Eve span,*
Who was then the gentleman?"

"Ah, young folk—young folk!" said her father, suddenly tempering his dignity as if a pleasanter thought had crossed his mind. "It is indeed not fitting that the old should meddle overmuch with your matters. I see—I see. I will e'en take a walk up the loaning and call upon mine host Adam—a good worthy man and one whom I shall willingly recognise for his past kindnesses—an honest fellow, Adam—yes, a most deserving man."

The Dominie went out with a certain swagger of gait to which he had long been a stranger, and Adora and Sidney Latimer remained alone together.

But there was no embarrassment on either side. For the conscience of Sidney Latimer was clear. He had come there for a purpose which he meant to carry out. And as for Adora, she was able (or thought she was) to let her intellect direct her affairs of the heart.

"I have something to say to you, Miss Bal——"

"Better say 'Adora,'" said the girl, smiling; "it did no harm before, and it will not now."

"No," said Sidney a little bitterly; "it did no harm. But now I have come to undo a wrong. Up till to-day I had believed Roy McCulloch guilty, at least in part, of causing the death of Alexander Ewan. It has now been proved that my suspicions were absolutely groundless."

"You believed *that*, when you came back from Spain to save him from the gallows?" Adora's voice was a little tremulous with surprise.

Sidney nodded, colouring slightly. He thought she was angry. But Adora went over to him and laid her hand on his sleeve.

"You are a better man than I knew of," she said; "and—I thought you a very good man."

"I did not want to come back," said Sidney awkwardly; "you made me!"

"Better and better," said Adora. "If you will not give yourself credit for it, I will. I declare if it were not that men misunderstand these things, I would kiss you."

"Ah, Adora!" said Latimer, "this time you are indeed cruel!"

"Am I?" said the girl. "I am sorry. I meant to be kind. I did not know."

"You say you would kiss me," continued Sidney Latimer; "but it would be no more to you than if you patted Roy McCulloch's collie and called him 'Good dog!'"

Adora laughed.

"I hardly thought men cared for these things," she said; "but it seems that they never know when they are well off."

"How can I care when you mean to give all the substance to somebody else?" said Latimer fiercely. "I was never one to care for last year's roses pressed in cardboard."

"There, again," said Adora, "we have come to our old gate with the five bars. You are always expecting something of me which I cannot give you——"

"Perhaps it is not yours to give?" interrupted the young man jealously and bitterly.

"Perhaps!" said Adora, speaking with the utmost quietness.

"I ask your pardon," said Sidney instantly. "I had not meant to hurt you, only to be fair to—to everyone. I had supposed that this might make some difference—in your feelings, I mean."

"Precise your meaning," said Adora, calmly biting a thread.

"Well," said Latimer, hesitating for words, "if you are heiress to a property, you cannot very well shut me out of your house and company on the old excuse, can you? or forbid me the door, as you did at the schoolhouse?"

"No," said Adora. "For one thing, your temper is better than it was. You are more master of yourself."

Sidney Latimer sighed and looked out of the window.

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"The comfort is a little wintry," he said

ruefully. "My mother's also has altered—to this extent, that she sent me here to ask you a question. May I?"

A faint flush of rose flickered up into the girl's face. She looked quickly at the door as if she expected an interruption, or perhaps hoped for one that did not come.

"I think I would not ask that question if I were you," she said very softly.

At which, without another word, Sidney Latimer got up and went quickly out without saying "Good-bye" or even looking at her.

The girl stood at the little window watching him go down the road, her eyes very deep and full of sadness.

"I wonder why they all want *that*—why nothing less will satisfy a man than that you should marry him?" she complained. "We could have been such good friends, Sidney Latimer and I. But then only the wisest men, they say, care for a woman's friendship, and *I have not met with any very wise men yet.*"

Adora did not know that a woman must have trespassed some considerable way into her fifth decade before she can venture upon choosing a man to make a friend of.

CHAPTER XLVI.

QUESTIONS TO ASK.

YET another summer twilight settled down upon Lowran and the moorland places we know so well. It looked upon the plain Scots towers of Lowran Great House, rude and staunch, crow-stepped and overarched by immemorial beeches, among which the rooks were drifting black and "crawing" hoarsely in the face of the sunset. Then a little farther, and lo! the same groups, to all appearance as of yore, were at gossip about the bridge-end, while within the smithy "*Cling-a-clang! cling-a-clang!*" the sweet far-off sound of the twin hammers, came to your ears. That was Ebie Cargen and his 'prentice at it—not too hardly, for it was the deadest summer season, and work not plentiful. Opposite there was the new house which Captain Sinclair had been building, to the unmeasured astonishment of Lowran—a flag-staff, white-pebbled paths, rustic seats, and the figurehead of *Fortune's Queen*, retired from service when that good ship was refitted. The latter was considered indecent by the villagers, because scarcity of wood, more than any feeling for realism, had prevented the artist from doing more than merely indicating the queenly drapery.

Over the hill frowned the gloomy brows of the moor, looking somewhat savagely down upon the bein and comfortable dwellings of Gairie farm-town, together with the little flower-fringed, rose-bowered cottage where dwelt Aline of the Silver Braids, at its gate.

As Adora looked out of the open window, she could see the Cleuch of Pluckamin, a deep blue gorge trenched through the foot-hills right into the brown scarp of the moorlands.

The sunlight was still omnipresent up there, yellow on the last year's bent, rose-red on the first gorgeous burst of the ling. A certain far-off purple-black, cut across by a grey line of stone dyke, indicated the situation of the Marches of Barnbarroch. Away to the right, and only to be seen by leaning your head close to that part of the window-sill at which Adora was sitting, stretched the wild braes of the Upper Airie, where in a certain shieling one Roy McCulloch was abiding.

A peculiar sadness descended upon the girl's heart. The much-desired letter had come from Messrs. McKnight and McMath, and the Dominie had hastened to forward the necessary proofs of his identity, Dr. Meiklewham cordially assisting him with extracts from the archives of the Kirk-session, and from the introductions which had been supplied to him when Donald Balgracie came first to Lowran.

But still the girl could not feel that her world was elsewhere than here. These hills and valleys meant the world to her. In ill repute and in good repute she had clung to them. Balgracie itself was to her no more than a name. Could she be transplanted? Her heart shrank affrayed from the thought.

Yet, for the moment at least, residence was by no means to be desired in the parish of Lowran. The mystery of the death of Alexander Ewan, the strange Unknown Thing which she had glimpsed once by the Marches of Lowran—yes, up yonder, between her and the lonely shieling of Roy McCulloch. Her heart gave a curious throb at the identification.

"Ah! but," she reassured herself, "he is strong enough to overcome any dozen men."

But was this indeed a man—this Thing which fled like a hunted shadow, that stabbed from underneath at the wholly innocent, that laid the fear of midnight assassination upon an entire parish?

As Adora sat at the window, she could hear her father restlessly pacing up and down the "ben" room, going over and over in his mind the wonderful things he would

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do when he returned in triumph to the estates of his ancestors. For in his own mind he was once more the young and handsome Donald Balgracie, home for the college vacations, and not too disdainful of the common orders to allow himself to be spoilt by the pretty dairymaids of the neighbourhood.

With the darkening of the night the moon began to show through the rippled clouds. From a dull lead, the colour of ashes, she became like molten silver. But the clouds lay across her in great slow-moving waves, and it was not often that the moonlight shone clear. In the west, since the sun went down, a storm had been brewing.

Adora, sitting thus and gazing out of the window, was vaguely reassured by the sight of the dumb boy, motionless on a little knoll behind the house which overlooked the loch. Daid's ways had grown more than ever strange and uncertain. Sometimes he would disappear for an entire week, not even coming to the farm for his morning porridge, and leaving the curds and whey from good Adam's dairy, to be found untouched in the morning on the flat stone at the gable-end, where Mistress McQuhirr had set them the night before.

As Adora looked, the quick eye of the "Dumbie" detected her. He waved a beckoning hand, which meant that she was to come and meet him. She went promptly, her first thought being that perhaps the lad was hungry. But when she put the question to him, Daid shook his head in emphatic negation and made signs for a pencil and paper.

This was the message he wrote—

"*He's coming to see ye the nicht.*"

And he pointed upwards in the direction of the Shiel of the Upper Airie. Across the loch from where they stood, and in the direct line between them and Roy's dwelling-place, appeared, darkly ominous, the purple hollow of the Marches of Barnbarroch.

Daid caught the girl's anxious look and swiftly added a few words to the message—

"*Dinna be feared. Daid's watching!*"

And again he waved his hand in the direction of the Shiel.

* * * * *

Almost as mysterious as the movements of Daid the Deil must have seemed, to any outsider, those of Strong Mac since the day of his liberation. As he looked out at eve and morn from the open door of the little Shiel of the Upper Airie, he somehow knew that at last the end was not far off. True, he could not tell how. For with all the strong slow persistence of a nature compounded of love, generosity, and the capacity of suffering, Roy McCulloch lacked Adora's quick and flashing analysis. She dashed at truth and grasped it, where he only plodded along looking for it. He would get there just the same, doubtless, but not so fast. When they used to be together in school, Adora was a perpetual wonder to him, finding the answer to an arithmetical or mathematical problem by some half-intuitive process of her own, often before he had even set down on his slate the elements of the question for solution.

But one day Roy met his father, and the ex-smuggler had news for his son which would take him down to the white cot by the side of the lilied waters of Lowran Loch.

"I bid you not to believe it," Sharon said, speaking as slowly, but far less grimly, than had been his wont, "but the talk of the farm-town is—and I'll wager of the village also—that Donald Gracie is left heir to a great property, greater than Lowran, or Barnbarroch, or Glenkells—than all three put together, indeed. So, at least, runs the tale."

"And what has the death of Jonathan Grier to do with that?" Roy asked his father.

"Ah! that is more than I can tell you," responded Sharon. "Those who ken least say most. Some would have it that as long as Jonathan lived, the Lady of Lowran was sworn not to reveal the secret; some that Jonathan was paid to remain in Lowran, to watch the Dominie and keep him from going back to his own place and his own people, on account of his failing, they say."

Roy cared nothing for the inverisimilitude of the tale. But the suggestion in the last words somehow stung him to the heart. He did not answer for a moment, nor did he ask any more questions. Father and son stood on the rose-purple plain, both of them waist-deep in ling, and looked different ways. Each was deep in his own thoughts.

"Then do you think Donald Gracie will go away from Lowran now to his own place and his own people?" the younger asked at last of the elder.

"You mean his daughter," said his father softly and stilly.

"I mean his daughter," Roy answered as quietly.

"That you had better go and see for

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yoursel'." His father's retort came like a whip-lash.

"I will. Good day," answered the young man.

"Good day to you."

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE DOMINIE ASSERTS HIMSELF.

And it was this brief interview with his father which brought Roy over the moors in the still time of the late afternoon, when the shadows were already lengthening, when all that the sun shone upon through the level bars of the cloud-grid shone warm like yellow ochre, and all on which he did not shine was almost as deep blue as the sea under a north wind. This flat upland country, cross-barred alternately blue and yellow, lay before Mac as he started out. From horizon to horizon all was mystic and solemn. Turning at the gate, he ordered his dogs back, and they went with their tails between their legs, but without surprise, because they knew well that Roy never took them with him on his night travels.

With the caution which had become an instinct with him of late, he looked this way and that. His eye surveyed Adam's flocks feeding peacefully on the Airie hill behind him. These were his care, and he had been among them that morning. For the first time since he had been there, one was missing, and he had failed to find it in spite of his strictest search. But now, as he went striding down towards the Marches of Barnbarroch, a buzzard rose from a little rift in the moorland, where the runnel of a dry winter burn cut sharply underground and made a trap for unwary ankles. The bird vented a scream of anger at being disturbed, and Strong Mac, pushing away the earth and dried grass with his foot, and turning back the heather, found the fleece and part of the carcass of a freshly killed sheep—indeed, the very ewe he had missed off the hill that morning. For on the fell of the neck, in the place where Roy knew where to look, was the keel-mark plain to be seen; and on the ear Adam McQuhirr's own sign manual, known all the way from Cairn Edward to Drumfern.

When Roy had examined the throat of the animal more carefully, he saw that the sheep, instead of being killed in the ordinary way, had been struck at from beneath, just as Sidney Latimer's horse had been, near this very spot on which he stood. With a horse it was easy, but what sort of being could strike a sheep from underneath?

With a sudden angry indrawing of breath. Roy raised himself to his full height and looked abroad. The peaceful face of this moorland still concealed that deadly and treacherous creeping Thing which he had seen by the Dhu Loch. While it lived, nor man nor beast was safe. Lurking in some covered moss-hag, which a sheep must cross with its short bounding leap, clicking its black trotters together, which a horse must take in following the bridle-path, and a man must step over, striding across the waste, Death lay waiting.

Sandy Ewan's murderer, Jonathan Grier's assailant, the fierce torturer of children, the stabber of horses, the sheep-slayer, the evil Thing for whose misdeeds he himself had twice gone to gaol and even now underlay a certain amount of suspicion. Ah! let but the hand of the strong man descend on the lurking devil, there would be no mercy—assuredly none!

Curiously enough (and the circumstance is diagnostic), Roy McCulloch felt more anger at the sight of his slain ewe lying there under the heather tangles, its innocent blood staining the dank black peat, than for his own two imprisonments and the risks he himself had run, even that of the hangman's cord. His life was his own. The ewe belonged to another, and he was the man responsible.

So there on that spot Strong Mac swore anew his oath, and that with a fresh fervour. And all the while there was in his body the uneasy sensation of being watched—the feeling that comes from sympathy with the hunted creatures, that carry their little innocent lives, as it were, at the knife's point all their days. On the moorland that day there were no birds, no curlews or snipes whimpering and bleating—no peewits turning clamorous somersaults over the heather. Only very afar off the buzzard hung, at intervals uttering his shrill cry, a speck against the blue, waiting for Roy's departure. One of the ewe's eyes, gouged out, but still unconsumed, told what it was he was waiting to descend upon with the noiseless flight of his kind.

So with that habit of gentle pity which had grown up in his great true soul, Roy covered the little piteous orb deep in the moss-hag. The bird of prey should not have that, at least, even though the unknown beast of prey had all the rest. And at the thought Roy swore again.

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The Marches of Barnbarroch also were quiet. There was nothing moving anywhere about as Roy passed through. Only the embers of a fire, which had slightly blackened the dyke, told of any past human presence. Roy wondered if by chance his dead ewe had been cooked there. No, he decided immediately. Those who made that fire were most likely tinkers, and tinkers, too, from a distance, for there was not one belonging to the countryside that would dare to camp near the evil-reputed Marches of Barnbarroch.

* * * * *

"I expected you," said Adora, smiling with a satisfied air as Roy came nearer. "I knew you were coming. I have been waiting for you."

The girl was outwardly calm, but, all unknown to herself, she had a little red spot on each cheek, high up, where the national cheek-bones might have showed, but did not. She was sitting on the knoll commanding the loch, the same that earlier in the afternoon had been Daid's look-out tower.

Roy looked surprised at Adora's greeting, but he knew enough not to feel flattered or to extract the comfort out of her confession which another man would assuredly have done. Both he and Sidney Latimer began to understand Adora by this time. Or, at least, they comprehended as much as Adora had permitted them to know, which was altogether another thing.

"You saw me come down the cleuchside?" he said simply. "I had lost a ewe on the hill, and I came that way to look for her."

"I had hoped that you were coming to see me, Roy," said the girl. "Surely it is time. Are you and I to be friends no longer?"

"No," said Roy McCulloch. "That is, not if that which I have heard is true."

The girl drew a little sharp breath. She thought he meant that he had heard of Sidney Latimer's visit and guessed at his proposal. She did not want to quarrel with Roy a second time on account of Sidney Latimer. She had not the self-sufficiency she used to have, somehow. Formerly she cared nothing for a quarrel with any on the earth. She gave sharp words in plenty, and in spite of them lost no friends. It was only Adora's way. When she meant to quarrel, she always dressed as prettily as she could and looked her best. For she knew that this is truth, as revealed to the Wise Man, the Man of the Many Experiences: "Always put on your wedding garment when you are going to quarrel with anyone. Sit in your chair of state, and summon the culprit before you. It is good to take every advantage you can."

But circumstances had compelled Adora to test her friends. She had proved them in the furnace, and some had gone up with the hay and the stubble in fire and smoke, while a few, a very few, had come forth like gold. And of these the chief were Roy and Sidney and Aline. So, mindful of this, the girl was far from being as off-hand in her speech as formerly.

Roy sat down beside Adora without being asked. The moors spread away behind them by the thousand acres. There were miles on miles of grey granite boulder, rounded and weather-worn, with razor-edged outcrops of slaty Silurian showing here and there like sharks' fins above the moor. Heather, too, and yellow couch-grass: room a-plenty to sit down. So, beside Adora, Roy sat down and characteristically said nothing for a while. At any time Roy's words were few and well ordered. But for all that, he did not abandon the subject.

"No," he said at last very deliberately, "I cannot be your friend if that which I hear is true—that you are to be a great and rich woman—that your father is leaving Galloway to take possession of his estate. I love you, Adora! Better than I myself, better than any in the world; you know how much. You have always known." (He went on more steadily now.) "Perhaps that is why you have cared so little. Because it has always been so—will always be so."

"Have I cared little?"

The question took Roy a little by surprise; nevertheless he proceeded.

"Yes, you have cared little. I have never expected you to care much. I knew better than that. But you will see why I cannot be a rich woman's friend. It is not that I am poor, or that I think that the wealth of a princess would change you. Again I say, I know you better, Adora. But ever since you could walk, and you used to run about with your hand in mine, one thought has been in my heart. When we were together at school, I said as often as I looked at you: —'*I will call that girl mine before I die!*' Now I know that to be impossible. Of late I have hardly hoped at all, but I have loved you more than ever—as—as a man loves. But now—there are others worthier than I —others who will be in your own position—who will not make you ashamed of a plain country-bred man whose only merit is that he loves you and that he has never thought

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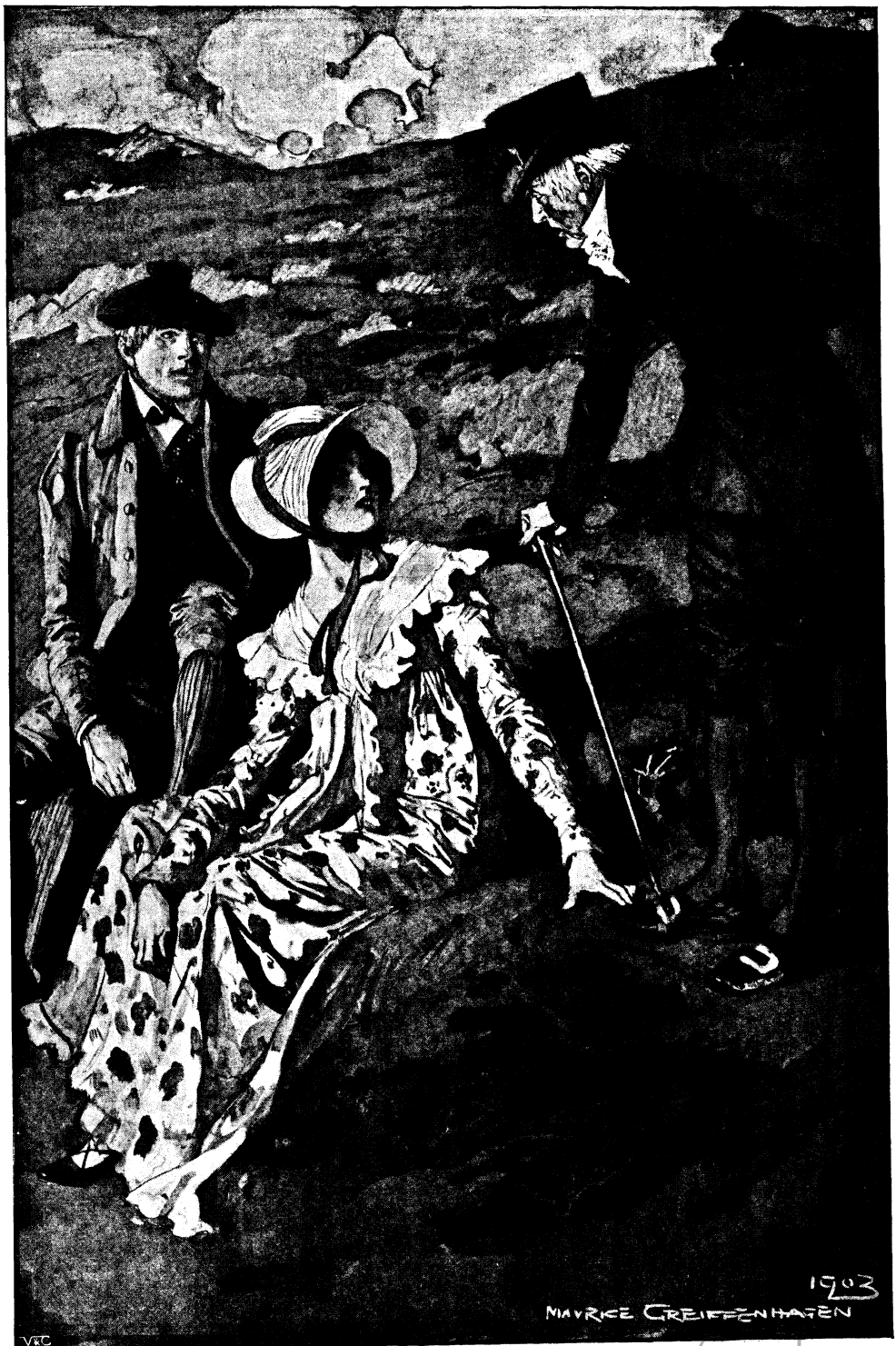

"'Wife—wife? Who talks of "wives" to my daughter?'"

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of any other woman all the days of his life —nor will until he dies!"

Strong Mac ceased. He had shown his strength. He had hardly ever made so long a speech in his life; and as he was speaking, Adora was astonished to feel her heart beating violently. She tried to answer in the ancient manner of Adora of the Spinning Wheel, the maiden of the schoolhouse; but ere a word was uttered, something took her suddenly and violently by the throat.

"I thank you," she managed to get the words out at last. "You are good to care about me. It is true—all true—you do love me—I know it! And I am glad—but——"

Roy rose promptly at the word.

"In love like mine there are no 'buts'!" he said.

"Roy, do not go," said the girl. "Wait —let me think. I want to keep you—*as my friend*. I do not want you to go. Money will make no difference—nor position——"

"No, Adora," said Roy; "go I must. I had better not see you again if you cannot be more than a friend, if you cannot be a poor man's wife. You know what the House of Muir is. If you cannot be the wife of a man with a stain on his name, then I, Roy McCulloch, can do without friends. Do not fear for me. I am not afraid for myself—I will win through!"

"Wife—wife? Who talks of 'wives' to my daughter?" said a voice which made them both turn round.

It was the Dominie, clothed in his clerical suit, the straight wrinkles still in his black coat of ancient cut, and a ministerial cravat of ancient form twisted about his neck. He held a silver-headed cane in his hand, which he had picked off the little stand beside Aline's doorway.

"Sir," he said, addressing himself to Roy, "you are the son of a respectable man. I had a respect for your father and, for a time, also for yourself. I have not forgotten our time of sojourn in your domicile. It was healthy, I grant, and so far comfortable. You shall be rewarded, sir, both you and your father, Mr. Sharon McCulloch. Do not be afraid. But I would beg you to recall to yourself some things which may assist you to remember our relative positions —some things which you seem to be in danger of forgetting. First, that the circumstances of our leaving House of Muir were exceedingly unpleasant, and for that, much against my will, I must hold you responsible. And secondly, it is not for the son of a smuggler, and especially for a man who has been frequently in prison—justly or unjustly, I do not take it upon me to say—upon serious and even capital charges, to aspire to the hand of Miss Adora Balgracie of Balgracie, sole heiress of one of the oldest houses and best properties in the three Lothians!"

To say that Adora was astonished at this harangue is to convey but a small portion of the girl's surprise and indignation. The Dominie had always been a particular friend of Roy's, but the sudden change in his circumstances had sufficed to turn a head seriously weakened by his own past habits, and for the time being he could think or speak about nothing but the greatness of his position.

"If it werena for the bonny lass—and indeed she's as guid as she is bonny—I wad e'en throw the haverin' auld idiot into the loch!" was how Adam looked at the matter. "Him to come hectorin' and orderin' aboot the hoose as if he were the Prince Regent himsel'! Faith! ye wad think the craitur expected a' the kye in the byre to get doon on their knees and do him reverence!"

When she had a little recovered from her surprise, Adora rose from the little grey rock on which she had been sitting, and went up to her father, who stood a little above them. The old man was still trembling with rage and weakness, his staff shaking from side to side as he leaned upon it.

"Father," she said, "have you forgotten? This is Roy—Roy McCulloch, who took us in when nobody else would. Do you not remember that we lived for months at his house?"

"He shall be amply repaid," quavered the old man, waving her away. "Did I not say it? Did I not repeat it? He shall not suffer. If the place of grieve at Balgracie be vacant shortly, as I have reason to believe, it shall be put at his disposal. Or, if he will perfect himself in mensuration, and apply himself a little more than (as I remember) he used to do at school, perhaps we could find him a place as factor—if not on Balgracie itself, at least upon one of the neighbouring smaller estates. I shall, naturally, have a great deal of influence, politically and otherwise. And it shall never be said of Donald Balgracie that all that he can do is not at the service of the humblest of his friends."

"I am obliged to you, Mr. Balgracie," began Roy restrainedly.

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Adora turned upon him in an instant, prettily furious.

"Hold your tongue!" she said under her breath. "Let me speak to my father!"

But the Dominie only elevated his voice the higher, overpassing Adora's protest in order to continue his harangue unchecked.

"But pray remember, sir," he said, "I, on my part, must first have a promise from you. You must promise me never to breathe a word of love or marriage to my daughter. You have in the past, I admit, shown yourself not without good feeling, and you must surely see how inappropriate, how impossible, how criminal, indeed, it is to presume to approach a young lady so far above your rank. I ask, sir—nay, I demand, as a father's right—a promise that you will never again address my daughter on the subject of love—never, by word or implication, request her to marry you. Sir, I await your answer!"

"I give you that promise, sir," said Roy instantly and firmly, looking over Adora's head as he spoke, straight at the old man, who stood quavering, his body bent over his staff, on which his hands rested. "I will never again ask your daughter to marry me. I have the honour of bidding you both a good evening."

And lifting his hat with a quiet sufficient dignity, and without once looking at the astonished girl, Roy turned on his heel and strode up the hill towards the entrance of the Cleuch of Pluckamin.

* * * * *

It will hardly be believed, but Adora was weeping. Her sobs choked her. Her head refused to reason any more. There was nothing logical about her feelings as she took hold of her father's arm. *He was gone.* Roy was gone from her in anger, and she would never see him more.

But she had to go back with the Dominie to the cottage. His fit of anger had exhausted him. He needed attention, such rapid attention as his daughter could afford to give him. She laid him on the bed, unloosed his neckcloth, mixed a sip of brandy-and-water, saw his colour come back, and then, crying: "Aline, Aline—I want you!" she committed her father to her friend's care.

"Adora—Adora—what is it? Ye are greetin'!" cried her gentle hostess of the Silver Braids. But Adora had no time to answer. She had flown into the gloaming through the open door.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

DAID'S CROWNING MERCY.

THOUGH the night was near, the very oncoming gloaming was the dawn of a new day for Adora. Roy had gone from her in anger—gone for ever. He had passed his word to her father, and ever since she had known anything, she had known that Roy McCulloch would keep his word. Her very life now seemed to have been based on that. She would see him no more—no more! Small wonder that she wept.

Sidney Latimer—oh, yes, yes!—she was sorry for Sidney Latimer, but she could not help that. How could she? Any woman will be able to answer this question.

She sped on. The bridge was passed, and so intent was Adora on overtaking Roy that she never noticed how hollow her feet sounded on the little wooden structure, roughly put together, of split pine trunks and covered with planks. Presently she was in the long green aisles of Pluckamin Cleuch, the sunset dying high above her in a flurry of aerial seas, multitudinous and incarnadine, flecked with willow leaves of floating gold.

"*Roy—Roy! Stop, Roy!*"

The girl's wild cry went up, startling the rooks in the tall elms and beeches on either side, raising the blackbirds squabbling with intrusive thrushes in the thickets, and bringing out once more the inquisitive jackdaws from the ruins of the ancient hamlet of Pluckamin. This was the cry of a heart at last—"*Roy—Roy!*"

But the young man had gone fast, as men do when they carry away a great grief with them. Roy McCulloch walked in great strides, taking no heed to his going, caring neither for made road nor sheep-track. Naturally, then, Adora's stern-chase was a long one.

Breathlessly up the tangled path she took her way, towards the great conflagration of gold and crimson that hid the setting sun. The road in the shadowy parts was already becoming a grey purplish mystery beneath her feet. The little Pluckamin water had limpid lights and deep violet shadows under the long fringes of the gall-bushes, like a woman's eyes.

But high above there was the light—and Roy! Adora went on as fast as she could.

At last, the moorland, open and desolate. And, far across the waste now burning in cardinal and golden brown with the last pigments of the after-glow, a tall black figure was just dipping into a hollow of the path.

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"*Roy—Roy! Stop! I want you, Roy!*"

But he went on—his eyes on the ground, the misery quick in his heart. Ah! sometimes the gladdest things and the sweetest things lie behind a man, if he would but look as he presses too eagerly or too bitterly onward.

There—there he was at last, on the rise of the great cup-like swell above the Marches of Barnbarroch.

"*Roy—Roy! Stop, Roy! I can go no farther!*"

He heard. He stayed, uncertainly at first. Now it was time for shame and uncertainty as to the rightness of her act to leap up in the maiden's heart. But by this time Adora's heart was speaking, and it spoke as determinedly as ever her head or her intellect had done. It saw as clearly, resolved as surely.

She went straight to him, her arms outstretched, without haste, but also without hesitation.

"Roy," she said, "I cannot bear it. You promised my father you would not speak of love or marriage to me. You will keep your word, I know. You went from me in anger. But if you will not speak, you will listen to me when I speak. *I love you, Roy!* Will you come back? *Will you marry me?* If you will, I will. I always meant to, I think—always! At the last, I mean! And oh! when you went away like that, when you never looked at me, but over my head, it was cruel! Oh, cruel! I could not bear it. And you make me say these things now. It is your fault—your fault!"

A sweet fault! She was sobbing—comfortably now. Roy did not answer. He did better. He gathered the girl up in his arms and then and there let her cry her cry out.

Then when the sobs grew rarer, mere little catchings of the breath, he lifted up her face and kissed her wet cheeks.

"I am always yours," he said—"in life and in death—always! You know that!"

From her fortress Adora sighed: "Yes, I know *now!*" Then she added: "But all the same, it is good—good to be told!"

* * * * *

The clouds had lifted a little. The true darkness had not arrived—only the twilight had grown deep and mysterious when Adora and Roy turned homewards. They had much to talk about—much also to be silent about, in those sweet half-silences of perfect understanding.

Adora asked Roy of his quest. He had sworn that he would not give up that. He would not return to the House of Muir till that was accomplished.

"Already I know something," he said; "soon I shall know more. I shall keep my word, Adora. You shall wed a man without the stain of suspicion on his name."

Then there came to Adora what she had heard from Sidney Latimer. She had meant to tell Roy as they sat on the knoll above Aline's cottage, overlooking the meadows and the lily-beds. But the sudden interruption of her father had put that and many other things out of her head. Besides, in comparison with the great fear that had driven her across the waste and through the Cleuch of Pluckamin, the news had seemed to the girl as nothing.

"You will go back at once," she said. "The way is open even now. Jonathan Grier is dead. And he has confessed all——"

Some little while before, out of the darkness that filled the sinister hollow of the Marches of Barnbarroch, there had risen a figure—the figure of a man bent almost double. At first he was on the far side of the dyke from the lovers as they walked on entranced, blotted out of all knowledge of time and place in their intentness upon each other.

But when the hollow began to feather downwards with high bracken and bending birch, the dark figure drew nearer, gliding from black crag to grey boulder like some cruel, misshapen gnome, or wild beast tracking down a victim. Once when the west cleared a little, a gleam as of bare steel could be seen.

Roy's arm went about his love as they passed the splintered gates at the bottom of the hollow. It was the very place of Death. Roy thought of the dead sheep in the moss-hag not far away. But his heart was high and proud within him.

"You are not afraid now, even to be here?" he said, for Adora had told him of her terror when she went to seek Daid.

She looked up, and he saw the light in her eyes. They shone like stars reflected in deep still water, but there was no fear in them. It had been cast out.

"No," she said; "I am not afraid! How should I be?"

"I will soon finish the business," he said fondly. "This terror shall no longer oppress our lives. Whether Jonathan Grier has confessed or no, I have marked down to a certainty the murderer of Sandy Ewan."

"*Ah! have you?*" cried a hoarse voice

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"'Roy—Roy! Stop, Roy! I can go no farther!'"

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near them. "Then for that you shall die!"

There was a short couching growl of unutterable anger, the rush of a wild beast through the underbrake, the gleam of a knife almost before they could turn round—before Roy had time to take his right arm from about Adora. The surprise was so complete that, if nothing had happened, both of them might have gone Sandy Ewan's way.

But swifter, fiercer, more deadly came the irruption of another assailant, charging as it were crossways upon the first, while in the middle of the path Roy and Adora stood as if turned to stone. They had not moved. The surprise was too great. Roy was ashamed that he had ventured there unarmed, without a weapon, knowing what he did. He had even left his blackthorn cudgel upon the knoll on which he had found Adora sitting. He could only clench his fists and put the girl behind him in some hope of disarming his foes by strength or trick. Happily it was not yet very dark. The clouds were visibly lightening.

But the struggle was of no long duration. The first and larger shape bore up for a moment against the onslaught, swayed a while and fell headlong. Something there was that leaped instantly upon the breast, striking with murderous fierceness. Adora and Roy could hear it panting with the breathless fury of the repeated blows.

Then, after a moment of horrified amazement, high in the air arose the strangest of human sounds, the laughter of the speechless. It thrilled to the marrow of the two listeners. Hastily, yet with caution, Roy went forward. Momentarily the west opened up, ere the last red bands faded into grey uncoloured night. And this was what he saw:

Crob McRobb lying dead, the knife with which he had meant to add two others to the tale of his victims still in his hand, while kneeling upon his breast, striking, and labouring in the striking, was his son Daid the Deil. And as he struck, he laughed, a laugh that chilled his hearers to the marrow—ay, and far out over the waste garred watchers in distant farms, and women in lonely cottages swarf with fear in their comfortable beds. Roy put his hand on the boy's shoulder and pulled him away by force. Daid turned fiercely upon the interrupter, but recognising Roy, he laughed again. Then, standing on his feet, he pointed first to the dead man and then to the black cavity of his mouth from which the tongue had been torn away. After which he laughed again, nodding his head to say that all was now settled and finished.

Swiftly he went over the hill in the direction of Lowran Loch, still uttering his unearthly cry.

* * * * *

But there is yet a word to say for the Wild Beast slain, that had once been a man. In the struggle on the Glebe Road, it was Sandy Ewan who had been the aggressor—Sandy Ewan who first in his insensate fury had trampled all likeness of humanity out of his poacher accomplice. Then, swift and sure, came the counter-stroke, which made Crob McRobb a murderer and a hider in dens and caves of the earth. Here, like a true wild beast, he had lain and licked his sores, so far curing himself that he was able once more to crawl abroad. But after Sandy Ewan's heel had crushed him out of all semblance of humanity, he carried no more within him the heart of a man. So it was like a very devil that he had resented the interference of his son, the espionage of Roy McCulloch, and the refusal of his request by his sometime partner in evil, Jonathan Grier.

For by this time Crob was gaining in strength and agility, and the old poacher doubtless began to feel the want of another weapon than his knife, both for the purposes of the chase and for those of revenge against human enemies. To his failure at the Dhu Loch, Roy McCulloch and many others doubtless owed their lives. To that, and to the ceaseless watchfulness of the maimed boy.

It was small wonder, therefore, considering what he had suffered, that Daid McRobb went over the hill and out of this history, laughing that strange, weird, triumphant laugh. He had kept his word to the Red Judge.

He had "killed the man who had done *That!*"

CHAPTER XLIX.

A FEW OPINIONS.

THAT is the whole story; but, as is always the case, certain people had a word to say about it. And first by right of trover, let us hear Aline of the Silver Braids.

"Ye see, my dears," she said to Roy and Adora, "I expected it from the first. Ay, I made it a maitter o' prayer. Richt or wrang, I made it a maitter o' prayer. I aye kenned that in your heart ye cared aboot him——"

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"Then you knew more than I did myself," said Adora smilingly.

"I kenned—oh, ay!—brawly I kenned," Aline continued. "And how, says you? Juist by this. Ye had never a guid word to say aboot him; yet the moment I began to agree wi' ye and abuse him too—fegs! ye were a' on fire like a wisp o' tow! Oh, lassie! I'm feared you twa are in my heart—whiles abune the things that are eternal and i' the heavens. And if ye had mairried the Laird, I wad never——"

"Sidney Latimer is a good man and a true," said Adora. And then, perhaps conscious of the commonplaceness of her phrase, she added: "And if I had loved him, I am not sure that you, Roy, would have come so far to save him from the gallows."

Roy smiled, but refused to be drawn. He knew Adora.

"And that puir dumb laddie," interrupted Aline, who disliked personalities—"have they never fand him? What can hae come o' him, think ye?"

Roy, who was still as ever a man of few words, pointed with his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the Loch of Lowran.

"'Deed, and if that be sae—I blame him little," she said, as if answering an unspoken objection. "It maun hae been an awfu' thing to see, and a mair awfu' thing to do! For though Crob had been a murderer and far waur, he was the laddie's ain faither, after a'! 'Gin puir Daid be lying at the bottom o' the loch, he's maybe the better aff. I mind o' him askin' me yae nicht in the winter time, writing on the slate, if I thocht that it wad tak lang to droon, and if the water wad be awsome cauld. So he had it in his head even then, the puir, mishandled, ill-used craitur! And it comes to me whiles that the Lord up yonder willna be that verra hard on peetifu' misguided bairns like Daid, that never had a chance to do richt since the day they were brocht into the warl'. What think ye?"

And upon this point, Adora and Roy, who were far from setting up as theologists, made bold to agree with Aline McQuhirr.

* * * * *

At this point we are honoured by the receipt of a valuable document. It is headed: "The opinions of the Reverend Dr. Cyrus Meiklewham, minister of the parish of Lowran, written down by himself, for the purposes of this chronicle:—

"It is my matured and definite opinion," says Dr. Meiklewham, "after sixty years of experience in my present position as minister of the parish of Lowran—and during forty-one of these, come next Michaelmas, as Clerk to the Presbytery of St. Cuthbertstown—that no events at all comparable in interest to those connected with the death of the late Mr. Alexander Ewan, esquire of Boreland, and the arrest and trial of my esteemed friends the McCullochs, elder and younger, of House of Muir, have occurred within the oldest memory in our part of the country. It was indeed a sore and heavy blow to me when my esteemed Session clerk and ruling elder, Mr. Gracie, was for a time removed from our little fellowship by a somewhat hasty act of the Presbytery. I had a high regard for Mr. Gracie's person and a yet higher for his amiable daughter. So that none rejoiced more than I when the news spread abroad through the country that, by a surprising turn of the wheel of fortune, Mr. Balgracie of Balgracie, to give my old friend his own proper name and style, had become the heir to a landed property and to a considerable sum in the Funds. True, the amount has been greatly overstated, as I have just heard direct from my own sister's son William, who is, as most people know, apprenticed to the Law in the office of Messrs. McKnight and McMath, in Parliament Close, Edinburgh. But, after all, and with all deductions, there is enough left to be a very heartsome downsitting for the young lass and the lad McCulloch—a worthy son of a worthy father—though I should have thought she might have done better for herself than to marry the son of a bonnet-laird. Howsomever, as I well know, young folk are apt to be headstrong and foolish. There is my daughter Hope, to look no further afield, who has no more reverence in her nature than a last year's black-faced tup, but yet, for all that, is a good lass and a bonny, though I have to say so myself. She tells me that there never was any truth in the rumour, industriously spread abroad in the parish, that the late Dominie's daughter, Adora Gracie (afterwards Miss Balgracie of Balgracie, not to forget her due honours), had for a time engaged the affections of Mr. Sidney Latimer. It certainly was a thing no little astonishing that she went all the long road to Spain to bring him back from the wars. But it is now made abundantly manifest what her reason was for this unusual act. And a brave lass she was, I am not denying, thus to risk her life—and more, her reputation—to

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do service to the man she loved, presently in grave danger of his life.

"But as to the patron of the parish, Mr. Sidney Latimer of Lowran, ever having been seriously in love with the daughter of the village schoolmaster—the idea is preposterous. And, indeed, I have my daughter's direct authority for contradicting it. Moreover, she is in the direct way of knowing, as I observe many letters coming to her address (with heavy charges to pay, which it falls to me to liquidate) in the hand and under seal of Mr. Sidney himself (who remains abroad, doing his duty at the wars with my Lord Wellington). I consider that I do no more than my duty in thus contradicting such reports with all the authority of my office."

* * * * *

To which is appended the ricochet of Purslane's opinions, as expressed by Mrs. Latimer, as followeth :—

"And a great blessing it is, Purslane, that I took my own opinion, and not yours, in the matter of this young woman. Balgracie of Balgracie is doubtless an auld name, but it has been sore trashed with trade this while back. So that, truth to tell, they are little better than Glasgow draper bodies, after a'! And the auld fule—the Dominie that was—they tell me is juist oot o' his head wi' pride. And no that muckle to be heir to, after a'—maistly bonded, I'se warrant, to far abune its value. And the siller in the bank nae mair than will buy the bairn a gown, as the sayin' is, when a' is said and dune. Ay, a great blessing that I held to my ain advice.

"Furthermore, it will be a lesson to ye, Purslane, to hearken to your mistress anither time. A bonny like thing if my son Sidney had disgraced himsel' wi' marryin' into a family like that! Noo, there's the minister's lass. She'll no hae ony great tocher, but he's a bein snug man the Doctor, and has been a saver and never a spender a' his life. Forbye the lass is bonny and douce and biddable—no like a certain prood madam, that when ye speak to her for her guid, looks at ye as if she could bite brandy-snaps oot o' ye! If it's to be, and I maun open the door to anither mistress at the Hoose o' Lowran, I ken never a better than juist denty, faceable Hope Meiklewham, that has been at my beck and call ever since she was born."

"It's a Guid's blessing ye are pleased, mistress," said Purslane, adding under her breath, "*the noo!*"

* * * * *

Next in order is the report in that excellent local paper, the *Drumfern Observer* (with which is incorporated the *St. Cuthbertstown Gazette*) :—

"The recent trial at the spring assizes of two respectable Galloway householders for murder, and their subsequent triumphant acquittal, must be fresh in the memory of all our readers. But as the real murderer or murderers of the late Mr. Ewan, of Boreland, had not been discovered, considerable mystery continued for some time to envelop the case.

This has at last been cleared away in a highly satisfactory manner, thanks to the unremitting efforts of our able and highly respected Fiscal, Mr. Richard Henderson, seconded by the acumen and tact of our admirable Sheriff-Substitute, Mr. Martin Milroy.

"The culprits turn out to have been a pair of local poachers of the worst repute—father and son—of the names of 'Crob' or Crobin McRobb and David McRobb. They have been long suspected, and, indeed, were on the very point of being captured and brought to justice by the active and intelligent officers of the law when they both perished in a murderous *fracas* in which one was wounded to the death, and the other anticipated justice by hanging himself. The Reverend Mr. Baillie of Hardhills has sent us a very powerful sermon suggested by the tragic occurrence. It is upon the text from Psalm lv. 23 : '*Bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their days.*' The sermon is at once 'a powerful and touching appealing to the consciences of offenders, and most comfortable to them that believe,' as the author himself obligingly states on his first page. But owing to an unfortunate pressure on our outer advertising columns (and what we would draw special attention to, the remarkable notice of the opening of the new premises erected by Messrs. Sharp and Scrape near the Tron, in the finest situation our town affords), we are prevented from availing ourselves of the reverend gentleman's most obliging offer."

From which it will be seen that, as occasionally happens, the journalistic account is defective on some points, and more than a little redundant on others.

CHAPTER L.

THREADS DRAWN TOGETHER.

Mr. Donald Balgracie's princely expectations were, happily for himself, not verified. Messrs. McKnight and McMath, of Parliament Close, after a careful actuarial investi-

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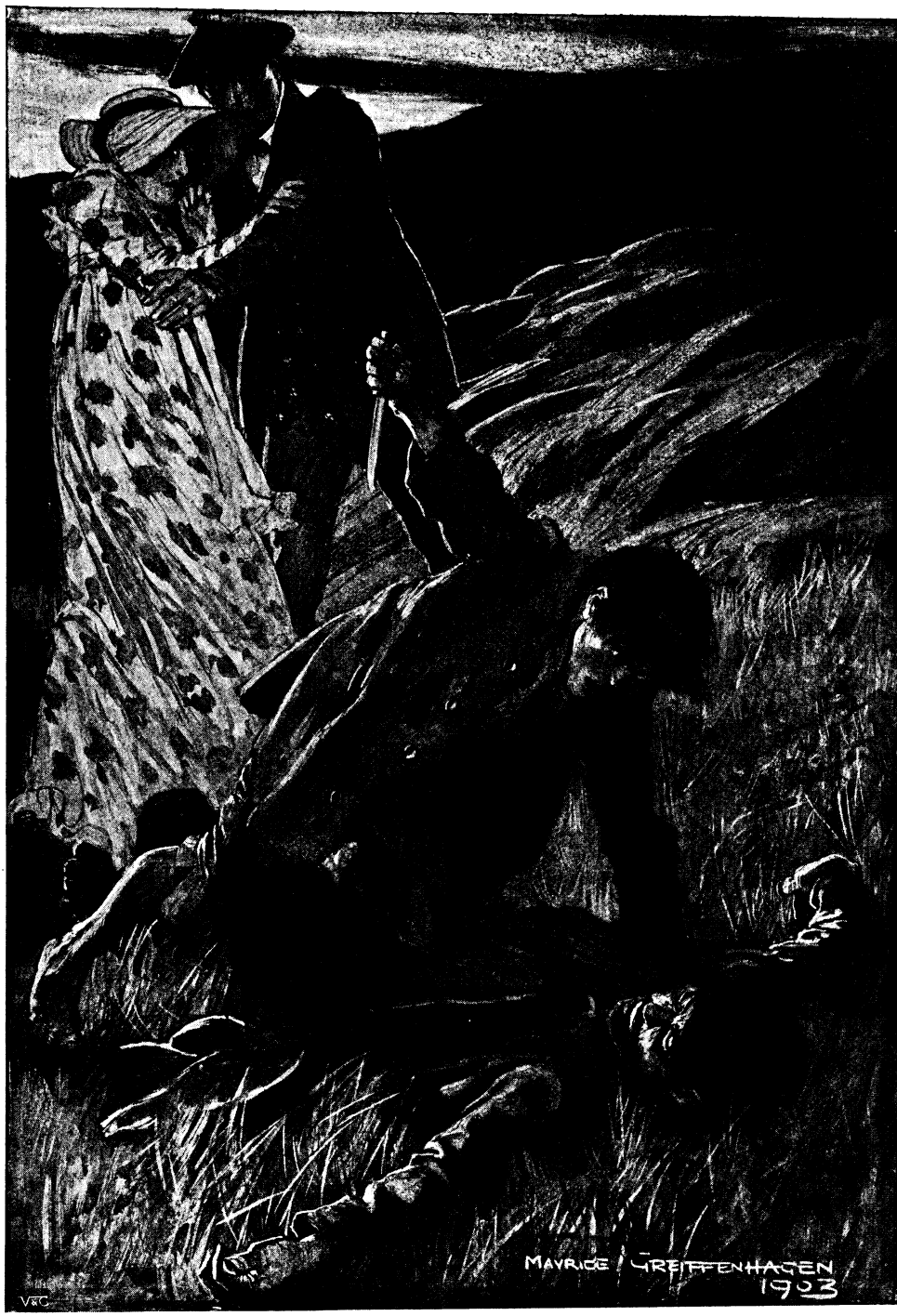

"Adora and Roy could hear it panting with the breathless fury of the repeated blows."

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gation of the affairs of the late Mr. William Balgracie, died intestate, found that, instead of that gentleman's speculations having conducted him to enormous fortune, there remained of the whole estate which had been left by his father, Archibald Balgracie, of Balgracie, only a paltry £12,000. Paltry, that is, in comparison with the great sums with which, as contractor for the troops on foreign service, and especially during the late unfortunate war with the United States of North America, he had juggled with in a sort of game of cup-and-ball.

But at that date of which we speak, Twelve Thousand Pounds was not accounted a paltry sum in Galloway. It is not so accounted even now. It chanced very opportunely that Mr. Chesney Barwhinnock, having also had losses, through speculation—and, the unkind whispered, wasterful living—wished to dispose of part of his property. It was in this way that Mr. Donald Balgracie (nominally) and Roy and Adora McCulloch (really) became owners of the ground on both sides of the House of Muir. Their first work was to construct a new avenue which would lead directly down to the village, avoiding both the gloomy Cleuch of Pluckamin and the yet more tragic memories of the Marches of Barnbarroch.

After long discussion, and at the urgent request of Sharon himself, the young couple consented to make their home, as in the days of the first outcasting, at House of Muir. But first of all they had a new wing built, and in a room to the right as you enter, the Dominie still has his books and his afternoon nap. His brief assumption of dignity had been but a flash in the pan, and long ere now he has quite forgotten that he was ever served heir to the estates of Balgracie. He has become quite incompetent of business, and Messrs. McKnight and McMath have engineered an amicable family arrangement in virtue of which the purchase of the properties of Barwhinnock has been carried through and the building of the new part of the house proceeded with.

It was towards the end of their first year's occupancy of the House of Muir—that is, of the new house built by the unexhausted moneys of William the Speculator—that, in the stillness of an evening in mid-August, Roy and Adora went out for their usual evening ramble in the twilight. The heather had been late that year, and was now coming on in a wine-hearted rush of colour.

They left the Dominie drowsing over his book. He awaked however, momentarily, to the fact that there was a certain stir of departure in the air.

"Ah! good-night, Roy," he said, looking up and holding out his hand. "Come and see us again soon. We will have a page together, you and I—a page together—though to-night you made many a 'maxie' that you should have been soundly whipped for. See and do better next time, or—who knows?—perhaps you will find that the old arm has not quite lost its cunning. Methinks the Dominie could handle an ash-plant yet. Where are you going, Adora, lass?"

"Only with Roy—to the gate," said the girl, smiling. "I will be back in time to put you to bed."

"Ah! do so," he said. "I heard there were ill characters about. See that the school gate is carefully locked. But do not be late. Nothing is more unfitting in a young girl than late hours."

"No, father," said the girl quietly. The fact of his daughter's marriage had been too recent to remain long at a time in the Dominie's mind.

"Good night, Roy. You have a long tramp before you," the old man called after his son-in-law; "but keep a stout heart for a stey brae, as the saying is!"

As they passed out, Sharon was sitting by his own door, reading. His stern face relaxed as Adora came in sight. He had rooms and a door of his own, but Adora managed the two united houses. The stern old man always rose courteously when he saw her. He walked with his son and daughter across the yard to the gate. Silently Adora laid her hand upon his arm, and the old smuggler, at the light touch of her fingers on his sleeve, gripped himself with a little swift shiver.

"Will you come with us, father?" she said. "We are going down the road towards Ailie's. The Dominie will be all right with Captain Ebenezer. He is staying all night."

"No, no. By and by I will join them," said Sharon. "My day for walks in the gloaming is past. But I had it, and it was a good day. Go your ways, bairns! go your ways!"

They went down the new avenue close together, the raw edges of the slate not yet overgrown with the ivy which Adora had been planting. The twilight deepened as they proceeded, gently and soothingly, a sweet close to a perfect day. The wide sweep of the moorland shut in about them, isolating them. They were solitary, with that feeling of indefinable pensive wistfulness which only a Scottish moor at twilight calls out.

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"You shiver, dear," said Roy suddenly. "Let me draw your shawl closer about you."

"No," Adora made answer; "it was not cold—only a thought which came to me."

"Ah! I know," he said tenderly—"dark things—terrible things happened down there. But you know our agreement. You were not to think of them or speak of them if we walked this way."

"It is not as you think," she answered him, laughing bravely rather than heartily. "The past is past. I never think of it. *I have you!*"

"What then?" he whispered, bending a little so that his ear might be near her lips.

"I was thinking what would have happened if you had not made me ask you to marry me, that night by the Marches of Barnbarroch."

"Suppose I had said 'No'?" said Roy, smiling happily down at her.

"Suppose—suppose!" she mimicked him petulantly. "Ah! it is too late for that now! Besides——" she clutched his arm in the swift impulsive manner which had come to Adora with the rest of the new things.

"Besides," she continued, "two can play at that game. I also have a word to say to you."

His eyes looked the question he refrained from asking. She reached up her lips to his ear, at the same time putting her plaited fingers across his eyes.

"*Suppose!*" she said.

THE END.

A SONG.

O! IT'S I shall see the greenwood, the greenwood, the greenwood,
And I shall see the red roofs that mark the town o' Leigh;
And it's there I'll ask a young lass, a sweet lass, a gay lass,
It's there I'll ask a young lass if she's been true to me.

She dwells beside the brown stream, the clear stream, the swift stream,
She dwells beside the brown stream that turns the mills o' Leigh;
And all the lads adore her, adore her, adore her,
For all the country loves her that's all the world to me.

O! weary was the parting, the parting, the parting,
O! tender was our parting among the woods o' Leigh;
But I never dared to bind her, to bind her, to bind her,
I never dared to bind her to keep the years for me.

Yet now that I'm returning, returning, returning,
Returning with the Spring-time across the leagues o' sea,
The breezes seem to whisper, to whisper, to whisper,
The breezes seem to whisper she's waiting still for me.

W. J. LANCASTER.

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A "WINDSOR" FOREWORD.

Eight Christmas Numbers of THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE have established a record in magazine enterprise, and "The Wonderful Windsor" (as *The Times* has called it) still stands unrivalled—even unchallenged. And since

NONE BUT ITSELF CAN BE ITS PARALLEL

It remains for the NINTH of these wonderful numbers to leave even its eight marvellous predecessors behind in sheer magnitude and attractiveness. Some particulars of the forthcoming

Superb Double Issue

may here be announced.

Some seasons back a striking method of criticism was applied to the Christmas WINDSOR by a leading daily paper. It showed, by illustrative diagrams, how THE WINDSOR gave

Considerably Greater Value in both Literary Matter and Pictorial Art than any of its rivals.

The NINTH of these wonderful numbers will leave even its own predecessors far behind in sheer value, variety, and brilliant attractiveness. Some preliminary idea of the magnitude of the undertaking may be gained from the announcement that the forthcoming MAGNIFICENT DOUBLE NUMBER will include contributions from the following famous novelists:—

Rudyard Kipling.
H. Rider Haggard.
Egerton Castle.
Jerome K. Jerome.
E. P. Oppenheim.
S. Baring-Gould.
Sir Gilbert Parker.
Henry Harland.
E. Nesbit.
Ian Maclaren.
Robert Barr.
Tom Gallon.
Eden Phillpotts.
Max Adeler.
H. B. Marriott Watson.
Jack London.
Mrs. C. N. Williamson.
Arnold Bennett.

An important feature of this splendid Double Number, and one that will carry its fame far into the New Year which it heralds, will be the inauguration of the new serial features. These will form a unique programme by such strongly contrasted masters of their craft as

RUDYARD KIPLING and JEROME K. JEROME.

The Third Serial feature of the new volume, commencing in this great Christmas Number, will be an absorbing story by the most delightful of the **Younger Romantic Novelists.**

A special feature for women readers will also be contributed by the popular

Mrs. C. N. WILLIAMSON.

In all this wealth of fiction by **THE GREAT NOVELISTS**, however, the world of fact will not be forgotten, for it is intended that the special articles shall prove, even more completely than hitherto, the most varied, the most entertaining, and the most valuable that enterprise and expenditure can command.

Among the Contributors to this department will be:—

Prince Kropotkin.
The Duke of Argyll.
Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.
Harry Furniss.
W. T. Stead.
Sir Edwin Arnold.
Sir H. H. Johnston.
Ernest E. Williams.
Madame Patti.
The Author of "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters."

This Triumph in Double Numbers will be printed for the most part on special art paper, in the interests of the distinguished artists whose services have been secured. Here are the names of a few. Comparisons are proverbially odious, but in this case they may be not entirely uninstructive.

Maurice Greiffenhagen.
Fred Pegram.
T. Walter Wilson.
G. Montbard.
F. H. Townsend.
G. H. Jalland.
Gunning King.
Oscar Wilson.
L. Raven-Hill.
Harold Copping.
Penrhyn Stanlaws.
Abbey Alston.
Hal Hurst.
Will Owen.
Harrison Fisher.
And others.

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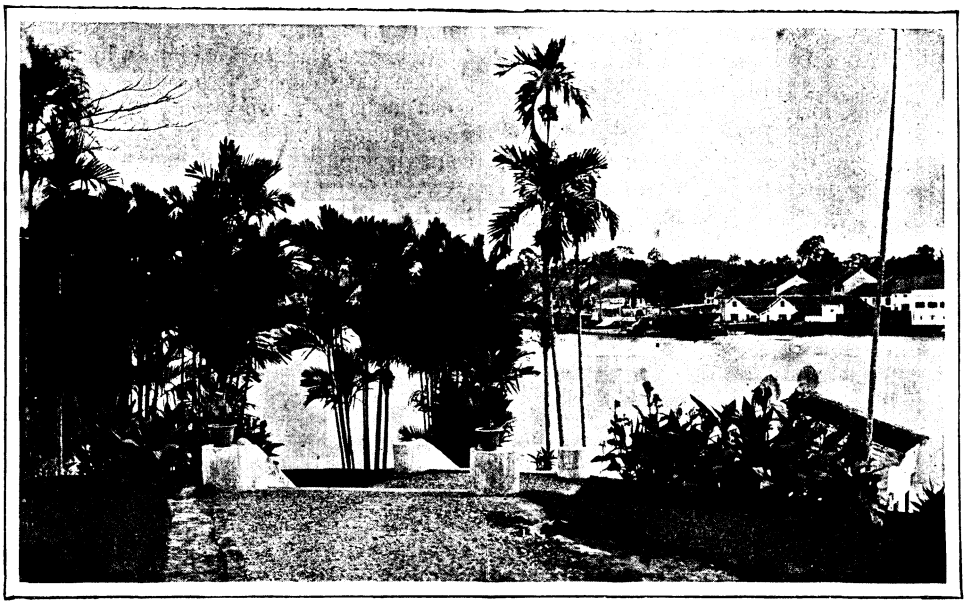

VIEW OF SARAWAK FROM THE GARDENS OF SIR RAJAH BROOKE.

A VIKING OF THE EAST.

By H. S. CANFIELD.*

JUNGLE to right and left, jungle to the rear; in front an open space swept by a stockade, manned by Burmese Dacoits drunk with bang and not fearing the devil. So the English captain got afraid and ran away. His men, not knowing what else to do, lay down patiently to be shot at. A stripling of a cavalry officer, who had been doing courier work, came to them and said—

"What's this? Get up, you various unprintable things! Come on!"

Five yards from the stockade he pitched upon his face, shot through the lung with a five-cornered slug, but those behind him went on. Afterwards one of them turned the body over with his foot and said—

"It was him as did it; mebbe he's got life in him."

They dragged him inside and poured rum and water down him, and when they heard him gasp, sent for the surgeon, who was busy elsewhere, red to the elbows. He was taken down the Brahmapootra in a rowboat, drifting between its vivid banks, thinking of nothing. In later times he would say that it seemed to him like a dream. That was James Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak, who built himself a kingdom in the farther East and held it.

Luckily for this man, he was born without a sense of physical fear. It was his instinct to lead. Long after the Burmah war was history, he visited Penang, in the Malay Archipelago. The captain of the warship *Wanderer* announced an intention to smash some pirates in the bamboo town of Murdoo. Of course, Brooke would see the fun. He led the rush up the steep bank of the sea, getting a slash on the forehead and a bullet through the arm. When he left them, the jackies swarmed into the yards and cheered him.

Like some others who have been successful, he began wrong. The son of a father of substance, he got a cadetship in the Madras infantry. It was not suited to him, for Nature had patterned him to command, and he was best fitted for individual enterprise. When invalided home, he learned

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something more of the East. He made one trading voyage out there and lost money. Then his father died and left him £30,000; then he was ready to incarnate the vision that had come to him. He bought the yacht *Royalist* and fitted her with muskets, cutlasses, and brass cannon; he assembled a picked crew of pig-tailed sailors, with fingers like fish-hooks and fifteen-inch biceps; he gave them a preparatory cruise of a year in the Mediterranean; then he wrote to the *Athenæum:* "I am minded to advance the commercial prosperity of England and to better the condition of the native races by acquiring territorial possession in the Archipelago. I have carefully weighed all difficulties, and am clearly of the opinion that for this purpose a schooner of 142 tons, with a good crew and James Brooke for commander, is amply sufficient." No one said him nay, and he set sail. This was in 1838. It is interesting now to look back and see that if he had been backed properly by his country, when he did the work he said he would do, England would be paramount in the archipelagic East, the Dutch sphere of influence would be much smaller than it is, and American troops would not be in the Philippines.

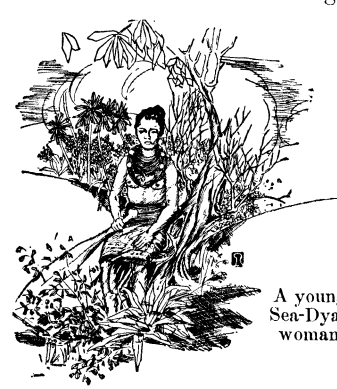
A Dyak warrior.

There lived in Sarawak, on the north-west coast of Borneo, a governor named Muda Hassim. He was uncle of the Sultan, heir prospective to the throne, had a dozen younger brothers with him, had been sent to Sarawak to suppress a local rebellion of Malay chiefs, and was as near to being a good man as folks of that race ever got to be in those days. He had saved some shipwrecked English sailors, and Brooke called on him to convey the thanks of the citizens of Singapore.

There his real lifework began. When he entered the mouth of the Sarawak River, he saw shining beeches; back of them were casuarina trees, then wooded hills, then Santobong peak, large and blue. Wild hogs rooted among the trees, grey pigeons flitted through the branches, paddy-fields were along the river, and cottages built on piles, palm-shaded. In them lived a lazy, laughing, murderous people.

Muda was glad to see him, and suggested that an Englishman with sailors and brass guns ought to prove mighty against rebels in wooden forts. Brooke, keeping his own counsel, agreed with him and went up the river. He found the Sultan's forces commanded by a wily savage named Makota, who wanted to be Rajah but was afraid to fight. With his usual impetuosity, Brooke pitched in. Fighting side by side with Budrudin, one of the younger brothers—and a braver heart was never within a Malay skin—he slew the rebels in hundreds. They were cleft with creeses, burned in their forts, or driven into the river. Up to their waists in morass, staggering painfully through reeds and rattans, weakened by tropic heats, half devoured by insects, he and Budrudin made clean work of it. The rebels surrendered utterly, and he took some of their wives and daughters as hostages. Muda was effusively grateful; he told Brooke that he should be Rajah of Sarawak.

This did not suit Makota; probably it did not suit Muda Hassim himself. Followed a long season of excuses and delay. Having been promised the territory, and believing that he had saved it to the Sultan, Brooke hung on with British tenacity for months. He had agreed with himself to "advance the commercial prosperity of England and to better the condition of the native races by acquiring territorial possession in the Archipelago," and saw no better opportunity. It is certain that there were no native races whose conditions more needed bettering. The *Royalist* lay in the river and got barnacles on her bottom; her sailors stood watches armed to the teeth; her brass guns swung easily on their pivots. Makota was active. He tried to poison Brooke's interpreter; he tried to poison Brooke. That which followed is thus stated in euphemism: "By a judicious display of force, quite justified under the circumstances, he (Brooke) freed Muda Hassim from the baneful in-


A young Sea-Dyak woman.

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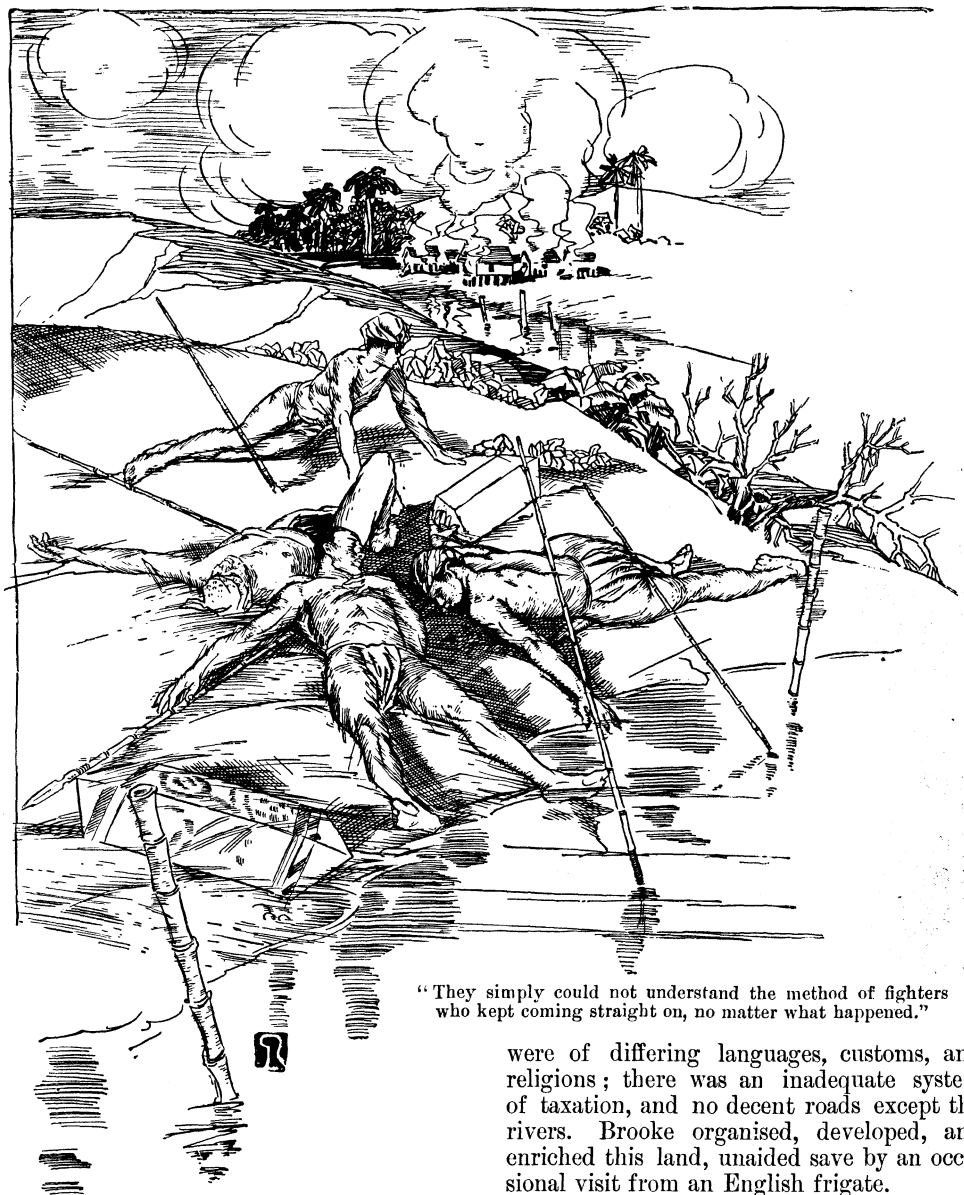

"They simply could not understand the method of fighters who kept coming straight on, no matter what happened."

fluence of Makota. Muda Hassim, in a formal document, handed over the government of the district of Sarawak to Brooke."

What Brooke did was to march armed sailors to the palace, seize Makota, and surround Muda Hassim. What he said was that all promises must be redeemed on the spot. Makota was banished; Muda smiled painfully; Brooke reigned.

Nineteen-twentieths of his subjects did not know that he was king; one-quarter of them harried the other three-quarters; they were of differing languages, customs, and religions; there was an inadequate system of taxation, and no decent roads except the rivers. Brooke organised, developed, and enriched this land, unaided save by an occasional visit from an English frigate.

There are Sea-Dyaks and Land-Dyaks in Borneo. The former were fishermen and pirates; the latter were farmers and robbers; but they all hunted human heads, which were smoke-dried and hung up in their huts. A young man who wished to marry had to produce heads as a guarantee of his standing. One of the first ukases issued by the new potentate forbade the taking of heads. It was enforced in the usual Eastern manner. For instance:

There was a Sambas girl whom a Dyak wished to buy. He was captured when he

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had taken only one head, which he carried under his arm. He was taken to the Rajah, who asked him—

"Why do you hunt heads?"

"For a woman."

"Do you know that is against the law?"

"Yes."

"Are you sorry?"

"No."

"If released, would you hunt more heads?"

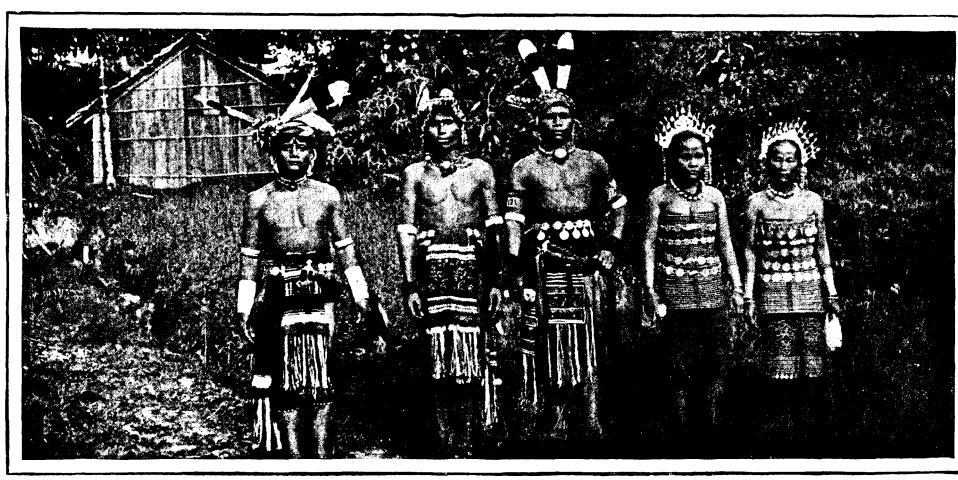
"Yes."

Whereupon the Dyak population was reduced. The head-hunter showed little interest in the proceedings. He bared his neck cheerfully, knelt down, folded his hands, closed his eyes, and so passed swiftly to the happy grounds.

There came to Sarawak "Bonny Keppel," commander of the *Dido*. He was a man after Brooke's heart. British naval officers had more liberty in those days; there were no cablegrams to check them when they touched at a port. Together these two hunted the pirates. All of the Archipelago was infested by freebooters. The life of Sarawak depended upon their extinction. They voyaged for hundreds of miles along promising coasts. They lay along the straits of Malacca, Sunda, Carinata, Caspar, and other passages; they were rife in the Celebes, Sulu, and China seas; from far above the Equator to far below they were masters of the waters; the boldest of them came from the Island of Mindanao; they swarmed in the Seribas, Sakarang, and Batang-Lupar rivers of Borneo, within Sarawak territory.

The pirates' manner of fighting was peculiar: They entrenched themselves near the mouth of the rivers and put heavy booms across the stream. Then they laughed at the Englishmen. Other Eastern peoples have also laughed—before.

With only eighty white seamen and five hundred natives, Brooke and Keppel dashed against the Seribas buccaneers. The Rajah was in the first boat, the men at the racing stroke. Three lengths to the right and a half-length behind, Keppel was coming hard. Brooke was erect in his shirt-sleeves, and in his powerful hands he held an axe. As he reached the first boom and swung the steel high, a bullet struck it and spattered. He lowered it, looked at it curiously, then said to the man behind him: "They're shooting straight!" But the man behind him was on the bottom of the boat, with a ball through his head, stone dead. Keppel's bowman got in the first stroke, but the boom parted almost simultaneously at each of its cut ends. Under a murderous fire they dashed at the second boom. As a man at the oars rolled forward or backward with hand pressed to a side wound, or holding a broken arm, another man promptly took his place. In that spurt up the Seribas, more than half of the rowers were hit, but there was never an instant's delay. When the second boom was hacked in two, the way was clear. Brooke was the first man to leap to shore. As before the almost forgotten stockade in Burmah, he went straight at the fort-walls, the sailors pressing him, and the natives pressing the sailors. A quarter of an hour later no enemy was left. Once the attackers were inside of the forts, the pirates threw down



SARAWAK GALA DRESS.

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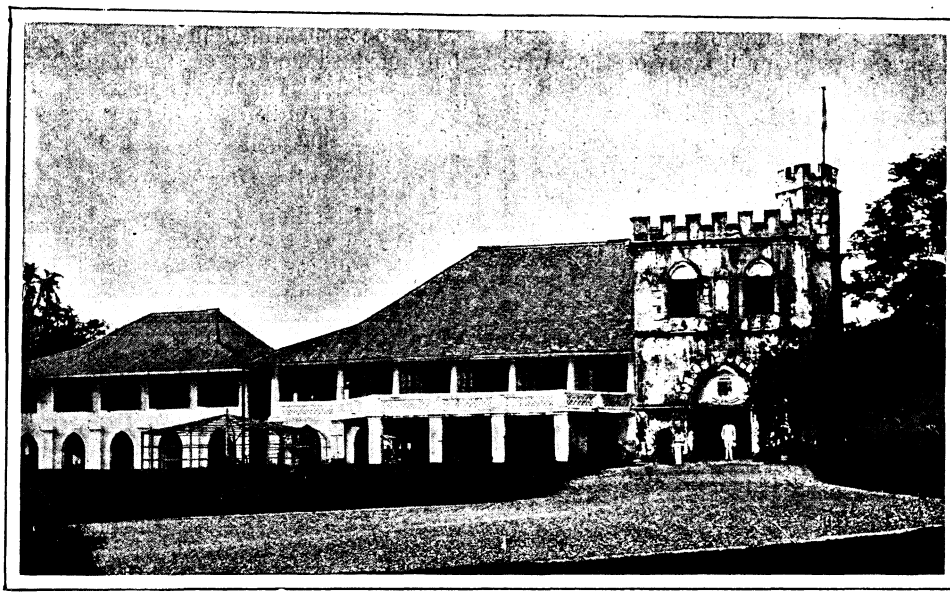

SIR RAJAH BROOKE'S RESIDENCE AT SARAWAK, BORNEO.

their weapons and were butchered standing, or they rushed to the river and were drowned, or they scaled the rear wall and disappeared into the woods. They simply could not understand the method of fighters who kept coming straight on, no matter what happened. More than three thousand pirates were beaten in this battle, and nearly a thousand of them were slain. It has been estimated that in holding Sarawak, James Brooke sent more than twenty thousand men to their last account. But what would you? Blood crushed from yellow bodies may smear the wheels of the car of progress, but they are not to stop it.

The Sakarang pirates fell next. More than a hundred towns and forts were burned on this raid. The results of the fights were

SARAWAK DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

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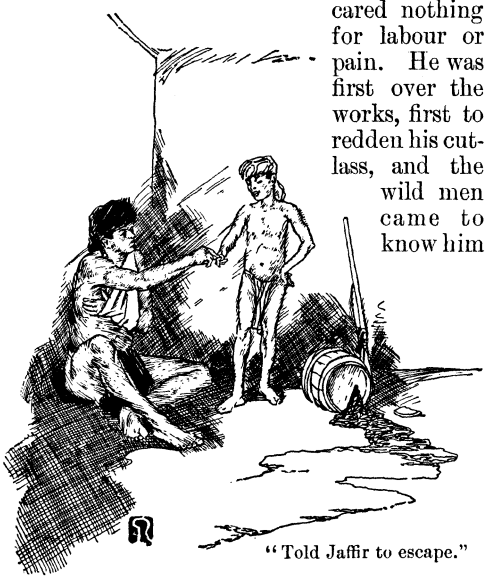
unvarying. The Malays and Dyaks stayed in their enclosures until many of them were cut down; then they fled. They were shown as little mercy as they had shown to crews of captured vessels. The record of their destruction is a record of steady slaughter. Brooke's pistols needed cleaning badly, and his sword lost its sheen. He stormed along the banks of the Seribas and Sakarang; he stormed up the great Rejang; in the mighty Batang-Lupar district his name is still one to conjure with. Assisted first by Keppel and then by Farquhar, he swept those seas clean. His own life was recklessly imperilled. He could not ask English sailors to do his fighting for him; it was necessary that his subjects should see him in front. He was often wounded, but never seriously, and he cared nothing for labour or pain. He was first over the works, first to redden his cutlass, and the wild men came to know him as a white devil. Yet he had kindness in him.



"Told Jaffir to escape."

Two days after he and Keppel slew the Maludu Bay pirates, and it was a bloody day, he found a native woman floating in a boat. She had been wounded, and a yearling child was at her breast. She said to him dully—

"If you please to take me, I shall go. I am a woman, not a man; I am a slave, not a free woman; do as you please."

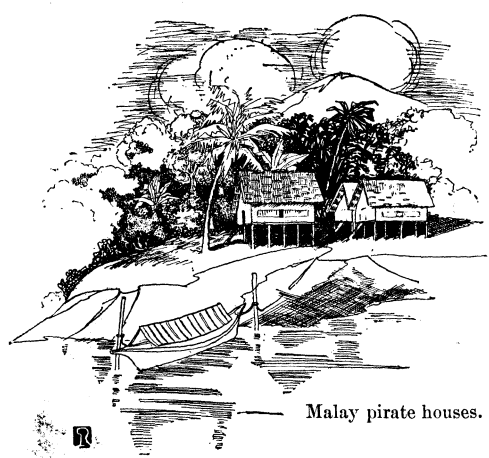
He removed her along many miles of coastline and placed her happily in life. In Marudu Bay the party found many bundles of Surat silks, scarlet cloth, bales of stamped velvet and leather; but most of the goods were confectionery, cakes, preserved ginger, jam, sugared dates, and syrups. They had sweet teeth, those moustached rovers who crept out snakelike in long proas and butchered the crews of merchant vessels. The good that Brooke did in putting them to fire and sword was felt by the commerce of every nation in the world, for they levied tribute upon all nations.

Wooers' signs of worthiness.

This great Englishman lived a life fraught with peril of which he seemed to be unconscious. One day in his house in the capital he sat down to meat. Suddenly Lingire, a noted Malay pirate, walked into the dining-hall with a troop of armed warriors at his heels. There was not the thickness of tissue paper between Brooke and death, and he knew it. Courteously he waved the chief to a chair; the others squatted on the floor. Brooke called to a servant and said in English—

"Bring a bottle of sherry! Let my chiefs know who is here!"

Lingire talked awhile of his prowess and the cowardice of the Dutch. Time passed, and the squatting scoundrels looked at one another. The lives of the Rajah and of his unarmed English companions were to be numbered in seconds. There was a heavy tramp on the verandah, and the Malay soldiers of the capital thronged into the room with drawn weapons. The pirates did not speak, but the new-comers did talking enough.



Malay pirate houses.

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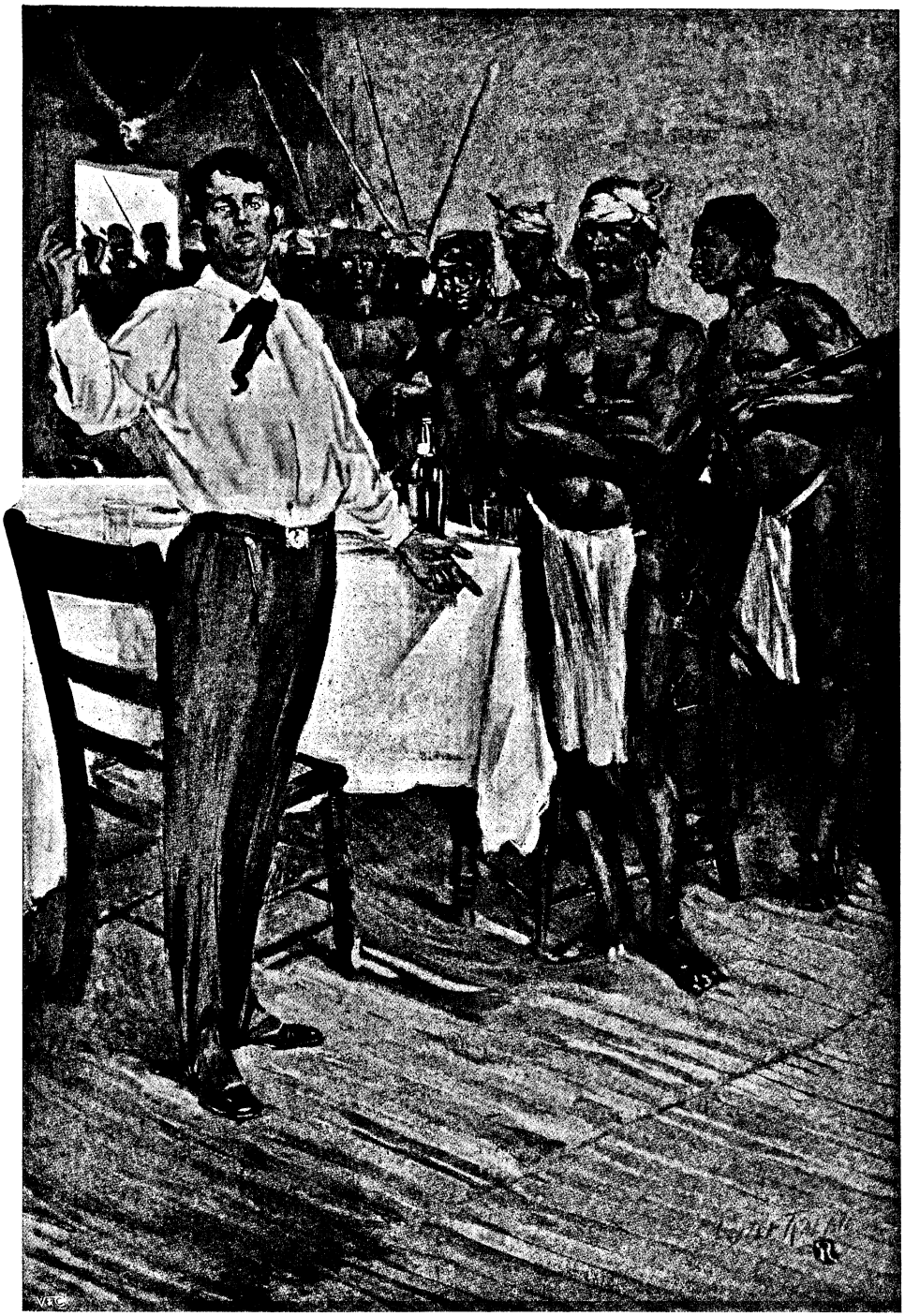

"There was not the thickness of tissue paper between Brooke and death.'

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They cursed them body, bones, and hair; they pressed the points of keen weapons against their throats. Then Brooke showed knowledge of the native character. He knew that the pirate was terrorised. At a sign from him the ranks opened, and Lingire and his men went out unscathed. He became the Rajah's friend, used to visit him, sit with him in chairs on the verandah and talk about the Dutch, but he never admitted that he had vowed to have the Englishman's head and hang it in a basket to a tree.

In the earlier years of his reign the man escaped in battle, personal combat, attempted assassinations, and doses of poison. The assassins and poisoners were executed, and he went on unharmed. Some of his friends were not so fortunate. This was the end of Muda Hassim, heir to the throne, and Budrudin, the brave young brother who, shoulder to shoulder with Brooke, fought in the swamps of the Sarawak against the rebels when the adventurer was earning a kingdom.

Muda Hassim, with his family, went back to the Sultan's capital and resumed his prime-ministership. Evil reports of his ambition got about, and the Sultan, then dying from cancer of the lip, a man "with the head of an idiot and the heart of a pirate," listened to them. Muda, his wives, and his people were slain in their homes. In a letter to Keppel, Brooke describes how Budrudin went over to the majority:—

"After fighting desperately and cutting down several of the Sultan's hired assassins, he was shot in the left wrist, and his shoulder and chest were cut open so as to disable his right arm. A woman, by name Nur Salum, fought and was wounded by his side. His sister and a slave boy called Jaffir, though both wounded, remained by him, the rest of his few followers having been cut down or having fled. The four retired into the house and barred the door. Budrudin, wounded and bleeding, ordered the boy to get down a cask of powder, break in the head, and scatter it in a circle. He then told Jaffir to escape, gave him my signet-ring, of which I had made him a present, and told him to tell me not to forget him, and to tell the Queen of England of his fate. He then called the women to him, and, when the boy had dropped through the flooring into the water, fired the powder, and all three were blown into the air."

No man of the Western races could have more fittingly closed a warring royal life; and what glorious women those were!

Few men were Brooke's equals with creese, cutlass, javelin, spear, pistol, or rifle, and he owed his life many times to his personal expertness. Spenser St. John, who knew him well, says: "He stood about five feet ten inches in height; he had an open, handsome countenance, an active, supple frame, a daring courage that no danger could daunt, a sweet, affectionate disposition which endeared him to all who knew him well. His power of attaching both friends and followers was unrivalled, and this extended to nearly every native with whom he came in contact." St. John says also that "he was always gay and full of fun, and dearly loved an argument." How dearly he loved it was shown upon a hundred fields, assaults, and long pursuits. Once in the Batang-Lupar country he went to shore with a single boat-crew to dislodge pirates hidden in a brake. He entered at the head of his men, became separated from them, and found himself attacked by five freebooters armed with the terrible Lanun swords. There was a small open space of firm ground, giving him room to manœuvre, so he fought them as mute as an Indian.

DYAK WARRIORS FROM SARAWAK.

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He was opposing a cutlass to their long, heavy swords, and his guard was often beaten down; but his activity saved him, and he was not touched. He killed two of them and disabled a third, still in silence save for the clashing of the steel. Then four others came to the rescue of their comrades, and for the first time he called for help. His men rushed to him readily and found five Malays down. The others did not escape.

Ruling a wild country solely by force of his personality, Brooke kept himself constantly in athletic training and in constant practice with sword and firearms. It was a favourite amusement to nail the ten of a pack of cards against a tree and at thirty paces knock out the pips with a revolver one by one. When he first went to Sarawak, the deadly weapon made by Samuel Colt had been used only in the Texan war for independence, and was not widely known, but he soon obtained one and became phenomenally proficient with it. It would be hard to say how many human beings fell before this weapon, and he himself did not like to talk of it. In the Chinese rebellion, which in his later years came near to costing him his throne, he is said to have slain personally more than twenty men. The fact, however, that on this occasion his wild subjects rallied round him almost to a man and slaughtered the Chinese right and left speaks volumes for the kindness with which he treated them. Alone in the East, one white man among tens of thousands of aliens, he maintained his power, solidified his country, repressed the lawless, and was a benefactor of mankind at large. His nephew, who succeeded him and now rules, found a government and people ready to his hand. His own country passed resolutions sympathising with the poor, barried pirates, did all that it could to hamper him, and regarded him as a Caligula in small; but posterity has given a different verdict.

Brooke was a "throw-back." Of straight Northern blood, he was a re-creation of some Viking who swept the long water in a dead century. One can easily picture him with helm and breastplate, bound for the holmgang, or captaining a company of the Varanger Guard. He was explorer, discoverer, adventurer, fighter, builder, and statesman. Hardraada, who required a longer than common grave in Harold's land, once sang—

> Far and fast by Sicilian havens
> Flies bounding the deer of the deep:
> We are sad, but despair is for cravens
> And courage leaps high with her leap.
> Yea! I deem all the pleasures and plenty
> Far less than to dare and to do,
> Though in Gardar my Gerda be dainty
> And shrink in her gold as I woo.

That is the belief and spirit brought to Brooke through generations. With him it was the chief end to "dare and to do," to split the waves even to the vast shore washed by the farthest sea, to pierce forests, to win a way through the bodies of men. That strand is closely woven in the Anglo-Saxon cloth. Now and again it shows through all the piece blood-red.

This unhelped conqueror of a kingdom, maker of laws, father of a people, butcher of buccaneers, was a strange and attractive being. With his dulled and rusted cutlass swinging from the wall, he read Miss Austen's novels. He was fond of religious discussion, and his companions had to listen to the whole of the controversy between Huxley and Priestly. First and last he gave them all of Channing's Essays, but he was interrupted now and then by duties to go out and kill pirates or head-hunters. He put Tasso into tolerable English. Once on shipboard he published a weekly paper all in verse, most of which was his. From that house wherein he received Lingire, and formed expeditions for the slaughter of hundreds, he wrote: "I like couches and flowers and easy-chairs and newspapers and clear streams and sunny walks. Roses grow about me. All that breathes of peace and repose adds to the stillness around me. I love to allow my imagination to wander, and my senses to enjoy such a scene."

He led a stormy life, embittered in its later years; his memory deserves well of civilised peoples. A more gallant, kindly, sentimental, fatal fighter never lived. With the Viking strain out of him, he would have been an earnest country gentleman; with that in him, he was a dreamer, a warrior, and a potentate.

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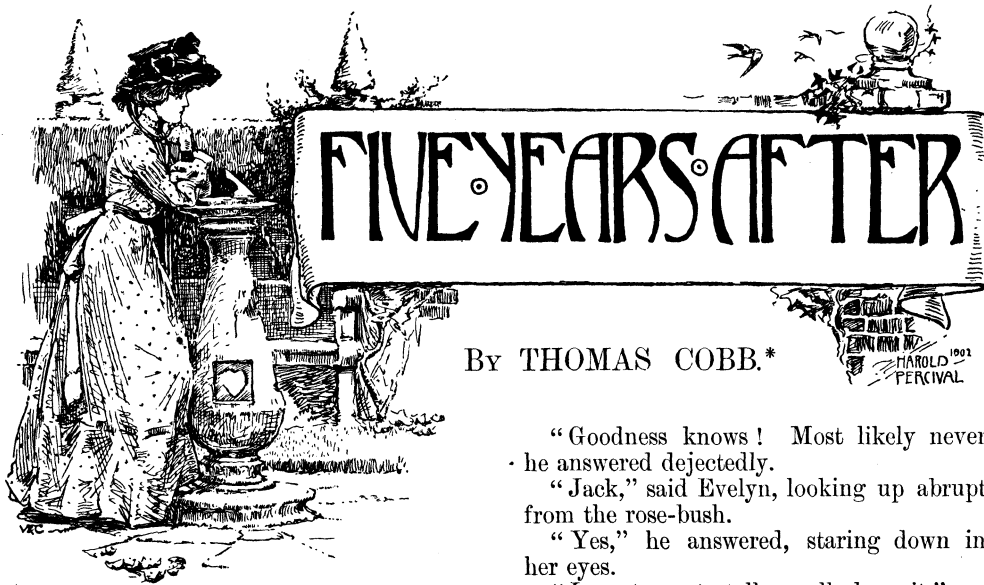

By THOMAS COBB.*

IT was summer-time, and Mrs. Isherwood's old-fashioned garden was a mass of bright colour. Evelyn walked along a narrow path between the beds with her eyes upon the ground, save when she raised them to glance at the window of the morning-room, where Jack stood talking to her mother. Evelyn was seventeen, a tall, slimly built girl, with fair brown hair.

At last Jack came forth from the room, with a gloomy expression on his usually cheerful face.

"Has my mother succeeded in persuading you?" asked Evelyn, stepping to meet him.

"Nobody could do that," was the answer.

"Then, if you are so obstinate, it's no use my trying," she suggested. "Then you are determined to go away from us all?"

"I only wish I could get away from myself!" exclaimed Jack.

"How desperate that sounds!"

"Well," he said, "I feel desperate."

"At all events," she urged, "you are not obliged to start to-day. You can just as well wait until to-morrow."

"I must be off in less than an hour," said Jack, looking at his watch. "I intended to start yesterday, only then at the last moment I thought I must come to have a last look at you."

"How long will it be before we see you again?" she asked, stopping to bend over a rose-tree.

"Goodness knows! Most likely never," he answered dejectedly.

"Jack," said Evelyn, looking up abruptly from the rose-bush.

"Yes," he answered, staring down into her eyes.

"I want you to tell me all about it."

"About what?"

"Why you have made up your mind so suddenly—why you look so utterly miserable."

"I have been making a fool of myself," he answered, after some hesitation. "I trusted a woman, and she has thrown me over; that's all."

"Is it anyone I know?" she asked, stooping over the rose-bush again.

"Blanche Westcott. I don't think you know her."

"And were—were you very fond of her, Jack?" asked Evelyn, with a catch in her breath.

"Fond of her!" he exclaimed. "Fond of her! I would have given my life to please her! I would have done any mortal thing. And she knew it." Jack dug his heel violently into Mrs. Isherwood's inoffensive garden-path.

"Wasn't she fond of you?" asked Evelyn.

"I used to think so——"

"Don't you think so now," she demanded rather eagerly.

"I can't talk about it, dear," he answered, for Evelyn had known him as long as she could recollect. His father had been vicar of the small village church, until his death, when Jack was twenty, three years ago, and she had adored Jack ever since she had been able to walk.

"It seems rather a—a pity to go away for the sake of a woman who doesn't care for you," she murmured.

"You see, it's because I care for her," he said gloomily.

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"Still," Evelyn persisted, "you will come back some day? You won't stay away from England for ever?"

Jack shrugged his shoulders doubtfully.

"I don't care much what happens!" he exclaimed. "Of course, it's possible I may come back—but not for a good many years. I shall never get over it. My life is done for. I wish I were dead. If ever I do come back," he continued, "I shall find you a woman."

"I—I think I'm a woman now," she answered a little sadly.

"And you will be able to introduce me to your husband," Jack suggested, forcing a smile.

"That is not at all likely," she cried hastily.

"Why not?"

"I shall never marry," she insisted.

"Ah, well," he said, "you are not old enough to know your own mind. Wait for a few years. I shall often think of you," he added, "and wonder what you are doing."

"I shall think of you," she murmured.

"And now," he said, "it's time I said good-bye to your mother." Evelyn accompanied him into the house, standing by whilst he said a few last words to Mrs. Isherwood. Then, when it came to her own turn, Evelyn held forth her hand without a word.

"I have been telling Evelyn," he said, facing Mrs. Isherwood, "that if ever I see her again, she will want to introduce me to her husband."

She stood like a statue whilst he held her hand, but a moment later he was walking towards the door. Outside the house the dog-cart was waiting to take him to the station. Topsy, the big retriever, jumped about him, and Mrs. Isherwood shook hands again.

"Good-bye, once more!" he cried, and mounting into the cart, he was at once driven away.

Evelyn went out to the middle of the drive, and, raising her right hand to shade her eyes, stood gazing after the dog-cart until it reached the lodge gate, hoping he would turn once to look at her before he passed finally out of her life. Just at the corner, he glanced behind him, and, seeing Evelyn, raised his hat. Then he disappeared from view, and she went sadly into the house.

II.

It was autumn, and the garden-paths were strewn with leaves. The gardener was busily sweeping them into heaps and wheeling them away in a barrow. Dahlias were the only flowers, and the distant woods were a blaze of gay colour. The sun shone without much warmth, and Evelyn had not been tempted into the garden that afternoon.

She looked scarcely the five years older since Jack Radford went away, although she had distinctly changed from a girl into a woman. Her face still retained something of its child-like quality, the chief alteration being in her figure.

At four o'clock in the afternoon she was alone in the drawing-room, a little distrait, perhaps, when she heard the sound of carriage wheels outside, and a few moments later the door opened.

"Mr. Radford!" a servant announced, and Evelyn started to her feet, staring at the visitor as if she could hardly believe her eyes.

"You haven't quite forgotten me?" he asked, offering his hand with a smile.

"It would be only what you deserve," she retorted, mistress of herself again.

"What have I done?" he asked.

"It is what you left undone. What means did you take to remind me of your existence?"

"Oh, well," he answered, "perhaps I have been a little remiss. It's true I might have written. But I have been a rolling stone. I have knocked about the world—here, there, and everywhere."

"Absorbed by the contemplation of your own feelings, and never bestowing a thought on your friends."

"I guess they haven't given many thoughts to me," he said.

"Oh, very likely not," Evelyn answered with a blush. "Won't you sit down?" she asked, herself taking a chair.

Sitting down, he stared around the room, which had once been very familiar to him.

"Your mother?" he asked. "Is—is she quite well?"

Unable to answer for a minute, she shook her head, with a glance at her mourning-frock.

"How long ago was that?" he inquired.

"Three months."

"Then you are left alone?"

"My aunt lives with me," she explained. "But I miss her—oh! I miss her every hour of the day."

"It seems difficult to imagine the place without her," he said. "I recollect her from the time I can recollect anybody. Your mother and you! By the by," he added,

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"what of the husband to whom you were to introduce me when I returned?"

"You forget," she said quietly, "I told you I should never marry."

"Ah, yes! one says that sort of thing."

"You see," she answered, "I happened to mean it."

"Then you intend to live here still, with your flowers and your animals?"

"Do you remember Topsy—the retriever?" she asked.

"I remember everything."

"He is alive still. I wonder whether he will recognise you? When I was in London last season," she continued, "I met a friend of yours."

"Who was it?" he asked.

"Mrs. Travers—Blanche, you know," said Evelyn, and she watched him closely.

"I hope she is all right," he remarked casually.

"Oh, yes! She has three of the bonniest children. She looked very well indeed. In fact, she has grown quite—quite stout."

He leaned forward in his chair, laughing quietly.

"What a young idiot I was, to be sure!" he said.

"Are you wiser now?" she demanded.

"Oh, I think so."

"In what does your wisdom consist?" she asked.

"At least I am not likely to break my heart for a woman a second time," he answered in the most confident tone.

"I see."

"Still," he continued, "there is no use in denying I was very far gone. Love seems to be something like sea-sickness. While the attack lasts, you are incapable of caring for anything. You would thank anyone to knock you on the head and throw you overboard."

"And how soon one recovers!" she exclaimed.

"You know," he said, "I really expected to hear that you were married."

"Why should you have expected that?" she asked, flushing.

"Well, it's difficult to imagine you as one of those who are passed by."

"Oh, but——" She paused abruptly.

"Well," he urged with a smile.

"Nothing," she answered, obviously confused.

"I suppose you were going to say you have not been without opportunities," he suggested.

Evelyn rose from her chair and walked towards the door.

"Shall we go into the garden?" she exclaimed. "You will like to see the dear old place."

He accompanied her out of doors, where she sent for Topsy, who seemed to have a kind of hazy recollection of him.

"Poor old dog!" said Jack. "His muzzle is going grey. By Jove!" he added, when they were walking along the narrow paths between the flower-beds, "now I am here again, it seems almost as if I had never gone away. It has a feeling of home again. I wonder if they could put me up at the inn."

"Oh! but you would find it slow," she answered.

"I think I will chance it for a week," he insisted.

They walked along in silence a few minutes; then Evelyn said, with tingling cheeks: "Of course, if you are really going to stay in the village, you must stay here."

"Are you sure I shall not be putting you out?" he asked.

"Did you ever put us out?" she cried.

"Then," said Jack, "I will take the next train to London, and come back to-morrow." And a few minutes later he said "Good-bye."

III.

"FIVE years!" said Miss Isherwood, shortly after Jack's arrival the following day. "Can it possibly be five years since you went away? Mr. Radford hasn't altered in the least, has he, Evelyn?"

"He says that experience has made him a great deal wiser," cried Evelyn, meeting his eyes with a smile.

"It seems to me," he whispered, coming to her side, "that you, too, have not been without them."

"Without what?" she asked.

"Why, experiences."

"What leads you to think that?" she suggested.

"The face is the face of Evelyn, but the manner is altogether different. I could imagine the experiences had not been entirely happy ones!"

"Can any man, woman, or child live for five years without knowing something of unhappiness?" she asked.

"Then my suspicion is right?"

"Did you imagine I should make you my confessor?" she retorted.

"Still, you don't deny the impeachment," Jack persisted, with quite unusual solemnity.

He had many old friends in the neighbourhood, and the next afternoon Evelyn accompanied him on the first of a round of visits.

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"Just at the corner, he glanced behind him, and, seeing Evelyn, raised his hat."

Each mile of the country lanes along which they drove together awakened some common reminiscence; and as the days went by, something approaching their former intimacy began to return.

One evening, they were returning home rather later than usual, when Jack, who was driving, looked down into her face as the light began to grow dim.

"I feel a little curious," he said, "to hear something more about those experiences of yours."

"I told you," was the answer, "I had no intention to make you my confessor.'"

"At your age," he persisted, "troubles are usually of one nature."

"Not the kind one cares to talk about," she hinted.

"Too painful?" he asked, laying the whip on the horse's shoulders.

"Perhaps," she admitted.

"I should very much like to know whether you are still—still——"

"Well?" she said, as he hesitated.

"Will you answer me one question?" he asked.

"That depends on its nature."

"Let our old friendship be my excuse," he said, "and tell me—well, whether you have ever in your life seen a man whom you could marry?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered a little un-

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steadily, in spite of the short laugh which followed.

"Then you have known disappointment——"

"You said there was to be only one question," she suggested.

"They both hang together," he answered, "and they lead to a third. Please be communicative and tell me whether you have recovered from the disappointment yet?"

"Oh! one becomes resigned to things, you know," she murmured.

He drove on in silence awhile, then turned to look into her face again. "Then the wound has not quite healed?" he asked.

"I'm afraid I don't change very quickly," she said.

"You would—you would marry him now if he asked you?"

"No, no!" she exclaimed. "Nothing in the world could ever induce me to marry him."

"So that it is possible you may end by marrying someone else?" he asked rather eagerly.

"Utterly impossible!" she answered. "Long ago I told you I should never marry——"

"Does it date back as long ago as that?" he demanded.

"Yes. It must seem strange to you!" she cried a little bitterly. "But we won't talk about it any more. Please leave it there."

When his week ended, Miss Isherwood asked Evelyn whether Jack was to be invited to prolong his visit. She looked a little doubtful.

"It will look rather inhospitable to send him away to the very day," said her aunt; and, not wishing to appear inhospitable, Evelyn agreed that he should be asked to stay on a few days longer.

"You can suggest it at dinner to-night," she said. He consented with great satisfaction, although there was not much amusement at that time of year. Unfortunately the weather changed a few days later, and one afternoon, whilst Miss Isherwood had driven to the market town to do some shopping, Evelyn and Jack were compelled to pass the time indoors. He asked her to play to him; and as she rose from the music-stool half an hour later, Jack came to her side.

"Evelyn," he said, "I have got a stiff fence to take!"

"I should advise you to find a gate," she answered, with a laugh.

"I want you to give me a lead," he insisted. "You can't help suspecting——"

"I never give voice to suspicions," she answered.

"I want to ask you to marry me," he said.

"Yet," she retorted, "ten days ago you were boasting that you should never break your heart for a woman again!"

"Well, you see, I shan't if you do as I wish," he answered, with a smile.

"How facile you must think me!" she exclaimed.

"I think you are the dearest woman in the world," he said. "And as for myself—I think I am the completest fool——"

"For imagining I could be so easily satisfied?" she asked, meeting his gaze.

"Not to have known my own mind before," he explained. "What you are to-day reminds me of what you used to be, and I—I can't realise that I haven't loved you always."

"Or even when you came here less than a fortnight ago," she suggested. "Oh, Jack! love is not so light a thing," she added.

"I am beginning to discover the fact," he answered, and for a few minutes he stood silent, not three feet away. "Evelyn," he cried then, drawing still nearer, "come to me, darling!" and he held forth his arms.

"I—I can't," she whispered, turning away. The next moment she had quitted the room.

At dinner that evening Jack told Miss Isherwood, to whom his conversation was chiefly limited, that he must return to London early the next morning. There arose a discussion between them about trains, and she suggested that which started at 11.5.

"Upon my word," he said, "I believe it is the same that took me away last time I slept here—five years ago."

Indeed, it seemed to Evelyn that history was repeating itself; the morning broke fair and fresh after the previous day's rain, and, breakfast being ended, Evelyn ordered the dog-cart to take Jack to the railway-station. Then, whilst he went upstairs to strap his portmanteau, she stepped into the garden, where she strolled along the narrow paths between the flower-beds.

She had a peculiar sense of having experienced it all before, and she felt she knew precisely what was going to happen next. Her face was pale this morning, and she looked as if she had not slept very well. On turning at the end of a path, she could see Jack through the window of the morning-room, just where he had stood beside her mother that other eventful morning of her life. She felt confident that he would come

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"Then he understood."

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into the garden, as he had done on that occasion, for a few parting words of farewell.

A few minutes later, she saw him open the window and step out of the room.

"I should like to say 'Good-bye' to you here," he said, coming to her side. "It is just where we parted last time. You remember it was to have been for ever then. But there seems to be no doubt about it now."

"Are you going abroad again?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered. "And you can scarcely imagine what I feel I am leaving behind me."

"The same as last time, Jack," she exclaimed, with an attempt at a smile.

"Ah! you take the wind out of my sails," he said, "when you say that." He breathed a portentous sigh as he took out his watch. "I haven't much time to spare," he added, and he held forth his right hand. "Good-bye," he cried.

"Good—good-bye, Jack," she answered unsteadily.

He pressed the hand a moment, then, suddenly releasing it, walked quickly towards the open window. Evelyn stood in the narrow path staring after him; and as she watched his retreating figure, a great yearning took possession of her.

"Jack!" she cried.

He stopped immediately and turned to face her again.

"Jack!" she repeated, and he came hastily towards her. But now that he stood close to her again, Evelyn grew embarrassed; her face became as crimson as the double dahlias by her side, and for a moment she was dumb.

"I—I want you to stay," she faltered.

"For good?" he cried eagerly.

"I intended to let you go," she said, "but—but I can't. Oh! you can't imagine what it has been like since the last time!"

He took her hand, wincing slightly, however, as he held it to his breast.

"Yes, yes, I understand," he answered; "but let us try to forget what has gone, dear. The future, at least, shall be mine."

"Why," she said, looking up into his face, "so has all my past been yours. As long as I can remember."

Jack stared incredulously for a moment, and then he understood. Drawing her hand within his arm, he bowed his head and silently led her into the house.

A WINTER NIGHT.

I HEAR the casement creak and clang,
The frosted fir boughs gasp and groan
And the lone wind is like a hound
That growls and crunches on a bone.

I raise the curtain: ne'er a star
Pricks the vast vault, but snowy spume
Cloaks monstrous shapes that ride the night
Like evil wraiths, and trumpet "Doom!"

The angry whip-cords of the sleet
The windows lash, as they were fain
To fling defiance in my face
Through the thin rampart of the pane.

It is as though the door of Dread
Had yawned, with a portentous birth;
And yet, let but the morning dawn,
And lo, how white the peace of earth!

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CLINTON SCOLLARD.

A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

By FRED M. WHITE.*

GIPSY removed his cigarette and glanced at the stranger. He was a small man, with garb reminiscent of towns—a frock-coat struggling with adversity, a glossy top-hat, owing its refulgent rays to benzoline. For the rest, the man was red, and had sanguine eyes behind glasses. He carried a big portfolio under his arm.

"If it ain't a rude question," Gipsy said blandly, "what the dickens are *you* after, mate?"

This was the dinner interlude. The clink of pick and the rattle of drill had ceased, and gang B 14 were feeding, for the most part, out of red bandana handkerchiefs. Gipsy's cigarettes gained flavour from curiosity. Antiquarians and archæologists he knew, but the specimen before him was quite new. He had never seen a book-agent before.

The small man, wandering into the big engineering camp high up the Valley of Sweet Waters, needed no more cordial greeting. The tiniest spark of curiosity blew up the floodgates of his loquacity. The glib words flowed on.

"'Arf time," Gipsy cut in. "The mate what shares my 'ut 'as got a parrot. Maybe as you might teach him to say a few words."

The little man smiled, nothing abashed. He spread out before Gipsy's admiring eyes a series of illustrations, views of the world at large, maps, sections of the human form divine, models of more or less up-to-date steam-engines—the whole pictorial art as applied to the "Universal Compendium Encyclopædia," complete in twelve monthly parts at seventeen and sixpence per volume, first instalment down, the balance on faith. The book-agent is childlike and trusting, possibly because the seventeen and six down covers any predatory leaning on the part of the thirsty knowledge-seeker.

"A small man, with garb reminiscent of towns."

"That's what you want," said the little man, with fine insight. "This dictionary in itself, sir, is a liberal education. There's nothing — *nothing* that you won't find in it."

"Think so?" Gipsy asked doubtfully. "Anything about prizefights, mister?"

The little man pointed to a full-page drawing of a Roman gladiator, obviously pirated from one of the late Lord Leighton's drawings. He would like very much to know what Gipsy thought of that. The navvy was properly impressed. He regarded the gladiator's biceps critically. With a fund of knowledge like that, he would be uplifted over his fellows. Seventeen and sixpence was not much whereby he might be placed intellectually on a level with the resident engineers at Cwm House. Besides, when the thirst for knowledge played subordinate to thirst of a more commonplace character, and the exchequer was low, the volume would pawn in Rhayader for the requisite silver.

Gipsy rattled some money in his pocket. They were a sporting lot up the valley, and Gipsy's second in the Derby "sweep" had brought in a matter of over six pounds. He hesitated; seventeen and sixpence was not so much to a bachelor sharing a hut and drawing thirty-two shillings a week.

"I'll take it," he said. "And 'ere's the first money down."

"Then I'll book your order, sir," the little man said. Gipsy swelled with pride. His

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vivid imagination was running ahead of the present; there were reminiscences of the Industrious Apprentice in his mind.

"Perhaps your other volumes may come a little under the month, in which case——"

"Oh, I shan't mind that," Gipsy said largely. "You make out the paper."

"Certainly, sir. In that case, Form B is the one for you to sign. Your name, sir, please? Gipsy? Very good. And your Christian name, sir?"

All this with a humility that filled Gipsy with a pleased sense of importance. But as to the Christian name, there was a hitch. Did he possess one, it was lost in the backwash of boyish memories. He had never been called anything but Gipsy. At his feet lay a fine, florid drawing of Hercules. Gipsy spelt out the word slowly—his infinite resource came back to him.

"Rum thing," he said. "My Christian name's the same as that knobby bloke with the belt round his waist. H-e-r-c-u-l-e-s. Call it Herkules Gipsy, and you've got it first pop. What yer laughin' at?"

The little man explained that he wasn't laughing at all, it was merely a chronic catarrh, from which he had been a victim from boyhood. Gipsy scratched a pleasing hieroglyphic at the foot of a long, blue form, the benzoline-glossy hat was lifted with a flourish, and Gipsy was alone with the key of knowledge in his grasp—cheap at seventeen and sixpence.

The publishers of the "Universal Compendium Encyclopædia" were less trustful than a first casual glance would have disclosed. But then Gipsy knew nothing about "remainders" or the fact that many old works of this nature—fruits of failure and bankruptcy of bygone publishers—are sold as so much waste-paper, the body or corpse being subsequently clothed in new outer garments and peddled to a confiding public through the medium of many little men with dilapidated frock-coats and hats resplendent of benzoline. As a matter of fact, had no further payment been made, the Universal Compendium Publishing Company would have lost nothing—which fact Gipsy did not grasp, as also he had no idea that he had signed a form consenting to receive the balance of the volumes monthly, *or more frequently should the publisher deem the latter course expedient.* Within a month the rest of the volumes did arrive, carriage paid, in a neat box, *plus* an invoice for something over £10, with a footnote to the effect that if the balance were not paid within fourteen days, proceedings for its recovery would be taken without further notice.

All this, however, escaped the usually sharp eye of the seeker after knowledge. It was very good of these people to send on the books which need not be paid for yet. Meanwhile, Gipsy was progressing with his liberal education. He knew something about Adam, who seemed to be mixed up in some way with a peculiar kind of fireplace; he gained some new information about Africa; of Agriculture he hoped presently to speak with authority; Algebra he was forced to ignore altogether. But the greatest delight lay in the pictures—twenty in each volume, harnessed to the text in the most indiscriminate fashion, but there they were.

It was not to be supposed that so fine a sportsman as Gipsy could have kept his new possessions a secret. There were those who scoffed, but others who firmly believed. Mothers came to know if the big book had any hints as to the teething of children, or the proper treatment of warts, whilst a third desired information as to the best way to boil cabbages; young navvies, with an eye to a hut of their own, asked Gipsy quietly if the book had any hints as to good, plain furniture, and the best way to get it on the instalment plan.

"I'm doing my best for the settlement," Gipsy replied. "It's a tough job, this 'ere liberal education, and apt to get confusing. I can't quite make out where I am sometimes. There's Anatomy. Now, is it a new kind of metal or a Colony in South Africa? But it'll all come right in time. Only I ain't found anythink about warts or furniture in the book as yet."

"Look the warts up under 'Antibilious,'" Mitchell, the painter, suggested. Mitchell was a man who had bid fair for fame as an artist at one time, only he could never keep sober for more than a week at a time. He had a fine, cynical humour of his own, a keen eye for character-study, and Gipsy, with his dramatic instincts, fairly fascinated him. "You've got the chance of becoming a great force here, old man."

Gipsy growled uneasily. He had a vague feeling that Mitchell had once been a gentleman. He was a master of phrases, too. But amongst the ten thousand navvies working, there were many who could have told lurid life-stories besides Mitchell, the painter. Dandy, standing by, sneered openly.

"What's the good on it," he asked, "when you can get *Reynolds's* every week for a brown? There ain't a good rattlin' bloomin' murder in all this volume what Gipsy's so set up about."

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Gipsy smiled in a superior manner. Dandy eyed him with disfavour—he seemed to be on a different plane to his old mate now.

"Canteen's open," Mitchell suggested. "Come along. In the full flush of newly acquired knowledge, Gipsy ought to be able to tell us something about beer. Letter B, all in Volume I. of the Compendium."

"If you only knew what it was made of," Gipsy said in his most superior manner. All the same, he was moving towards the canteen with the rest. "There's a thing called quashyer—"

"If it was made o' mud flavoured with rotten eggs an' ditch-water," Dandy said vehemently, "it 'ud be all the same to me. Beer's *beer*. Been fond of it all my life, and ain't going to turn from it for all the Compendiums as was ever wrote."

A murmur of applause followed. Gipsy so far bent to popular opinion as to take a pint of the amber fluid himself. Sooth to say, he was a little tired of the Compendium. It was beginning to dawn before him that he could not live up to it. For the last month he and Dandy and Gammon had not had one poaching excursion together.

"I don't want to keep that book to myself," he said. "I'm all for public spirit. I'm going to turn it into a free library—one volume a week, turn and turn about. The subscription's a bob, limited to a 'undred. I'll collect that bob from a 'undred of you, and——"

"Bet you a tanner you don't collect five of 'em," a sportsman in the background suggested.

"Them as likes to jine, 'old up your hands," Gipsy said loftily.

There was no headstrong desire to comply with the request. The Higher Education found no favour in the camp. Two shillings

"'Looking for a party over a little matter of business.'"

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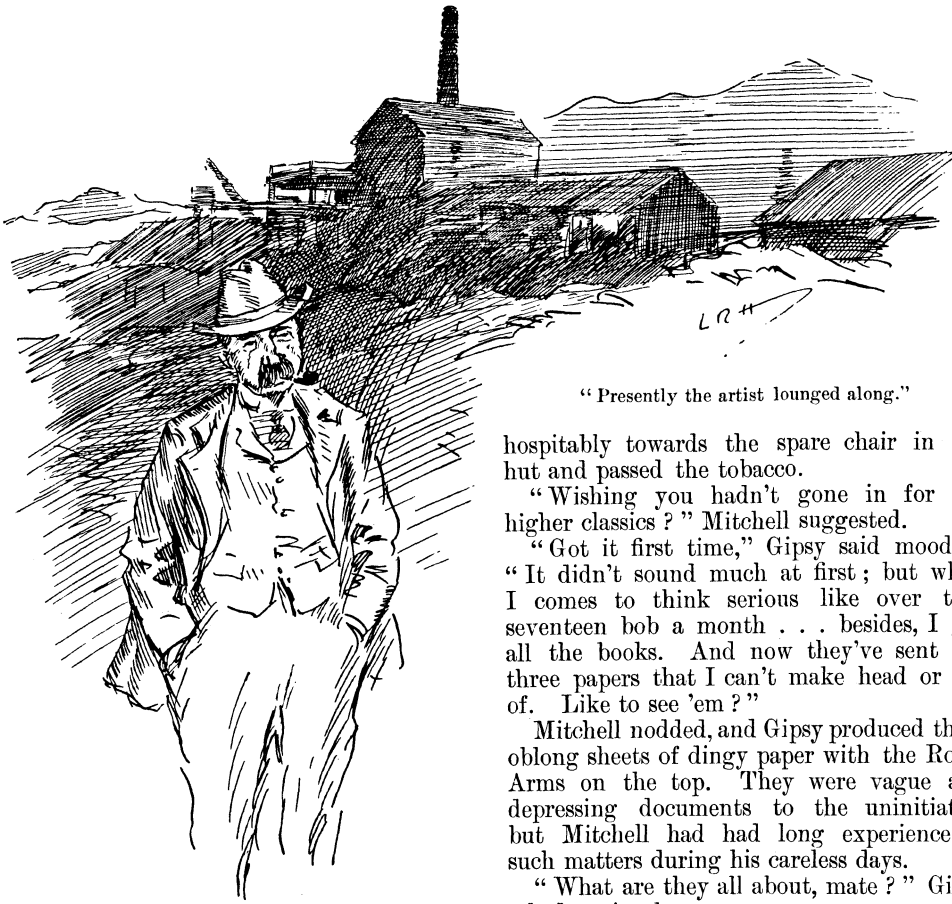

"Presently the artist lounged along."

only were proffered, both coupled with the suggestion that the coin should be promptly disbursed by Gipsy in the universal liquid. But even more enlightened communities have shown themselves averse to the blessings of the Free Libraries Act. Gipsy made a few scornful remarks, passed in tolerating silence.

Comparatively early the seeker after knowledge left his hut. Mitchell, the painter, accompanied him at his request. Dandy openly flouted his old ally and companion. Once the Compendium was a thing of the past, they might join forces again; meanwhile Dandy avowedly preferred the company of Gammon. It was a blow to Gipsy's pride, but he swallowed it.

Mitchell, the painter, was enjoying the comedy in his grave fashion. He had forgotten many things in his fall, but the dry humour of the born cynic had never failed him. He was laughing at Gipsy consumedly; but the latter was in bland ignorance of the fact. He jerked his thumb hospitably towards the spare chair in the hut and passed the tobacco.

"Wishing you hadn't gone in for the higher classics?" Mitchell suggested.

"Got it first time," Gipsy said moodily. "It didn't sound much at first; but when I comes to think serious like over that seventeen bob a month . . . besides, I got all the books. And now they've sent me three papers that I can't make head or tail of. Like to see 'em?"

Mitchell nodded, and Gipsy produced three oblong sheets of dingy paper with the Royal Arms on the top. They were vague and depressing documents to the uninitiated, but Mitchell had had long experience in such matters during his careless days.

"What are they all about, mate?" Gipsy asked anxiously.

"County-court summons, to begin with," Mitchell explained. "According to the particulars attached to the summons, you signed an order for these books to be delivered as the publishers deemed fit. As you didn't pay on delivery, they have issued this summons—with costs, £13 9*s.* 4*d.*"

Gipsy exploded into a genial laugh. The faith in his purse amused him.

"Go on!" he cried. "*Me* pay £13 *and* nine bob *and* fourpence. Hope they'll get it."

"Hope they will," Mitchell proceeded genially. "You took no notice, and judgment went by default."

"Sounds like a bit from the Compendium," Gipsy muttered. "Go on."

"So they issued a judgment summons, which costs you another ten shillings. As you ignored that, a committal order was made against you, as this third notice tells. Order suspended for fourteen days, but up to-morrow. You don't seem to understand, my friend. You ought to have appeared at

Rhayader and explained matters to the judge. If this money isn't paid to-morrow, you will have to go to Brecon Gaol for six weeks. Why didn't you tell me before?"

"What!" Gipsy roared. "An' this a free country an' all! Lord! what a fool I've been! If I only 'ad the little cove with the slimy 'at 'ere now! Comin' along and takin' advantage of a poor, ignorant bloke like myself. An' thirteen pound nine an'——"

Gipsy paused, utterly overcome with the weight of this startling discovery. He sat in a dazed kind of way whilst Mitchell expounded the procedure of county-courts and the law as affecting the safety of the individual when the said individual had contracted a debt that he could not pay.

"If you had appeared to the summons," Mitchell said, administering what looked like very late comfort, "he might have let you off your bargain. At any rate, he would have made an order for payment at a few shillings a month, or something like that. As it is, you must pay at once. Of course, you have been the victim of a book-agent's dodge, but that doesn't help you much."

Gipsy groaned, and the flavour faded from his tobacco.

"An' all this for books!" he said scornfully—"*books!* Things I can't understand. I've puzzled over the things yonder till I've got a 'ead like Sunday morning. If it 'ad been for something as 'ad done me good! What shall I do about it, matey?"

Mitchell shook his head gravely. He looked deeply sympathetic. It was lucky for him that he could enjoy comedy without outward evidence of the fact. He could only suggest flight to some town. But Gipsy had cogent reasons for the peaceful seclusion of the country. He'd wait till the police came——

"They're not police," Mitchell explained. "They are county-court bailiffs—probably there will be two of them, and they'll come from Rhayader. If I were you, I should go to a place where the air was more suited to your peculiar complaint."

But Gipsy declined to listen to any such temptations. His popularity counted for something. He would take a day off to-morrow and borrow the money, levying a small rate for the purpose. But, despite the measure of his popularity, Gipsy met with a cool response. The Compendium gave no play to the imagination. If Gipsy had lost a wife, for instance, or if he had assaulted a gamekeeper and was seeking to make up a fine, it would have been a different matter. A man who wasted on classic literature hard money, that might have been spent on beer and tobacco, deserved no sympathy. A long morning's toil produced something under twenty shillings, most of it gleaned with the point of the bayonet, so to speak. In a lofty spirit, Gipsy had set out with the amiable intention of taking no more than a shilling from each man. Early in the day he had refused sevenpence in coppers with lurid language, by dinner-time he accepted a threepenny-bit from a despised teetotaller, with a wan smile. Literature is ever a thorny path.

"To think that I had come to this!" he said bitterly to Dandy in the dinner-hour. "This 'ere Joey I got from 'Anks, what's a rabid teetotaller. An' glad to get it. Well, mates?"

A gleam of the old geniality lighted Gipsy's eye as two strangers lounged up to them. There was a hard look about them; there was no sympathy in the eye of either. The taller of the two produced a paper.

"Looking for a party over a little matter of business," he said. "Name of Hercules Gipsy."

Dandy started and opened his mouth widely. Gipsy turned pale. If Dandy spoke, he was lost.

"Herkules Gipsy," the little man said thoughtfully. "Why, that's my old pal, dash my wig if 'e ain't——"

Gipsy's thoughts were full of murder. His tea was hot—he thoughtfully poured about half a pint over Dandy's leg.

"What you make all that row about?" he growled. "I know who you mean, matey. It's a chap 'ere what bought a Compendium from a little bloke with a shiny 'at. If I'd got 'im 'ere—leastways, I—well, there! Gipsy told me all about it last night."

"Are you come to arrest 'im?" Dandy asked with sudden inspiration.

"For debt," the big stranger explained curtly. "Non-payment of a debt on county-court judgment."

"Seen 'im lately?" Gipsy asked carelessly and perspiringly.

"Seen 'im this mornin'," Dandy replied. "Got all his best on, and his other things done up in a 'ankerchief. 'Goin' to North Pole?' I says. ''Ookin' it,' says he. 'What for?' says I. 'Got into a bit of a mess,' says 'e. So I let 'im go, and there's an end on it."

"Unpopular, surly sort o' bloke, he was," Gipsy said thoughtfully. "Never did nothing but poke about in readin' books or that kind

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o' thing. Bet a tanner 'e's gone to Rhayader to look after 'is wife."

Dandy volunteered further details. Hercules Gipsy owed him a lot of money—he owed money all round, in fact. Dandy was glad that he had got into trouble. The strangers moved on presently and were lost to sight down the valley. Gipsy sat on a stone and wiped his beaded forehead.

"I owe you one for that, mate," he said. "But those chaps'll come back again. It mayn't be to-day, or yet to-morrow, but they'll come. And what's the good o' this?"

Gipsy displayed a big fist with some poundsworth of dingy silver in the centre of the hard palm, and snarled at it with bitter contempt. Dandy smiled. For the middle of the week this was wealth.

"I pulled you out of that, old 'un," he said. "An' a man don't think fast on a 'ot day like this. Might as well be 'ung for a sheep as a lamb."

"Righto," Gipsy said recklessly. "*Come* on. This way to the waxworks. It's going to be sixes."

The canteen stood invitingly open, the day was hot. The full measure of the canteen allowance was partaken of, and then the pair slipped out of the settlement to the inviting shade of a public-house opposite. As Gipsy's pocket grew lighter, his spirits rose.

"I'll go and lie down," he said hazily. "I've got a plan, Dandy. I've got a plan, if I could only think of it. It's a very good plan, mate. I'll raise the money and pay off the little bloke in the glossy 'at. No, I won't, I'll keep the brass and see him further first!"

He pulled his cap fiercely over his eyes and strode resolutely in the direction of his hut. Dandy sighed into his empty mug and followed with discreet silence.

* * * * *

For the time being the philosophical side of Gipsy's nature was submerged. He had expected better things of his fellow-men. Also there was the blow to his pride. He had yet to learn that when popularity pulls against pocket, the struggle is a terribly unequal one. Anyway, this money must be found. Gipsy had tried to raise the rate openly and upon the strength of his individuality, and he had failed. He had no intention of going to gaol—his Romany blood turned cold at the mere suggestion; he would resort to strategy.

The man was a born dramatist and a maker of stories, only a beneficent legislation had not caught him early enough to teach him the proper equipment. He approached the matter now from the point of view of the novelist who has got his hero in a tight place and is bound to get him out of it again.

As Gipsy sat over his pipe, illumination came to him. He must impose upon a credulous public. A wide grin expanded over his face. He took down the volumes of the Compendium and selected a dozen or more of the engravings therein, and then by the aid of his knife he detached them neatly from the bindings. The plan of campaign was perfect. Gipsy waited now to see Mitchell, the painter, who took his evening stroll about this time. Presently the artist lounged along.

"'Arf a mo'," Gipsy drawled. "Want to earn a quid?"

Mitchell shook his head doubtfully. As a rule, his elderly housekeeper drew his pay and allowed him a certain modicum for tobacco-money. It was the only way in which the artist could possibly wrestle successfully with the drink craze. Give him a sovereign, and he would do nothing till it was gone.

"How long have you been a capitalist?" he asked. "Left over from the library, eh?"

Gipsy said something forcible on the subject of tabloid education. He pointed to the selected engravings taken by him from the Compendium.

"What a fool thing to do!" Mitchell expostulated. "Poor as the volumes were before, they are worth nothing now. You have utterly spoilt them."

Gipsy winked solemnly. There was all the air of a successful dramatist about him.

"I'm going to get you to help me," he said. "You just go and get those paints of yours—the oils. Bring all the pretty 'uns. I've got to get out of this mess; and if I ain't just a bloomin' Bobs at this game, strike me pink! Look at this bloke."

At arm's length Gipsy held up a counterfeit presentment of Hercules in a boxing attitude. He stood on a pedestal and was obviously "after" some celebrated statue or another. Gipsy eyed the muscular form admiringly.

"That's a model of physical development," Gipsy remarked. "The blighted Compendium says so. Also it's a work of art. Just so. An' if I took and tried to raise a bob on old 'Erkules in the canteen, I couldn't do it. But nobody's seen 'Erkules, which is a good thing. He's no good now, but you'll see when we've done with 'im. Go and get your paints."

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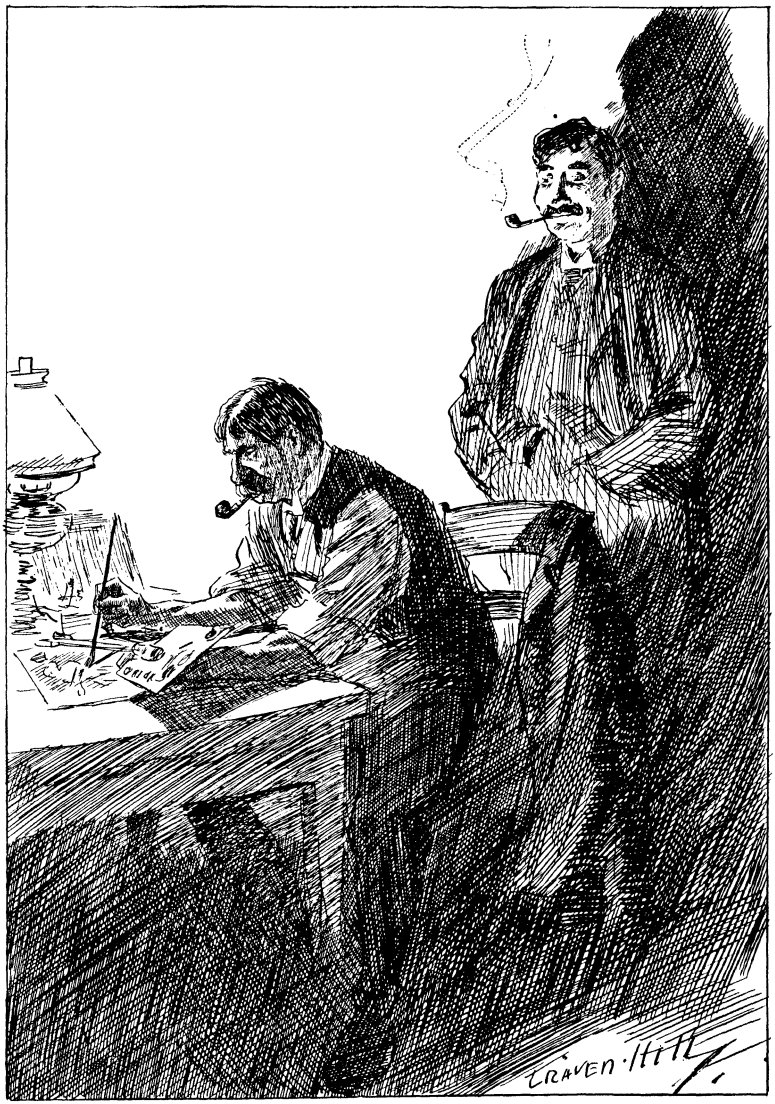
There was comedy here somewhere, as Mitchell recognised. He had a profound admiration for Gipsy and his many "slim" expedients. He came from the class of men who know how to jest with a straight face. Mitchell came back presently with his oils and brushes, and Gipsy carefully locked the door before lighting the lamp.

"Now look 'ere," he said. "You've got to 'elp me over this job, matey. We've got to raise the spondulix from the delooded public. You just tackle old 'Erkules as I tell you. Take and paint 'im in tights, and a championship belt round 'is middle. Shove them bunches of fives of 'isn into four-ounce gloves."

"Make him a boxer and a bruiser up to date?" Mitchell asked with a grin.

"That's the time o' day," Gipsy said drily. "Up to date. Turn that 'ere butcher's block what he's standing on into a platform, and a roperound it. Wade in."



"Mitchell waded in accordingly."

Mitchell waded in accordingly. At the end of half-an-hour the classic engraving of the famous athlete was transformed into a glaring oil presentment of a modern boxer of the approved type. Mitchell had been purposely prodigal of his colouring, and Gipsy was loudly enthusiastic. The flagrant vulgarity of it appealed to him strongly.

"Spiffin'!" he said. "Just *the* ticket for soup. All it wants now is a nice 'omely flavour of the pub about it. Just stick a red triangle with 'Bass's Beer Only' underneath, just behind old 'Erkules's 'ead, and there you are. What O!"

Gipsy stood back and surveyed the work critically. Its crude colouring and flaring vulgarity touched him to the soul. No British "navvy" with a grain of sport in him could look upon that picture without the longing for possession.

"How long before it's dry?" he asked.

"Dry now," Mitchell explained. "That porous paper soaks up the oil directly. This

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is my masterpiece, Gipsy. I never hoped to paint anything like that."

Gipsy nodded approvingly. He was in the presence of genius. He took the picture up and rolled it with the greatest care. He was going out, he explained, as far as the canteen. If the painter possessed the fund of humour that Gipsy credited him with, that virtue would be gratified if Mitchell would look into the canteen a little later.

The canteen was pretty full as Gipsy entered. He took up his place at an empty table and spread out his work of art before him; he appeared to be in rapt and admiring contemplation. Presently one or two of his own gang lounged across, to see the cause of this thoughtful silence. They fell under the spell of Mitchell's genius.

"What is it, Gipsy?" asked one in an awed voice. "Where did you get 'im from?"

"Won 'im," Gipsy said carelessly, "in a raffle. A bob a share—last time I was in Cardiff. O' course you know who that is?"

"Bloke just trained ready for a mill, I reckon."

"Bloke ready for a mill!" Gipsy said, with bitter scorn. "Where do you come from? Was it four or five years you got? That there's Tom Flannigan, the Irish Terror, just before his successful scrap last March with Long Coffin, the American Champion. Knocked 'is man out after thirty-two rounds, lasting two hours."

The others gasped. The famous fight was still fresh in the recollection of most of them. It was impossible to look upon that form and those colours unmoved. Gipsy pinned the picture to the matchboarded wall behind him, and the hands crowded round to admire. No famous creation from a fashionable artist hung on the line attracted such respectful attention.

"I've got others," Gipsy said. "I value 'em at eight 'undred pounds. There was ten thousand put into that raffle, at a bob a nob, and I got first prize. Came by parcel post to-day, they did. Make me wish I was a married man, it does. To think of a 'ut, with some good sticks o' furniture, and them things 'angin' on the walls!"

"Want to sell it, Gipsy?" a distant voice asked anxiously.

Gipsy looked up, caught the eye of Mitchell, who was standing in the doorway. Neither man smiled; but if both had shouted with laughter, they could not have understood one another more perfectly. The luxury of the comedy was theirs alone.

"Well, I wasn't thinking about it," Gipsy said slowly. The suggestion appeared to give him a fresh train of thought. "It ain't often as a poor bloke like myself gets a picture what lots of nobs would be proud to 'ang in their drorin'-rooms. But I've 'ad misfortunes, as most of you know, and a few pounds—what'll you stand, Jimmie?"

"Ten bob," Jimmie said promptly, "*an'* a go of gin."

Gipsy snorted. If it had been pounds, now! He stood up, as if inspired by a new idea. The full light of the lamps shone on the dazzling colour picture. Why not raffle it at a shilling a share? Say sixty shares at that modest figure. A responsive murmur followed. Half-an-hour later, Gipsy strolled thoughtfully homeward with a bulging pocketful of greasy silver coins. Mitchell followed. After all, there were other acts to follow, and the first had been excellent.

"You'll get on," the painter said. "I should never have thought of that."

"Came to me like a perspiration," Gipsy said modestly. "Only I might 'ave waited a little longer. Believe I could 'a' got the whole bloomin' thirteen quid out o' that 'ere effort o' yourn. But there's more where the other came from. 'Oo's this?"

"That is a portrait of Sarah Siddons, the great tragedy actress, after Romney," Mitchell explained, as Gipsy proffered him a further illustration from the Compendium. "What do you propose to do with her? Leave us some of our illusions, Gipsy."

"She'll do," Gipsy muttered. "She's going to be the cellubrated Miss Netta Montgomery, what played in Nelson's portable theatre down at Cwm all last winter. Every single bloke in the settlement was fair gone on her, though I found 'er second-class myself. Lot o' yaller 'air an' a dress all over spangles. You know the sort of thing. Then I'll get another three quid for that. 'Ere's a cottage and what you call a landscape."

"Anne Hathaway's cottage," Mitchell murmured.

"Niver 'eard of 'er," Gipsy went on. "But it's goin' to be made into the Red 'Ouse up the valley, where the shepherd killed his wife in the spring. Put a few piles o' timber and a derrick in the background, and there you are. I shan't do much with it amongst the boys, but the wives will fairly rise to it. Give 'em a touch of the 'orrors, and you've got 'em every time."

Mitchell nodded. His face was grave, but his eyes danced with amusement. The oil was burning low in the lamp before he had

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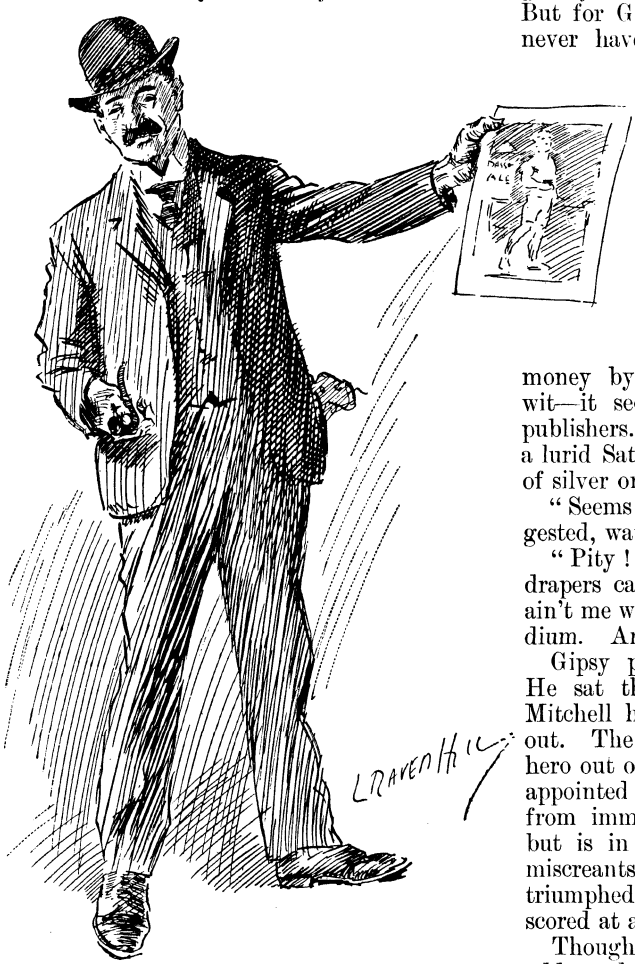
finished his work. There was an expression of placid contentment on Gipsy's face.

"Come in to-morrow and do the other one," he suggested. "Strike me! I shan't want to trouble you any more after that. 'Picture of the Bronze 'Orse at Venice.' Touch 'im up, and put a boy in a pair o' tight breeches leadin' 'im by a 'alter, and there's the winner of the year's Derby what most of us backed. I'm goin' to pay for the bloomin' Compendium on this job, so as it'll cost me nothink. So long."



"'That there's Tom Flannigan, the Irish Terror.'"

The following evening was a busy one for Gipsy. As he had confidently expected, there was a brisk demand amongst the younger fraternity over the portrait of Miss Netta Montgomery. She fell to Gammon, who had been a particular victim to her charms, but not until Gipsy had disposed of nearly eighty tickets. An almost equal popularity was enjoyed by the transformed Bronze Horse, whilst the mothers of the camp took a vivid, if morbid, interest in the picture of the Red House, where the murder had been committed.

Gipsy raked the money in and posed as a benefactor at the same time. His enterprise and public spirit enabled the settlement to gratify a natural passion for the best in art. But for Gipsy these elevating objects would never have found their way here at all.

Later on, in the seclusion of his hut, Gipsy counted his spoils.

"'Ave some baccy," he suggested hospitably to Mitchell. "Fill your pouch . . . . Fourteen pounds seventeen and sixpence. Dunnow where the tanner came from. When the bailiffs come, I shall be able to talk to 'em now. Still——"

Gipsy's face clouded thoughtfully. He had earned all that money by his own bright and particular wit—it seemed a pity to waste it on mere publishers. Many a beautiful spree, many a lurid Saturday night shone from that pile of silver on the table.

"Seems a pity, don't it?" Mitchell suggested, watching his companion's thoughts.

"Pity!" Gipsy snorted. "It's what them drapers call an appallin' sacrifice. Still, it ain't me what's goin' to pay for the Compendium. An' yet——"

Gipsy pulled at his pipe thoughtfully. He sat there under the lamplight after Mitchell had departed, thinking the matter out. The novelist in the rough had got his hero out of a tight place; but in all properly appointed romances the hero not only escapes from imminent peril in the deadly breach, but is in honour bound to score over the miscreants who, for the time being, have triumphed. And Gipsy practically had not scored at all. Being his own hero, he felt it.

Thoughtfully he took an envelope and addressed it to the publishers of the Compendium. Then he produced a sheet of paper and laboriously proceeded to write a letter. It was a slow and painful process, but in the end it seemed satisfactory:—

"Box 171, P.O.
"Water Company's Scheme,
"Cwm Valley.

"Sirs.

"A few friends of Mr Ercules Gipsy wot's left the valley and no address is

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desirous of seein wot I can do in the matter of the Compendium. Which never ought to have been sent in the way it was. Out of respec to the memory of Mr Gipsy and if he could be allode to come back we'll between us send you four pound ["five" scratched carefully out] and no questions ask. This to clear off all back pay and put the time sheet right. A answer from you by the next post saying as this is all right money will be sent.

"Yours respeckfully for 6 of us
"Jon Price."

Gipsy duly despatched his letter, comfortable with the assurance that there were some scores of John Prices in the settlement. For the next day or two he was dreamy and preoccupied. The third day brought a letter from the publishers of the Compendium, offering, with large magnanimity, to cancel the debt and all proceedings on receipt of five pounds, coupled with a rider to the effect that the money must be received by return of post. It cost Gipsy a pang to part with his five sovereigns, but there was sweet consolation in the fact that he had the Compendium, *plus* nearly ten pounds, and that without the outlay of a single penny of his own money. Thus do the heroes of romances score over mere mundane and less brilliant creatures.

Gipsy ran into the arms of Mitchell as he came from the post-office.

"Suppose you had to pay?" he asked.

"Suppose I didn't," Gipsy said thoughtfully. "I wrote a letter to the Compendium bloke sayin' as a few pals of Gipsy's 'ud like to —what you call it?—compromise. And they took five bloomin' quid. And I've just posted the brass. What do you think of that?"

Mitchell shook his head admiringly and passed on. Gipsy returned thoughtfully to his hut. The gay volumes of the Compendium seemed to smile down at him. He could think with toleration of the words of the wily little book-agent now.

"After all," he muttered—"after all, there's something in a liberal education."

"'After all, there's something in a liberal education.'"

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THE CHESTNUT-SELLER.

BY

F. GLEN WALKER AND G. VANÉ.

"'Ot chestnuts, 'ot chestnuts!'"

"'OT chestnuts, 'ot chestnuts! Thirty a penny, fine and 'ot chestnuts!" was the cry which arrested my attention as I was walking briskly along one cold winter evening. Glancing in the direction whence came this discordant voice, I perceived a wizened-looking old man, bent and shrunken, crouching down, almost hugging his home-made stove in his endeavour to keep his shrivelled bones warm. A curious-looking specimen of humanity, he sat there doling out his wares by the pennyworth, his clawlike fingers nearly matching in colour the rich hue of the chestnuts.

Being of a curious turn of mind, I stood watching him for a while, cogitating on the kind of life he would probably live—wondering if he had plied this trade all his days, or had "come down in the world," as the term goes—taking to this mode of gaining a living *faute de mieux!*

Retracing my steps, I went up to him and asked for twopennyworth of his goods. He stretched out his grimy paws, pointing to the tray on which lay the nuts in tempting array.

"'Ave yer any loikes or disloikes, sar? D'yer loike big uns or little uns?"

"Well," I said, "I really don't know the difference. Don't they all taste the same?"

"Lor', no, sar! They be as different as eggs is to sugar."

"Oh! then there must be a difference," I said, laughing; "give me some of both to try." He doled them out to me with the greatest seeming exactitude—as if he had been weighing nuggets instead of chestnuts—and I turned to leave, handing him my twopence, but had barely gone a few steps before he yelled out after me: "Hi, sir, hi!" and I turned back, wondering what on earth more he had to say.

"Beg pardin, sar, I thought ye said a penn'orth, and Oi've only given ye thirty; my mistake, sar; 'ere's the other 'alf."

I was struck by such honesty, and told him so. He instantly bridled up, apparently hurt that I should think he could act otherwise. "Lor' bless you, sar! It ain't going to do us no good a-cheatin' of our customers. We likes to please 'em, sar, same as the toffs do in trade. We gets our reg'lar customers, same as they do; and 'ow would they come back to us if we didn't treat 'em fair and square? Why, sar, only yesterday a cove come along and 'e says to me: 'Sai, Oi want some coppers; can you chainge me a tanner?' 'anding me 'alf a quid. Lor', sar, you should 'ave seen 'is face when I told him it was 'alf a sov., but hall the same, I'd be glad to 'blige 'im with the chainge!"

I stood chatting to him for a while, attempting to glean some details about his trade. He was inclined to be ever so loquacious concerning his own personal

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"Some monotonous chant on their beloved accordion."

affairs; but there he stopped, shunning, and, in fact, almost appearing to resent my curiosity regarding his occupation. I don't know whether he feared I was, perhaps, anxious to gain information in order to start an opposition barrow, but I found his kind to be all more or less reticent in this respect; and it was only by making friends with various of these vendors, gleaning from each some scraps of information, and ultimately visiting their headquarters disguised as a loafer, that I was eventually able to arrive at some idea of their mode of living.

Although some few Englishmen ply this trade, the Italians have it almost entirely in their own hands. The majority of these vendors can barely make themselves understood, and they stand at their posts patiently night after night, looking around them indifferently—unheeding the crowd and the passers-by—dreaming, in all probability, of their land of blue sky and sunshine, from which they are for a time exiled—having come over to our colder, and to them uncongenial, clime in the hope of speedily acquiring a fortune—in order, in some cases, to redeem their bits of land at home, or to convert their property into a fertile farm.

One can hardly imagine that they could accomplish their desire by adopting so curious a trade—yet the profits which accrue are by no means small, as is shown by the fact that they often succeed in amassing a comfortable little sum, varying from £300 to £600, during their exile, which usually extends from eight to twelve years. You will

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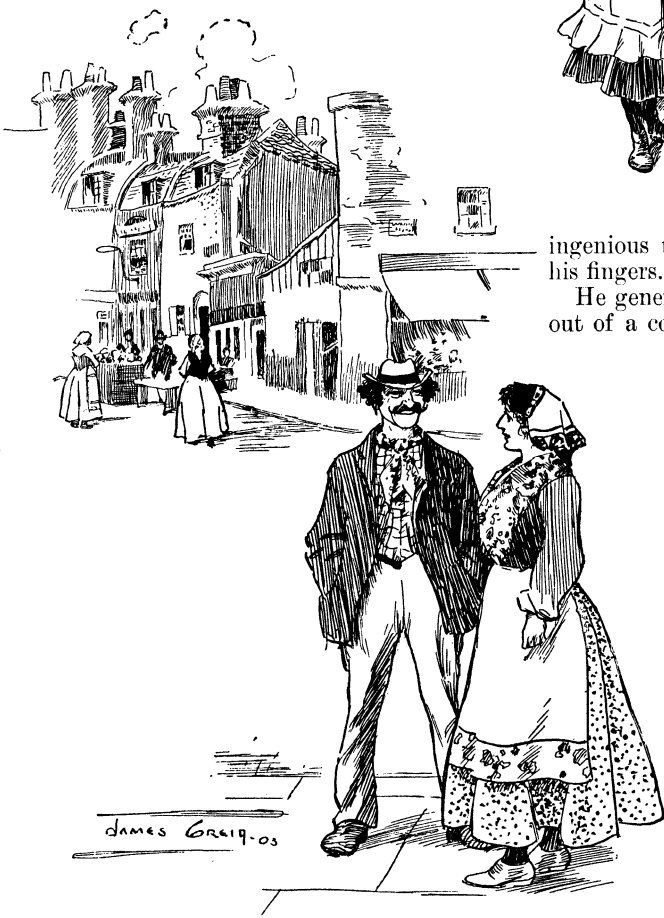
probably find that this eagerly sought wealth is accumulated more rapidly by the united efforts and hoardings of the various members of one family. An Italian rarely comes over alone. He will, in all probability, bring with him his wife and a numerous progeny—all of whom take their part in building up the fallen fortunes of the house. The mother and daughters, perhaps, spend their day trudging about the streets—ofttimes weary and footsore—pushing or dragging after them an organ, grinding and wheeling the instrument in turn. The younger boys are often sent out to play some monotonous chant on their beloved accordion, in the hopes of gaining a few coins, while their elder brothers probably ply their father's trade in another district.

This chestnut-selling business is considered most profitable—far more so than organ-grinding proves, besides being in nature less tiring. The necessary outlay is very small, as the Neapolitan is usually of a most ingenious turn of mind and very deft with his fingers.

"An ice-cream vendor."

He generally manufactures his own stoves out of a couple of biscuit boxes, lining them inside and out with sheets of iron in order to make them strong enough to hold the necessary fuel which serves to roast the nuts. An old tray perforated with holes completes the outfit—the chestnuts being "done to a turn" on these impromptu ovens which, placed on a barrow, prove an invaluable source of income to the vendor. No matter what pitch they choose to select, they can count for certain on some few passers-by or loafers being tempted by their crisp, smoking wares. Cabmen prove very regular customers; tiring of the tedious monotony during the slack hours of the night, they while away the time by indulging, before the night is over, in several "penn'orths of 'ot chestnuts."



"The Italian quarters."

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Many a loafer who has not enough in his pocket to procure him a decent meal is satisfied at this stall, finding tremendous sustaining power in a "penn'orth" of its wares. The favourite and most sought after pitches are those at the public-house corners. To those stepping out from the close, heavy atmosphere of these brilliantly lit up dens into the frosty night, the dull red glow emitted from these ovens strikes pleasantly on the eye and tempts to linger a moment and buy some of the crackling nuts. The same vendor, however, is not allowed to monopolise one pitch. The police keep a sharp look-out—telling them to move on as they see fit, and never in any case allowing any big number of patrons to collect around their barrows.

The midnight vendors are less disturbed than the daily, many (as do their brothers in trade, the coffee-stall holders) coming nightly for years to the same pitch.

When the winter season is over, and chestnuts are no longer tempting, it must not be concluded that these vendors are thrown out of employment, for they suit themselves to the weather, and in summer become the popular ice-cream vendors—spooning out their ha'porth or penn'orth of brilliantly coloured mixtures to the numerous little boys, whose appetite for this stuff is insatiable. One man I know of in Tottenham Court Road sells all through winter from his one stall, roast chestnuts, hot drinks, and ice-creams—for the latter, he tells me, there is an unceasing demand.

Covent Garden is, of course, the market whence these vendors obtain their stock-in-trade, paying 5*s.* and 8*s.* per cwt. for Italian and French nuts respectively, the Italian nuts costing less than the French. These they roast and retail at the rate of twenty, twenty-five, or thirty a penny, according to their various sizes and quality.

Occasionally, but very rarely, they succeed in disposing of a hundredweight during a day's work, which would bring in to their coffers 12*s.* to 15*s.*; but their usual profit amounts to, on an average, 6*s.* per day. The hours are long and trying, being for the most part during the midnight watches, the vendor being obliged to be indifferent to all the inclemencies of the weather. Usually a son, a brother, or a trustworthy comrade acts as relief guard—thereby permitting the proprietor of the barrow to obtain some rest and food. Unless a partner, this deputy divides with the owner any profits he makes during his absence. One evening I witnessed a curious and exciting raid—testifying to the volcanic nature of the Italian. A drunken man happened to upset the stove on which a goodly number of chestnuts were roasting, and they were scattered to the four corners of the pavement. The irate Italian flew at the drunken fellow with a red-hot poker, inflicting several wounds on his dazed and besotted foe before anyone could prevent him.

On their arrival in this country, these people usually make their way to the Italian quarters situated round Eyre Street Hill. There they are pretty certain of coming across some friends whom they have known in their own beloved country, and from whom they receive instructions and advice as to how they should set to work to gain a living in this city, which strikes them as so vast, with its seething multitudes. A simple, genial, loving folk, full of mirth and fun, ever ready with a jest or smile, they soon grow accustomed to smoky London, living in the present and making the best of their lot, yet never for one moment losing sight of their one aim and object in view—the amassing of a fortune, within as short a time as possible, to enable them to return the sooner to their beloved home—the sunny South.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

GOOD stories always are too short,
The dull ones are too long;
Nice people always go too soon—
There must be something wrong.

I'd like to find a story-book,
The best I've ever read,
Which should go on for ever an' ever,
At least, till I was dead.

My porridge-bowl is much too big,
The pie-plate is too small;
The fattest cherries hang too high—
It isn't right at all.

I wish the cook would bake a pie
As big as that full moon,
And then a little one besides,
To eat to-morrow noon.

FLORENCE WILKINSON.

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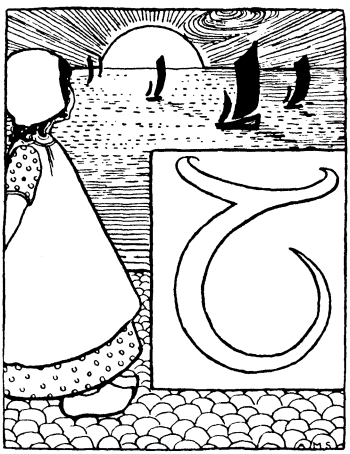
THE SILENCE BROKEN.

By ETHEL TURNER.*



THERE were ugly rumours abroad. Men were whispering that the great wool people, Marsden & Clackerty, were unsafe.

Clackerty no man in the big warehouse had seen; he was almost a myth to his employees. They knew he drew his share of the profits regularly; this much the head clerk could testify. They knew, too, vaguely, that he was interested in Arctic expeditions, and lived almost meanly himself in London or Norwegian towns that he might contribute his thousands to opening up the stilly icefields of the north.

The clerks in the office read Nansen's "Voyaging" as a duty. Had not they by their daily work helped to equip the *Fram* and other vessels? When February's shroud of heat hung over Australia, and tallow and wool and half-dressed hides flung their most abominable odour right into the glass enclosures of the offices, the sickened clerks used to project their thoughts to the stout-hearted little ships creeping wearily through the locked seas, and feel cooler and mentally stronger for the exercise.

"It's a cold hearthstone for any man," said Shaw, the head clerk, who had a cheery little home in one of the suburbs, and drew his salary of two hundred and fifty a year feeling the profoundest pity for both of his heads with their thousands. "Clackerty married to icebergs, and Marsden — well, say what you like, I'm sorry for Marsden."

They were eating their lunches, three of them, on the grassy slopes above Lady Macquarie's Chair, their faces turned so that they might drink in the harbour's cleanliness with their sandwiches—a necessary draught after the office atmosphere.

"Everyone knows his wife's left him," said Hillyer, married on an income of one hundred and twenty. "Well, if I was several sorts of a beast like he is, I'd expect my wife to leave me on the first chance."

"Wonder if he's got any kids?" Mathers said, who was nothing if not a father. "If he hasn't, it's a pity, for they'd do him good. But if he has, I'm sorry for them."

"He's got one, I think," Shaw said. "I saw him in a cab with it once, going off to the mountains. A white-faced little youngster it was."

"Poor little beggar! can't call its soul its own, I expect," Mathers said, and felt warm to think how his own rosy-cheeked little girl had the temerity to call him "Dick."

They fell to talking of the crisis of affairs in the office. Shaw had not slept for nights and was growing careworn with worries that were not his own. The firm was a new one, five years more than bounding its existence. Clackerty, who had once been a squatter, had brought three parts of the money to it, and consequently felt entitled to go off at fifty and indulge the hobby he had dreamed of all his life.

Marsden, who had been a junior partner in a long-established firm, brought the remaining quarter of the money and undertook all responsibility.

For three years they flourished, and Clackerty's home in London became headquarters for captains and adventurers, out of work, anxious to induce him to fit up expeditions for them to go in search of lost poles, submerged islands, and unknown continents. Then for two years the firm ran downhill.

The distant Clackerty and his captains grumbled at the diminished income. Marsden went about with tight lips. Shaw every night in his cheery suburban home washed his hands of all the concern, and resolved to resign; then in the morning buckled to

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again and tried by superhuman efforts to bring things straight.

The post-office bell chimed out over the eating city the third quarter of the hour, and the three clerks disposed of their banana-skins, their crumbs and papers, and sauntered back through the Domain to the warehouse.

As they passed in, a heavy bale was being hoisted up from a trolly in the street to the top storey, and the clerks watched it idly as it dangled between heaven and earth and finally swung in out of sight.

"That's us," said Shaw, as he turned in at the doorway, "only we'll be down with a thud soon—we can't dangle for ever."

Marsden had spared no time for lunch at all; he had sat in that reeking atmosphere since half-past eight. His desk was in an astounding confusion; his iron safe was open, and the papers bulged out in any fashion; the floor was strewn with invoices, four chairs stood near the desk, each patiently holding an important litter.

"If only he were tidy, now!" soliloquised Shaw, hanging up his hat in the adjacent room, and seeing through the glass the wildness of his chief's apartment.

Marsden was the lankest of men; when he rose up unexpectedly, a stranger was inclined to gasp, so astounding seemed the fashion in which he unfolded himself to reach his six feet. His face was repellent—hard grey eyes, a stubble of harsh grey hair, a nose broken early in youth and grown crooked in the setting, a mouth whose weakness the grey stubble of beard could never quite disguise. One noticed he was lame, too. The jerky motion was owing to some deformity that made the length of his legs unequal, and forced him to wear on one foot a boot with an abnormal sole. His speech was harsh, his natural manner abrupt and unpleasant.

When he heard the creaking of his head clerk's boots in the next apartment, he raised his voice stridently. "Mr. Shaw! Mr. Shaw!"

Shaw entered and looked at him anxiously.

"Now, look here," were the words that met him, "it's no use making a fuss. I've got to save money somewhere, so I'm going to cut down your salaries. Now, that's enough; don't argue—twenty per cent., and to commence from the first of the month." "The Head's" manner had in it the hysterical nervousness of a woman dismissing an abusive cook.

"It's a suicidal policy," Shaw said. "You reduced salaries six months ago. The men will resign—they can't stand it; and at a crisis like this, raw material in the office is a serious drawback."

"I can't help it; it's got to be done. And see here, Mr. Shaw, you're too lax with the clerks—they're a ruinously extravagant lot. I gave out a box of paper-fasteners and a ream of foolscap on Tuesday, and Mr. Hillyer had the impertinence to come to me for more to-day. I'm continually seeing paper-fasteners lying on the floor."

"Look here, sir," Shaw said earnestly. "Do believe I know what I'm talking of. It's not small economies that can save us; but if you'd authorise me to make a bold stroke—that matter with Dighton and McManamey, now, and I'd like to get the whole of the wool that's coming down from Sheens—I believe, even at this late hour I could pull things straight."

"Could you make the stroke without money?" Marsden said.

Shaw looked at him patiently. "I'd like forty thousand for it," he said, "but I believe I could just manage it with twenty."

"You're a fool, a fool, Mr. Shaw! You'd better get out of my room—get out at once, if that's all you've got to say! Twenty thousand! twenty thousand!" Marsden almost choked.

"But it's the easiest matter in the world," Shaw said. "You—excuse me, sir—but—but perhaps you don't understand this sort of thing very well. Borrow the twenty thousand at six per cent. It is only twelve hundred to pay yearly for it."

"Twelve hundred! Why, that's all I've been drawing from the confounded business myself for the last three half-yearly settlements. Where's it to come from?"

Shaw's temper ruffled itself slightly. "Of course, some sacrifice would have to be made. Mr. Clackerty's dividend has already been posted, but there is your twelve hundred still here. It is your own business to stand or fall by, sir. I suggest that you do not draw your sum, but keep it to meet the interest."

Marsden's wrath was frightful. "Get out of my room!" he said. "Get out of my room! Not draw my income? Great Heavens! how do you suppose I'm to meet my private expenses? For two pins I'd dismiss you, Mr. Shaw—dismiss you at an hour's notice! Go and carry out my instructions. Twenty per cent., remember. And warn Hillyer about the paper-fasteners."

Shaw sighed hopelessly and went.

During the afternoon clerk after clerk came in and tendered his resignation. Mathers

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had suggested the action should be concerted and immediate, and might make "the Head" think better of his resolve.

One or two made futile appeals. One had his boy ill, doctor's expenses, and so on, and begged that the deduction should not be made. Another's wife was delicate and in need of luxuries that a diminished income would render impossible.

They spoke to ears of stone.

Hillyer came in—Hillyer, prodigal of brass paper-fasteners. He stood a second by the desk, and Marsden saw a tear aglisten in his handsome eyes. "Don't dock me yet, sir," he said. "In six months I could stand it better, but just now my child's delicate, and must be sent away to the mountains."

"It is no use," Marsden said, "I cannot be responsible for the health of your son."

"It's a little girl," Hillyer said; "she's four, and she's had diphtheria badly. The doctor says she'll never pick up again till she has a change."

Marsden thrust his hand into the adjacent iron safe and drew out a ten-pound note. "Here," he said, as unpleasantly as he could, "perhaps that will take her. But hold your tongue about it, do you hear? Didn't you say diphtheria? That's very contagious, isn't it? Why, you might give it to—to me. Exceedingly careless of you, Mr. Hillyer, to keep coming here! You'd better go away, too; I'm not going to run any risks. Here's another ten-pound note—you'd better go, too, and stay away three weeks."

Hillyer went back to his work, a stunned look on his face.

The office-boy knocked at the door. "There's one of those canvassers insisting on seeing you, sir," he said. "I told him 'twasn't no use."

Marsden lashed himself into a rage that he should be interrupted like this; the boy cowered before him a minute, then recovered. "I've kept seven of them off this afternoon," he said: "blotting-pad, insurance, typewriter, patent ink-bottle, medical book, summer helmet, and heel-protector; but this one says you told him to come; he's got a phonograph, or graphophone, or some such thing. I told him you weren't the man to take up with things like that, but it was no use."

"Hold your insolent tongue and send the man in," Marsden said.

For one hour they were closeted together, while the office gaped, and Shaw came more

"She had broken the spout off her new little teapot."

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and more over to Mathers' opinion that a strait-waistcoat would be the next piece of tailoring required by "the Head."

At six o'clock Marsden went home. He lived in the most inconvenient suburb Sydney boasts, but the doctors guaranteed its healthfulness. When the train deposited him at the primitive siding, he had a mile to walk before he could open his front gate. From the gate to the front door the walk took five minutes more of his time, for he had built his small cottage as far from contact with the world as the grounds would permit. He opened the door with his latch-key and entered the hall; his eyes went to another door at the far end—closed. He walked softly down the passage and, when within a few feet of the barrier, set down his large parcel and went down on his hands and knees. He gave two knocks on the lower panel, five sharp ones on the upper one, half turned the handle, and emitted a series of curious grunts and calls.

Then, as no response came, he rushed into the room, still on his hands and knees, crept under the table, mewing as no self-respecting cat would ever mew, and burst out at the other end, barking softly.

His little girl had been half asleep on the rug. She rubbed her eyes and laughed up at him delightedly; she tumbled to her feet and rushed to encircle his leg; she said: "Farvie, Farvie comed home!" She looked round for his bag with sparkling eyes; she began to tell him some strange account of how the kitty had bited her cheek, and what had led up to the sad event, but so great was her excitement her words tripped on one another and there was no disentangling the confusion. She rushed to show him she had broken the spout off her new little teapot; she dashed off to another cupboard and brought a doll's plate with a bit of squashed banana upon it. "Me saved it for mine Farvie," she said, and held it up to him eagerly.

"Saved it for poor old father? Kind little baby," he said.

"But you isn't eating it," protested the mite.

He made a feint to swallow it, and brought his hand down rapidly, his fingers over the untempting morsel.

She turned away, a tear in her eye. "You on'y 'tended to eat it," she said—"you have dot it hided in yours hand."

The man ate it, and the smiles came back.

"How has she been, Mrs. Corbett?" he said.

A neat woman was sewing in a corner.

"Just as usual," she said; "lonely, of course, poor child! She saw a little boy go down the street, and screamed and cried because I wouldn't go and bring him in. He looked a nice, healthy little fellow, too—it really would not have hurt. Of course, though, knowing your wishes, I did not let her have him in."

"Quite right, quite right," Marsden said. "He might easily have been sickening for whooping cough, or have been with a child who had come from a home where there was scarlet fever."

"Oh! he might," said Mrs. Corbett, and stitched a button on with great care.

"What has she eaten all day?"

Mrs. Corbett replied like an automaton. "Seven o'clock meal, bread and milk; eleven, a cup of cocoa; half-past one, mutton, French beans, potatoes, and custard pudding; four, biscuits and milk; six, egg and bread-and-butter."

"Was a 'ittle fly in my milk," volunteered the tiny one.

"Is this true, Mrs. Corbett?" Marsden said anxiously. "A fly is often the means of transmitting infection. If ever this happens again, throw the milk right away and give her fresh. Of course, you boil all the milk?"

"Oh, yes, as soon as it comes from the milkman, sir."

"That is right. And what is this she says about the kitten biting her cheek—I see a little scratch? You surely don't allow her to put her face near the cat?"

"Oh! law, sir; what can you expect? You won't let her see a child. She talks all day to the kitten and plays with it, same as if it were human. I seen her kissing it in such a way this morning—it were quite sad, it were."

Marsden looked worried to death. "Surely you must know it is dangerous, Mrs. Corbett; hydatids are communicated in this way. I must give the kitten away, and give her a bird instead."

"Girlie go with kitty," the child said stoutly; "frow nasty old birdie in ze dust-box."

Marsden resolved to say no more just then, but to meet the problem and deal with it himself.

He asked after the sore throat of Maggie, his other domestic. He had left orders the child was not to be allowed near her.

"Oh! it is nothing but an ordinary sore throat—she got her feet wet doing the wash-

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"'Talk just as you always do, Girlie.'"

ing," said Mrs. Corbett. "I don't know what's to be done, sir, if you won't let her touch baby, for it's my night out."

Not for one second dared Marsden suggest she should for once give up her night out; she was far too valuable to offend.

"Oh! that will not matter," he said; "I'll put Baby to bed myself—I easily can."

While Maggie dished the dinner, the eager little girl dragged him down the garden to look at her "purply pansy zat is out." It was the warmest of summer evenings yet, and the light broad as day, but he wrapped her up in her warm pelisse and carried her all the way, lest her feet should be wet with the dew. Wherever in the garden there was a drop of two or three feet, that place was safely railed round; there were little gates with strong fasteners wherever steps occurred, to guard against a tumble; no big bushy plants were allowed in the beds, lest by chance a snake should be harbouring behind the thick leaves; and the grass was kept clipped like the hair of a convict,

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to lessen the likelihood of insects lurking there.

The child dragged him all over the garden on one pretext or another, and Mrs. Corbett was gone, and Maggie growing irate over the spoiling of the dinner before they came back.

A quarter to seven! He ate his meal in a choking hurry, for was not seven o'clock supposed to see his daughter sound asleep?

She slept in a cot by his own bedside, so he carried her off to that room to undress her. Bathing operations had taken place in the morning, so he had only the little clothes to untie and the nightgown to slip on.

The child admonished him continually. "Corby takes it off *zis* way. Corby wasses my face with *zis* soap. Corby brusses my teef with my 'ittle teefum-bruss." His clumsy fingers could not undo all the tapes and little buttons; two he was obliged to cut with his pen-knife, but he resolved to apologise to Mrs. Corbett for it. Girlie made merry over his shortcomings and ordered him about imperiously. "You hasn't brussed my hair!" she cried reproachfully, when she was actually in her cot.

He brought her tiny brush and smoothed her head gently.

"I hasn't said my 'Bless everybody!'" she said, with startled eyes, as she laid her head on the pillow.

He held her against him for her tender little prayer.

"Why," she said in the middle of it, "why, I remember there was a drate big 'menjous parcel in ze hall." Her eyes grew round and brilliant at the recollection that had thus suddenly obtruded itself in the midst of her devotions. Marsden had forgotten it, too—he went back for it and brought it into the bedroom.

"But you are sleepy, Girlie," he said doubtfully. "I will show it to you tomorrow."

Girlie scorned the aspersion and sat up excitedly; twice at least each week she had some delightful parcel to open.

Paper and string flung aside, she looked at the treasure uncertainly.

"I sought it was a dolly's plamburator or a yocking-horse," she said, disappointment in her tone.

"No, this is a nice new sort of toy," Marsden said. "We put Baby's voice in it and shut it up, and then when she is a big girl we can get it out and listen to it."

Baby did not seem to see many points about the thing. A horse with a real mane, or a perambulator with a movable hood, would have incited her to a degree of rapturous frenzy. But Marsden had been in love with the idea ever since a canvasser had got him to listen at his office to the eulogies about this Home Phonograph. That little tinkling voice at home that made the only music of his life—he felt he *must* keep the records of it. As she spoke this year she would never speak next, and by the year after would herself be laughing at the babyish sentences that now were his delight. It would be very sweet to have all stages of her talk, he told himself, thus faithfully kept—harmony for the winter evenings of his life that no musical instrument could ever equal.

And even if—but he brushed that thought away, paling as he always paled before it.

Now was the time to get the first record, he told himself; the child was not sleepy, and Mrs. Corbett was safely out—Mrs. Corbett, who, he knew, looked upon him as a fond fool, and who would only see in this new idea a fresh instance of foolishness.

He placed the thing in readiness, and tried to explain to the little girl that he was going to pick up all the words she spoke in the funny trumpet.

"Now talk to Farvie," he said; "talk just as you always do, Girlie."

"But what sall I say?" she said.

"Tell me about your dolly or kitty," he said.

"I did tell you," protested the mite.

"Tell me again," he urged.

But she was mute, and merely passed her curious little hands all over the strange new plaything.

"Hasn't Mrs. Corbett taught you any new little pieces?" he asked. "Here is a nice new sixpence if you will say some for Farvie."

Girlie wrinkled her brow. "Oh! I know," she said—

"Nelly Bly
Caught a f'y,
Tied it to a stwing.

"But Maggie says it's 'Put it in her tea'; 'tisn't, is it, Farvie?"

"I thought it was 'Shuts her eye,'" he answered. "Well, say 'I love little Pussy.'"

"No," said Girlie; "I'll say 'Birdie'—

"Come here, 'ittle birdie, and don't be afraid,
I wouldn't hurt even a fefer;
Come here, 'ittle birdie, and pick up some bwead
To feed zou zis very cold wefer.

"I don't mean to hurt zou, zou poor 'ittle sing,
And I hasn't dot Pussy—behind my—back;
So—so pick up ze cumbs an'—an' put zou head
Under zour wing, poor sing!

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"Dat's all, Farvie."

She grew sleepy presently, so Marsden resolved to get a record when Sunday came along to give him plenty of her waking hours.

There was a verandah just outside the bedroom, and when the child relaxed her hold of his finger, and her eyelashes lay quiet and heavy on her little cheeks, he stole there to smoke his postponed pipe and to try to fix his brain once more upon his business difficulties.

Years ago—twenty, perhaps; for the man, with all his greyness, was far from forty—he had made an appeal to the then ruler of his destiny, his schoolmaster. The occasion had been the dreaded one of the annual examinations. "It's no good," he had said excitedly, when fairly brought to bay for his wretched papers, "I can't do them. I've tried; no one knows how I've tried. I can't take the stuff in like the other fellows can; I believe my head's built differently. Won't you speak to my father, sir, and get him to let me leave?"

But the schoolmaster, overworked and worried, had merely treated the outburst as the common plaint of an idler, and forced him to greater efforts.

The boy appealed to his father himself. He entreated to be allowed to leave school and go on a station or to sea. He vaguely recognised there might be something in himself if he were allowed free play; but as long as mathematics and languages were required of him, his life was an evil dream.

The father, a University man, but unintelligent, saw no further than the schoolmaster had done. Of course the boy must be educated, and according to approved methods; he would not even permit the remission of Greek and algebra; thus did so many idle lads talk. So the boy stumbled on, his brain harried and protesting, to manhood. On the verge of that stage of life he met with an accident—just such a common and everyday accident as the papers always are telling of. He was in his father's warehouse, and a bale of wool fell from the crane that was raising it, clear down upon him. The world counted him fortunate to have come through with his life; the details of a broken nose and irreparably injured leg it hardly heeded. The boy rose up from his bed in time and attacked life again; maimed, the warehouse must now be his destiny for ever; disfigured, he shunned women, though his heart yearned to them.

Years brought the dull philosophy of acceptance. He had grown so used to himself, and so lonely, he had the temerity to ask a beautiful woman to be his wife. She refused kindly. Seven years later he asked another, and this time recognised there was much he must expect to go without; it was not for him any longer to select the faultless. And she refused—hiding a smile. In two years he tried yet again; he did not dare to be particular now; a woman, fairly good-looking, had deferred to his opinion and smiled openly on him. He would not stay to remember that now he was rich, and many things, therefore, were not as they had been. He asked her, and she accepted him, philosophically.

He was not a pleasant life partner. The bale that had fallen had not improved a brain that had never been strong. He carped and worried over the details of life to such an extent that his wife, when their only child was a year old, had walked out of his house and entirely refused to come back. The child, delicate and fretful, had never appealed to her. She asked for a thousand a year—half his income—and promised, so long as it was paid, not in any way to interfere with the child's life.

Marsden tingled for months with shame that a woman, his wife, had found him so unbearable; he would not meet his employees' eyes—they were laughing at him, he felt certain. He grew more and more didactic and overbearing; the office detested him.

But there was a green isle in the sea now for him. The love that had lurked, starved and discontented, in his heart since earliest boyhood, now rose passionately and flooded itself over his weakly child.

He seemed to close and wrestle with Fate. "She shall be *mine*," he said.

He built a little house for her, away from the world, and blown upon by only healthy winds. He found a careful woman to carry out his theories. He bought a whole library of books on the care of children, and studied them in office and out.

But it was the same as expecting him, when a schoolboy, to keep Euclid and algebra distinct and apart in his head.

Poring over the prevention of rickets in infants and "Bone-Forming Foods," he lost all grip of his business, and, at a drought crisis, when master minds could hardly keep their ships from foundering, it was small wonder his badly sailed bark went on to the rocks.

Shaw and a few of the clerks stuck to the wreck, waiting for a settlement of affairs.

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The reduced salaries were paid, and smaller transactions went on as usual. Mrs. Marsden drew her stipulated sum. Marsden had not the courage to ask her to take a smaller one, so struggled to make the remaining two hundred and fifty serve where once he had spent two thousand. Then Mrs. Corbett asked for a rise of five shillings a week in her wages, or announced her intention of leaving.

Marsden came to the office with a care-worn brow.

"Mr. Shaw! Mr. Shaw!" he called.

Shaw came in.

"I see by the books there is five shillings a week allowed to a boy for cleaning the windows."

"Yes, sir," said Shaw.

"Discontinue it," said Marsden. "Five shillings is a large sum. There is no need for the windows to be cleaned."

And Shaw went straight back into his room, sat down and wrote a complete account of affairs to Mr. Clackerty at Christiania, urging him to come out instantly and take control of affairs. For this idea of saving five shillings seemed the sole result of a week's intricate thought on the part of "the Head," and Shaw had been hoping much as the result of it.

It would be three months before Clackerty could arrive, but the days slipped past one after the other.

"Only seven weeks now," Hillyer said one morning. "It seems a farce to open the doors. There's not been a penny spent at the sales for two months, has there?"

"Does it look like it?" Shaw replied, and looked round at the strangely empty warehouse, and sniffed at the air, which was positively pure. "Another month, and the season's over. And Jackson and Parker have pulled themselves together just by buying up all that lot of Dighton and McManamey's that I wanted to get. We'd be afloat yet if Marsden had let me do it."

"Wonder what's got him these three days?" Mathers said.

"Oh! it's no loss," said Shaw. "I wish he'd stop away till Clackerty comes."

He almost had his wish. It was five weeks before Marsden put in an appearance, and the whole office was shocked at his looks. His clothes hung as loosely on him as if they were sizes too large—yet the suit, a well-worn and particularly ugly tweed, everyone knew, and no one had noticed the misfit before. His cheeks were sunken and of an unhealthy yellow tinge; his hair was long, rough, greyer than ever; his eyes wore a dead, empty look, as if all the light had gone out of them.

But he came in as usual, and went to his room with the curtest of nods to Shaw.

They noticed he carried a very large parcel.

During the lunch-time, when he might reasonably have been expected to be abroad for necessary nourishment, a stranger entered the warehouse and asked for the head clerk.

They showed him to the room, and Shaw looked up inquiringly. But the stranger had glanced through the glass partition and had seen the rough grey head inside.

He caught Shaw's arm and drew him quietly outside. "I want a talk with you," he said; "come out in the street, since he's there. I'm his doctor."

Shaw followed, thankful to feel "the Head" had such a person.

"You'll have to look after that man, you know," were the doctor's first words.

"That'll take someone cleverer than I," said Shaw.

"Oh! but you know you'll have to. Go home with him sometimes, stop with him the evening, and so on; never mind if he thinks you a nuisance."

Shaw did not look as if he relished the proposed work.

"Has he been ill?" he said unwillingly. "We haven't seen or heard of him for five weeks; he's more than a bit of a crank, you know. If I followed him home, he'd kick me down the steps. Of course, if he's really ill, I'll risk that."

"Could you induce him to leave the house and go into lodgings—somewhere where there are other people? He'll never get over the death as long as he stops there."

"What death?" said Shaw, startled.

"His little girl; surely you knew?"

"Not a word. It is only indirectly we knew he had a child at all."

"She died a month ago. Bronchial attack—no constitution at all—went out like snuffed candle."

Shaw was profoundly moved for a moment, then he glanced at the doctor. "But was he particularly fond of her? He's a queer chap, you know. If it had been Mathers' child, now——"

"Don't make that mistake," the doctor said; "he was too fond of her—that's what's wrong. I've only just managed to induce him to come back to the office, and now he's in your hands. Put all the work you can in

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"The new-comers heard it saying, 'Good night, daddie.'"

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his way—it's his chance of salvation. Well, I must be off; don't forget."

The office was very gentle to its "Head" that next fortnight. The man came every day at the usual hour, carrying with him a large square parcel. Every night he returned, the parcel in his hand.

Shaw followed him home one night, his heart in his mouth. At the gate of the distant house he spoke. "I thought perhaps you'd ask me in to have a smoke, sir?" he said.

"Certainly," Marsden answered, and held open the gate.

They sat together in an ordinary sitting-room for two hours, Shaw puffing at his pipe, awkward, constrained; Marsden seated motionless on a hard chair and watching his visitor furtively. There was absolutely no conversation. "You must excuse my silence," Marsden said; "I never talk."

"But you smoke," entreated Shaw.

Marsden felt in his pocket and stuck a pipe in his mouth, and Shaw dared not remind him he had used no match.

The ghastly evening ended, but Shaw came again and yet again.

The third night he took Hillyer with him. "On my soul, I can't stand it alone," he said; "he sits and looks past me, with that frightful, cadaverous look of his, till I feel like a girl on the edge of hysterics. And, Hillyer—don't laugh—I'm getting beastly funky about that parcel of his. I offered to carry it for him once, and he looked as if he'd kill me. All the time we smoke—I smoke, that is—the parcel's on the stand against him, and he keeps his hand on it. I—I have heard of such things, and you know what a strange fellow he is—I must say it—it has occurred to me that the parcel—suppose, Hillyer—you hear of such things sometimes——"

Hillyer's hair fairly stood on end. It was dark, and they were already within the cottage gate, and the pale, subdued lights from the windows shone in front of them. He was almost for turning back, so suddenly horrible had the thought become of that eternal parcel Marsden ever carried to and fro.

Hillyer caught at his companion's arm. "Suppose we—go another night?" he whispered.

Shaw was fighting the same temptation to flee. "Oh! we'll stand by him to-night; he's looked very bad all day, poor beggar!" he said, and bravely rang at the bell.

A dreary-faced woman answered the summons, and brightened faintly at the sight of the visitors.

"He *did* say I wasn't to let anyone in," she said; "but he's in there; s'pose you try."

The men went into the dining-room sheepishly. Marsden was standing at the table, his face ashen; the inevitable parcel was before him, and his trembling hands were fumbling at the cord that bound it.

He looked wildly at the intruders.

"I—I was just going to open it," he moaned.

Shaw went forward and took the wretched man's hand in his healthy, steady one; he shook it warmly, he led him across to Hillyer. "Hillyer and I thought we'd look you up," he said; "there was a business matter we wanted to settle, and we'd nothing else to do with ourselves—had we, Hillyer?—so we thought we might as well drop in. We'd like a smoke, if you don't mind, and—do you happen to have anything to drink about?"

Marsden wiped his forehead and sat down.

"Thank Heaven you came!" he said. "I—I'd almost done it!"

"Where did you say that whisky was?" said Shaw.

Marsden went over to a sideboard cupboard and brought out bottle and tumblers; he rang for Maggie to bring hot water. "I'm really very glad to see you fellows," he said when he had drunk half a glass.

But for the presence of the parcel the evening would have been almost cheerful. They got their host's pipe alight in some way, then he leaned back in an easy-chair and listened to their conversation, and occasionally joined in himself. By ten o'clock he was merely a gentle, quiet man, a man unknown to both of them, sitting sadly by the side of his hearth from which the fire had been for ever taken.

At eleven o'clock they rose to go.

"How is your little girl, Mr. Hillyer?" Marsden said—"the one who had diphtheria?"

"Quite well again," Hillyer answered deprecatingly, remembering the other child who was not quite well—at least, as we have it. Then he added, with swift, nervous sympathy: "But it was so close a thing, sir, I think I know pretty well how you feel just now."

The twitching muscles of the young man's face thawed the desolate father's heart, and for the first time he spoke of his loss.

"It would be even worse for me than it

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is," he said, "only that I have her there," and to the shuddering horror of the young men he approached the parcel and fingered it sadly. "Life is a very uncertain thing, Hillyer," he said, "and the life of little children is like the thistle-down. Your little girl seems much to you; while there is time, get one of these things, and then when the warm little body has slipped out of your arms, you still will have the voice."

"A phonograph!" breathed the two men together, and looked with suddenly changed eyes at the parcel.

"The night before she was taken ill," went on Marsden, "I got her to speak into it, just little baby words, you know. Then she was sleepy, and I meant to get more another day, only there was not time. Any time I like I can open it and hear her voice, just the voice in which she used to speak. But—but——" his eye roved, grew unsteady, his breath came unevenly—"of course, it is not to be expected that I could—bear it yet. Presently, presently, when I am used to my loss—we get used to everything, you know—I shall open it and hear the little voice."

He pulled himself together—he who never spoke of his own concerns to be talking thus! "Good night, good night!" he said abruptly, and shut the door on them in uncivil haste.

He improved steadily the next fortnight; came to office with his clothes brushed, had his hair cut, went out for his meals like the rest of the city. Shaw reported his success to the doctor, and they both congratulated each other and relaxed their efforts somewhat.

The day of Clackerty's arrival, Marsden did not come to office. The senior partner went through affairs with Shaw, and his wrath at the frightful mismanagement and blank ruin was terrible to behold.

He insisted that his partner was a rogue—would not listen to the more palliative term of "fool." The failure was a put-up thing, he swore, and some nest—certainly not his, Clackerty's—had been well feathered.

When no Marsden appeared all day, and three telegrams and two office-boys had been unable to bring him to town, though the messengers stated the fact that he was assuredly at home, then Clackerty crushed on his hat, abruptly summoned Shaw and Hillyer, and made known his intention of proceeding to his partner's home.

It was seven o'clock when they reached the isolated cottage—Maggie was just running up the path, the doctor following close behind.

They all went down the hall and through the door Marsden had been wont to enter mewing and barking on all fours.

He was standing now, perfectly motionless, by the table, and the parcel was unwrapped.

A tiny, tinkling voice was in the air. "What sall I say?" it said; "I *can't* fink what to say. Oh! I know—

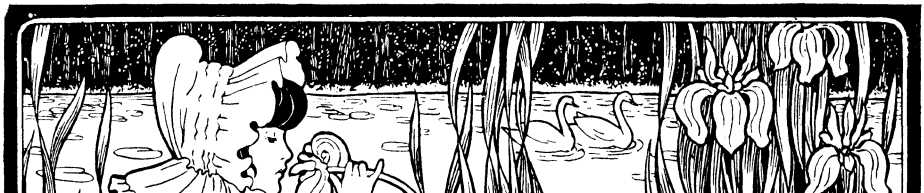
"Nelly Bly
Caught a f'y,
Tied it to a stwing.

"But Maggie says it's 'Put it in her tea.' 'Tisn't, is it, Farvie?"

The instrument was not perfect; sometimes the tiny voice was muffled and lost; sometimes it came with such a strange vehement shrillness the heart thrilled. The new-comers heard it saying, "Good night, daddie," and "Oh! zere's a skeeter, kill it!" and "Tuck me up *zis* way!" and "One more 'nuzzer kiss!"

"It's little baby, can't you hear? He's got little baby there. All the afternoon she has been talking like that," wept the affrighted Maggie, staring with starting eyes at the polished case.

The doctor went quietly across the floor, and Marsden turned and faced his visitors; and not one of them but felt relieved to know that the strained brain had at last given way, and that in all human probability the man would be happily insane for the rest of his natural life.



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NAT BAKER'S PASSENGER.

By FRANK R. STOCKTON.*

IT was down at Jupiter Inlet, near the end of the Indian River, that long arm of the sea which extends nearly half the length of the State and is separated from the ocean by a narrow stretch of sand, that I met Nat Baker. Nat was a beach-comber, an alligator-hunter, and a fisherman, always full of information about the region, and always ready to impart it.

"Panthers about here!" exclaimed Nat one evening as we sat smoking our pipes. "I should say so, and bears too, and wild cats besides, and a lot of other beasts not worth considerin'. Would you like me to tell you a story about a panther? There's people that calls 'em 'painters,' but I like to call 'em by a real name; for if you call 'em painters, who's a-goin' to tell whether you mean a wild beast, or the rope that you tie up your boat with, or one of them fellows that come down here now and then to make pictures?"

I assured him that I should be delighted to hear his story about a panther, and he began.

"One night, about a year ago, I moored my cat-boat to a little pier which sticks out into the river about five miles above here. It was dark when I moored her, and although there was a house not far away, it was a mean sort of a place, and I thought I'd sleep better aboard. I had a little cabin which was comfortable enough if I didn't stretch out too far. I generally slept with my head toward the stern, so that I could get more air.

"Well, sir, it was very early in the mornin', hardly beginnin' to be daylight, when I opened my eyes—don't know what made me open 'em—and I saw, standin' on the end of that pier and purty nigh right above me, a good-sized panther! He was a-standin' there and lookin' down and sniffin'. In a minute I suspected what he was a-sniffin' at. There was a hunk of salt meat in the stern of the boat, which I'd got the day before and left there with a bit of canvas over it, expectin' to cut it up and store it away in the mornin'.

"Well, sir, that panther was a-sniffin' that meat, and he didn't sniff me, which wasn't surprisin', for the ham was to the windward of him and he was to the windward of me. My rifle wasn't far away, but it wasn't handy to get at. Besides, he was in a bad place for me to get a good shot at him. But he didn't give me time to consider what was best for me to do. I hadn't been lookin' at him more'n half a minute when he gave a jump down on the top of my cabin, and then another into the stern of the boat where the meat was. Was I frightened? I should say I was! To be on board a cat-boat with a loose panther is enough to frighten anybody, no matter who he is.

"He didn't lose any time gettin' at that meat, and I lay still and watched him. But purty soon somethin' happened which scared me worse'n that panther did. While I was lookin' at the beast, I couldn't help seein' that the bushes and reeds on the shore was movin' up my way. That meant that we were floatin' stern foremost down the river!

"It was plain to me how that happened. When I tied up the evenin' before, I'd noticed that my painter was in purty bad shape, so I had said to myself that when I got down to the lighthouse I'd get a new piece of rope. But this one had lasted very well all night and until the beast made his big spring into the stern of the boat; then it had parted, and now, as the tide was runnin' out, me and him was goin' down stream just as fast as we could. That made me turn pale, I reckon, for if the tide was to carry me through the inlet and out to sea, where would I be in a little boat like mine, with a panther on board?

"There was only one thing to do, and that was to scare that panther so that he'd jump overboard. Then if I was to run up a sail and get at the tiller, I'd be all right.

"I'd often heard that any sudden shout or yell made by a man would scare any wild beast—at least, in these parts; and if this fellow was scared, all he could do was to jump overboard, then I'd be all right. So I took in a big breath and I let out a tremendous yell that scared the panther sure enough. He gave a sudden start and trembled like he had a chill, then he made a bolt; but he didn't bolt over the stern and

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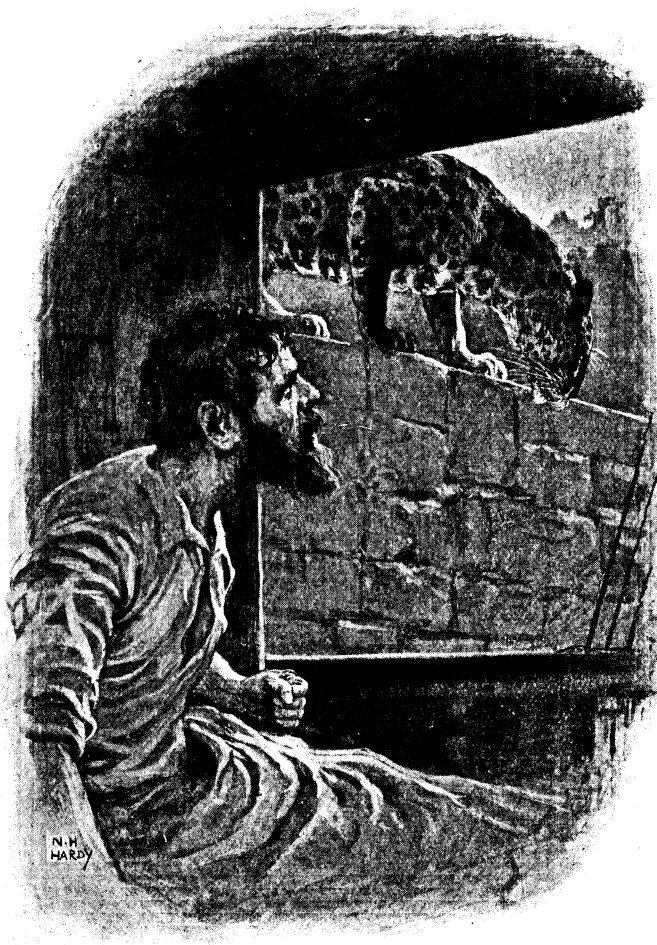
into the water, but just turned sharp and in one skip was on the top of the cabin. I expect what he wanted to do was to go back the way he came, but it was no good for him to think of that—we were too far out for him to jump ashore.

"But he was easily scared, and that was a great comfort to me. If I kept on yelling at him, and scared him every time, he'd be bound to jump overboard, so I slipped out of my cabin and went astern. There he was, at the very bow, crouchin' close, and so frightened that his tail was stretched out without any life in it. I thought of gettin' my rifle and takin' a shot at him, but I was afraid to do that. If I didn't kill him dead—and that's not easy with a panther—his hurt would take the scare out of him, and that cat-boat wasn't big enough for a wounded panther and me.



"'He was a-standin' there and lookin' down and sniffin'.'"

"But as long as he stayed scared and kept away from me, the thing for me to do was to get my boat in hand before it went into the inlet and was carried out to sea. I might have jumped overboard and swum ashore, but there are sharks in this river; and I didn't want to lose my boat, even if I did get rid of the panther.

"So I thought if I could get my sail up and then get back to the tiller, I could run her into the bank somewhere and let the beast jump ashore. But first I thought I'd give him another yell and see if he'd jump over the bow. So I gave a tremendous howl, and at the same time I made a little run his way, as if I was goin' to grab him. Although I acted mighty bold, I don't think I'd have done that if the cabin hadn't been between us.

"But that panther didn't make a move to jump overboard. When I made as if I'd pass the cabin on one side, he just sprang to the other side of it, and there he crouched, although there was mighty little room for him. Now was my time, and I just got for'ard as fast as I could, and, at the same time, he slipped aft. I ran up the sail without losin' any time about it; and the panther, he lay in the stern, watchin' me and payin' no attention to the meat this time.

"'Now,' says I, 'he'll be afraid to pass that floppin' sail, and he'll be bound to jump overboard the next time I yell and make a rush at him.'

"It was astonishin' how brave I was actin', seein' what a coward he was. I gave another yell and moved his way; but I hadn't passed the cabin when he made a bolt on the other side of the sail, and there he was in the bow. He didn't mind the floppin' sail a bit. It

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seemed to me there was nothin' he was afraid of so much as jumpin' into the river. Now, panthers can swim, I knew that well enough; but I guess this fellow knew somethin' about sharks. At any rate, he wasn't goin' into the Indian River if he could help.

"Well, sir, as he went for'ard I went aft; and as there was a fair wind, I soon got my cat-boat in hand, and there wasn't any more danger of my bein' carried out to sea.

"Now, then, there came a question as to what I was to do, so I sat and considered it, and the panther, he lay quiet in the bow and, for all I know, he was considerin' the same thing. Now, anybody with common sense would have told me that there was only one thing for me to do, and that was to steer into the bank as soon as I could, and let that beast jump ashore. But a very queer feelin' had come over me. I wanted that panther!

"A live panther is a good thing to have, for it's worth a pile of money if you can get him north, where there are people who want to buy wild beasts. Now that I'd found out how easy it was to scare this fellow, I didn't feel afraid of him, and it did seem to me that there ought to be some way that I could take him alive and send him north.

"So I didn't steer into the bank, but kept sailin' up the river, thinkin' and thinkin' as hard as I could, tryin' to find out how I was goin' to catch that panther alive, for I was gettin' real greedy about him. I've heard that the savagest beasts, when they get themselves in a tight place that they don't know nothin' about, and don't know how they are goin' to get out of it, don't never think of hurtin' any livin' thing, havin' their minds so entirely fixed on gettin' out of danger themselves. That was the way with my panther, anyway; I'm sure he never thought of hurtin' me.

"It wasn't very long after sunrise when I saw a sail comin' down the river. The minute my eyes fell on it I knew what it was: it was the mail-carrier's boat. Martin—I don't know what his last name was—was a young man who used to come down the river in his little boat once a week to carry the mail from Titusville to Lake Worth. When he got to Jupiter Inlet, he left his boat and carried the mail along the beach for six miles. He was a New England fellow and had been to college, and he knew a lot, but how he had come to carry the mail down here I don't know.

"When I saw Martin's boat comin' down, I was mighty glad, for he was just the man to tell me how to get out of the puzzle I was in about this panther I had on board. As soon as he came near, I hollered to him to keep away from my boat, which he was glad enough to do when his eyes fell on what kind of a passenger I had on board. I never saw anybody so excited as he was when he first saw that loose panther crouchin' here, of his own free will, on board my cat-boat. When I told him what had happened, he got more worked up still.

"'Nat!' he hollered, 'you got to catch him alive! It'll never do to let that fellow go, nor to shoot him. There's money in a live panther!'

"'Yes, sir,' said I; 'and I'm goin' to have it if you'll help me to catch him alive.'

"'All right,' says he, 'I'll help you all I know how.'

"And so he told me if I'd put my boat about, and we'd sail together down towards the inlet, where there was a fishin' schooner from New York that was catchin' fish and saltin' 'em to take north, perhaps they could help us. So I put about and we sailed on, keepin' a good distance apart, for I wouldn't trust my passenger not to jump aboard another boat if he thought it would suit him better.

"When we got up near the schooner, Martin he said for me to tack up and down away from shore while he landed and talked to the fishermen.

"I said 'All right,' and then he went ashore.

"I waited for him a good while, bein' mighty careful to keep in deep water, for if my panther should see that we was in water shallow enough for him to see bottom, he'd know there wasn't no sharks there, and he'd scoot.

"It seemed like a longer time than it was, I reckon, but after a while Martin got into his boat and sailed up as close as he could to me without gettin' into jumpin' distance; then he told me what he had done. He'd got a big fishin'-net on the schooner, and three men to help him work it. I was to sail away purty much out of sight, for they didn't want the panther to see what they were at, and then they were to spread that net on a smooth place on the sand purty nigh the water, and each one of 'em was to take hold of a corner of it and cover himself purty much up with palmetto leaves. Then Martin, he was to wave his hat, and I was to come in and run my boat ashore at the place where he was to stick up a little stick in the sand. 'What'll happen next?' says I.

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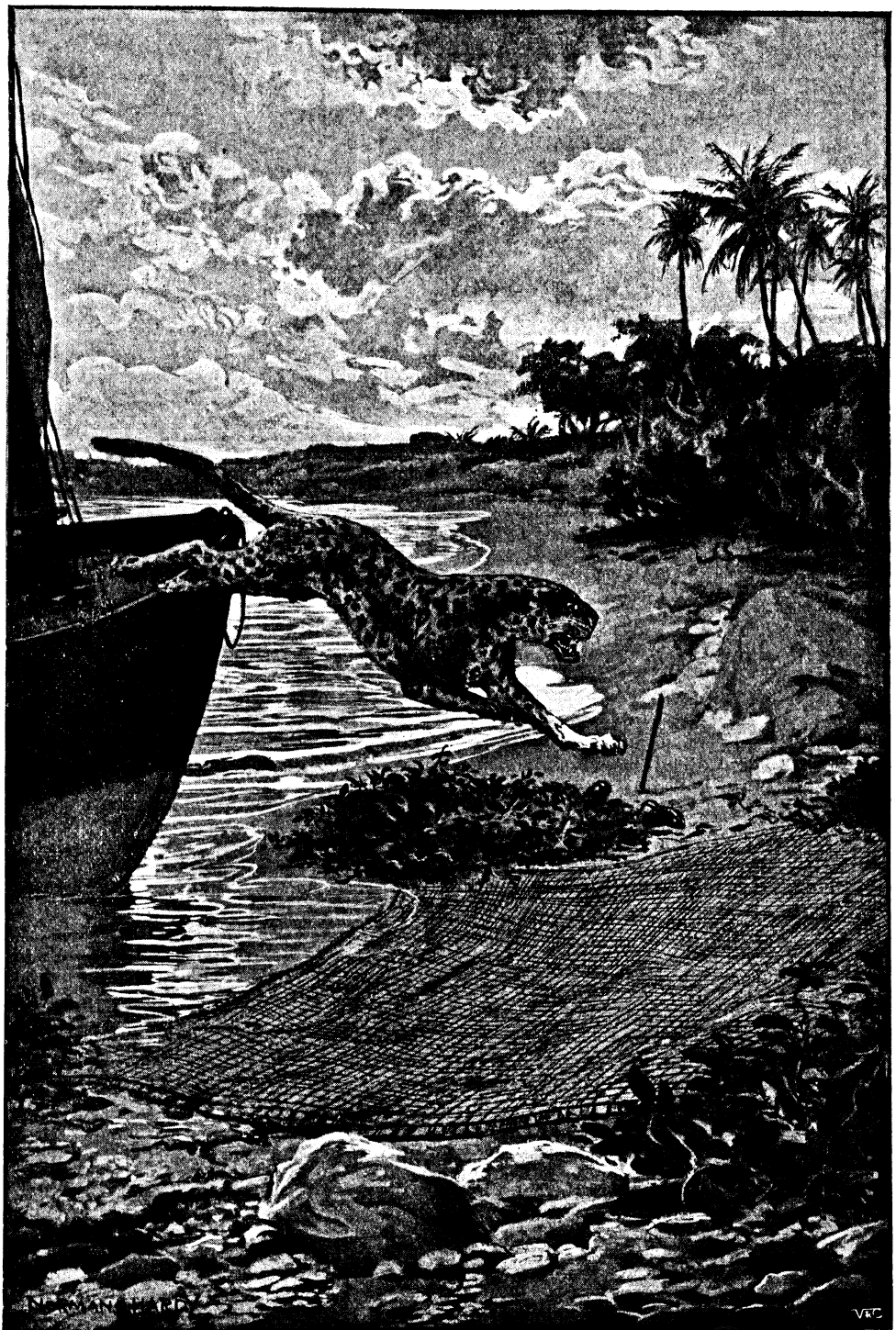

"'He gave a tremendous spring.'"

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"'Haven't time to talk about that!' he shouted. 'The men are comin' with the net now. You do what I tell you.'

"So I sailed off, lookin' round every now and then to see if Martin was wavin' his hat. After a while, when I was puttin' the boat about to make a new tack, I saw Martin wave his hat, then run off and hide himself; so I made straight for the shore, and when I saw the little stick, I drove the bow of the boat right into it. I didn't have no chance to let down the sail, for I didn't want to frighten the panther out of the bow, but I just went in, not mindin' anythin'.

"When that panther saw we was comin' near shore, he turned himself around to get ready to jump; and just before we touched the sand, I helped him out with a good yell. He gave a tremendous spring, and he must have landed purty nigh in the middle of the net, and in that very second up jumped Martin and the other men, and they jerked up that net so quick that he was caught in it. Then they all worked together like good fellows. I guess Martin had been talkin' to 'em, and they wrapped the net around the panther before you could have said 'Jack Robinson.' Then there was a circus!

"The panther got his fore-legs through the net at his first jump, and that kept him from doin' his best; but he bounded and jumped, this way and that way, sometimes tail up and sometimes head up, and he pulled those fellows around in such a fashion that I was afraid he'd get away from 'em. But I joined in and helped, and after a while we got the net under him and over him so that he could hardly jump at all.

"Just about then there came along two fellows from the schooner, rollin' a big empty hogshead in front of 'em; and when they got nearly down to us, Martin, he went to help 'em, and in a little less'n no time they clapped that empty hogshead over the panther, net and all. Three of the men jumped on the bottom of it and kept it down.

"'Hurrah!' I shouted. 'That's the best piece of work I ever saw. But I'd like to know, Martin, how you're goin' to keep him in now you've got him?'

"'All right,' says Martin. 'You can't do everything at once, but I've got my ideas about him. You fellows keep the hogshead down on him, and I'll run to the schooner. One of you men come along with me, and Nat'll take your place.'

"So me and the two fellows was left to keep the hogshead down, which wasn't very hard to do, for the panther, he was so tangled up in the net he couldn't jump about much; but he did a lot of howlin'. After a while Martin came back with the other man, bringin' a lot of pieces of plank, split up about three inches wide, and a long rope.

"'That won't do, Martin,' says I, 'You can't nail them strips on to the open end of that hogshead; they won't hold against a jumpin' panther.'

"'I'm not a-goin' to nail 'em,' says Martin. 'I'm goin' to do better'n that.'

"And so he did, for Martin had a great mind. He took one piece of plank and run it under the head of the hogshead, which he had a lot of trouble to do, for the thing sometimes went agin the net, and sometimes agin the beast, but he got it under until it stuck out the other side; and then he put in another one, and another one, until he had slats under the whole of that open head.

"'How are you goin' to keep 'em there?'

"'Wait till you see,' says he.

"Then he laid about the same number of strips on the bottom end, which was uppermost, makin' the men move about while he did it. Then with the rope he tied them strips which was across the open head to the strips which was on the solid bottom, lacin' the rope from one to the other, and then windin' the rest of the rope around the hogshead so the slats wouldn't move.

"'Now,' says he to the men, 'you can get off. We've got the panther!'

"Sure enough, when we turned that hogshead over, head up, we looked in between the strips, and there was Mr. Panther just as safe as if he had been in an iron cage. His head was loose, but the rest of him was purty well tangled up in the net. He seemed frightened when he saw us, and stopped howlin'. There was a good deal of the net outside of the hogshead, but we wrapped that about it, over the top and the bottom, so that we fastened him up still better than he was before.

"Well, sir, I don't want to make this story any longer than I can help, and there's no need of my tellin' you how I got that panther up to Titusville in my boat, and how Martin, as soon as he got through with his mail business, joined me, and we sailed up together. There we had the good luck to meet a man who had come down from the north to buy some young bears he had heard about; and when he saw our panther, he wasn't long strikin' a bargain for it. He paid us a good sum, though I reckon he cheated us; but as we didn't know it at the time, of course we didn't mind."

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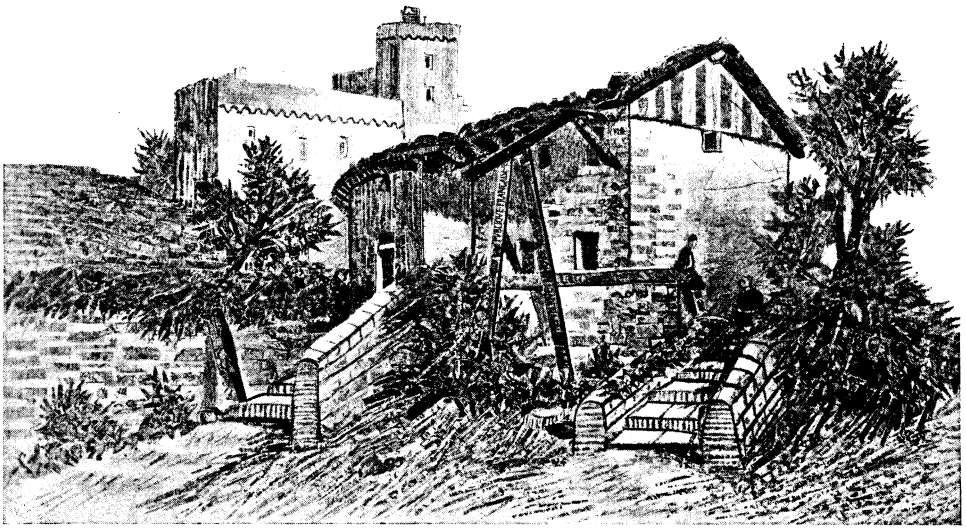

PICTURE-DRAWING IN STAMPS: THE FOREGROUND FINISHED AND BACKGROUND UNFINISHED.

PICTURES IN POSTAGE-STAMPS.

By Edouard Charles.

VARIOUS are the uses to which old postage-stamps, of no value but in bulk, and then worth not more than from £2 to £3 per million, are put; and their utility ranges from serving as wall-paper to keeping children. In the latter case, millions are collected by charitably disposed individuals and sold for the benefit of orphan-schools. Ingeniously assorted, they are also vended by dealers in packets for a few pence at a tremendous profit, luring the young and ardent into the fascinating byways of philately; in cheap packets of cigarettes they are used as bait to the juvenile cigarette-fiend with a craze for collecting; they are stuck on cigarette-cases and on ash-trays; and who has not seen them in hideous array, covering a drinking-glass that should have been consigned to the dust-heap, or pasted over a plate no longer serviceable for the dinner-table?

"THE BUTTERFLY THAT (WAS) STAMPED."
(*With apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling*)

As decorative material on cracked glasses and plates they have long done service, being affixed thereto with a studied negligence that invariably caused the beholder pain instead of arousing his admiration. But that was not the fault of the stamps; cleverly and carefully handled, these worthless scraps of paper can be utilised as effectively in the production not only of designs that are artistic, but also pictures that are beautiful, as the colours in the artist's paint-box. In this manner millions are now used yearly, and from a small quantity of common stamps costing a few pence, pictures are produced whose value is represented in shillings and pounds.

Indeed, to such an extent has the demand for pictures made in postage-stamps increased recently, to such an extent has the craze of making them developed amongst persons who have time to devote to a hobby, that stamp-dealers have begun to study the requirements of the stamp-artist, making ready for his use

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assorted packets of stamps, comprising all the colours he is likely to want in the making of his pictures. Hitherto the stamps required for this purpose were sold only by the pound, and professional makers of these pictures still buy them by weight and prepare them themselves for use ; but since the dealers have taken the matter in hand, in the manner indicated, the price of common stamps has materially appreciated.

One of the biggest stamp-dealers in Paris has experienced so heavy a demand for common stamps that he has created a department specially to deal with it, and several young ladies find agreeable employment in sorting out the stamps—not in mixed packets as to the countries, as has hitherto been the case, but into assortments of colours. Charitable schools which derive a deal of their revenue from the voluntary contribution of stamps, instead of just selling them rough in sackfuls to dealers, as was previously the custom, are now employing a certain amount of the young scholars' time in preparing the stamps—*i.e.*, soaking them, to get rid of the superfluous paper attaching to them, and packing them in tiny bundles of one hundred each, according to their colours. The result is that the articles are realising a higher price, and the funds from this source are appreciably increased.

STAMPS FOR PICTURE-MAKING ARE SOLD BY THE POUND, OR THEY CAN BE PURCHASED READY FOR CUTTING IN ASSORTED PACKETS OF 500.

In the making of the stamp pictures and decorative designs illustrated in this article, quite a new art has been created, that has nothing in common with the covering of miscellaneous articles with stamps in higgledy-piggledy fashion, without the least attention being paid to the scheme of colouring. That old fashion has as little claim to be entitled artistic decoration as a canvas that had been covered with blobs of paint would have to be called a picture. In the new one, the stamps are not used whole, and stuck on one over another anyhow, but are carefully cut and placed in position, with due consideration to the blending of the colours. The result is that the finished work (in the case of a picture) looks exactly like a water-colour drawing, and at a distance of a couple of feet would be readily declared as such, while in the case of a plaque decorated with flowers and insects, and even so elaborate a design as a royal coat-of-arms,

SORTING THE STAMPS INTO VARIOUS DEGREES OF COLOUR.

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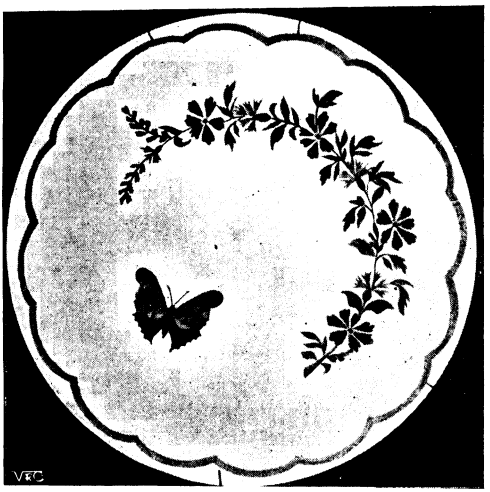
it has the appearance of a cleverly executed mosaic.

One of the cleverest stamp-artists in Paris, who has made and sold hundreds of pictures, is M. A. Bayle. He is shown in our photograph in the act of making one of his pictures, and some of his finished *tableaux* are also reproduced. He imparted to the writer much valuable information on the subject of the production of these unique pictures; and not the least interesting item he volunteered is that, strange as it may seem, all artists in stamps have their different styles, as prominently demonstrated in their works as in the canvases of artists in water-colours and oils. This is particularly important as showing that even in

A SPRAY OF FLOWERS, EXECUTED IN VARIOUS COLOURED STAMPS. IT IS COMPOSED OF HUNDREDS OF PIECES JOINED TOGETHER SO AS TO GIVE THE APPEARANCE OF MOSAIC WORK.

working with stamps instead of a paint-box, the individuality of the artist is bound to be apparent, and it removes at the same time any idea that might exist that one stamp picture must be very much like another.

Naturally, the first essential of the stamp artist is that of all artists—he must possess the sentiment of colours and a fine sense of their gradations, since, working in material substance, and not liquid, it is not possible for him to secure one certain colour by a blending of others. And it is not only the varying tones of different stamps, but all those contained in any one stamp, that he must be able to appreciate and utilise. It



ANOTHER DECORATED PLATE.

will thus be apparent that he must work under difficulties of which the painter knows nothing, and also readily understood that while the sticking of pieces of stamps on a plaque or a sheet of cardboard is a thing easy of accomplishment, it is by no means easy to do it in an artistic fashion, so as to achieve the result that is visible only to the mind's eye.

The second essential is a goodly supply of different-coloured stamps, these being selected with due regard to the facilities they offer in the matter of gradually changing tones. The artist works with a number of small cardboard boxes filled with the stamps, ready to his hand; and his tools consist only of a pair of sharp, fine scissors, a strong, thin

ARTISTIC PLATE DECORATED WITH STAMPS.

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ENLARGEMENT OF PORTION OF PICTURE SHOWING DETAILS.

adhesive, and a pad of cloth. If the stamps have been purchased by the pound, much of the original envelope will back them, so they will have to be soaked in tepid water, that the superfluous paper can be removed. This in itself is work requiring care if the original colour of the stamp is to be wholly preserved. The paper removed, the stamp must be placed to dry between sheets of clean white blotting-paper, under the pressure of a heavy weight. Only when they are perfectly dry can they be handled.

In the meantime the artist will have sketched out a subject on which he proposes to work—a rustic scene, after the style shown in our photographs, or maybe a seascape. Those who have no idea of making an original sketch cannot do better than secure a book with outline sketches in, or some old prints, and of these make pencil copies of the size desired; and if they lack altogether the sentiment of colour, it will be necessary for them to work from a coloured original. As to the actual cutting of the stamps and the blending of the colours, no advice can be offered. The pieces must be cut to the sizes and shapes best adapted to the requirements of colour and blending. Considerable judgment—that must necessarily be governed by the requirements of each individual picture—will have to be exercised in placing the pieces into position, and this again is a point on which no advice can be proffered. It will, however, generally be found more convenient to slightly overlap the pieces rather than fit them side by side.

Great care must be used to firmly stick the thousands of pieces that are necessary to the making of even a small picture on to the board, so that no edges are loose, and it is here that the soft pad of cloth will be found useful. When the picture is completed, it only remains to varnish it, after the adhesive liquid has dried. Where the sky is not worked in in stamps—and to secure natural cloud effects is one of the greatest of all the stamp-artist's difficulties—that portion of the picture will not be touched with the varnish, nor will any other part of it that is not covered; only the stamps are varnished, a thin coat being applied with a fine camel-hair brush. This gives to the finished picture a particularly fine appearance, heightening the shadows while bringing out the lighter portions of it.

In the decoration of plaques, after the manner shown in our photographs, the method of procedure differs from that followed in the making of pictures in one particular point. Here the hundreds of morsels that go to the making of a floral design do not overlap, but fit either closely together, or are fixed so as to leave an

PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO A STAMP PICTURE.

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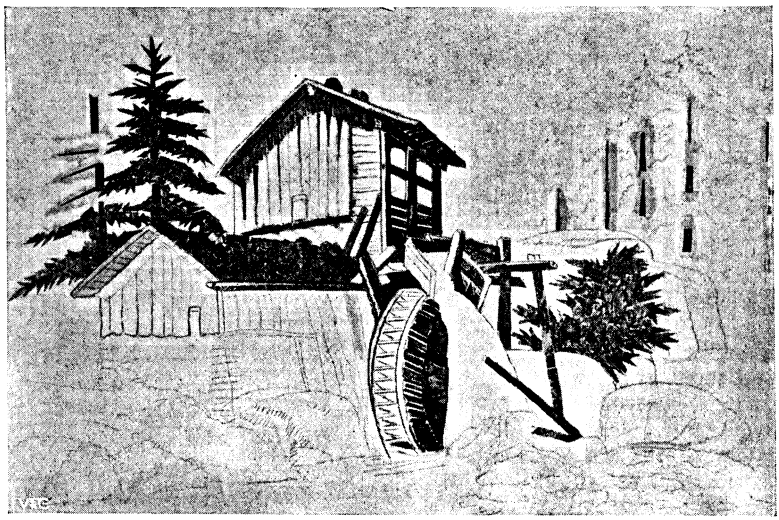
extremely narrow space between. It is this which gives it the appearance of mosaic work; and it is this also which makes the work of its composition infinitely more tedious and troublesome than making a stamp picture.

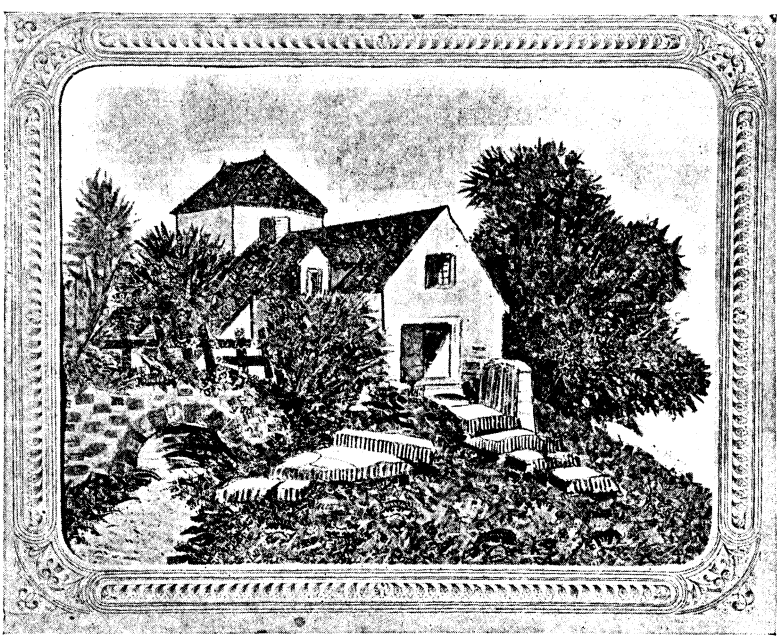
M. Desseignes was the creator of this style of stamp-decoration, which he calls parquetry work, and through M. Maury, the well-known Parisian *marchand des timbres*, he was induced to produce some particularly fine work which has found its way into the royal households of England and Russia.

Some of the separate pieces in these designs are as thin as cotton, and others scarcely larger than a pin's head. The infinite patience and lightness of touch, combined with care, requisite to produce even the different shapes can be readily imagined.

In this case the outline of the design is traced from the original, through carbon paper on to the plaque, with a stylus or hard pencil, and this is the simplest part of the work. Then, when a stamp is to be cut, it is first placed under the original design face downwards, and the pattern required impressed by a stylus on to its back. For handling the pieces too small to be taken in the fingers, tiny tweezers are necessary.



THE STARTING OF A PICTURE.



A COMPLETED PICTURE. THOUSANDS OF PIECES OF DIFFERENT COLOURED STAMPS OF ALL COUNTRIES ARE USED IN ITS COMPOSITION.

The pieces must be gummed on as they are cut out, and when the work is finished, lightly sponged over with warm water. This removes any superfluous gum from the plaque.

As with pictures, varnishing is the final operation; and here, also, it is only the stamps, and not the whole surface of the plate, that are varnished. The varnish must be laid on evenly over the design, and the plaque put away from the dust to dry—a matter of a few days.

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CAPTURING A SPERM WHALE.

By CHARLES H. KERRY.

Photographs by Kerry and Co., Sydney.

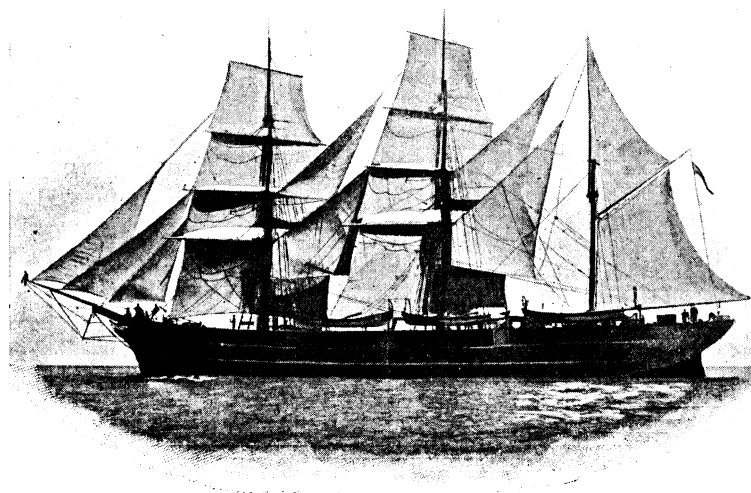
IN the pursuit of the sperm whale, if one can only forget mercenary considerations, and look upon this huge animal with a sportsman's eye, the charm which attracts such a number of adventurous youths to go on long voyages and encounter the icy region of the Arctic, and the burning heat of the tropics, can at once be perceived. If we regard the capture of the whale as a field sport, then our pursuit is truly a royal game.

Our ship is amply provided with all the necessary apparatus, and stores for a voyage generally extending over a period of four years, and our crew are only a small squad of precious lives; we have sailed on the wings of the wind over more than half the world's surface, and have just entered upon the hunt.

We have tracked to its home a game so huge that its bulk is equal to a whole flock of land animals. We have means of attack and defence ample for our requirements. We have had a foretaste of the exposure, privation, and of the accompanying danger, in comparison with which those connected with other field sports are tame and effeminate. We are now in the haunt of the whale, and keen but suppressed excitement is visible on the faces of all our crew.

We had been cruising for several days on the middle shore ground without meeting our quarry, and a "scrap" had that morning been hoisted at the masthead for luck. About eleven o'clock, one of the men on the look-out in the crow's-nest sang out: "There she blows!" "Where away?" roared the captain. "On the lee beam!" was the answer. "A big, lone whale, about four miles off."

The ship was kept off, and, when about two miles from the whale, the boats were lowered. The activity of the men as they sprang barefooted to their places, the ease with which they handled the long, heavy oars, and dropped them silently into their well-matted rowlocks, and the manner with which they fell into the stroke, were wonderful. Four boats were down, and their course diverged so that at two miles from the ship we peaked our oars, with a space of about half a mile between the boats, thus commanding a reach of nearly two miles front. As the boats ride the long, rolling swell of the sea, lightly and graceful as an albatross, let us take a glance at the whaleboat and its fittings. It is the fruit of a century's experience of an inventive people, taught by the peril of the chase and the value of the game. For lightness and form, carrying capacity, and sea-going qualities, and for speed and facility of movement at the word of command, and for simplicity of construction, the whaleboat is simply as perfect as



"COSTA RICA PACKET," WHALER.

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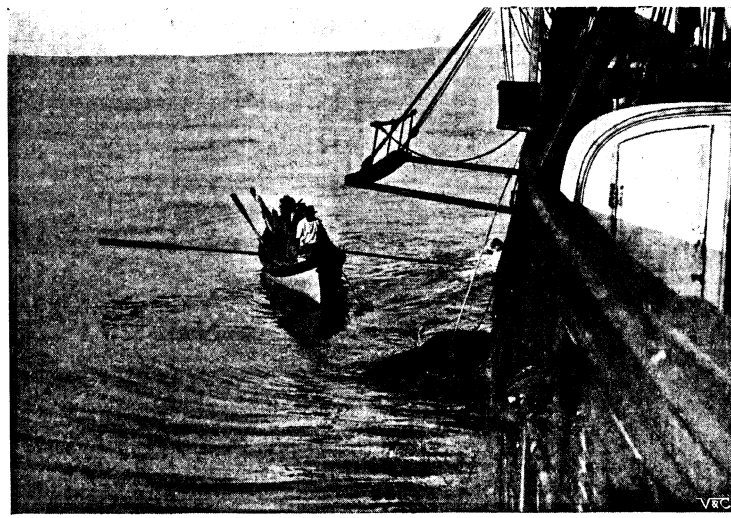
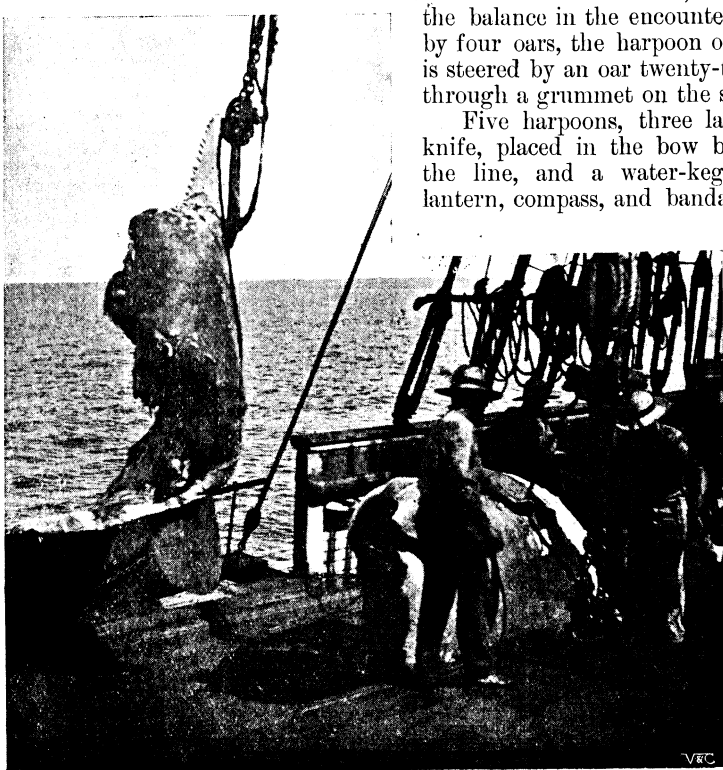
the skill of men who have risked life and limb in service could make it. The boat is thirty feet long, sharp and clean-cut bow and stern, swelling amidships to six and a half feet, with a bottom round and buoyant. The gunwale amidships, twenty-four inches above the keel, rises with a curve to thirty-eight inches at each end, and this rise of bow and stern, with the clipperlike upper form, gives it a duck-like capacity to top the waves, so that it will ride drily when other boats would fill.



FLUKING A WHALE.

The equipment of the boat consists of a line-tub, in which are coiled 380 fathoms of two-inch hemp line, with every possible precaution against kinking in running out, a mast and sail, five oars, the harpoon and after oar fourteen feet, tub and bow oar sixteen feet, and amidship oar eighteen feet long, so placed that the two shortest and one longest pull against the two sixteen-feet oars, which arrangement preserves the balance in the encounter when the boat is worked by four oars, the harpoon oar being apeak. The boat is steered by an oar twenty-two feet long, which works through a grummet on the stern port.

Five harpoons, three lances, a hatchet and sharp knife, placed in the bow box convenient for cutting the line, and a water-keg, fire apparatus, candles, lantern, compass, and bandages for wounds, with waif flags on poles, a fluke-spade, a boat-hook, and a couple of drugs, or dragging floats, complete the equipment of a whaleboat.



HAULING BLUBBER ABOARD.

Among this crowd of dangerous lines and cutting gear are six pairs of legs belonging to skilled boatmen. Such a whaleboat is ours as she floats two miles from the ship, each man in the crew watching under the blade of his peaked oar for the rising whale, and the officer and boat-steerer standing on the highest point, carefully scanning the horizon with trained eye to catch

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the first spout and secure the chance of getting on.

At this moment of rest, when on the point of entering a contest, in which the chances of mishap seem wonderfully provided for, I find that a green hand is apt to run back over his life with something of regret, and with a vow that from then and there he will be a better man; but one soon gives up such moralising, as the officer quietly drops from his perch and runs out his steering-oar and lays the boat around with the words, "Take your oars and spring. The whale is half a mile off," which means that we are

JAW OF A WHALE.

just four minutes off him, provided he is not running.

It would cheer a clubman's heart to watch the movements of the crew, the splendid stroke and time, the perfect feather of the oars, their noiseless dip, the shaft working silently in the well-matted rowlock, the poise of the crew, as the five trained athletes urge the boat through the waves. Long and

BLANKET PIECE OF BLUBBER.

careful training under danger breeds a unity in the men, the five work like a machine under the direction of the officer, who is steering and throwing his whole standing force in the push on the after oar. Every energy of my soul and body is centred in my oar, and I do not differ from the other four who share in the excitement.

An occasional glance at the resolute face of the officer tells me to a fathom the position of the whale. His eyes are fixed on the rising and sinking brute; all colour has left his features; his pale lips are drawn tight as he sways backward and forward to the stroke of the oar. He, too, is straining every nerve, and jerks out his words of command,

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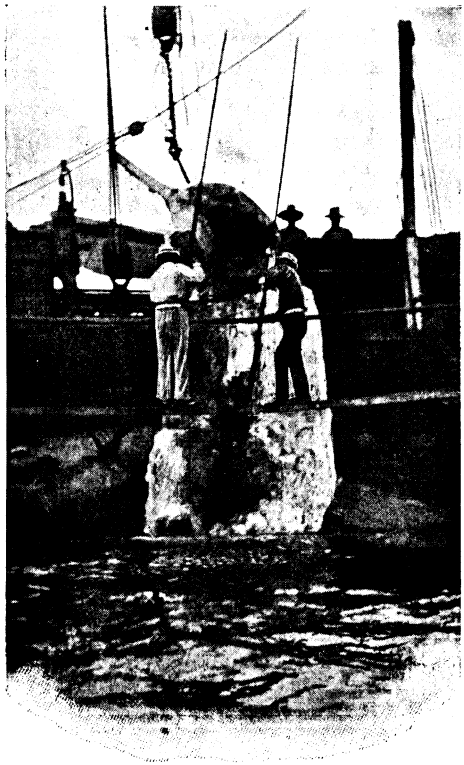
exhortation, and promise to urge our energies to fiercer effort. We are coming up at a killing pace. The officer, unconscious of his words, yet with method in his frenzy, still urges us on.

Now the puff of a spout joins the splash of the bow, and his voice sinks to a fierce whisper as he makes us rash promises to give us everything he possesses in the world, as he implores us to "put him on."

Human muscle cannot stand the strain much longer, boiling foam eddies along our wake; the officer glances almost as low as the boat's head; a spout is heard just under the bows, my oar dips in the eddying wake of the whale's last upward stroke, and right under its blade I can see the broad flukes as we shoot across the corner of them; now the odour of the whale, like a bank of seaweed, comes over us.



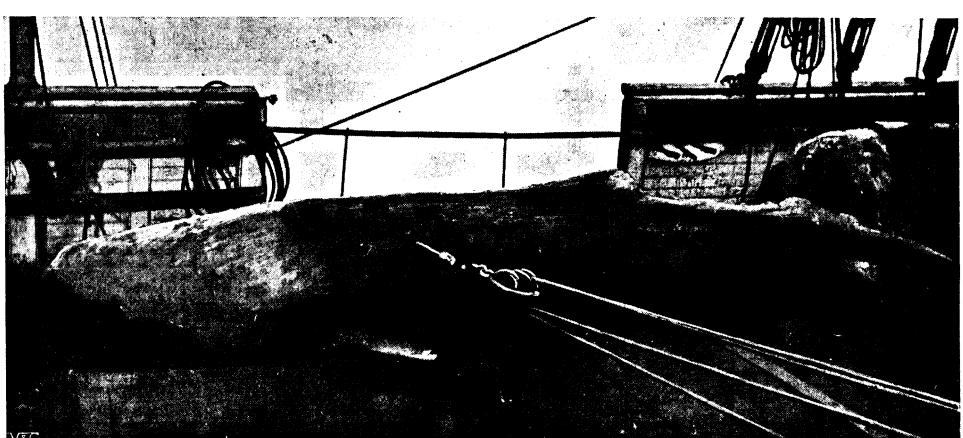
CUTTING OFF THE HEAD.

The officer whispers to the boat-steerer: "Stand up!" and immediately yells: "Pull, pull for your lives! Good! once more, give it to him!" and the boat-steerer accompanies the aim of his two harpoons with "Take that! and that! And may God have mercy on all our souls!"

Cool as he was on the main hatch, the old harpooner meant every word he uttered in prayerful earnest.

But there is no time to moralise when fast to a sperm whale. The creature gave his flukes a quick upward fling, knocking the bow and tub oars out of our hands aloft. "Stern all!" A stroke or two astern, and we pant for breath in safety. The thundering flap of the whale's flukes and the quantity of foam and spray, the rapid whirl of the boat as it swung to the tow-line and followed the mad whale, tells us our prize is not secured by merely planting the harpoon.

The next duty is to kill him; evidently the one we were fast to would be a desperate fellow to deal with. What with his continued speed to windward, and the promiscuous manner in which he tossed his flukes, it was impossible to haul him and get alongside. He ran with undiminished speed, often rolling as he went so as to give his flukes a side-



A BABY WHALE.

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cutting power, with the intent of smashing the boat.

As long as the whale continues running on the surface, the persistent boat will cling behind; his only escape is to run deep or suddenly mill, so as to bring the boat in reach of his ponderous jaw; this seemed to be his intention in the present case, as he suddenly slacked his speed and milled; but in doing so, the slacked line got foul of his jaw and he closed upon it. Having him thus bridled, the rest of the work was easy; we pulled the boat alongside, well forward on his left, and thus, side by side, boat and whale almost touching, we had a splendid ride to windward, the boat-header busily prodding with the long lance for the animal's life.

At length, with a side roll, intending to bring his massive jaw into play, he laid bare the vital spot; in went the lance five feet deep, clean to the sockets, and churning the lance backward and forward without withdrawing it, the officer continued probing the life out of the monster.

The great flukes went into the air, but we were safely forward of them, and lunge after lunge fiercely followed, until the next spout we saw a fountain of thick blood a foot in diameter issue from his nose. The boat-header quietly put his lance away, and nothing remained to be done but to slack line and keep out of the monster's way while in his death-throes. In good time the flurry followed, and the dead whale, floating fin out, was lying ahead of the boat. We were to leeward of the ship, and she ran down and luffed to the wind with the foreyard aback. This brought the dead whale on the weather-side, with the tail towards the bow, and then with buoy and line, a heavy fluke chain was secured around the small, at the junction of the body with the flukes, while the other end, through a hawse-pipe in the bow, was made fast to the windlass bitts. In the glowing sunset the great creature was peacefully and securely anchored at the bow, and the *Costa Rica Packet*, with foretop sail aback, drifted quietly through the night.

All hands were ordered below to get some rest, for the hard work was to come on the morrow. The cutting in of a large whale is a great undertaking. It is surgery on a

FLUKES OF A WHALE.

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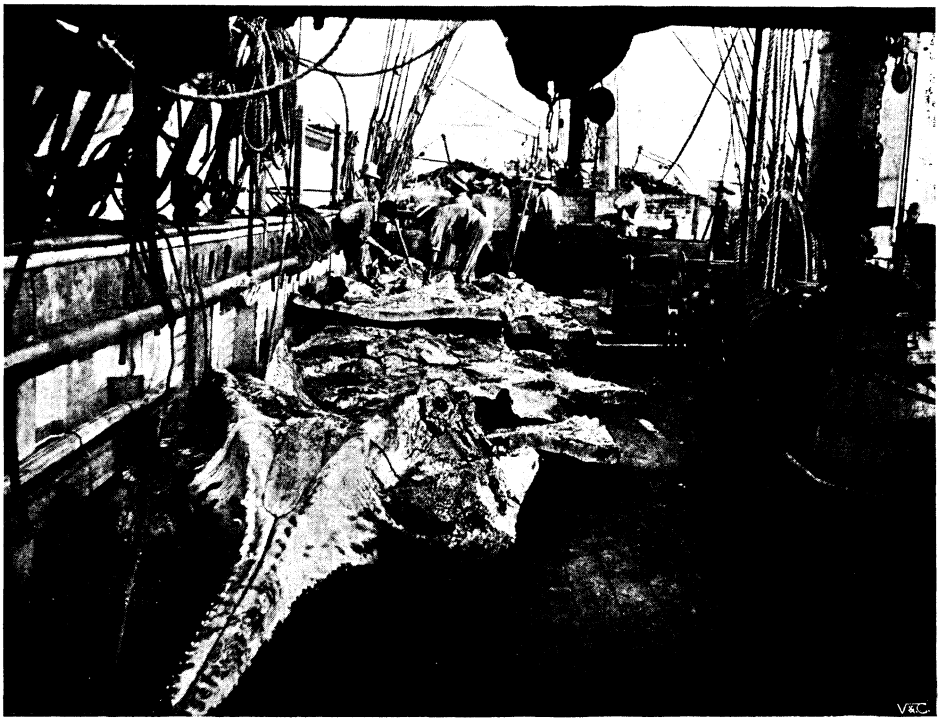

LOWER JAW OF A SPERM WHALE.

gigantic scale, and the appliances are of corresponding magnitude and power. From the head of the mainmast two great tackles are slung, rove with an eight-inch manilla rope; a heavy iron hook is attached to one tackle, and a chain slung to the other. The falls lead to the powerful windlass, and here all hands are needed. On the starboard of the ship the whale is floating, with his eyes opposite the gangway; amidships, a large stage is slung over the side. Here the officers do the cutting up with sharp, broad spades, edged like razors and fitted with handles sixteen feet long.

The work is begun by making a round hole in the tough blubber above the eye, then a semi-circular cut above, and to one side of the eye, about two feet in radius; the first cut is prolonged towards the ship so as to form a flap about five feet in width. The hook of the first tackle is now inserted in the hole by one of the boat-steerers, whose duty it is. This is terrible work when the sea is rough enough to wash heavily over the partly submerged whale; it is arduous when the irregular roll of the ship sways and jerks the ponderous block and hook, and it is always unpleasant from the proximity of a score of hungry sharks, intent on blubber, but very willing and apt to take a man instead should he slip overboard.

The hook is inserted, and the order given to heave away; all forward hands man the windlass, while the spades are busy undercutting to free and tear up the eye flap. The surge of the ship greatly aids in this effort, and soon the strip of blubber, called the blanket piece, slowly moves upward. When the body of the whale is rolled on its back, the chain-sling of the other tackle is fastened to the lower jaw, the tackle is hove tight, and the jaw is disjointed from the skull and taken on deck. (The jaw in a large whale is nineteen feet long).

The blanket piece is now hove up until the order is given, "To blocks!" when a boat-steerer, with a double-edged sword with long handle, cuts an oval plug out of the swinging mass of blubber close to the deck, through which the chain sling of the other tackle is thrust and secured with a heavy oak toggle. This tackle is hove taut, and, as soon as the strain is fairly taken, a cut of the boarding-knife detaches the upper blanket piece, which swings inboard over the main hatch and is lowered down into the blubber-room and stowed away. Thus alternately the two tackles relieve each other,

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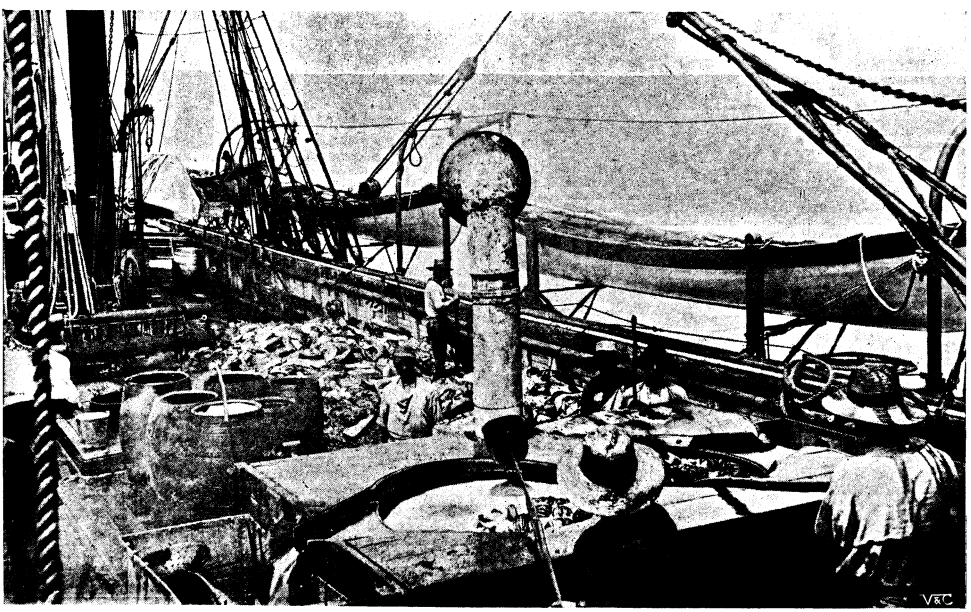
and the windlass travels continuously until about 600 feet of blanket, five feet wide and from eight to eighteen inches in thickness, have passed from the symmetrical form of the whale into the confused mass in the blubber-room.

While the carcass is being turned in the water by the unrolling of the blanket, the officer on the forward part of the stage is carrying forward the spiral cut which regulates the width of the blanket, and the other on the after is amputating the head with his sharp spade. He cuts his way through several feet of coarse-fibred muscles and blood-vessels through which a child could creep, and cleaves his way to the junction of the vertebra with the head; finally he severs the thick coating of tough integuments; the head separates, and turns, with the top below. Now you may see the point of the vertebra, like a polished sphere of ivory about two feet in diameter. This great joint impresses one with the immense proportions of the animal which we had been tearing at with windlass, tackles, and spades the whole day long.

The head constitutes about one-third of the actual bulk of the whale. It is now left to float alongside, secured by heavy chains, until required.

After the body is stripped to the small near the flukes, a transverse section is cut, and the immense carcass, a mass of red flesh and white integuments, drifts away from the ship, soiling the clean water with oozing blood and smoothing the surface with oil. Accompanying it are flocks of albatross and other sea-birds, and the surface of the sea is cut by the sharp fins and tails of innumerable sharks, which ravenously devour the banquet we have provided for them.

The body disposed of, the head is the next consideration. To obtain the spermaceti stored there it has to be dissected into three parts—the case, junk, and skull. The latter part is allowed to drift away. The upper portion of the head is termed the case; between this and the skull-bone is a wedge-shaped mass, the junk. This part, after being separated from the skull and case, is taken on board with both tackles and hauled aft out of the way until the case is baled. The mass is about nine feet high and six feet wide, and resembles a section cut out of a cheese; its weight is about twelve tons in a large whale. This junk is surrounded, as is the entire head on the outside, by a tough and almost impenetrable blubber, called "white horse," several inches in thickness, and which proves a secure armour against the harpoon. Its interior consists of a cellular formation, the walls of the cells running vertically and transversely, varying in thickness from a half to two inches, and



TRYING OUT.

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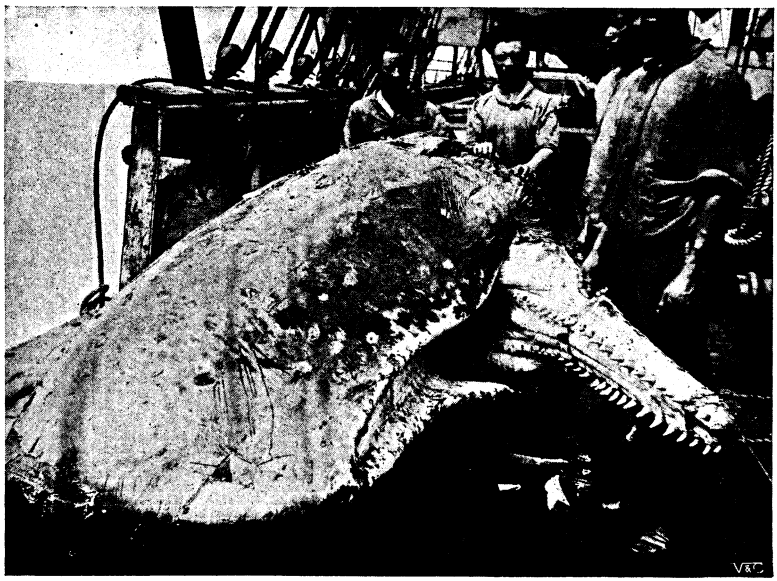
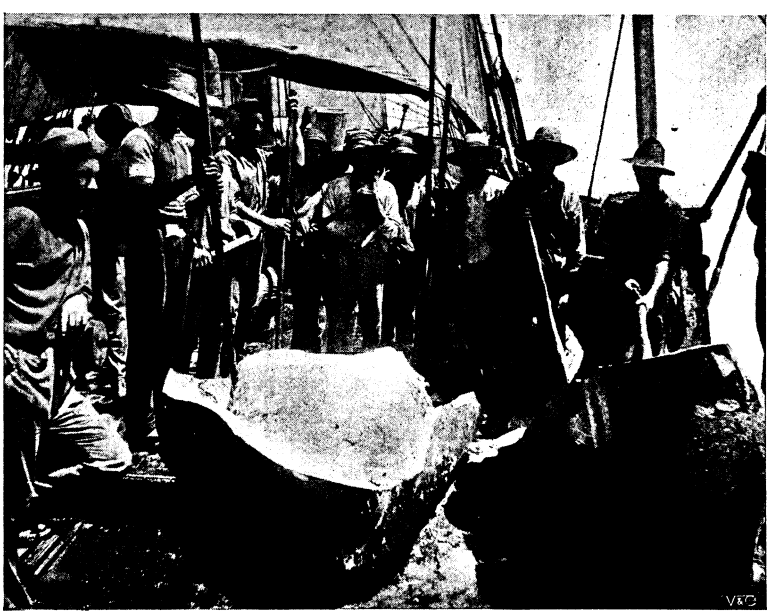
being formed of the same fibres that constitute the "white horse" of the internal head; the cells are from four to eight inches between the separating layers of "white horse," and filled with an oily substance of a yellowish colour, translucent when warm.



HEAD OF A COW WHALE.

The clear, sweet oil follows every cut which is made in it. The oil-bearing flesh is about one-third of the mass, and in a large whale will yield about three and a half tuns. The case has, besides the respiratory canal, which is about a foot in diameter, a cavity about twenty-five feet long, filled with oil, which has to be baled out with buckets. To this end the large iron hooks are again fixed to the two tackles and are hooked on to the "white horse" of the sides; the case is then suspended in the water and hoisted high enough to keep the seas from reaching the opening made in the end for baling. A whip-block is placed on the mainyard directly over the opening, and a long, narrow bucket is attached to the end of the fall; a man stands on the square-cut end of the case with a long slender pole to push the bucket into the cavity; on being withdrawn it is filled with transparent spermaceti, mixed with soft, silky integuments and possessing the odour of fresh milk.



SPLITTING THE CASE.

A large case will produce about four tuns of pure spermaceti. As it constitutes about one-eighth of the mass, a case may be estimated at about thirty tons weight. Add to this the weight of the junk, the skull and jaws, and an idea may be gathered of the bulk of the head of a sperm whale.

The case of a small whale may be hoisted on board and baled on deck

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by cutting the case longitudinally, thereby saving much valuable oil. The utmost power on board of a whaleship could not hoist in the case of a large one.

When the case is baled, the hooks are cut away, and with a great plunge this immense mass sinks into the sea, having lost all its buoyancy.

The next on the programme is the trying out. The works are started with the head oil, and the fuel used for firing are the crisp scraps of the blubber after the oil is boiled out. These scraps are the proper fuel for the try works, and are always more than sufficient to cook the oil of the whale, so that a quantity remains and is put away to start the works next time.

The blubber is first cut in pieces about six inches square and two feet long, called horse pieces; these are put through a machine called a mincing-horse, where they are sliced into thin leaves, which adhere by the tough inner integument and are called books; in this form the blubber passes to the try-pots, where it is boiled out into clear, pure oil.

The night scene on the deck of a whaleship while she is engaged in trying out would make a fitting representation of the infernal regions. The black smoke from the burning scraps lighted by the red flames which issue from the flues, the tracery of masts, spars, sails, sometimes brightly lit up as in the roll of the ship the burning oil overflows into the furnaces and sends a broad flame half-mast high, the blood-red reflection from the sea caps, the diabolical appearance of the stokers and deck hands, all help to make the picture.

Upwards of forty years have passed, but the horrible memory of my first watch trying out is still vivid in my mind. The soreness and fatigue of the long hours of extreme toil, the deathly drowse that comes over one while mechanically performing some monotonous duty, the slipping of the bare feet in pools of greasy water and blood, the dirty clothes, cold and clammy from the saturating oil, clinging to the body, the glare of the fierce flames with the impenetrable gloom of the night beyond, the acrid, choking smoke, the sooty deposit in nostril and palate, the harsh commands of officers, and the fierce imprecations of overtasked men, all tended to fill the six-hour watch with wretchedness greater than I have ever experienced since; but one soon gets habituated to all, except the awful drowsiness which pours lead through the veins of the tired whaleman as he tumbles into his straw-lined bunk after the watch is over.

The oil tried out, it is filled in casks and stored below, and then with sand, and the alkaline cinders remaining from the burned scraps of the try works, are scrubbed and drenched decks, stanchions, and bitts, until there is not a suspicion of grease to tell the story of the pandemonium of the past week.

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"SKIN O' MY TOOTH":

HIS MEMOIRS, BY HIS CONFIDENTIAL CLERK.

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

THE BARONESS ORCZY.*

VI.—THE MURTON-BRABY MURDER.

THERE is no occasion for me, I take it, to chronicle here the various cases which, following on that of Mrs. Norris, have made Skin o' my Tooth's name a familiar one throughout England. The Dartmouth Murder, the Trentham Will Case, and many others, are too well known to bear repetition; but I am not quite sure whether the public—the newspaper-reading public, I mean—ever fully realised all the difficulties which surrounded the case of young Mr. Spender-Cole in connection with the Murton-Braby tragedy. To be quite candid, I was one of those who firmly believed in Mr. Spender-Cole's guilt, and even now—but that is neither here nor there; for the facts, after all, cannot be denied, and they were as follows:—

It appears that at eleven o'clock at night on Wednesday, August 14th, there was a sudden alarm of fire in the small farm belonging to Mr. Earnslaw, and which is immediately behind his house.

He was not yet in bed, and evidently intended at once to go and see what was amiss. Anyway, less than two minutes after the alarm of fire was raised, a loud cry of "Help!" and "Murder!" was heard from the direction of the house. Servants from the house and from the farm ran to the spot whence had proceeded the cry, and, to their horror, found Mr. Earnslaw lying on the ground just outside the back door, and bleeding profusely from a wound in the chest.

The fire in the farmyard was quickly extinguished, and but little damage was done, but poor Mr. Earnslaw's injuries proved to be mortal. He had been stabbed with terrific violence, with some large clasp-knife or other weapon of that description, and only lived long enough to state that in the darkness, and also in the suddenness of the attack, he had not been able to recognise his assailant.

It became a terribly hard task to break the awful news to Miss Barbara, Mr. Earnslaw's only daughter. She had been in her room, quietly getting into bed, while the awful tragedy which rendered her an orphan was being enacted downstairs; and as her room was in the front of the house, she had not heard her father's cry for "Help!" and only vaguely the noise connected with the fire, to which she had paid no attention.

She proved herself to be, however, much more sensible, cool, and level-headed than anyone would have given so young a girl credit for. With wonderful clearness and presence of mind she gave the necessary orders for conveying her father to his room without causing him needless pain, and then despatched two of the farm-servants to Bletchwick for a doctor and the police.

From the very first the whole of the newspaper-reading public took the keenest interest in the extraordinary circumstances which attended the Murton-Braby tragedy. Murder, pure and simple, without any attempt at robbery, has always a great element of excitement and sensation connected with it; it at once suggests some great, all-absorbing evil passion as its mainspring—revenge, love, or both combined; bitter enmity or deadly hate. In the case of the murder of Mr. Earnslaw, the difficulty with which the police had to contend with did not so much consist in ascertaining whether he had a bitter enemy at all, as in trying to discover which of his many enemies hated him sufficiently to risk hanging for the sake of putting him out of the world.

Mr. Earnslaw was supposed to hail from New Zealand, I believe; but beyond that—even in the dens of gossip which English country places usually are—no one knew anything about his antecedents. It was

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generally supposed that he had made his money—of which he seemed to have plenty—in illicit traffic of some sort. At a time when the whole Empire was teeming with enthusiasm and loyalty, he was that peculiar anomaly, a Colonial pro-Boer. His views on that subject, which he aired with arrogant freedom, did not tend to make him popular in the county.

Why he had chosen to settle down in the guise of an English country gentleman, in a remote Somersetshire village, no one knew or cared; and as far as the county families were concerned, he was left severely alone. On the other hand, a certain amount of genuine sympathy was shown to Miss Barbara in her isolated position. The fact that she was peculiarly good-looking may have had something to do with this sympathy—at any rate, on the part of the male members of those same county families. One or two rumours, even, had been lately current in the immediate neighbourhood of Murton-Braby, of an impending marriage between Miss Barbara Earnslaw, daughter of Mr. Earnslaw, of Murton Farm, and one or the other of the eligible county bachelors, foremost among these supposed aspirants being the young Earl of Alderdale and Mr. Spender-Cole.

Needless to say, the relatives of both these young men did their utmost to give these rumours the lie, an alliance with the daughter of the notorious pro-Boer meaning probable social ruin in loyal Somersetshire. Moreover, Mr. Earnslaw himself strongly objected to the attentions paid to his daughter, and more than one servant at Murton Farm could testify to the quarrel which ensued when the master peremptorily forbade Mr. Spender-Cole ever to set foot inside his house again.

This quarrel occurred precisely in the morning of August the 14th, and it was the evening of the same day that Mr. Earnslaw was murdered.

II.

THE police were, of course, severely criticised for bringing forward a witness of the mental calibre of James Pecover. But how it happened was this: It seemed at first quite impossible to obtain the slightest clue with regard to the murderer of Mr. Earnslaw. In the country, at eleven o'clock at night, most servants have already gone to bed; no one was about in Murton Farm until the alarm of fire sent everyone out of doors, and *then* everyone rushed towards the more distant haystack, whence the flames and smoke proceeded, and busied themselves with hose and pump, while the unfortunate master of the house was being murdered less than a hundred yards away. The murderer had thus been able to slip away from the grounds absolutely unperceived.

In spite of the most strenuous efforts on the part of McMurdoch—one of the most able men on the detective staff—there did not come to light the faintest trace which might have led to the identification of the murderer. Completely at a loss where to turn for a clue, the police at the inquest—which was held in the dining-room at Murton Farm, on the 17th—had to admit that they had no evidence to place before the coroner. At this juncture, Mrs. Pecover, the wife of Mr. Earnslaw's head gardener, timidly suggested that she was quite sure her son could throw some light upon the mystery. He had been, as was his invariable custom, mooning about the garden that evening, and she thought, from what he had told her, that he had seen something.

James Pecover was a delicate, half-witted lad who sometimes helped his father in the garden, but otherwise was quite helpless and incapable; in his childhood his parents had believed him to be tongue-tied; and even now that he was grown up, he hardly ever spoke, and then only under the pressure of some strong excitement. The only person who had any influence over him, and who even, at times, succeeded in turning the half-witted lad almost into a rational being, was Miss Barbara Earnslaw. She had been wonderfully kind and patient with him, and the poor, half-witted creature had in consequence bestowed upon her what little affection he was capable of. His indignation at the murder of Miss Barbara's father expressed itself with peculiar intensity; and his mother said that it had been quite pathetic to watch the efforts of his feeble mind trying to explain a certain something which he had evidently seen.

Of course, it was a moot point whether such a person should have been allowed to make a statement at all; nor had the police, I know, the faintest intention of taking serious notice of James Pecover's evidence; but they did hope that his half-coherent statement might give them the first inkling of truth in the impenetrable mystery which surrounded the crime.

Examined at the inquest, James Pecover, however, refused to speak. He stared about

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him with an inane smile on his soulless face. After ten minutes' patient questioning, the coroner would have given up the task, but for Miss Earnslaw, who came to the rescue with that same wonderful self-possession which had characterised her throughout this trying ordeal.

"My father has been cruelly murdered," she explained. "Whatever I can do to bring his murderer to justice, I will undertake, however painful the duty may be."

"'This is the man, Miss Barbara. He killed Mr. Earnslaw.'"

The coroner adjourned the inquest until the morrow; and when the public had retired, Miss Barbara, aided by him, attempted with almost superhuman patience to elicit information from the poor idiot.

At a word from her, James Pecover was ready to speak. He had, as usual, strolled about the garden the whole evening; whether he had heard the alarm of fire or not, he could not say; anyway, he paid no attention to it, but remained in the garden close to the house. He saw someone standing among the shrubs close to the back door. Then Mr. Earnslaw came out, and there was a sudden scuffle and a scream. Pecover had not quite realised what had happened; the next thing he remembered was seeing Mr. Earnslaw fall forward and his assailant run away. Then he, too, fled, for he was frightened and sick.

"You did not see who it was that struck my father?" asked Miss Barbara.

The idiot nodded.

"Do you know who it was, then?"

Again James Pecover nodded excitedly.

"Then it was somebody you know?"

"Yes, Miss Barbara," he stammered.

"Who was it?"

The idiot's face expressed a hopeless blank.

Patiently the coroner, aided by Miss Barbara, named in turn every person employed about Mr. Earnslaw's property, and also some of the tradespeople of Murton-Braby or Bletchwick, with whom the arrogant pro-Boer had been notedly unpopular. But to each of these names the idiot shook his head with emphatic energy.

At last, moved by a sudden thought, Miss Barbara got up and left the room. She returned two minutes later carrying a large packet of photographs.

"Now, James," she said very gently, taking the idiot's hand in hers, and forcing him by the magnetism of her great sympathy to look straight into her eyes, "look through these pictures and see if among them you can find that of the man who killed my father and left me an orphan."

James Pecover evidently understood what was expected of him, for with extraordinary care and deliberation he looked at each photograph and put it on one side. Suddenly, with violent energy, he took up a

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picture of a young man, and pointing at it with trembling fingers, he said with perfect coherence—

"This is the man, Miss Barbara. I saw him as plainly as I see you. He wore brown knickerbockers, a Norfolk coat, and a straw hat. He killed Mr. Earnslaw. I saw him. Give me the chance, and I'll kill him, too!"

The coroner took the photograph from James Pecover's trembling hands. It was that of Mr. Spender-Cole.

III.

THE coroner, I understand, refused to take any official cognisance of James Pecover's statements. At the adjourned inquest on the Monday following, he was not brought forward as evidence, and a verdict of "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown" was returned. But Miss Barbara had no legal scruples of any kind. She determined to bring the murder of her father home to its perpetrator; and directly after the verdict, she saw McMurdoch, told him of the clue she held, and begged him in any case to follow it up, if only to set her mind at rest and prove its falseness.

The results were such that even the detective was taken aback. Within forty-eight hours he had collected evidence to prove that Mr. Spender-Cole was seen, by three witnesses who passed him on the road, to enter the grounds of Murton Farm at about a quarter past ten on the evening of the 14th; he was then wearing the brown knickerbockers, the Norfolk coat, and straw hat described by James Pecover. His servants and family at "Bletchwick Towers" said that he was out the whole of that evening, only returning home at half past eleven. Then, the whole question of Mr. Earnslaw's quarrels with the young man was raised. Mr. Spender-Cole had had several open disagreements with the Colonial pro-Boer, and on the very morning preceding the crime, Mr. Earnslaw had, in most insulting terms, forbidden him the door.

Miss Barbara's attitude throughout this time was one of passive coldness. Though many people in the county believed that she had been attached to Mr. Spender-Cole, and would have married him but for her father's peremptory and strenuous opposition, her only wish in the matter was to bring her father's murderer to justice, whoever he might be. She heard with the same perfect impassiveness that the police had, after very arduous investigation and with due forethought, at last decided to apply for a warrant for the arrest of Mr. Spender-Cole on the capital charge.

Throughout all these preliminaries, Skin o' my Tooth had watched the case with unflagging interest. He had on more than one occasion declared to me that it was one of the most exciting ones he had ever come across, and expressed the hope and the belief that whoever was accused of the murder, that person would entrust his defence to him.

It was only natural, when the evidence became so overwhelming against Mr. Spender-Cole as to call for his arrest, that his relatives should place the unfortunate young man's case in the hands of the ablest lawyer in the British Isles. The Spender-Coles are very wealthy county people, "Bletchwick Towers" being one of the show places in Somersetshire. Skin o' my Tooth knew that money would be no object, and that his own interests as well as his professional enthusiasm would allow him to throw himself heart and soul in the mazes of the exciting case.

We journeyed down to Bletchwick on a fine August afternoon, and the next morning saw Mr. Spender-Cole in gaol. He was a good-looking young fellow, I thought, somewhat of the gipsy type, with very dark skin and large, brown eyes. He appeared very delighted to see my chief, in whom he expressed his fullest confidence.

"You can get me out of this, Mr. Mulligan, I know," he said quite cheerfully. "I have not done this thing, whatever I may have wished to do, and I am sure that no grave miscarriage of justice will occur in my case."

"I am equally convinced of that fact," replied Skin o' my Tooth pleasantly; "and, therefore, if you are wise, you will tell me the whole truth, good or bad, about this unfortunate business."

"Well, I am afraid some of it is pretty bad, Mr. Mulligan," said the young man, blushing even underneath his swarthy skin. "You see, I unfortunately did go to Murton Farm on that night, less than half an hour before that murder was committed; and as I went to see a lady, my visit had necessarily to be kept a secret."

"A lady?"

"I had better be quite frank with you, Mr. Mulligan. My terrible position will account for my somewhat unchivalrous attitude. You must know that for some time I had been very deeply attached to Miss Barbara Earnslaw, and had every reason to believe that my love for her was reciprocated. She frequently wrote to me in terms

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of the deepest love, and had pledged herself to me with all the passion her strong nature was capable of. I worshipped her, and she had made me supremely happy, and I was only too ready to make her my wife before all the world, as soon as she would give her consent. But her father saw fit to disapprove of me as a future son-in-law, hence the many quarrels that arose between us. But I hoped to break down—some day, soon—

"'My interview with Miss Barbara Earnslaw was of the briefest.'"

that barrier of filial deference which Barbara still placed between me and my wish to make her my wife. I thought I had at last succeeded, Mr. Mulligan, when suddenly, without any warning, her feelings for me seemed to change. She treated me with marked coldness and refused even to come and see me at our usual trysting-place. I begged for an explanation. In reply I had a curt note from her, requesting my presence in the shrubbery at Murton Farm on the evening of the 14th, at about ten o'clock, and demanding that I should bring with me all the letters and tokens I had ever received from her. It was a terrible blow, Mr. Mulligan, for of course I knew at once that something was amiss. I met Mr. Earnslaw that morning—for, like a love-sick idiot, I haunted the precincts of Murton Farm all day. He took that opportunity of forbidding me his house; and I had then to remember that he was Barbara's father, or I should have knocked him down. However, I obeyed my orders, and was in the shrubbery by a quarter past ten. It all occurred just as I had feared. I was given my *congé*, with but a few regrets for the past happy time. The Earl of Alderdale had asked Barbara to marry him, and she, with all a woman's love of title and position, then threw me over for these, without a pang. I gave her back her letters, for she coolly explained to me that no shadow of scandal must ever touch now or in the future a Countess of Alderdale. Then I went away, for there was nothing more to be said. But I did not kill Mr. Earnslaw. Why should I? Alive or dead, he could not balk me now. It was she who did not care; I could see she was not acting on compulsion—it is easy to see that, isn't it?"

He paused a moment in his narrative and stared absently before him. It was clear to me that the cheerfulness he had exhibited at the beginning of the interview was only outward show.

"You have not told me what happened after you had said good-bye to Miss Earnslaw and given up her letters," said Skin o' my Tooth after a while.

"Oh, yes! She walked with me as far as the gate, for it was very dark, and I think she was afraid I might betray my presence by stumbling or losing my way."

"At what time was that?"

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"It was five minutes to eleven when I left the gate. I remember looking at my watch."

"Why did not you tell all this to the detectives who were trying to get up the case against you?"

"Because at first I thought that Miss Earnslaw would tell all that was necessary, when she saw that I was in trouble, and, after that——"

"Yes? After that?"

"Well, somehow, after that it seemed too late. As I had not spoken at first, and Miss Earnslaw had said nothing, I thought I should seem such an awful cad if——"

"If——?" repeated Skin o' my Tooth, as the young man seemed to hesitate.

"Well, if she denied the whole thing, you see."

"Yes; I think I see," rejoined my chief quietly.

Of course, at the time such a thing appeared to me positively preposterous. If Mr. Spender-Cole spoke the truth—and I had no reason to doubt it—surely no woman would allow a man to remain under a false accusation for the sake of her own social reputation, however highly she might prize it. I suppose that Skin o' my Tooth's estimate of human nature was not so optimistic as mine, for he did not discuss the point with the young man; he succeeded, however, as he always does, in instilling into his client a firm belief in the truth and justice of his cause; and when he left him, after another half-hour's pleasant talk, there was no doubt that Mr. Spender-Cole's cheerfulness was no longer only on the surface.

Having left Bletchwick Gaol, Skin o' my Tooth sent me on to the Crown Hotel, where we were putting up, and told me to wait for him there while he drove on to Murton Farm.

"I expect nothing from the interview, Muggins," he said to me, "but I fancy I would rather like to cross swords with Miss Barbara Earnslaw."

He said this with one of his pleasant, jovial smiles and that funny casting down of the eyes which gave him quite a coy look. I watched the fly disappearing down the dusty road, and then I strolled into the hotel bar and sat on one of the seats, with my hands buried in my trousers pockets, to think the whole matter out.

But think of it as I would, my solutions to the mystery remained very preposterous—either that Mr. Spender-Cole had told a lie, or that Miss Barbara had set fire to her father's hayricks and then murdered him, which, of course, on the part of a young girl but little over twenty years old, was, to say the least of it, unlikely.

Less than half an hour later, I saw my esteemed employer's fat and slouchy figure strolling down the road. He came in and sat down next to me, and I could see that same pleasant, amused smile hovering round the corners of his fat mouth.

"Well, sir?" I ventured to say at last.

"Well, Muggins," he said, with a chuckle, "my interview with Miss Barbara Earnslaw was of the briefest. She professed herself entirely at a loss to understand why I had troubled her at all with Mr. Spender-Cole's affairs. Her acquaintance with him, she said, was of the slightest. The suggestion that she had at any time had any intimacy with him she absolutely repudiated, qualifying it as unpardonable impertinence; and of course, to the story that she had an interview with him just before the murder of her father, and herself saw him out by the gate, she gave a most emphatic and haughty denial."

He chuckled again, smiling quietly to himself. Then he added, with a touch of genuine enthusiasm—

"But, by Jove, Muggins! she is a handsome woman."

IV.

THE next morning, Mr. Spender-Cole was charged before the local magistrates, and formal evidence as to his arrest having been given, Skin o' my Tooth had no difficulty in obtaining a remand for him, pending the production of some important evidence.

During the past few hours, ever since his interview with Miss Earnslaw, Skin o' my Tooth had scarcely spoken a word. I could see that beneath that fleshy mask of his, thoughts were crowding thick and fast; and when I heard him ask for a remand for his client, pending important evidence, I knew that already in that shrewd brain the whole history of the mysterious crime had been reconstructed.

After we had had some luncheon, we walked down to Murton-Braby, the pretty little village which nestles on the outskirts of the Doespring Woods, a couple of miles from Bletchwick. Skin o' my Tooth had asked McMurdoch to accompany us, and the detective, whose belief in Mr. Spender-Cole's guilt was firmly rooted, treated us the whole way with all the arguments which tended to prove his case.

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We made a halt by the gate of Murton Farm; and as we did so, it was opened, and a lady and gentleman on horseback came out, attended by a groom. She certainly was one of the handsomest women I had ever seen, and she sat her horse with perfect ease and grace.

"Miss Earnslaw and the Earl of Alderdale," whispered McMurdoch to me. "They are to be married, I believe, as soon as her mourning is over."

They certainly made a very handsome couple, and mentally I endorsed my chief's enthusiastic praise of Miss Earnslaw's beauty. She frowned a little, I thought, when she recognised Skin o' my Tooth and the detective, both of whom had bowed respectfully to her as she passed, and for a moment it seemed to me that she meant to stop and speak to them; but the next instant she had cantered off with Lord Alderdale down the shady road.

I watched her until she was out of sight; and when I turned, I saw that Skin o' my Tooth had gone up to the man who had opened the gate, and who still stood there, leaning against it, also watching the two retreating figures down the road. I don't think that in the whole course of my life I had ever seen a face so full of hopeless despair and dormant passion, as was that of this man.

"Hallo, Pecover!" ejaculated McMurdoch jovially. Hearing the name, I looked at the young man with still keener interest. This, then, was the half-witted creature whose irresponsible statements had brought poor Mr. Spender-Cole within measurable distance of the gallows. Skin o' my Tooth touched him lightly on the arm.

"She is very beautiful, isn't she, James?" he asked with that kindly sympathy which he knows so well how to impart to his voice.

James Pecover sighed and then looked inquiringly at my chief, as if wondering whence came all the sympathy.

"No wonder you love her so much," added Skin o' my Tooth.

The young man did not speak; his eyes expressed all that he would have said.

"Suppose you let me come into the lodge, and give me and my friends some tea? We have come all the way from Bletchwick to see Miss Earnslaw; and now, you see, she has gone out riding, and we would like to wait until she comes home."

Quietly he pushed open the gate, and taking James Pecover's arm, he led him towards the lodge. The gardener and his wife were both out. The young fellow, however, as if under the spell of Skin o' my Tooth's kindly sympathy, led the way to the pretty little parlour, where he soon began to spread the table for tea. My chief watched him with unceasing persistency as he moved to and fro in the room, getting tea and bread-and-butter ready with that mechanical precision which often characterises the dull-witted. McMurdoch said nothing. He, too, felt at that moment, as I did, that wonderful magnetic influence which seemed to emanate from the uncouth Irish lawyer when he was in the pursuit of his favourite occupation, the investigation—or, rather, the instinctive scenting—of crime. When everything was ready, Skin o' my Tooth sat down before the tea-tray and said cheerfully—

"This is excellent, James. Now, I'll pour out tea for everyone. You sit here beside me."

I watched him as he poured out the tea, and suddenly he took a flask from his pocket and emptied half its contents into one of the cups, which he then filled with water. It was brandy, I could see, and he passed that cup to James Pecover, whose dull eyes had glistened as he took it from him.

"It does improve tea, doesn't it?" said Skin o' my Tooth, as he quietly watched the young man swallow down the contents of that cup at one gulp.

"Now we can talk," he added, noting the immediate change which had come over the dull, impenetrable face of James Pecover. His eyes brightened up, a warm glow spread over his cheeks; he smacked his lips once or twice and then handed his cup to Skin o' my Tooth, with the laconic word—

"More."

"Oh, yes! presently. It is good, isn't it? But you have to tell me one or two things first; then you shall have some more."

"Yes! yes! I'll tell! Give me more! I'll tell!" murmured the idiot excitedly.

"You shall tell me first of all," said Skin o' my Tooth, quietly fingering his flask and leaning across the table, "why you killed Mr. Earnslaw?"

A look of almost demoniacal hatred, which positively made me shudder, lighted up the half-witted creature's face.

"I hated him!" he hissed between his clenched teeth. "He horsewhipped me—struck me with his horsewhip—there—in the shrubbery! You can see the marks—across my back!"

And feverishly, with trembling hands, he loosened his coat and flannel shirt, and

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bending his neck, showed his back, across which great purple marks still testified to the truth of what he said.

"I expect you deserved that horse-whipping, James," said Skin o' my Tooth coldly.

This added fuel to the raging fire of James Pecover's wrath. His excitement grew in intensity, and as it did so it loosened his tongue, already quickened by a taste of the brandy.

"Aye!" he said. "And he deserved the blow I struck him there, right in the chest! He struck me with his horsewhip, because—once—I don't know how it was—I found Miss Barbara alone in the shrubbery—I loved her, and I kissed her—I couldn't help it—she was so beautiful. She was angry and told Mr. Earnslaw. He horsewhipped me, and I killed him. I put a light to the hayricks—I knew he would come out to see what was wrong; so when I had fired the ricks, I went back to the house and waited for him. When he came out, I stabbed him."

It would be impossible to render with any exactitude the curious, weird tones, so full of the most deadly hatred, with which that dull-witted creature had spoken. And now, when he had finished, he still repeated with the obstinacy so characteristic of the feeble-minded—

"I stabbed him—I killed him! He horsewhipped me!"

"Why did you fasten your guilt on Mr. Spender-Cole, then?" asked Skin o' my Tooth sternly.

"I was frightened—and I knew he was in the garden. I had seen him—with her—I hated him because she loved him."

"And you thought you could get rid of two enemies at once, eh? That was very ingenious. But where did you get the knife with which you stabbed Mr. Earnslaw, and what did you do with it afterwards?"

"It was my own knife—I used to kill rabbits with it. I threw it into the rhodo bush when I had done with it; then the next night I buried it."

"Under the rhodo bush?"

The idiot nodded. The excitement was slowly but perceptibly dying out of his eyes. The effect of the brandy had been sudden, as is usually the case on feeble brains, but it was not lasting—the alcohol seemed to have pervaded his body, his limbs looked heavy, his head nodded, then drooped forward upon his chest. Once or twice he roused himself, the look of deadly hatred stole again into his bleary eyes, and he repeated slowly—

"He horsewhipped me, and I killed him!"

Skin o' my Tooth placed a finger to his mouth, and gently McMurdoch stole out of the room, while we remained, watching beside the idiot.

Ten minutes later, the detective came back. He was carrying a bundle, which he quickly placed upon the table and then unfolded. It was an old working coat, covered with stains and mud; the stains all down the front were obviously those of blood; wrapped in it was a large clasp-knife, covered with the same gruesome stains. We were all three examining these things, while James Pecover nodded in an inane fashion across the table, murmuring incoherent words to himself, when a frightful shriek caused us all to turn quickly towards the door.

Mrs. Pecover, the gardener's wife, was standing there, her eyes staring horror-struck at her son's coat and knife lying upon the table. She had not spoken a word, but her awful shriek seemed to have roused her son from his idiotic apathy. With a cry half of mad rage and half of hopeless terror, he sprang up and with one bound fell upon Skin o' my Tooth, gripped him by the throat, and dragged him down with him upon the floor, where the madman's shrieks drowned Skin o' my Tooth's feeble call for help. McMurdoch and I had some difficulty in extricating my chief from the wild grip of the maniac. With a last effort at intelligence, James Pecover had, I suppose, realised that with his kindly sympathy Skin o' my Tooth had set a trap for him, into which he had fallen.

Had they been alone together at the time, the madman would have made short work of my chief, in spite of the latter's powerful physique. As it was, McMurdoch and I succeeded at last in dragging James Pecover away. Then, with Skin o' my Tooth's help, who had quickly recovered himself, we managed to hold him down. Mrs. Pecover, terrified, had sunk sobbing into a chair.

"I had brought the sedative with me, as well as the stimulant," remarked my chief presently, as he drew a small phial from his pocket. "I thought that I should probably need both. Give me the cup, Muggins. I think I can get him to drink this."

When James Pecover had taken the draught, which he did without a murmur, he became quite quiet, and soon McMurdoch suggested one of us going to Bletchwick for assistance. Mrs. Pecover had recovered herself sufficiently to realise the gravity of the situation. She went herself round to the

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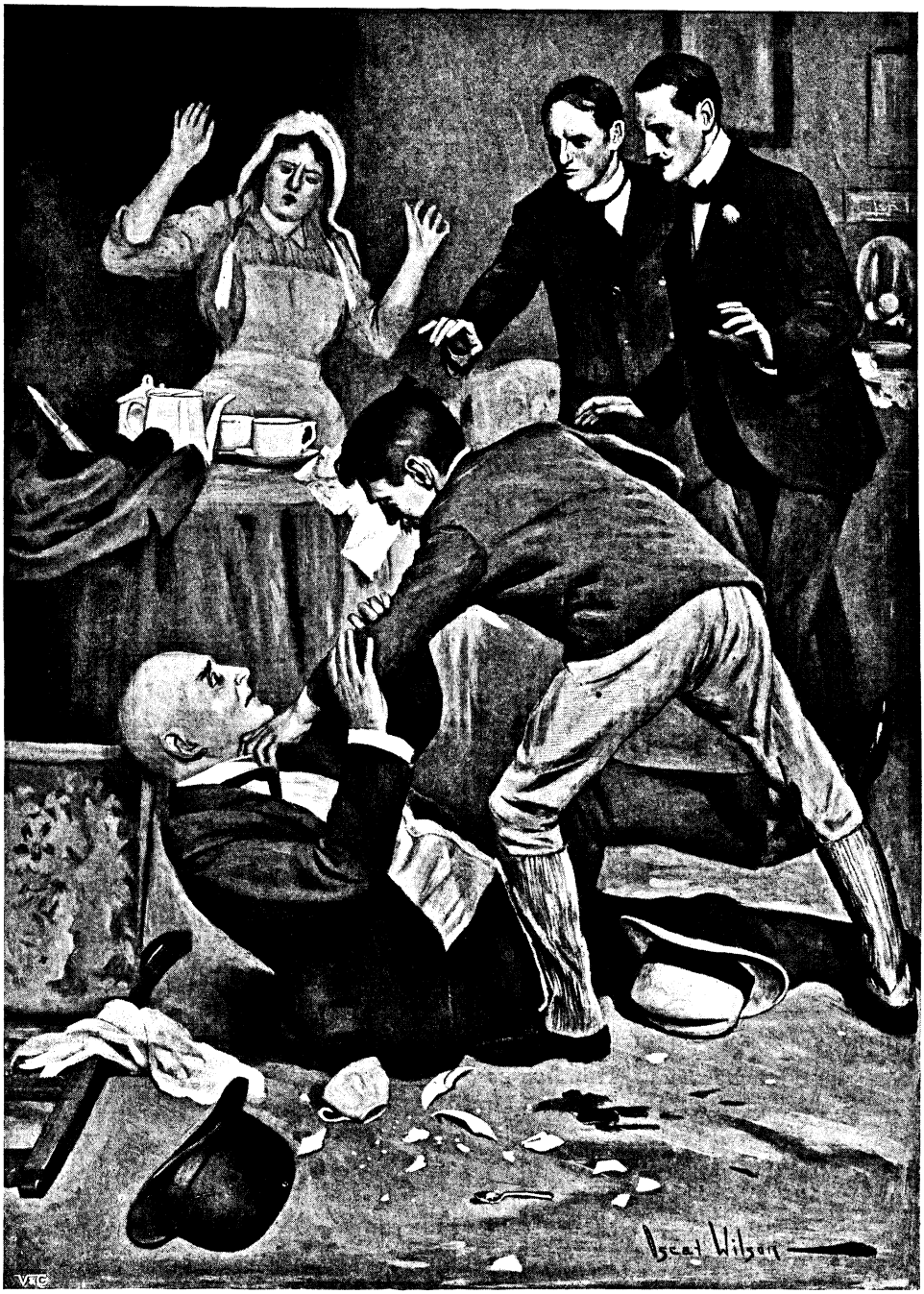

"He fell upon 'Skin o' my Tooth,' and dragged him down upon the floor."

stables and got one of the grooms to drive me down to Bletchwick in the dog-cart.

"I shouldn't be sorry," she confided to me with that stolidity so peculiar to people of her class, "to get 'im put in the asylum. I tell you, sir, I 'ave lived a life of terror ever since the day Mr. Earnslaw laid 'is whip across the lad's back. 'E 'as not been the same boy, and I tell you my life nor 'is father's 'ave not been safe since."

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With the same stolidity she and her husband saw their idiot son conveyed to Bletchwick, escorted by two constables whom I had fetched. He was quite quiet, and gave no further trouble. He was taken to the county asylum the next day, by order of the magistrate, as he was certified hopelessly insane.

The next day, Skin o' my Tooth placed before the magistrate the proofs of James Pecover's guilt, and Mr. Spender-Cole was, of course, exonerated from all blame in connection with the murder of Mr. Earnslaw.

I once asked my esteemed employer what had originally made him think of the idiot as the probable culprit.

"Well, you see, Muggins," he said, "to me it seemed obvious that the murder was committed by someone who knew the ways of the house and its master very well. The hayricks were fired in order to attract Mr. Earnslaw out of doors, and the person who fired them knew exactly where to lie in wait for his victim. The whole thing was so cunning that it suggested the work of a madman. James Pecover's accusation of Mr. Spender-Cole being a false one, my thoughts naturally turned towards his accuser. You can always loosen an idiot's tongue with stimulant. I suppose many humanitarians would blame me for resorting to such means; but surely the life of an innocent man was worth the destruction of the last glimmer of reason in the brain of a homicidal maniac."

"At one time I actually thought that Miss Barbara Earnslaw murdered her father."

"Oh, no! She was too dainty a lady for that; but she would have allowed Spender-Cole to hang sooner than clear him by admitting her clandestine meeting with him. I hear, by the way, that she is officially engaged to the Earl of Alderdale; so she has achieved her heart's desire, and Mr. Spender-Cole has remained chivalrous to the last."

THE BACKWARDS ROAD.

I KNOW that somewhere there must be
A Backwards Road,
A road like this,
Leading to all old lovely times,
Picnics last year, forgotten rhymes,
And dolls I used to kiss.

But every road beneath my feet
Leads further off
From yesterday;
And when I creep into my bed,
I feel it rock beneath my head
Like ships upon their way.

If I could only find that road,
The Backwards Road,
How quick I'd walk,
Undo the naughty things I've done,
Pick up my playthings one by one,
And hear the baby talk.

FLORENCE WILKINSON.

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ROOM FOR DOUBT.

"THAT fellow rejoices in the name of Josiah Jeremiah Jenkins."
"I don't believe it!"
"What—don't believe it's really his name?"
"No—I don't believe he rejoices in it."

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

A WINTER MEETING.

IS this the girl who scrambled down
The rocky clefts and ledges?
Who waded in the shallows brown
And vaulted o'er the hedges?

Is this the hoyden, with a rake,
Tossing the fragrant billows?
Or poised where swaying hay-loads make
The pleasantest of pillows?

Is this the maid who milked at eve,
The art with ardour learning?
And, later, turning up her sleeve,
Lent hand to speed the churning?

Is this the—— Yes, indeed, 'tis she!
This beauty, bored and weary,
Who turns her eyeglass full on me
With fixed, if listless, query.

The while, in swallow-tail, at ease,
I stand (at least, I try to),
Matching her look that seeks to freeze—
An eyeglass at my eye, too.

Perchance she thinks: "Who is this man,
Glum as an owl, or glummer?
Never the youth I rode and ran
And romped with, all last summer!"

Madeline Bridges.

POOR Fido was dead. The family unanimously agreed to have him stuffed. This did not interest Willie, aged seven, beyond that he told his boon companion, Charlie, aged eight, who lived next door, about it. A few days after this, Willie's mother asked Charlie to stay and have some dinner with Willie. Charlie blushed and edged towards the door, but found enough courage to murmur: "I don't like stuffed dog, Mrs. Smith."

SHE: Mrs. Boreton called to-day, and I thought she'd never go.

HE: But you are so amiable, I suppose you never gave her the slightest hint that you wanted her to go.

SHE: Indeed I did not. If I had, she'd be here now.

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HE: Do you think you could be happy with a man like me?

SHE: Oh, yes (after a pause). I think so, if he wasn't too much like you.

BIGGS: Poor Jones! He's done for this time.

BOGGS: Is there no hope for him?

BIGGS: None whatever; he's got three doctors.

WEARY WILLIE: I wonder is farmwork hard?

FRAYED FAGH: It is on some farms—I've seen farms where a feller'd have ter walk fourteen rods ter find a tree ter lay down under!

MRS. WELLMENT: But why don't you argue with your lover about his drinking habits, Norah?

NORAH: Arrah, mum! Oi hate t' shpoile his face before marriage.

OVERHEARD AT A FAIR.

"I DON'T come here just to take your money—I don't want your money. My wants are few and easily satisfied. A little bread and cheese, and a glass of beer to wash it down, and a pipe of tobacco to finish with—those are all I want to cover my nakedness."

THE EXPLANATION.

MISTRESS: You have been a long while posting that letter.

Yes, mum; there was such a crowd at the post-office.

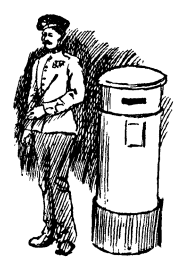
LIEUTENANT (who has been inspecting the estate of a noble landowner): "And this beautiful estate will all be inherited by your noble daughter?"

"Well, hardly. You see, I have no daughter."

"Indeed! Then what on earth did you want to tire me out for by this inspection?"

Two Irishmen went fishing the other day, and before beginning operations they made a wager as to who would make the biggest catch. They had been fishing about half an hour with little or no success, when Pat, who was standing, lost his balance and fell into the water.

Pat went headlong; Mike gave a yell, and cried: "Begorra! if ye're goin' to dive for 'em, the bet's off."



N.B.—"The crowd."

MISTRESS (to new servant): There are two things, Mary, about which I am very particular. They are: truthfulness and obedience.

MARY: Yes'm; and when you tell me to say you're not in when a person calls that you don't wish to see, which is it to be, mum—truthfulness or obedience?

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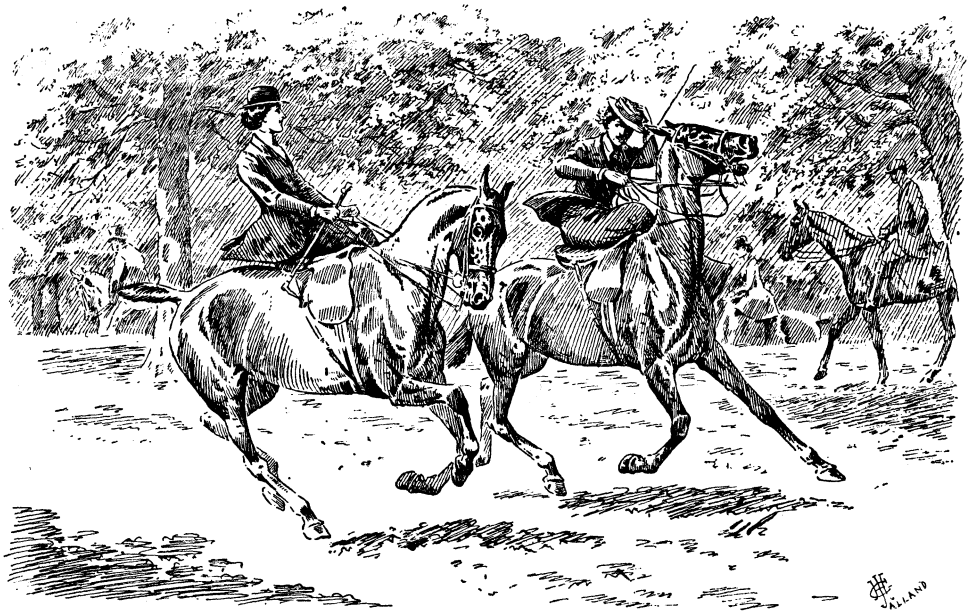
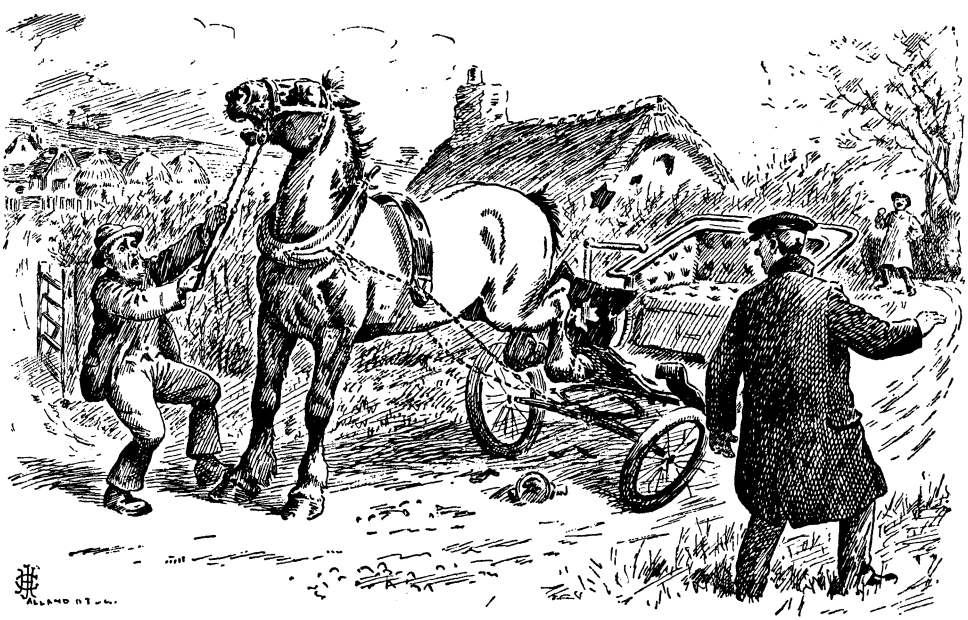


"OH, WAD SOME POWER THE GIFTIE GIE US!"

LADY IN STRAW HAT: I always thought riding was so difficult—why, it took me longer to learn the bicycle!"



ANCIENT OR MODERN.

MOTORIST (who has hired assistance to take his incapable machine home): Hi! Take your beastly horse away from my car; he's smashing it to pieces!

FARMER: You unyoke yer kerridge from my 'oss; 'e'll be laming 'isself!

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